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HARPER'S

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOLUME XXXVI.

DECEMBER, 1867, TO MAY, 1868.

NEW YORK:
HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,
327 to 335 PEARL STREET,
FRANKLIN SQUARE.
1868.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.—VOLUME XXXVI.

EIGHTEEN YEARS AGO the Publishers of this Magazine announced that it would be their aim "to seek to combine entertainment with instruction, and to enforce, through channels which attract rather than repel attention and favor, the best and most important lessons of morality and of practical life." They promised also "to spare neither labor nor expense in any department of the work," trusting thereby to give to the Magazine "a popular circulation unequaled by that of any similar periodical ever published in the world."

After the lapse of eighteen years the same Publishers renew these assurances with increased confidence. What was then an untried experiment has become an accomplished fact. The Magazine, conducted under their constant care and supervision, soon reached, and has ever maintained, "a circulation unequaled by that of any similar periodical ever published in the world." This circulation has not been lessened by the subsequent establishment among us of other periodicals of somewhat similar scope. With these the Conductors of Harper's Magazine have no rivalry except a generous emulation as to who shall furnish the periodical most suited to the wants of cultivated American readers. With the results of this kindly emulation the Publishers of Harper's Magazine are fully satisfied: at no period more fully than at the present. Harper's Magazine has now more readers than at any former time. It is read by certainly not less than a million of persons each month. Not to speak of its American contemporaries, its regular monthly circulation exceeds that of any ten of the leading British periodicals of a somewhat similar character.

While due space has been devoted to imaginative literature—whether embodied in continued tales of Bulwer, Collins, Dickens, Lever, Mulock, Reade, Thackeray, and other leading British novelists of the day, or in stories and poems by American writers—it has been the constant aim of the Conductors to give a permanent value to the Magazine by articles upon history and biography; voyages, travels, and adventure; popular science, art, and industry; moral, social, and political economy, and the practical duties of life. The leading object has been to produce a Magazine which should set forth the aspects of the time. For this the Editors, each in his appropriate sphere, have wrought. One in the "Monthly Record of Current Events" has endeavored to narrate the leading incidents in the history of the times; another in the "Easy Chair" to comment upon topics of current interest; another in the "Drawer" to present the anecdotes, reminiscences, and facetiæ, which, quite as really as more formal things, indicate the character of our actual life; while others have striven, either in careful analyses or in more brief "Literary Notices," to give the substance and scope of the more notable books, which indicate the direction of the literary activity of the age. That the effort in this direction has not been misapplied is evinced by the fact that the Publishers are in continual receipt of orders from public and private libraries for complete sets of the Magazine from its commencement.

As an Illustrated Magazine Harper's Monthly has confessedly no rival upon either continent. Its purpose from the outset has been to call into requisition the pencil of the artist wherever it could in any way aid or supplement the pen of the writer. How far this purpose has been accomplished, the illustrations—more than ten thousand in number—which have been furnished will show.

In reviewing the Two Hundred and Sixteen Numbers of the Magazine already published, each containing more matter than an ordinary volume, the Conductors feel warranted in the conviction that the increased experience and ever-widening facilities which years have brought them have not been misapplied. They believe that no previous volume of the Magazine exceeds in the value or interest of its contents this which is now brought to a close.

While thanking the Press and the Public for the generous encouragement by which they have for so many years been cheered, the Conductors—whether Publishers or Editors—renew their assurance that nothing on their part which can be achieved by earnest labor or free expenditure shall be wanting to hold for Harper's Magazine the high position which it early secured, and has so long successfully maintained.

Franklin Square, New York, May 1, 1868.

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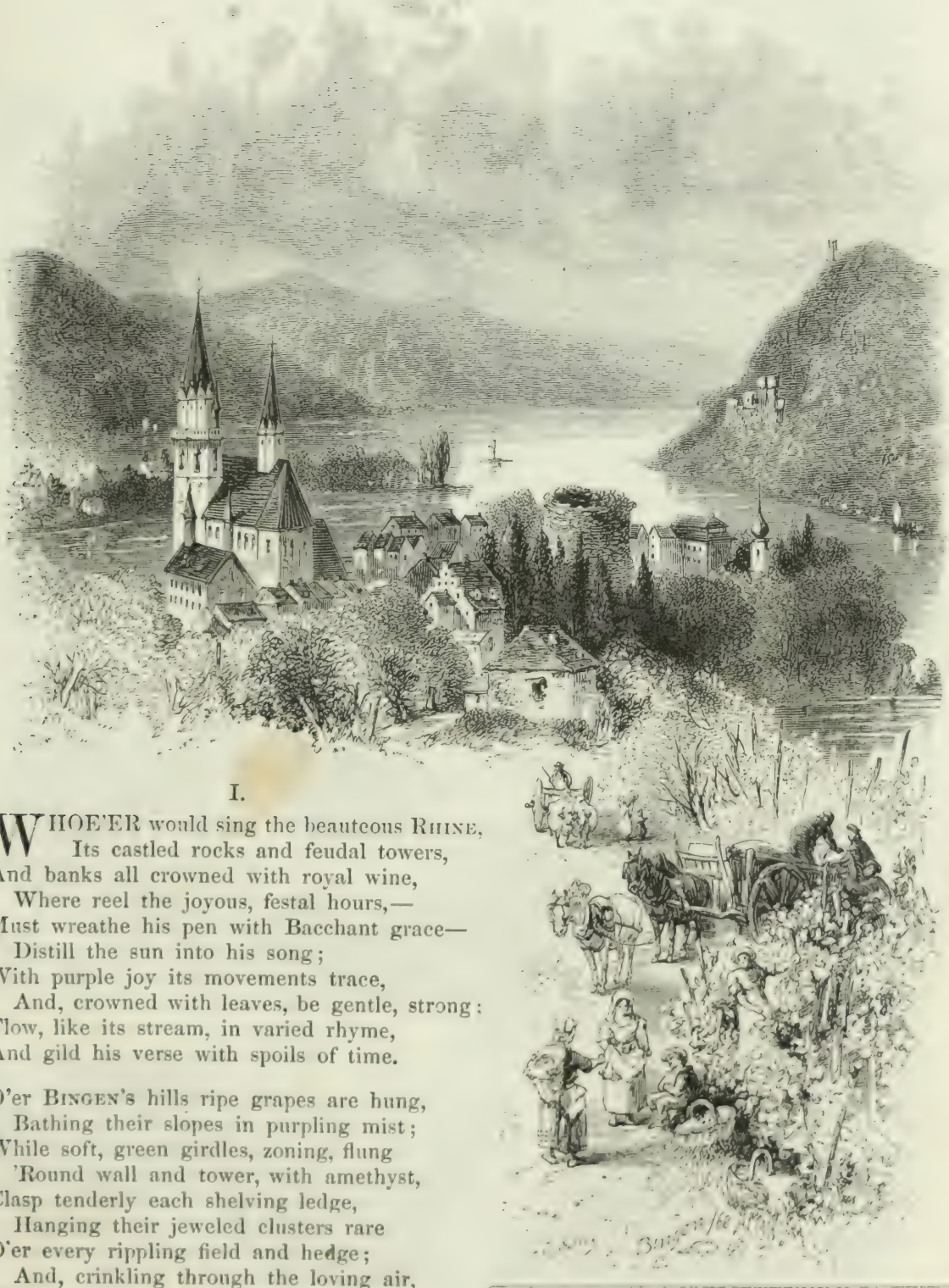
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HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CCXXIII.—DECEMBER, 1868.—Vol. XXXVIII.

A Pilgrimage upon the Rhine.

By John D. Sherwood. Illustrated by Charles Parsons.



I.

WHOE'ER would sing the beauteous Rhine,
Its castled rocks and feudal towers,
And banks all crowned with royal wine,
Where reel the joyous, festal hours,—
Must wreathe his pen with Bacchant grace—
Distill the sun into his song;
With purple joy its movements trace,
And, crowned with leaves, be gentle, strong:
Flow, like its stream, in varied rhyme,
And gild his verse with spoils of time.

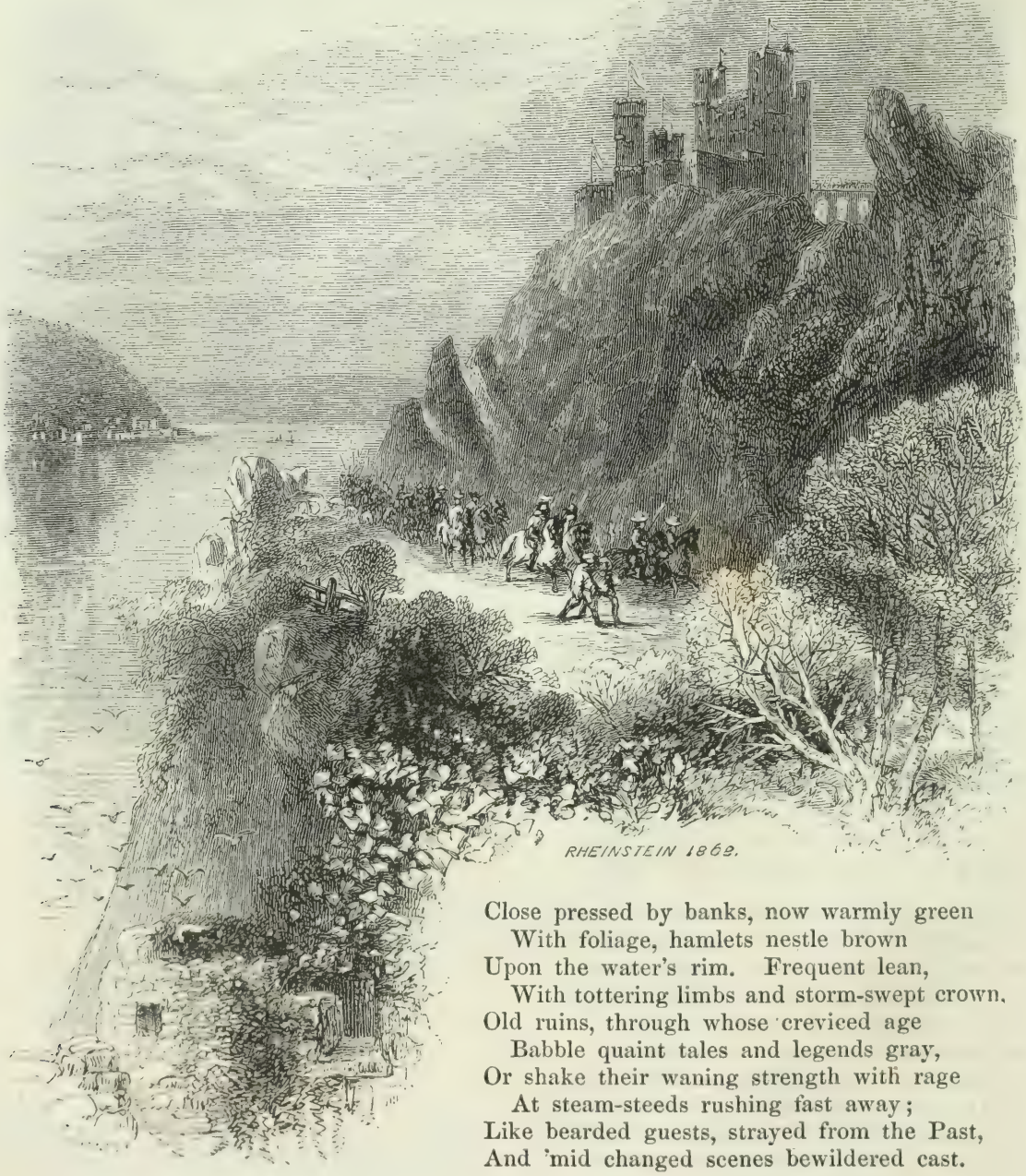
O'er Bingen's hills ripe grapes are hung,
Bathing their slopes in purpling mist;
While soft, green girdles, zoning, flung
'Round wall and tower, with amethyst,
Clasp tenderly each shelving ledge,
Hanging their jeweled clusters rare
O'er every rippling field and hedge;
And, crinkling through the loving air,
With wavy wealth of murmuring grace
Church, hamlet, flood and land enlace.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1868, by Harper and Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.

JOHANNISBERG shines far and wide
  Amid the verdant, flowing sea;
Its white walls glancing o'er the tide
  Which rolls its long-ridged billows free
To RUDESHEIM'S rich slanting plain,
  Rocking with rubied, furrowed wave,
Where leafy heavens shed golden rain,
  Swelling the floods that kiss and lave
The feet of yonder castle hoar,
Whose shadow darkens all the shore.

II.

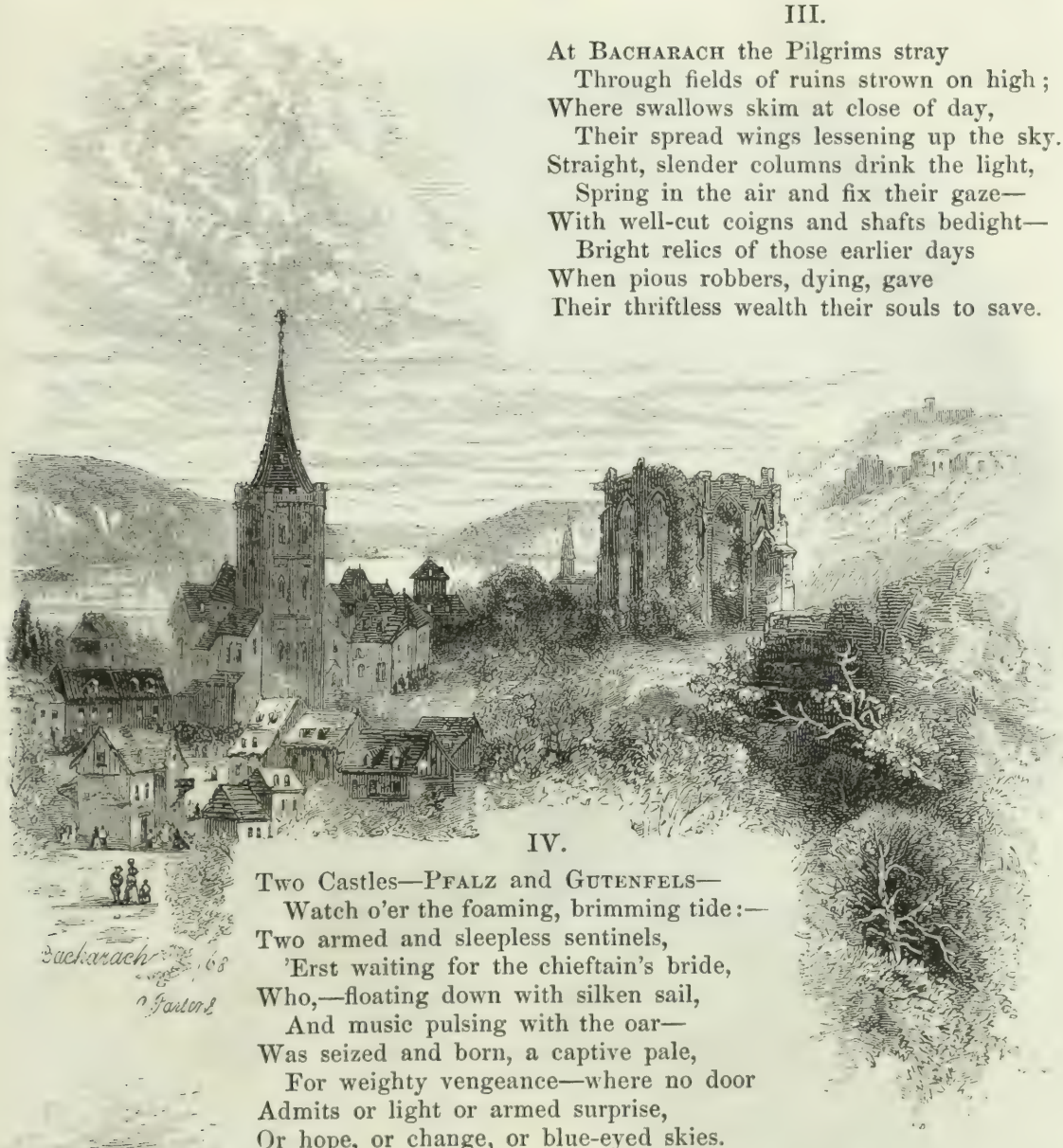
Above the river's hurrying swirl,
  Cliff-anchored RHEINSTEIN lifts its walls;—
Her kingly banners there unfurl,
  And turret unto turret calls;—
A mimic show of feudal state,
  With donjon, barbican and keep,
Where toy-like tower and modern gate
  Rise o'er the piled and well-made steep:
Where warders show large storied wealth,
And share the gains they take by stealth.



Close pressed by banks, now warmly green
  With foliage, hamlets nestle brown
Upon the water's rim. Frequent lean,
  With tottering limbs and storm-swept crown,
Old ruins, through whose crevieed age
  Babble quaint tales and legends gray,
Or shake their waning strength with rage
  At steam-steeds rushing fast away;
Like bearded guests, strayed from the Past,
And 'mid changed scenes bewildered cast.

III.

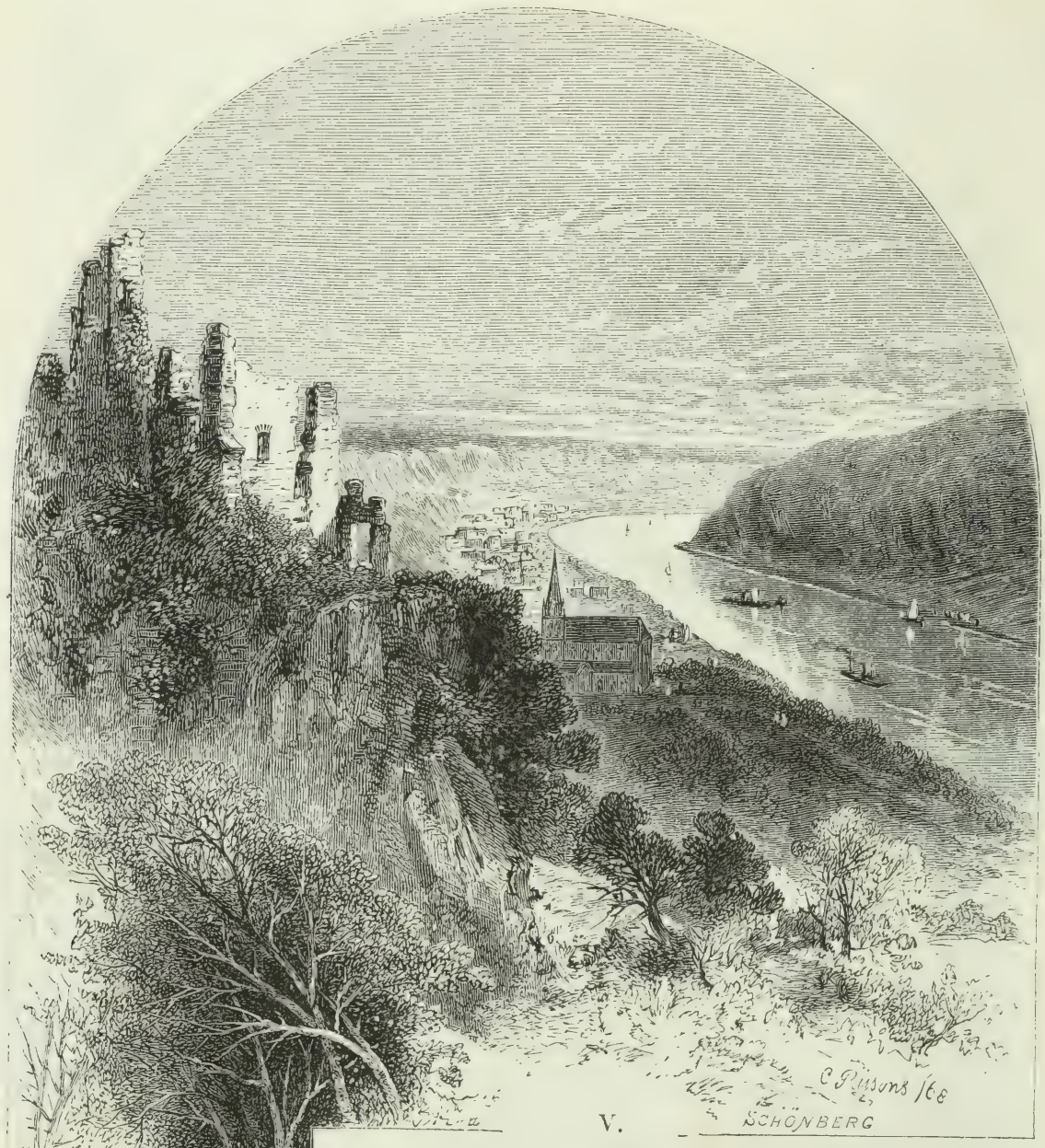
At Bacharach the Pilgrims stray
  Through fields of ruins strown on high;
Where swallows skim at close of day,
  Their spread wings lessening up the sky.
Straight, slender columns drink the light,
  Spring in the air and fix their gaze—
With well-cut coigns and shafts bedight—
  Bright relics of those earlier days
When pious robbers, dying, gave
Their thriftless wealth their souls to save.



IV.

Two Castles—Pfalz and Gutenfels—
  Watch o'er the foaming, brimming tide:—
Two armed and sleepless sentinels,
  'Erst waiting for the chieftain's bride,
Who,—floating down with silken sail,
  And music pulsing with the oar—
Was seized and born, a captive pale,
  For weighty vengeance—where no door
Admits or light or armed surprise,
Or hope, or change, or blue-eyed skies.





V.

On SCHÖNBERG'S shattered towers the sunset flings
  Its arrowy beauty, smiting with red fire
Their mossed and mouldering strength, where sits and sings
  The cowled and monkish owl. Below the spire
Of village church, touched by a parting ray,
  Looks downward on a gathering peasant throng
Returning to their homes by varied way,
  Repeating high this joyous, choral Song
Which Echo oft renews o'er listening vale and dell,
Quick-throbbing on the air—as throbs an evening bell.

THE COW-HERDS' SONG.

One.

Sing not to us of blood-red wine,
  Nor Bacchus praise in drunken song;
The oaken chaplets we entwine
  Are hers to whom they well belong:—

Chorus:

The honest Cow—the creamy Cow;—
For her we raise our voices now,
For her the milk-white flag we bear,
For her we deck our flowing hair.

Two.

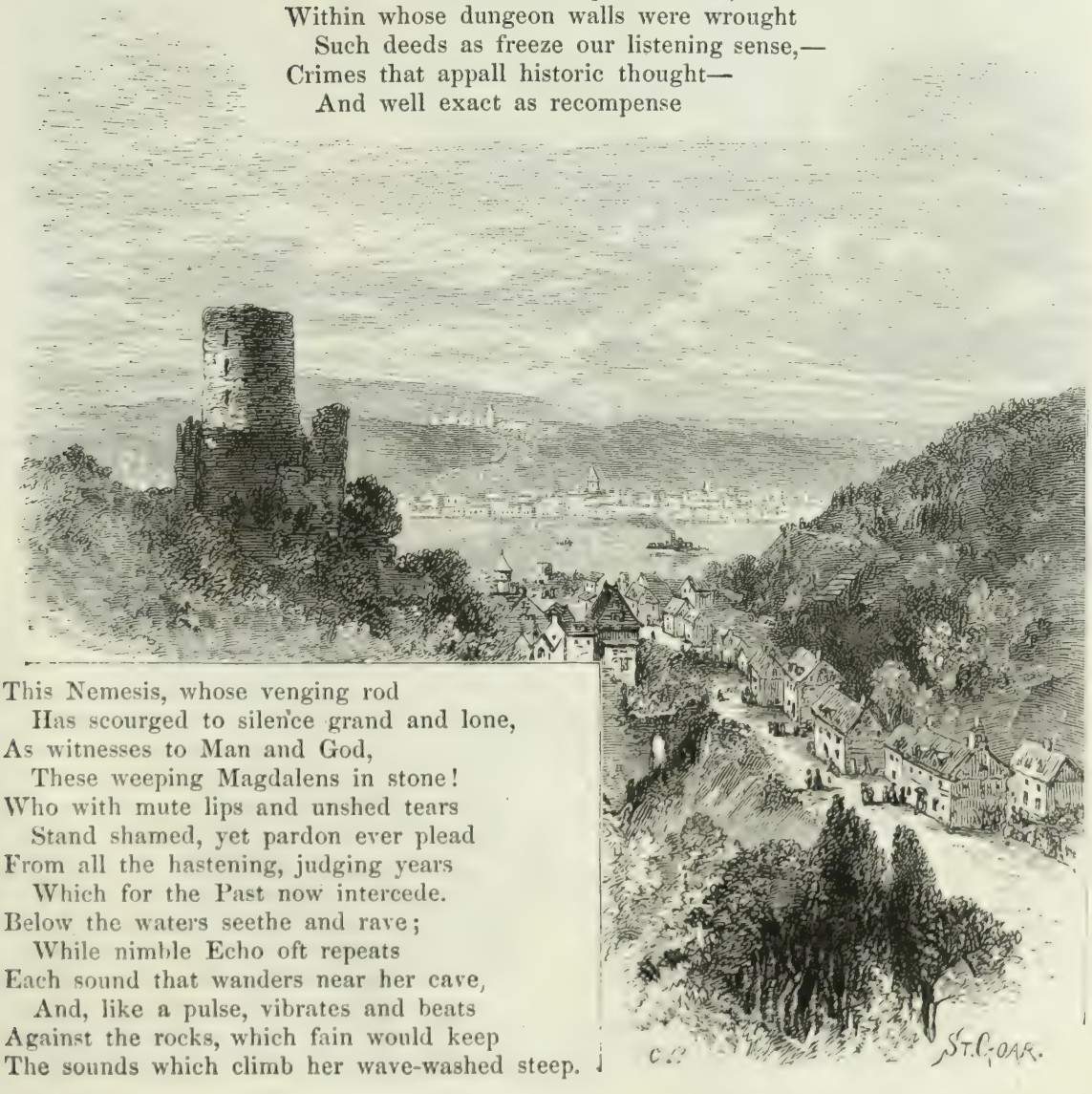
In maddening cups let others fling
Their knotted strength and priceless health;
To her cool, patient praise we sing
Who to our hearths brings brimming wealth:—
Chorus:
The patient Cow—the bright-eyed Cow;
Crown we her steady frontlet now;
Send out our voices on the gale,
And chant the virtues of the pail.

Three.

From blossomed meadows, starry fields,
Bearing their secrets—see her come!
And to our call those secrets yields;—
We'll crown her at our grateful home.
Chorus:
The thoughtful Cow—the generous Cow,
For her we bring the budding bough,
Binding with joy her royal horn
Who stintless gladdens night and morn.

VI.

A heap of ruins—vast and hoar!
A harvest of the fruitful Past!
Such are thy spoils, oh sweet St. Goar!
So Rheinfels on our path is cast,
Within whose dungeon walls were wrought
Such deeds as freeze our listening sense,—
Crimes that appall historic thought—
And well exact as recompense



This Nemesis, whose venging rod
Has scourged to silence grand and lone,
As witnesses to Man and God,
These weeping Magdalens in stone!
Who with mute lips and unshed tears
Stand shamed, yet pardon ever plead
From all the hastening, judging years
Which for the Past now intercede.
Below the waters seethe and rave;
While nimble Echo oft repeats
Each sound that wanders near her cave,
And, like a pulse, vibrates and beats
Against the rocks, which fain would keep
The sounds which climb her wave-washed steep.

VII.

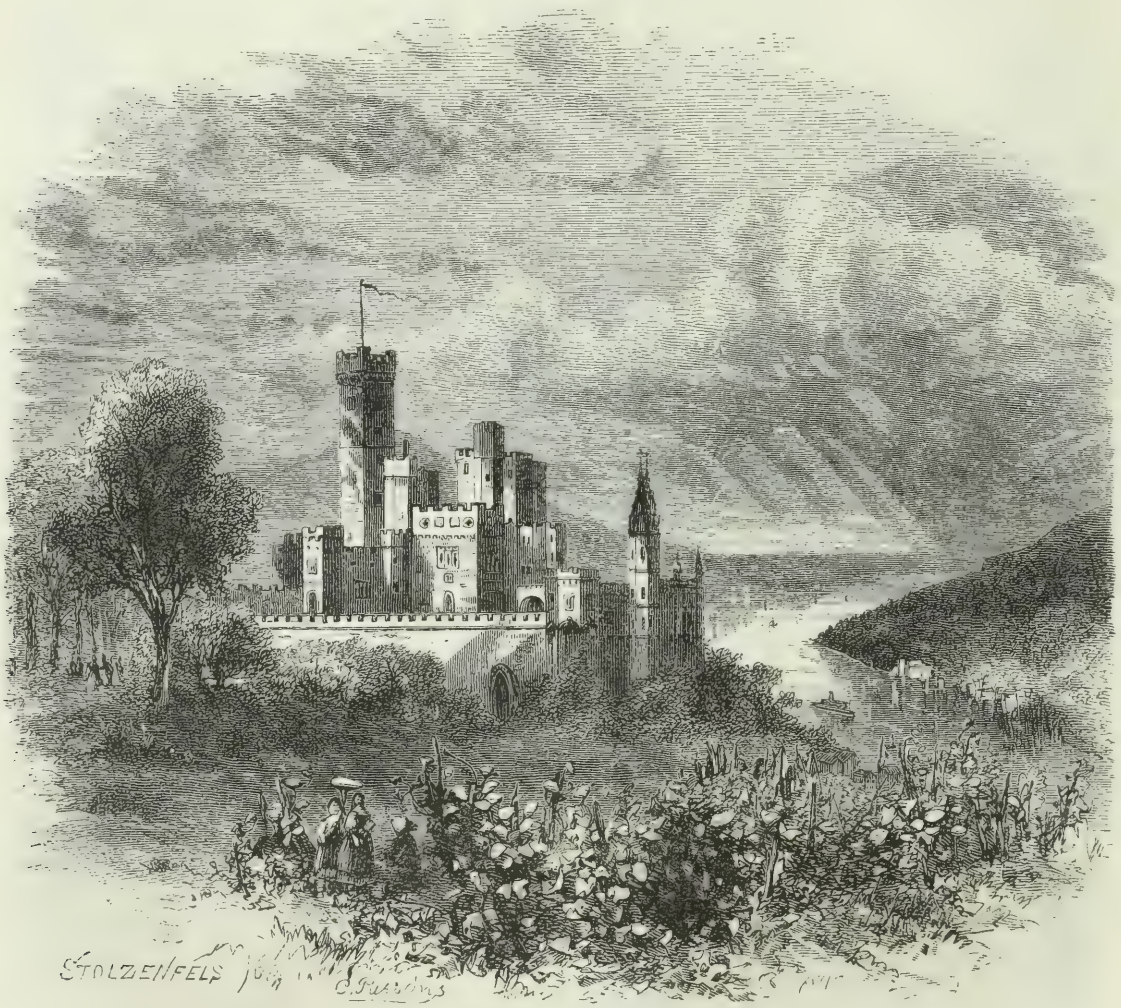
O'er the river's level current STOLZENFELS leans wondrous, fair;
Like a sunset cloud in summer, pillowed on dissolving air,

With its burnished towers and balcons, and its bannered state and pride,
With fantastic battlements, sun-illumined, glorified.

Sheathed in strong and stony armor far she looks with tranced gaze,
On the plains embossed and pearly, piled with sheaves of corn and maize;

Looking out upon the Summer with its tangled skein of streams,
Braided through the mellow sunshine, braided in our summer dreams;

Out upon the nut-brown hamlets, sandaling the rocks and hills,
Where the murmuring voice of peasants all the rustling vineyards fills;



Out upon the shining river, hastening from its cradle cold,
In the lap of Alpine winter where thick, icy sheets enfold;

And the laugh of struggling waters freezes in their icy urns
And the chamois 'mid the snow cliffs freely roams and safe returns;

Looking out upon the meadows, set in frames of golden sedge,
And the quaint and dim cathedrals, springing from its blue-rimmed edge;

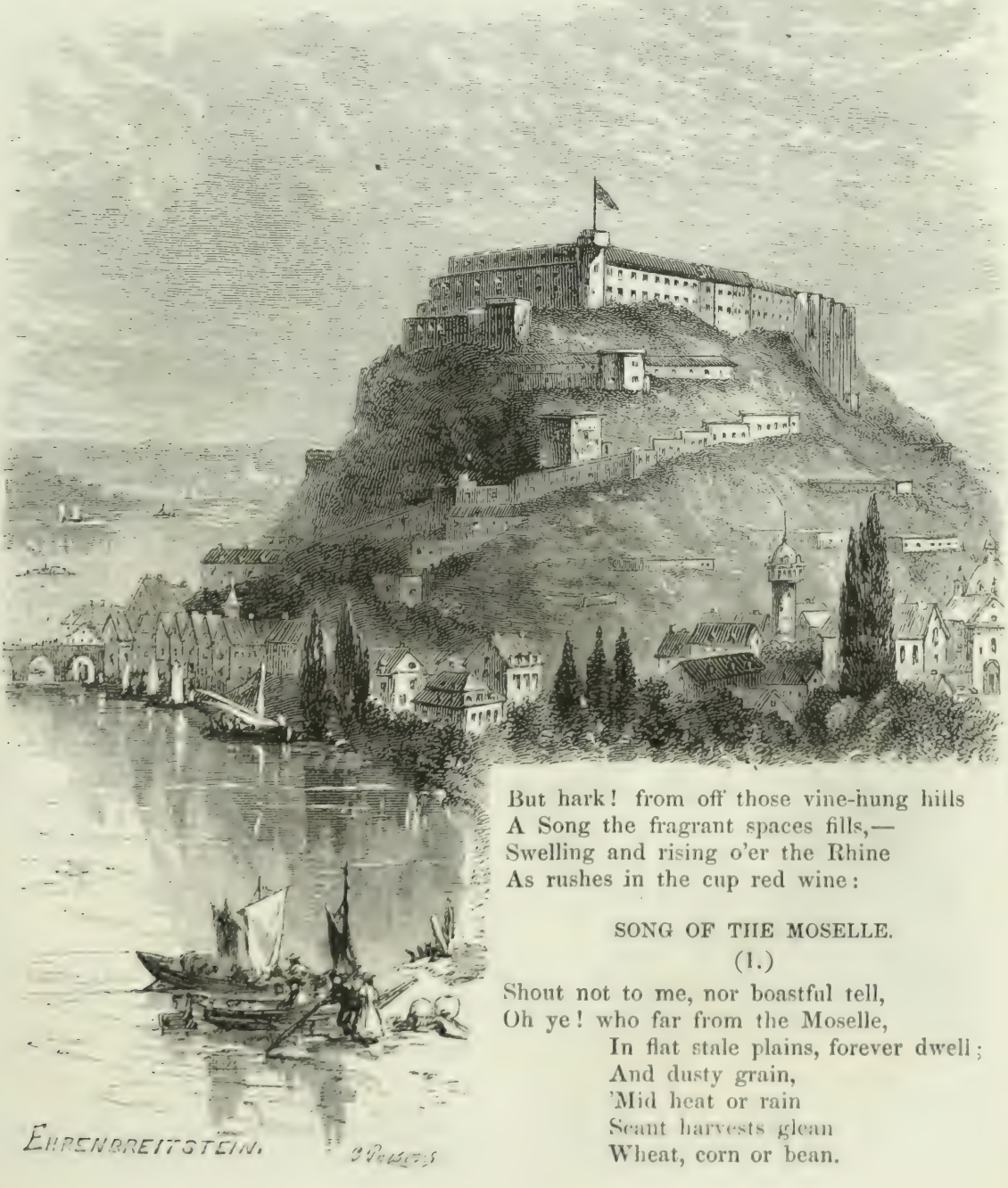
Gathering, as it proudly marches, on its grand triumphal way,
States and Empires, fair and hoary, founded at the peep of day;

Folding in its wide embraces—in its glittering, jeweled arms
Lordly mansions, towns and cities, cottage meek and bosky farms;

Till at last with hoarded treasures, full it leaps into the sea;
Like our lives, whose amplest measures, onward flow to mystery.

VIII.

In surly grandeur through the smokeless air,
Towering, like Titan Prussia's fort Briarean,
Swings her hundred arms, with iron sinews knit;
Itself with noisy uproar forcing strange silences
Upon the subject COBLENCE which below
Licks its mailed feet.
And yet upon thy summit grim, EHRENBREITSTEIN,
A smile lies stranded, like the bloom of flowers
Upon the wintry forehead of Mont Blanc.
Visions of beauty, broidered with clustered hills
And varied pomps of plains edged with golden grain,
With towns and hamlets deftly wrought in cunning loom,
Rise to the pleased sense, more ravishing than dreams.
Into the grimy casemates, black and sulphureous,
Peep the sunny eyes of gardens, as children
Climb the knee and look into the furrowed face
Of Crime.—From out the far horizon
The Moselle leads its wavy line of villages
Set in the emerald rim of vines, to meet the Rhine.



But hark! from off those vine-hung hills
A Song the fragrant spaces fills,—
Swelling and rising o'er the Rhine
As rushes in the cup red wine:

SONG OF THE MOSELLE.

(1.)

Shout not to me, nor boastful tell,
Oh ye! who far from the Moselle,
In flat stale plains, forever dwell;
And dusty grain,
'Mid heat or rain
Scant harvests glean
Wheat, corn or bean.

(2.)

My heart-strings throb—my pulses swell
O'er every sunny knoll and dell
Of thine, oh blue-eyed, sweet Moselle,
Whose purple dower,
Each summer hour,
Thy banks display
To wondering day.

(3.)

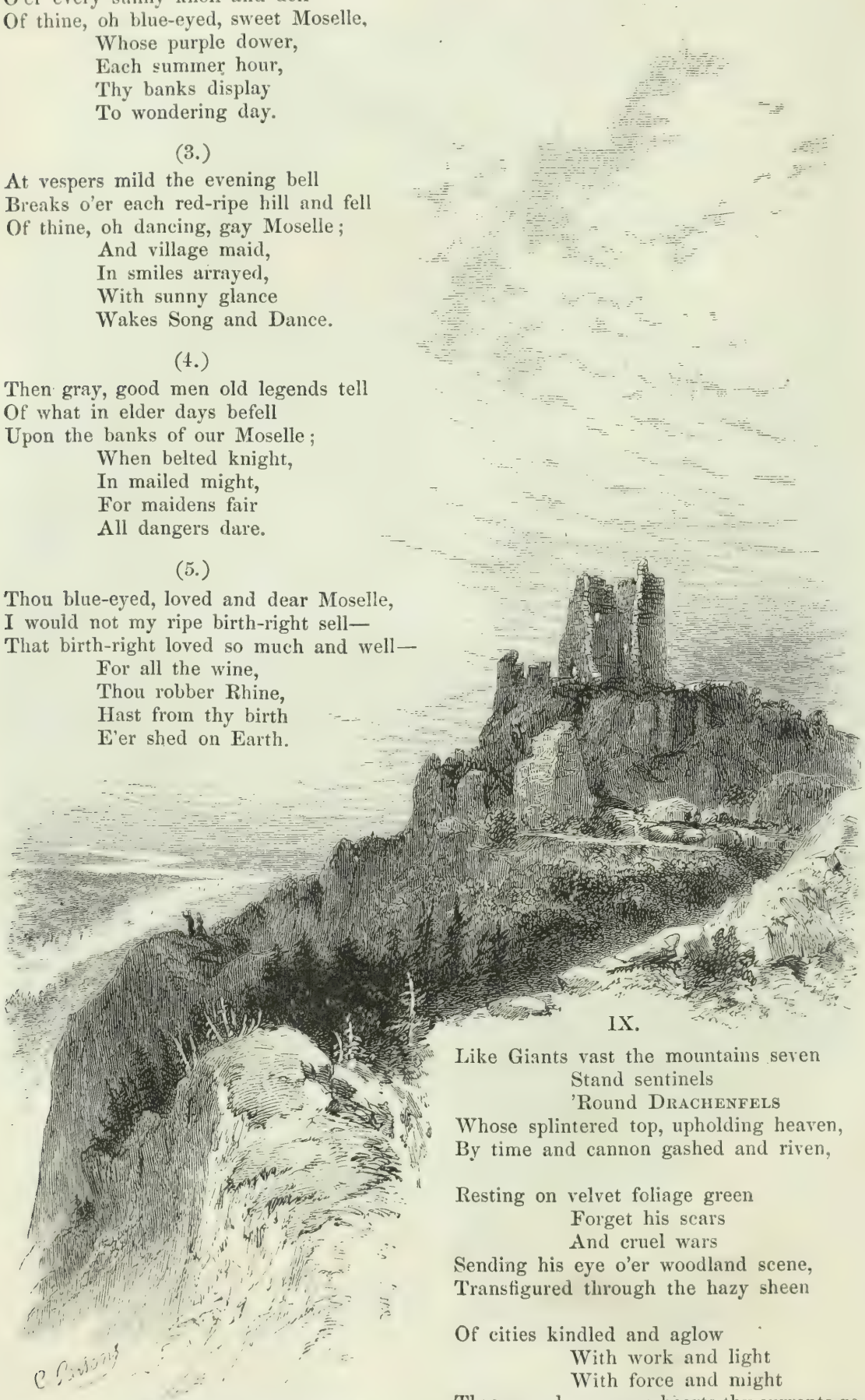
At vespers mild the evening bell
Breaks o'er each red-ripe hill and fell
Of thine, oh dancing, gay Moselle;
And village maid,
In smiles arrayed,
With sunny glance
Wakes Song and Dance.

(4.)

Then gray, good men old legends tell
Of what in elder days befell
Upon the banks of our Moselle;
When belted knight,
In mailed might,
For maidens fair
All dangers dare.

(5.)

Thou blue-eyed, loved and dear Moselle,
I would not my ripe birth-right sell—
That birth-right loved so much and well—
For all the wine,
Thou robber Rhine,
Hast from thy birth
E'er shed on Earth.



THE DRACHENFELS.

IX.

Like Giants vast the mountains seven
Stand sentinels
'Round DRACHENFELS
Whose splintered top, upholding heaven,
By time and cannon gashed and riven,

Resting on velvet foliage green
Forget his scars
And cruel wars
Sending his eye o'er woodland scene,
Transfigured through the hazy sheen

Of cities kindled and aglow
With work and light
With force and might
Through whose warm hearts thy currents go,
Oh beauteous RHINE,—and e'er shall flow.

EXPLORATIONS IN LOWER CALIFORNIA.

[Third Paper.]

BY J. ROSS BROWNE.



HAILING THE SHIPS.

MAGDALENA BAY.

PROBABLY the first navigator who visited this magnificent bay was Fernando de Ulloa. After an exploration of the Gulf or Sea of Cortez, in 1539, he directed his course from Cape St. Lucas along the western shore of the Peninsula, touching at the Bay of Magdalena and the Islands of Marguerita and Cerros. In this voyage he reached the latitude of 30° north, and made several interesting discoveries. About three years later (1542) the same bay was visited by the famous old adventurer Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo, who, according to Vanegas, gave it the name of La Magdalena. The expedition of Sebastian Viscaino, in 1602, resulted in a more perfect knowledge of its shores and harbors. Although the narratives of these enthusiastic old navigators abound in exaggerated accounts of what they saw, there is a remarkable concurrence of testimony in regard to the sterility of the coast. It is represented as barren and forbidding in the extreme. Torquemada, in his account of the voyage of Viscaino, says, "They could get no intelligence of any water except in a cavity among the rocks, and what they had there was excessively bad." The only place now known where fresh water exists among the rocks is on the inner side of Marguerita Island, about three miles back from the shore. This is exceedingly brackish, and can only be used for drinking purposes in cases of great extremity. It is probably the same spring referred to by Torquemada.

From the narrative of Viscaino's voyage it would appear that one of the vessels, the *Capitana*, "being alone on St. Magdalen's Day, the Father Commissary and Father Thomas said

mass ashore; and on account of this festival the bay was called La Magdalena." How it came to receive the same name from Cabrillo, sixty years before, the good Padre Vanegas does not tell us.

Looking at the vast extent of this bay, the salubrity of its climate, and the placidity of its waters, the question naturally arises, how came it to pass that the Jesuits did not establish missions on its shores? We undervalue their sagacity in assuming that they were ignorant of its resources. An expedition to explore it, as a place already discovered by sea, and less difficult to be visited by land, was fitted out at Loreto in 1719, under Father Clemente Guillen, accompanied by Estevan Rodriguez Lorenzo, with an escort consisting of a party of soldiers and three bodies of native Californians, armed after the fashion of the country.

"They traveled," says Vanegas, "twenty-five days amidst all the hardships and fatigues naturally to be expected in such a craggy and barren country; and the Indians every where taking the alarm at seeing so many strange people in their country, rendered it necessary to observe the greatest order and circumspection in the march. At last they came to Magdalena Bay, which lies in the district of the mission of San Luis Gonzaga, since founded. It was every where sheltered from the winds by lofty mountains, and about half a league in breadth, running up the country toward Cape St. Lucas. Near this arm they discovered a rancheria of Indians, with whom by means of little presents they entered into terms of peace and amity. On inquiry of the Indians after water they were informed, and their own searches confirmed their report, that the only fresh water thereabout was in a well dug in the sand, and which the Indians made use of. They added that a neighboring island called Santa Rosa, which they frequently visited, afforded a sufficiency of water; but they were without any means of crossing the channel to it; neither did they find in the bay those azure shells, or appearance of the pearl beds, with which this coast was said to abound. It being known that the bay had two entrances, the captain sent some of his men to reconnoitre that on the south side, and following the course of a brook, observe whether the other arm of the bay which forms the harbor called *del Marquez* afforded a watering-place. In this survey they observed at a distance the second mouth or arm; but found that the brook before its joining the sea ran through some ponds of brackish water, so that there was no possibility for ships to water here. This discovery induced them to attempt a survey of the whole tract; but in some parts the inaccessible rocks, and in others impassable marshes, obliged them to make a circuit to the rancheria called San Benito de Arny, four leagues from the sea, where the Indians gave them the same discouraging account of the want of water on the coast. Here all the people met, and Father Guillen used his utmost endeavors for inducing them to undertake a survey of the remaining part of the coast, or at least as far as possible from the south. But the captain and soldiers were not to be prevailed upon, and the Indians, after such discouraging circumstances, insisted on returning to Loreto."

Thus we see why no settlement of white people has ever been made upon the shores of this bay. The sterility of the soil and the scarcity of water have proved insuperable obstacles to colonization, even since the careful surveys of Du Petit Thouars and Sir Edward Belcher. From time to time, as commerce with the neighboring States of Sonora, Cinaloa, and Durango became profitable to foreign countries, this bay acquired some importance as a rendezvous for smugglers, who kept their vessels at anchor there until opportunity offered to run them into the ports of Guaymas, Mazatlan, or San Blas. Large fortunes have been made in this way, and there are now on the Pacific coast prominent capitalists, much esteemed in the business community, who are known to have engaged in this illicit traffic.

The importance of the Mexican possessions on the Pacific as a field for commercial enterprises was thoroughly appreciated by the nations of Europe before the acquisition of Upper California by the United States. England, France, and Russia, during the early part of the present century, sent out various expeditions to explore the coast; and the reports of the discoveries made excited a strong spirit of emulation to acquire these valuable possessions. President Jackson proposed the purchase of Upper California in 1835, above the line of Monterey, although its vast mineral resources were then unknown.

A survey of Magdalena Bay was made in 1839 by the French Admiral Du Petit Thouars, in the frigate *La Venus*, but nothing resulted from this to induce settlement upon its shores. In general terms they are represented as sterile and destitute of water.

Sir Edward Belcher, during the same year, spent several months making an elaborate survey and chart of Magdalena Bay. He erected an observatory on shore, and had accurate soundings made of the entire bay, including its inlets and lagoons. Brackish water was found in some of these, but no land on any of the adjacent shores suitable for cultivation. Scarcity of wood and difficulty of procuring fresh water are represented to be the prominent characteristics of this region. Numerous other authorities might be cited to the same effect—thus showing a remarkable concurrence of testimony on the part of the most eminent navigators who have visited the coast during the past three centuries.

I am particular in referring to explorations made prior to any recent transactions connected with the cession of public lands on this bay, because the character of the country has been greatly misrepresented by persons assuming to be well acquainted with it. Before my departure from San Francisco I was informed that there was a town on the bay; that the lands were very productive; that in all respects it was a suitable place for the establishment of a colony. Not only is there no town accessible to navigation, but not even a cabin within seven miles of the beach. Abundant proof exists, confirmed by my own observation, that representations made as to the fertility of the soil or its adaptability to agricultural purposes have no foundation in fact.

My visit to this region was in the latter part of January—a favorable season for exploration. It was my original intention to make a land trip around the shores of the bay, but this I found



STAMPEDED BY A POLECAT.

utterly impracticable. The information which I had received at San Francisco led me to believe that the country was a verdant plain, abounding in fine pastures and running streams. I was grievously disappointed.

My guides had no knowledge of any fresh water except on the trail to Commondu, which makes a detour through the interior, at a considerable distance from the coast. This trail passes over a desert region, prolific only in cactus and thorny shrubs. Blind trails, made by wild animals, branch off from it in every direction; and it is exceedingly difficult even for an experienced guide to avoid losing the way, owing to the shifting sands and barren tracts of gravel and cobble-stones which at intervals obliterate all traces of the route. The whole face of the earth for a hundred miles or more, north and south, and eastward across the Peninsula, is a complication of rugged mountains of a sedimentary formation, and mesas cut into fearful arroyas and ravines by the floods of former times, and stretches of naked sand-desert. All the vegetation visible to the eye seems to conspire against the intrusion of man. Every shrub is armed with thorns; the cactus, in all its varieties, solitary and erect, or in twisted masses, or snake-like undulations, tortures the traveler with piercing needles and remorseless fangs. Burs with barbed thorns cover the ground; the very grass, wherever it grows, resents the touch with wasp-like stings that fester in the flesh; and poisonous weeds tempt the hungry animals with their verdure, producing craziness and death. Add to this the innumerable varieties of virulent reptiles and insects that infest these desolate regions in summer; the rattlesnakes, vipers, scorpions, tarantulas, centipedes, and sand-flies; the rabid polecats that creep around the camp-fire at night, producing hydrophobia by their bite; the scorching heat of the sun, and the utter absence of water, and you have a combination of horrors that might well justify the belief of the old Spaniards that the country was accursed of God. Deserters from whale-ships, in attempting to make their way to Commondu, have, in several well-authenticated instances, perished from thirst. A species of cactus grows in these arid wastes which, it is said, contains juice enough to support life; but the weary and bewildered traveler is not always in a condition to seek this source of relief. Men who lose the trail are apt to become crazed with the horrors of a situation from which they can see no escape.

It was not my object to find a country more barren than that over which we had passed on the route from Todos Santos, but rather to discover whether any of the lands accessible to navigation afforded inducements for the establishment of a colony.

The last watering-place on the trail from the Rancho Colorado is situated in an arroya, about seven miles distant from the bay, and is called the Salado. As a specimen of the loose statements made by interested parties in regard to the resources of this country, we were told be-

fore leaving La Paz that we would find quite a settlement here, consisting of a good ranch with abundance of cattle, a store-house well supplied with all the necessaries of life, and many other conveniences which would greatly facilitate us in our exploration. The truth is, we found nothing but a wretched little cabin built of mud and brush-wood, inhabited by a half-breed native and his family, who if they had been more destitute of the means of subsistence would have had nothing at all. This miserable *hacqual* was perched on the edge of the barren mesa overlooking the arroya, and presented a most unpromising appearance to a party who wished to procure supplies of any kind. The ranchero had a few cattle, but no fresh meat. We got some jerked beef, however, which, with a little cheese, was all the place afforded. They had neither flour nor panoche, and scarcely knew the luxuries of tea and coffee. A small supply of these rare commodities was very gratefully received by the good woman who did the honors of the place.

We camped under a cotton-wood tree on the opposite side of the arroya, and turned our animals loose to pick up what the country afforded. Mesquit and bunch-grass are tolerably abundant in the vicinity; but the water is brackish and unpleasant to the taste. By letting it stand all night in an *oja* or earthen jar we found it much improved. My impression is, that the water generally in the sandy regions of Lower California, though abounding in saline matter, is not unwholesome. At least it did not disagree with any of our party.

The pack animals were somewhat jaded after the journey of the last ten days, and needed rest and food. With the utmost care in packing, such was the roughness of the road, their backs were badly galled—a trouble, however, that did not give our vaqueros much concern. Packers are proverbially cruel in all Mexican countries, and ours were not an exception.

Accompanied by the principal members of the party, I rode down to the beach nearly opposite the northern end of the Island of Marguerita, on the morning after our arrival at the Salado. Soon after leaving the arroya we struck into a sand-desert, covered with a tangled growth of cactus, through which it is difficult to travel without being pierced with thorns. The hummocks of sand near the beach mark the proximity of the bay. Some miles before we reached these prominent beach-marks we descried the tapering spars of two whale-ships that lay at anchor about three miles from the shore. Sand-bars extend out for over a mile, and there is no good anchorage nearer.

We found nothing on the shore save an old leathern vat for straining oil, and the carcass of a whale, over which myriads of buzzards were hovering. The air was heavily laden with the stench. Two or three half-breeds, who contrive to live in some mysterious way, were lazily reclining under the bushes, as if time and business were matters of no concern to them.

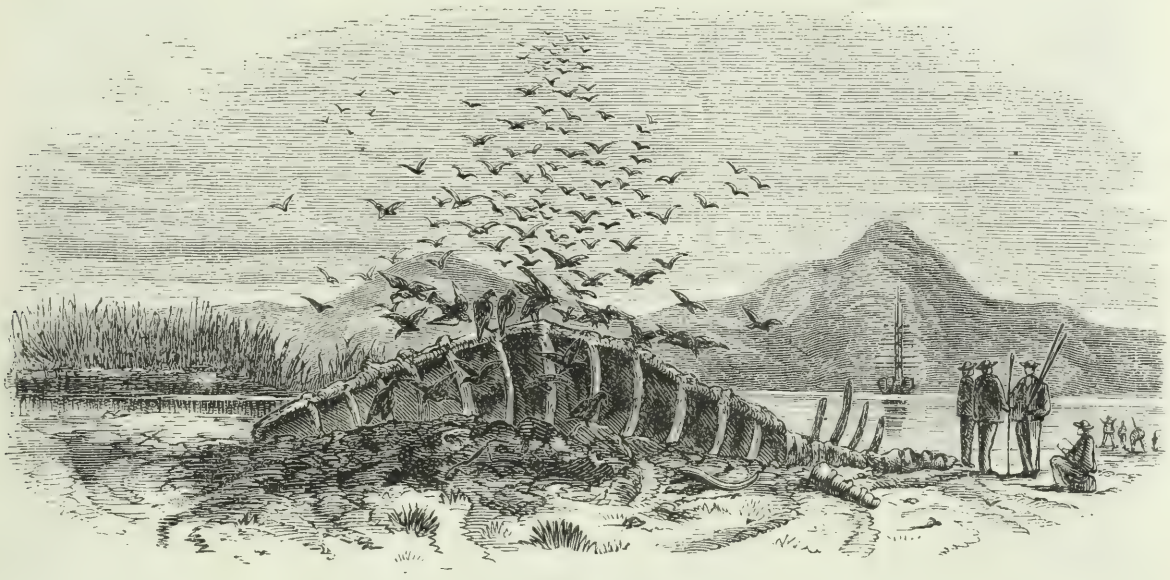
There was no water to be had nearer than the Salado, except on board the whale-ships. We had failed to provide ourselves with a sufficient supply, thinking we would have no difficulty in procuring some here; but were chagrined to find that there was not a drop to be had without begging it from these poor fellows, who, however, generously shared with us the contents of their *botas* or leathern bottles.

The first sight of the bay was very impressive. Such a magnificent sheet of water is seldom to be seen. The distant shores were scarcely visible, looking almost like low clouds on the horizon. The waters of the bay were beautifully blue and clear, and nothing could exceed the purity and softness of the atmosphere.

Our men, some of whom were practiced in the business of shell-fishing, went to work on the beach, and very soon dug up a very fine feast of clams. Cart-loads of them can be had in a few hours. While some of the members of the party were amusing themselves in this way, others of us ascended one of the sand-hills and hoisted signals on some poles which we



RANCH OF THE SALADO.



THE DEAD WHALE.

found there. These we waved to and fro, hoping the people on the vessels would send their boats ashore for us. Finding they paid no attention to our signs, we got up our animals and all rode to the top of the hill, and then taking off our coats tied them to the poles over our handkerchiefs, and made such a display as we supposed would attract their attention. For three or four hours we waved our signals with indefatigable industry, but no boat appeared.

We were about to give up in despair when we discovered six boats under the lee of Marguerita Island, all in a row, with their sails set, evidently towing in a whale. The wind blew fresh, and they stood in for the nearest ship, which they gained in about one hour after we first saw them. The two captains, as soon as they perceived us, came ashore in one of the boats, supposing us to be a party of native Californians who had promised them some beef cattle from the interior. They manifested great surprise and some trepidation when they landed on the beach and discovered that we were strangers, rather better dressed than the people of the country.

Rumors of a piratical party under the adven-



DIGGING CLAMS.

turer D'Artois had reached them from Cape St. Lucas, and they had a suspicion that a raid upon their ships was intended, though they could not conceive any rational ground for such conduct against the property of a nation friendly to the Liberal cause. Finding we were not the D'Artois party, they were equally disturbed by a suspicion that we had come over from La Paz with a commission from Governor Pedrin to levy a contribution upon them for fishing in the waters of the bay, it being understood that a privilege of that sort had been given to a prominent citizen of La Paz. Naturally enough they were greatly rejoiced when they found that we had no designs upon them further than to ask their assistance in making a reconnoissance of the Bay.

I had hoped to be able to purchase a whale-boat here and fit it out with a crew of natives; but such a thing was quite impracticable. One or two crazy little yawls, cast off by some whale-ship, comprised all we could get any tidings of, and they were said to be forty or fifty miles up the bay. At all events we could see nothing of them.

Captain Hathaway, who commanded one of the whaling vessels, had visited the Bay of Magdalena during twelve successive seasons, and was thoroughly acquainted with every lagoon and inlet, as well as with the shores all around as far as ship or boat navigation extended. From him I received a most discouraging account of the prospect. He said he had read newspaper accounts of the project of colonizing this country, and expressed great surprise that people should be so deceived. He regretted that the whaling season up to this date had proved so unpropitious as to make it difficult for him to spare a boat or crew; but he would do all in his power to facilitate our exploration, which he thought would be a good thing for the public, as it would furnish reliable information respecting the resources of the country. It was too late that afternoon to make any definite arrangements for a boat and crew, so I made an appointment to meet Captains Hathaway and Davis at the beach next morning.

As it was highly important that Mr. Gabb should not be delayed in his inland reconnoissance beyond the time necessary to recruit the animals, I so arranged it that our party should divide at the Salado. Mr. Gabb, Dr. Löhr, Cornelius Ironmonger, the cook and snake-charmer, Jesus Carillo the guide, and Manuel the vaquero were to remain in camp until Monday—this being Saturday. They were provided with five saddle-mules, four pack-mules, and a horse. I was very sorry that I had been disappointed in procuring a larger number of animals; but the truth is, we had been deceived at every point. Mr. Gabb and his party, having taken a look at the Bay, remained in camp to complete their preparations for the inland journey, which I confess was sufficiently formidable to occasion me much solicitude. I had great confidence, however, in the energy and endurance of every member of the party.

One of the most important objects of the reconnoissance was to ascertain with as much particularity as possible the feasibility of establish-



DIGGING FOR WATER



EXPLORING MAGDALENA BAY.

ing a colony on the shores of Magdalena Bay. I therefore deemed it the best disposition of the limited means at my command to take charge of this duty myself, as it involved no special scientific knowledge.

On Sunday morning, January 28, Dr. Wiss and myself parted from our friends, and started for the beach according to appointment. We took nothing with us but our riding animals, our blankets, and Manuel, the Doctor's mozo. Captains Hathaway and Davis met us at the hour agreed upon. They had consulted together during our absence, and being very desirous of promoting our enterprise, it was agreed that Captain Davis should fit out a spare boat for us, and make the trip with us in person.

It was a pleasant surprise to find that my whaling experience in early life had formed a bond of sympathy between the good Captain and myself, which made him doubly a friend. He knew most of my old shipmates, and we enjoyed some pleasant hours talking over old times and mutual friends. I had every reason to believe that the information he gave me was reliable. He had during the past twelve years explored the shores of the Bay, and he represented them as being destitute of wood, except a stunted growth of mangrove, mesquit, gum-tree, and cactus, and presenting every where the same desolate appearance. There was nowhere, to his knowledge, a running stream on the main land, and only one sickly little spring on the Island of Marguerita, of which the water was too brackish to sustain life for any great length of time. He had taken thirty barrels of it on board, and I could judge for myself. None of the crew could use it, except for washing, and it was not even good for that. I tasted this water and found it very bad. Almost any where along the beach brackish water could be had by digging six or eight feet in the sand. Cattle were supplied by making a kind of slope down to the well, which it was customary to protect by means of posts and brush-wood. During his numerous boat-cruises in search of whales, Captain Hathaway had touched upon nearly every part of the shore, up to the head of the great lagoon. Every acre of it was familiar to him. I could not hope in a month or six months to obtain such a thorough knowledge of it as he possessed, for he knew every spit and hummock, and necessity had compelled him to seek out the watering-places. The whole country, by his account, was utterly worthless for agricultural purposes. He did not know of a single patch of land that would support a colony of Americans. Chinamen might live on clams and oysters or other marine productions; but it was not a place for white men.

Near the head of the great lagoon there was a small patch of land which presented a better appearance than the generality of the shores, but it was occupied by some native rancheros. There was an extensive mesa, also, which might be made available for a colony of Chinese by means of wells and irrigation by hand-labor or wind-mills. At a few other points, where cactus and mesquit were abundant, and bunch-

grass grew among the sand-hills, there was tolerable grazing for cattle, and at one of these a Frenchman had carried on a ranch in former years for the purpose of supplying whale-ships with fresh beef. Poisonous weeds, insects, excessive heat, and lack of water killed more cattle than he could sell, and he finally abandoned the enterprise.

At 5 A.M. of the following morning Captain Davis, Dr. Wiss, and myself started in one of the whale-boats, according to agreement, to explore the Bay. We had a stout crew of Kanakas, with an American boat-steerer, all stalwart fellows and hardy seamen. The boat was well provided with water and provisions for a cruise of two or three days, and we had lances, harpoons, and a whaling-gun, in order that we should not miss a chance of killing a whale.

Our course at first was over to Marguerita Island, the shores of which we coasted for about fifteen miles. It is very rocky and abrupt, with a deep anchorage a stone's-throw from the land. A sloping mesa extends inland to the foot of the hills, cut up here and there with deep arroyas, of a sandy and gravelly formation, well covered with bunch-grass, cactus, and wild flowers.

At a point about eight miles from the heads we landed and took a ramble a short distance back toward the hills. The crew meantime went to fishing for oysters and lobsters, of which they took a sufficient quantity in less than an hour to afford us an abundant meal. The oysters are small, but of good flavor; the lobsters very large and fine. The men caught the latter by wading in among the rocks and pinning them to the ground by means of forked sticks till they could get a secure hold upon their backs, when they tossed them out on the land. Great quantities of beautifully colored shells lie along the beach, sometimes in piles of several feet, drifted up by the surf. They are mostly dead, and much worn by attrition. Some curious coral formations, honey-combed and exquisitely colored, may also be found here. The variety of sea-weeds is wonderful. In many places the beach presents the appearance of a flower-garden.

Proceeding close along the shore, some two or three miles toward the heads, we came to a plateau or mesa, apparently formed by nature as a site for a town. I was charmed with the picturesque beauty of this spot. It is sheltered by the headlands and surrounding hills from the prevailing winds; the water by the shore is deep, calm, and clear; scarcely a breath of air ruffled the surface. In short, a more lovely spot it would be difficult to find any where. Like all the shores, however, the appearance from the water is deceptive. The verdure, which at a distance conveys the idea of green pastures and luxuriant gardens, proves upon a nearer approach to be nothing but chaparral and cactus.

We went ashore at this promising spot and spent several hours exploring the country. The soil is a decomposed granite, and would doubtless be productive if there was water for irrigation. Traces of a torrent from the adjacent mountains, cutting through an arroya, gave evidence that in by-gone years there was no de-



CATCHING LOBSTERS.

ficiency of rain. Until within two weeks of our visit, however, it was said by the people near the bay that rain had not visited this region for fourteen years. Owing to the formation of the mountains, when it does come it sweeps every thing before it.

The extent of the mesa, or town-site as we called it, is about two miles in depth by three in width. Probably a better point could not be selected as a naval dépôt. The supply of wood, however, is small, consisting entirely of cactus and scraggy bushes. Water doubtless could be had by digging wells, but from the indications we judged it would require an excavation of fifty feet to reach it. I regretted that our time was so limited and our implements so inadequate as to preclude an absolute test. By digging in the bottom of an arroya with a spade we reached brackish water at the depth of a few feet. Three miles back in the cañon is situated the spring referred to by Torquemada, from which Captain Hathaway filled his casks. As already stated the water is too brackish for use, except in cases of great extremity. Flowing as it does out of the rocks, and having no immediate connection with the sea, this is somewhat singular. My impression is the island must contain, deep within the body of the mountains, rock-salt or other saline deposits. Nothing of the kind, however, has been found upon the surface.

I am inclined to the opinion that Marguerita contains copper ore, but whether in paying quantities or not can only be determined by practical working. Nothing like a regular ledge has yet been discovered. Pyrites of iron have also been found. An amusing instance of ignorance and credulity is related of one of the whaling captains who visited the bay about the time of the gold fever in Upper California. He was out one day exploring the interior of the island in search of water. Coming upon some croppings containing iron pyrites he supposed it to be gold, and in great excitement carried down a lot of it to his crew. "Boys," said he, "we have been whaling long enough. Here is gold for us all, and for the owners too. For my part, I am done with blubber-hunting. What do you say? Shall we ship a cargo of ore and go home rich, or spend the rest of our lives catching whales and trying out oil?" The crew to a man were clamorous for the gold. Overboard went the oil, and all hands went to work loading the vessel with the golden treasures of the island. About the time the ship was laden down to the water's edge a practical miner from La Paz, hearing of the excitement, came over, and dashed the hopes of the deluded fortune-hunters by pronouncing the ore utterly worthless. An assay was made which confirmed his judgment, and the unlucky party had to go to work again catching whales—wiser if not happier men. I had some thought of proposing a name for the town-site—"Grijalva"—in honor of the first Spanish navigator who visited the Peninsula. Should the requirements of commerce ever render this an important rendezvous for vessels, it will be a matter of interest to know where a dépôt can be advantageously located. That it can never be available for any thing more than a dépôt is sufficiently evident. The island neither produces nor affords facilities for the production of supplies. Fuel and provisions would have to be imported. The town-site is beautifully situated, but possesses no natural resources.

Leaving Marguerita Island, we hoisted our sail and started across for Man-of-War Bay, which we passed sufficiently near to get a good idea of its general aspect and character. Sir Edward Belcher and other competent authorities speak well of this locality as a rendezvous for vessels.

The beach is sloping and gravelly, with a hilly range behind, intervening between the port and the ocean. Whalers lie at anchor here for weeks at a time during the season; and it is considered an excellent place for vessels to touch at on their way up or down the coast, being convenient to the heads and well sheltered from the prevailing winds. Fresh water can be had by digging wells a short distance from the beach. A barrel placed in a hole soon fills, and the water is comparatively good.

As Captain Davis's time was limited, and I desired to see as much as possible during our cruise, I did not deem it advisable to make a landing here. Accordingly we steered across for the main land, well up toward the extremity of the great bay. Although we ran seven knots an hour, it took us till late in the afternoon to reach it, making about twenty-eight miles from the island. A heavy surf broke upon the beach, rendering it somewhat difficult to land. Our Kanaka crew, however, understood this sort of business, so that we disembarked without any great inconvenience. Getting into the boat again afterward was rather more hazardous, though it cost us nothing more than a ducking in the surf.

The coast upon which we landed is desolate beyond description; nothing in view but desert sand-hills, with patches of mangrove, mesquit, bunch-grass, and cactus. A magnificent evening sky constituted the sole charm of the scene. I climbed several of the highest points, and could see nothing on any side but a vast stretch of desert, the dreary monotony of which was scarcely relieved by occasional elevations of bare sand, swept into billowy hummocks, like an angry sand-ocean suddenly paralyzed. For a sweep of many miles the same fearful monotony prevails; no living thing disturbs the silence; the stillness of death reigns supreme.

Captain Davis, who had explored every nook and inlet of these waters, told us this was a fair average of the entire bay shore, the only exception being small patches of lagoon, where there is a growth of rushes and mangrove that look fertile by comparison.

In the sand-hills there are spots of green weeds, where it is said good water can be had



GATHERING OYSTERS FROM THE MANGROVES.

by digging wells to the depth of six or eight feet. We dug in some of the dry lagoons and got water at the depth of three feet; but the sand was black and foul, and the water was too brackish for use. Captain Davis pointed out a spot to us where he had procured drinkable water during one of his cruises.

It did not seem to me that the most important question was as to the supply of water for drinking purposes. Sufficient can be had at almost any point by the usual process of digging.

The great consideration, in my mind, was as to the value of the water for any purposes of colonization, on an extensive scale, when found. People, it is true, must have water to drink, but they require something else as well.

There is no back country here to make settlement by Americans or Europeans an object; no interior trade to be supplied, or to furnish traffic for a colony; no land suitable for cultivation or grazing; no wood of any value for lumber or fuel; no mineral deposits within a large circuit of country; no reasonable hope to be derived from recent or earlier explorations that any thing valuable remains to be discovered. It is a country almost entirely destitute of resources. Water is not the only desideratum.

Coasting along the shore for about twenty miles, we came to a low island covered with mangroves, between which and the main we found a channel. The most prominent object of curiosity observable on the island is that the shrubs, instead of fruit, bear oysters. One naturally smiles at the idea of oysters growing on bushes, but it is true nevertheless. Attaching themselves to the branches at high-tide, they form a kind of excrescence, and there remain till their necessities prompt them to emigrate. Boat-loads of a very excellent species can be gathered in a short time.

As it was getting late, and the country presented still an aspect of unbroken sterility, we hauled around a point of land and pulled up our boat in a little cove for the night. Fuel was scarce, but we succeeded in getting enough of drift-wood on the beach to serve us as material for a good fire, which was very pleasant, as the night air was sharp, and not much protection was afforded by the sand-hills against the wind. Captain Davis, by means of the oars and sails, constructed a tolerably comfortable tent, in which we slept soundly till morning.

At an early hour we renewed our reconnoissance of the shore. It was all, or nearly all, the same desert and cactus as far as the eye could reach. There was not a single spot visible that gave the least promise of fertility.

Numerous "schools" of killers and porpoises sported around the boat. Our men kept a sharp look-out for cow whales, but none came in sight. There was a time, the Captain told us, when he could not have sailed a quarter the distance without encountering scores of them. Of late they were getting "scary," and it was something of an achievement to capture two or three in a month. The wind dying away soon after sunrise, our crew had to pull the rest of the way back to the vessel.

I did not deem it necessary, with my limited means of observation, to make a more detailed exploration of the bay. Government vessels had spent months here, with all the advantages of ample time and the best scientific aid, and it would have been presumption in me to suppose I could make a more thorough survey in a common whale-boat, and without assistance, even could I have devoted many more months to the duty.

All the testimony I could gather from early and recent authorities, from the whaling captains, and from the native Californians, satisfied me it would be time misspent; and the conclusion I came to was, that Magdalena Bay affords no suitable location for the nucleus of a colony of civilized people.

The fisheries do not now furnish any inducements for the investment of capital which did not exist with much greater force during the past fifteen years. If money could be made

there the enterprising speculators of San Francisco would not be long ignorant of the fact. Whales are becoming scarce, so much so, indeed, as to render their pursuit no longer profitable. When it was first discovered that the bay abounded in cow whales during the months of January and February vessels flocked in from San Francisco and the Sandwich Islands, and soon filled their casks with oil; but of late the fishery has presented but few attractions to whalemen, and is now nearly abandoned. The two vessels commanded by Captains Hathaway and Davis had only taken two whales up to the date of our visit, though they had scoured the waters of the bay for two months.

It is a mere chance whether a sufficient quantity of oil can be obtained during the entire season to defray the expenses of detention. In short, it is generally after a season in the Arctic, and for want of a more convenient place of sojourn while awaiting the opening of the north seas, that whale-ships now resort to this locality.

These facts, however, do not materially affect any privileges contained in the Company's grant. The colonists are merely required to subject themselves to the provisions of law in relation to the fishing of whales and seals, in common with others who may engage in the business. It would be difficult and expensive to maintain exclusive privileges in an isolated region like this. Neither the government of Mexico nor the territorial government of Lower California has yet attempted it, though the bay has been frequented by American whalers for many years.

Of the varieties of fish that inhabit these waters detailed notes are given elsewhere. Rock, cod, sturgeon, mullet, bonitos, lobsters, and oysters are found in great abundance. To Chinese fishermen these would furnish an inexhaustible source of subsistence. The climate is too warm for the kind of fish most valuable to commerce, such as are found on the coast of Russian America and in northern latitudes. At all events fishing enterprises have been attempted on this bay without success, but whether their failure is to be attributed to mismanagement or the warmth of the climate I am unable to say. So far there has been no restriction upon enterprises of this kind in any of the bays of Lower California.

I have arrived at these conclusions as to the unpromising character of this region with considerable reluctance. It would be more consistent with my wishes to give an encouraging account of the resources of the country. But of what avail would any misrepresentation be, excluding all considerations of propriety? Sooner or later the truth could not fail to be known, and I should regard it as a great wrong to the public to make any statements or draw any conclusions not warranted by the facts. Any expenditure of capital, which could not but result in loss, would occasion disappointment.

None can deny the salubrity of the climate, or the great extent of the bay; but these alone can not be regarded as reasonable grounds for making it a place of settlement for Americans or Europeans. As before stated, a limited colony of Chinese might live upon the fisheries, or cultivate small patches of the desert plains by means of hand-irrigation. There is nothing upon which any considerable population could subsist, except what they could gather out of the sea, or procure at great expense from more favored parts of the world. The plain near the head of the lagoon might be irrigated by windmills, and thus rendered to some extent productive. As a stopping-place for vessels bound up and down the coast, it is probably not so convenient as Cape St. Lucas. The anchorage is more secure, and that is the only advantage.

A large tract of the main is covered by the so-called Limantour grant, as may be seen by reference to Flouroy's map. Similar grants, at other points, appear on the same map. The probability is these grants have no existence in fact. It is said Limantour never complied with any of the colonization laws, and has no claim



OUR CAMP ON THE ISLAND.



A THORNY PATH.

upon the Mexican government for this pretended cession of territory. It will be remembered that this man, Limantour, some years since claimed nearly the whole city of San Francisco, and all the adjacent military resources. After years of litigation the courts decided the claim to be fraudulent, and supported by forged testimony. Doubtless Limantour imagined that he had a territorial acquisition here which would give him less trouble, inasmuch as there would probably be less contention about it.

On our return to the whale-ships we signified our desire to be put ashore. Captains Hathaway and Davis gave us a pressing invitation to stay; but they were boiling out oil, and neither the smoke nor the smell of the blubber had any fascinations for my friend, Dr. Wiss. It reminded me of my early sea-life, though I can not say the past or present experience was pleasant. The worthy captains accordingly put us ashore, with our rolls of blankets and extra clothing.

The Doctor's mozo, Manuel, was not expected till next day with the horses and pack-mule. We were two leagues from camp, without water, and with packs weighing forty pounds each. What were we to do? If we left the packs they might be stolen by some prowling vaquero; if we remained with them we would suffer from thirst, and after all have to go back on board the whale-ships—an alternative not to be for a moment entertained. So, after some consultation, we shouldered our packs and started on, in the broiling afternoon sun, for our camp at the Salado. It was the hardest walk I ever undertook. The sand was deep, the cactus thorny, the load heavy, and the labor unprofitable in every point of view. However, we made camp in about three hours, where a prescription of native rum from the Doctor's saddle-bags revived us.

Professor Gabb and his party had taken their departure according to agreement. The camp looked lonely without them. I missed the familiar faces around the evening fire, but felt especially depressed at the absence of Ironmonger's extravagant snake-stories.

Our animals were much refreshed after their long rest. Next day, in good time, we started for the Rancho Colorado. Under the guidance of a Mexican from the Salado we cut off some bends by taking a new trail. The guide left us too soon, and it was a miracle we ever reached our destination. For nearly an hour we were lost in the dark on a rocky mesa, with deep arroyas, impenetrable jungles of cactus, and gaping fissures in the earth. One might as well be lost on the desert of Sahara as in this country. There is no cutting across to the recognized land-marks. Many a traveler has perished of thirst in plain sight of a familiar mountain. It is inconceivable the difficulty of getting through the complicated masses of thorny shrubs and cactus by which the whole face of the country is overlaid.

A Portugese sailor, who had run away from

a whaling vessel, was picked up in a dying condition a few months ago, twelve miles from the Salado. The Mexicans, with unerring instinct, had followed his course over the mesa, and although he left no footprints on the hard, gravelly parts of the desert, they knew by breaks in the cactus when and in what direction he had passed. This was one of the suggestive incidents we had to reflect upon as we floundered about among the rocks and thorns. The barking of a dog at no great distance gave us a clew to the direction of the ranch, which we soon after reached amidst a general barking and howling of all the mongrel dogs possible to be found at a Mexican ranch.

Next day we made but nine miles to San Hilario, where we stopped to enjoy the hospitality of a famous old Portugese sailor who lives here. This ranch contains about twenty acres of arable land, well watered by a spring. It is situated in a wild-looking arroya, surrounded by broken mesas.

There is a gradual ascent all the way from Magdalena to the summit of the mesa, or series of mesas, the greatest altitude of which lies nearest to the Gulf shore. The pass over which the trail goes is about eighteen hundred feet. Some of the peaks probably exceed two thousand. The formation is evidently of recent date, and shows no signs of valuable mineral deposits. Occasional indications of the presence of iron are seen. There is no back-bone or range of mountains of an older formation, corresponding with the Cacachilla and Triunfo range farther south, to show continuity. All the evidence presented in the sedimentary character of the mesa tends to strengthen the conclusion that the southern part of the Peninsula, lying within the angle formed by La Paz, Cape St. Lucas, and Todos Santos, was at no very remote geological period an island; so that the old Spaniards were not so far wrong as might be supposed. Their error was merely in the matter of date. The "Island of California" in all probability did exist since the formation of the Pacific coast, but whether a thousand or six thousand years before the days of Cortéz I leave to geologists to determine.

The summit, or dividing point, afforded a magnificent view of the bay and town of La Paz. On the Gulf side the descent is abrupt. Tier after tier of mesa seems to break short off



RANCHO COLORADO.

at the end, causing fearful gaps and chasms in the earth. Through one of these, after passing the Rancho de los Reyes, we traveled for a distance of ten miles.

The country lying between Magdalena Bay and La Paz is, in general terms, like all we had seen—composed of alternations of rocky mesas and sand-deserts. Water is found at four or five places on the route. No sign of cultivation is any where to be seen, except on a very small scale at the place called San Hilario. The shrubbery is of a heavier growth than on the Todos Santos trail; and altogether this route is much to be preferred, being less than half the distance, and in all respects more pleasant.

We reached La Paz in three days and a half traveling time. Native vaqueros have made it in twenty-four hours without a change of animals; but what they do in the way of hard riding is far above my ambition. Dr. Wiss, a gentleman weighing over two hundred pounds, thought it a very easy undertaking.

At La Paz I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Jacob P. Leese and Mr. Jerome B. Stillson, the agents of the Lower California Company sent out to take legal possession of the grant. They had just arrived from Cape St. Lucas, at which point they had landed from the Panama steamer.

It must be apparent, upon a perusal of these sketches, that there are obstacles to the colonization of Lower California. The configuration of the country is such as to preclude the existence of any considerable quantity of arable land. It has been well described in Findlay's Coast Directory as consisting of

"Groups of bare rocks divided by ravines and hills, intersected with tracts of sandy soil nearly as unproductive as the rocks themselves. There are but very few streams, as must be evident from the fact of the mountainous ridge which occupies nearly the whole of the surface; but this again leads to the formation of torrents in the wet season, which wash away all portions of earth which might otherwise become fertile and productive. In some few places there are small valleys, not subject to these drawbacks, which exhibit great fertility. From these causes Lower California is one of the most barren and unattractive regions of the temperate zone.....There is seldom rain in summer north of Loreto.....The general aspect of the country is horrible. The imagination can not conceive any thing more naked, more desolate."

Professor Gabb's report demonstrates an important fact hitherto unknown, viz., that northwesterly from a line extending obliquely across the Peninsula from the port of La Paz to Todos Santos, for a distance of three hundred miles, the geological formation is recent. The whole country within these is a broken mesa, gradually rising from the Pacific in steppes or slopes till it attains its highest altitude, which generally lies within twenty miles of the Gulf shore. The elevation of the main ridge is sometimes so great as to lead to the error of confounding it with the Sierra Nevada range of mountains, of which it is supposed by many to be a continuation. That no precious metals exist in any great quantity within the limits of this sedimentary tract is more than probable. To the southward, in the Triunfo, San Antonio, and Cacachilla districts, there are valuable silver-bearing lodes, though as yet but few of them have paid the expenses of working. The "Sauce Mine," near Loreto, about which so much has been said of late, was visited not long since by Professor Ashburner, of the State Geological Survey, who reported unfavorably as to its value. The mine is now closed. Mr. Gabb was not permitted to see it; and the inference is, it will not now bear inspection better than it did when visited by Professor Ashburner.

Respecting the advantages of the Peninsula for railroad enterprises, it would be an exceedingly difficult and expensive country to grade, at any point between the Gulf and the Pacific south of Mulege. Between Mulege and Batteñas Bay a tunnel would be required through the principal ridge of mountains. Batteñas Bay is not a suitable place for a dépôt or terminus. The entrance is narrow and difficult for vessels of suitable capacity. The most feasible route discovered by Mr. Gabb, and that which in all respects presents the greatest advantages, is from a point nearly opposite the Guardian Angel Island to the Bay of San Bartolo, or some point lying between Elida Island, Cerros, and Point St. Eugenia. The country between the Gulf and the Pacific is comparatively low in this latitude—a series of mesas and arroyas extending nearly all the way across. Detailed observations on this route are given by Mr. Gabb in his official report.

The Southern Atlantic and Pacific railroad routes, surveyed by the United States, and projected by private companies, have been numerous. It is thought by many that Guaymas would be the best point for the terminus. Major Ferguson, in a valuable report, speaks favorably of Libertad. Allata, farther south, on the Mexican shore of the Gulf, presents advantages in being more accessible to vessels from the outside, by way of Cape St. Lucas.

The passage across the Gulf would involve the establishment of a steamship line capable of withstanding heavy gales, and the shipment and transportation of freight to a Peninsular dépôt on the eastern side; its transportation by railway across to the western dépôt, and reshipment to San Francisco. This would probably be too expensive for any but very valuable freight. The development of the northern States of Mexico, under a change of population, may become such as to render the saving of time more important than it is now, but the trade of Sonora and Cinaloa offers no inducements at present for so extensive and costly an undertaking. These States, however, are extremely rich in agricultural and mineral lands, and their acquisition by the United States would soon lead to a development of their resources.

A southern route, terminating at some point on the Gulf, would undoubtedly follow in a very short time the cession to our government of the northern States of Mexico.

There are difficulties connected with the proposed routes through Arizona to Upper California not yet fully appreciated, and the effect of which will be to concentrate attention on a Gulf terminus. The deserts lying between Colorado and the coast range are subject to shifting sands and overflows, which would render the construction of a railroad across to San Diego or Los Angeles, from any point on the Colorado, an expensive and hazardous undertaking.

Notwithstanding these views, I regard the question of the acquisition of Lower California by the United States as one of great importance.

This Peninsula commands the Gulf, the adjacent shores of Mexico, and the mouth of the Colorado. Its geographical position gives it a value, in a national point of view, to which its intrinsic resources can never entitle it. Combined with the acquisition of Cinaloa, Sonora, and Chihuahua, it would be not only of the greatest importance to commerce and navigation, but absolutely essential to our naval and military defenses. A strip of foreign territory could not be suffered to exist directly in front of our own possessions.

The State of Cinaloa and portions of the States of Sonora and Chihuahua are unquestionably rich in precious metals. Baron Humboldt and Mr. Ward, the standard authorities on the mineral resources of Mexico, refer to the mines of these States as among the richest in the world. In Cinaloa there are extensive tracts of land suitable for the cultivation of cotton and sugar-cane on a large scale; in Chihuahua there are forests of timber and extensive grazing ranges, with a reasonable quantity of land suitable for agriculture; in Sonora—especially on the Yaqui River—there are valuable tracts of stock-raising and arable land—all in addition to their known mineral resources.

So far as the navigation of the Colorado is concerned, I am inclined to doubt the practicability of improving it to any considerable extent. The following table of distances will show what is generally regarded as the navigable portion of the river:

	Miles by water.
From Port Isabel to Fort Yuma	240
From Fort Yuma to La Paz (by land 120 m.)	170
From La Paz to Aubrey City	90
From Aubrey City to Hardyville	90
From Hardyville to El Dorado Cañon	70
From El Dorado Cañon to Callville	60
Total miles by water	720

The banks of the Colorado, with the exception of a few points where the river cuts through the mountains, consist of sand and alluvial soil washed down from its tributary sources.

During the greater part of the year there are but 22 inches of water in the channel between Fort Yuma and La Paz; and higher up the navigation is still more difficult.

I made the trip from Fort Mojave to Fort Yuma, a distance of 300 miles, on board the *Cocopah*, commanded by Captain Robinson, pilot to the Ives expedition. It required nine days to travel that distance in an empty boat. The up trip to the fort, with fifty tons of barley, occupied about two months. The fact is there is no permanent channel in the river, and no amount of money can make one, so constantly are the banks breaking down and the course of the river shifting. For all the purposes of commerce it is practically unnavigable for at least six months in the year. The statements in the newspapers to the effect that Callville is the head of navigation and the great future dépôt for the supply of freight to Utah and the adjacent Territories are intended for speculative purposes. Small boats have been forced through the cañons above Fort Mojave, but on the same principle they could be driven over the Sierra Nevada Mountains. It is all a question of expense and locomotive power.

La Paz is probably as high as it will ever pay to carry freight during the months of low water in the Colorado.

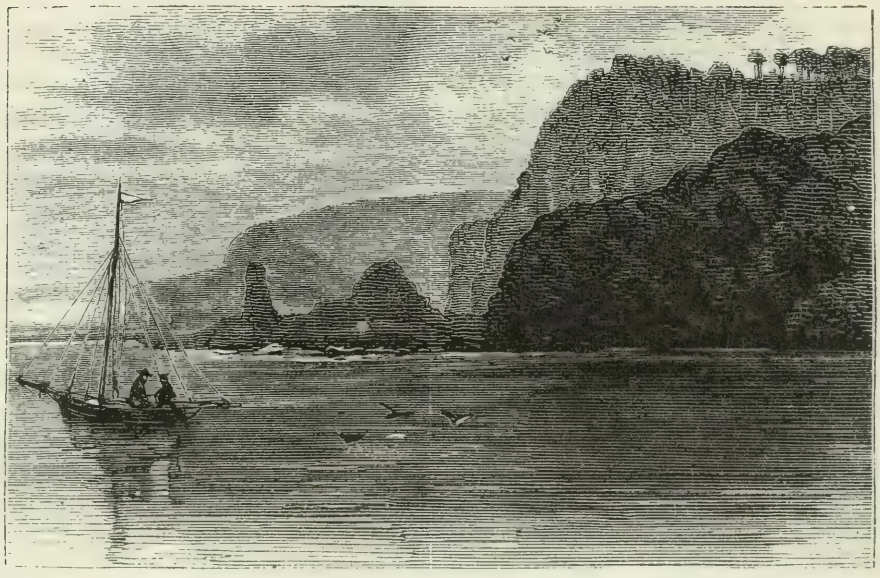
I state these facts partly from my own knowledge and partly on reliable information obtained from others. I made two visits to Arizona, and saw something of the Colorado and the Gila during the winter season, when these rivers are at their lowest stage. The Gila is unnavigable at any stage of water, in a commercial point of view; the Colorado is unnavigable six months in the year. The importance, therefore, to be attached to the Colorado as a navigable stream must be taken with these deductions.

And now, reader, you have had a candid and unprejudiced account of my visit to Lower California. I have neither exaggerated nor depreciated the resources of the country. It is possible I may be mistaken on many points; but I feel conscious of having stated nothing calculated to produce a false impression.

I should be very glad to be the humble instrument of promoting, even in a degree, the acquisition to the United States of Lower California. It would be, in many points of view, a valuable addition to our territory on the Pacific coast. Russian America and British Columbia on the north, and Lower California on the south, would complete a coast-line without parallel in the territorial possessions of the nations of the world. But with this grand object, and the magnificent future it reveals, fully impressed upon my mind, I should deem even such an acquisition costly at the expense of truth.

SOUTH-COAST SAUNTERINGS IN ENGLAND.

[Saunter I.]



ON THE DEVONSHIRE COAST, NEAR DAWLISH.

ONE morning, a few months past, I read in the *Times* that the party of exploration to Palestine, for whose expenses the English public had so long been invited to subscribe, had at last sailed; whereat I was exceedingly filled with contempt. When will Englishmen be able to spare time from the tomb and the grave-clothes of the dead Christ to minister to the living Christ—hungry, naked, sick, in prison—who stands with mute appeal on every London street? And when will English students and explorers return from picking straws from fields whose last grain has been gleaned, from exhuming Nineveh and deciphering Herculaneum, to trace in their own country the vestiges of races and temples, of which almost as little is known as if they had lived in the moon? Had Stonehenge only been in Syria, who doubts that it would have long since yielded up that secret which it has held fast through so many ages?

As I questioned thus there appeared before me a venerable personage with long white robe and long white hair and beard, his head wreathed with oak leaves—evidently a Druid—who said, mildly: "The path of the pioneer is West, that of the antiquarian is East: as England explores Syria so shall America explore England." Wherewith the old man vanished, leaving me to my reflections on this odd apparition.

What these reflections were I need not state: the sum of them was, that next morning an American Exploration Party, consisting of the writer hereof and his portmanteau, started forth to wander through the most ancient and mysterious region of England. In this long saunter—"Saunter," from *Saint Terre*, is the right word for my pilgrimage through a land once hallowed by the human heart—I followed no prescribed path and took no "Murray;" and I report only what I myself found interesting, whether it belong to the year eight or eighteen hundred and sixty-eight; and my journey has strengthened a suspicion, received from Kant, that there is much less difference between the two periods than many people imagine.

An engagement to give a lecture at Plymouth led me to take that as a starting-point; and surely there can be none better for an American than the old city which was the last the founders of his country ever saw in the Old World. Within a few rods of the inner haven—now called "The Catwater"—where the *Mayflower* took refuge for a little time, I read before a pleasant literary institution the story of the founding of the other Plymouth across the sea, and tried to show something of what had unfolded from that storm-wafted seed in the course of seven generations. At the close of the lecture a number of persons in the audience asked questions about the United States, relating chiefly to its modern politics and to the war. "Did I think the war was to abolish slavery?" "Did the South or the North hate the negro most?" "Was Fenianism popular in America?" These and other questions like them I answered as well as I could. I found the people generally proud of having accidentally harbored the pilgrims of "New Plymouth," as they always call their American namesake; but I also felt at every step that among all English towns this was as little likely as any to have had any real connection with the men who were driven to it by stress of weather. There is no monument or trace of them whatever in the town.

I have met with an impression in some parts of America that the sect known as "The Plymouth Brethren," which did not originate but

gained its first strong-hold here, was something of a Puritan movement, but it is more like the American "Campbellite" Church. I am told that the "Brethren" are very mystical, and their *culte* an extreme worship of the letter. This body has recently split into two parties on some question of interpretation so unimportant that the conflict—so fierce that the members of one side will not speak to the other—is the joke of the place. A gentleman explained to me that one party believed the devil had horns, while the other asserted he was an ass.

The town abounds in handsome residences and terraces, and has a superb garden overlooking the entire harbor and the landscape for miles around called "The Hoe." From this point on a clear day the Eddystone light-house is seen rising like a tall tree out of the sea. When I saw it there was a fine ship on the rocks near its base going to pieces. Around this carcass were hovering a number of boats and yachts, like birds of prey, seeking to save what they could of its cargo. Boat after boat came in laden with wet dry-goods, hams, and the like, and there was a large auction sale of these in the town. The sale was very largely attended by tradesmen and the country people of the neighborhood. A heavier, duller set of people in looks I never saw, and the proceedings of the auction attested the stupidity of their looks. Convinced that every thing was an inevitable bargain, they competed furiously for these damaged goods, of which lot after lot brought more than the same goods could possibly have brought if purchased at the manufactories of Bradford, where most of them were made.

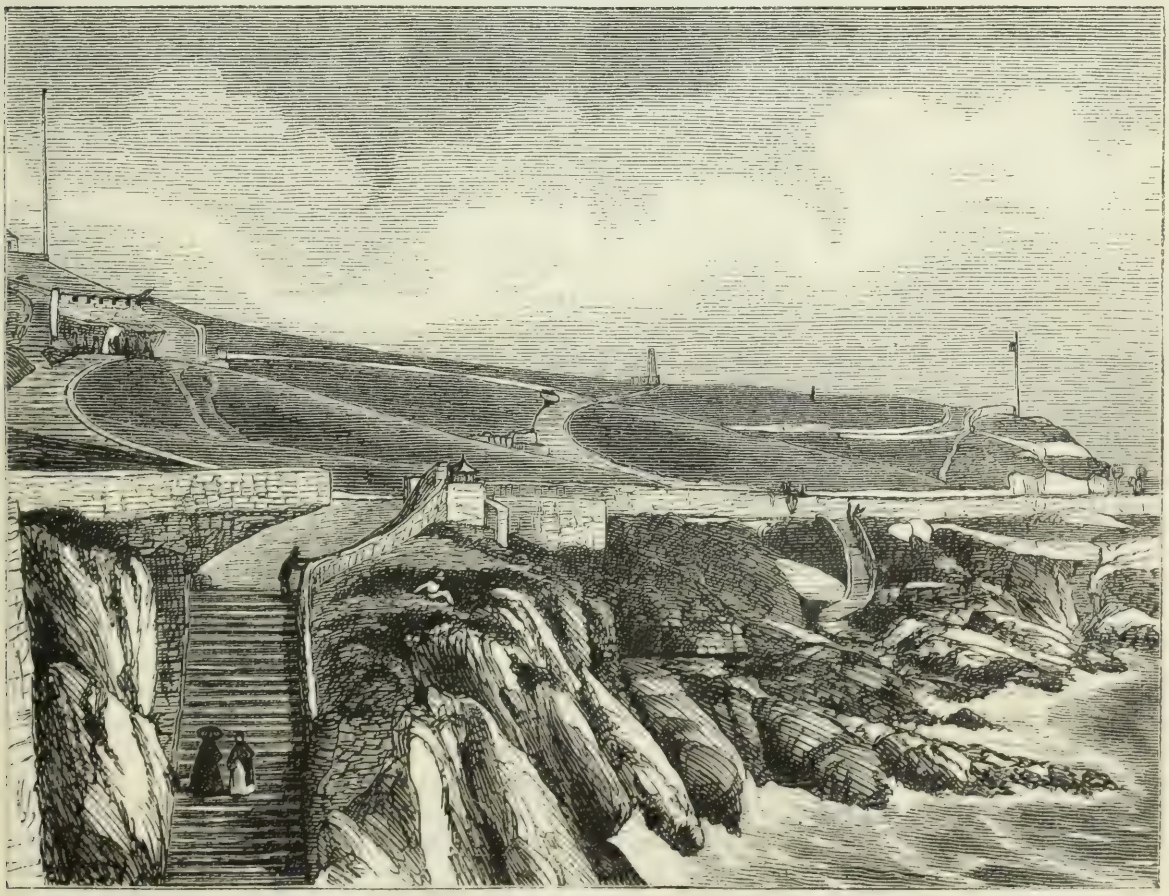
I found the past of Plymouth more interesting than its present, and spent much of my time among the quaint old monuments and tombs in its oldest church. The oldest of these was dated 1583. Many had carved on them figures of the whole families of counts and knights, gaudily painted; they had been often repainted, but always, I was told, after the original colors. Joane Townes, the Mayor's wife, had a tomb, which in its day must have been quite fine; it bore the following inscription:

"O - THAT - MY - WORDS - WERE - NOW - WRITTEN - OR - GRAVEN - WITH - AN - IRON - PENNE - IN - LEADE - OR - STONE - TO - CONTINVE - FOR - I - KNOW - THAT - MY - REDEEMER - LIVETH - AND - THAT - I - SHALL - RISE - OVT - OF - THE - EARTH - IN - THE - LAST - DAIE - AND - SHALL - BE - COVERED - AGAINE - WITH - MY - SKINNE - AND - SHALL - SEE - GOD - IN - MY - FLESH - YEA - AND - SHALL - MYSELFE - BEHOLDE - HIM - NOT - WITH - OTHER - BVT - WITH - THESE - SAME - EYES - ANNO - DOMINI - 1589."

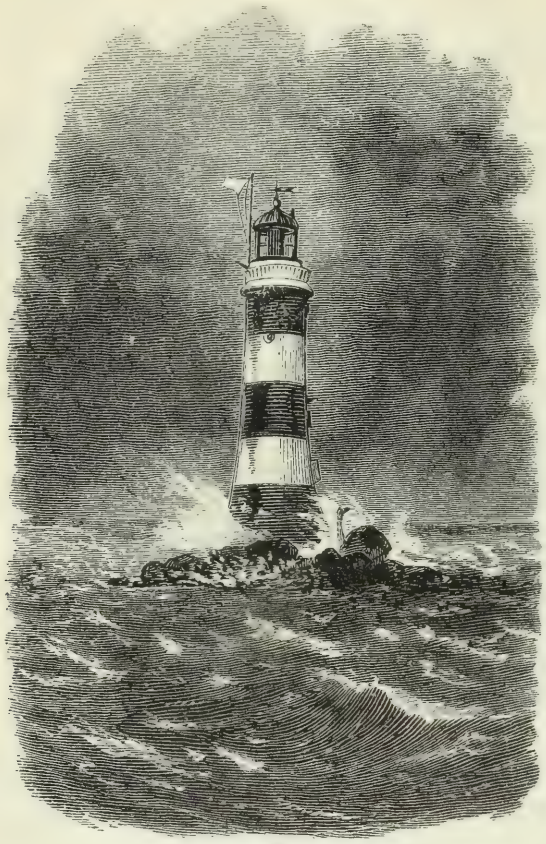
Now and then one comes across words on these old English tombs which baffle philology. Can any one say what is the meaning of "newiste" in the following?

"When Death did me assayle
To God thuse did I crye,
Of Jacobs well to newiste my soule
That it might never die."

The black features of negro pages and serv-



THE HOE.



EDDYSTONE LIGHT-HOUSE.

ants are prominent on several of the monuments of the nobility, especially those that belong to the reign of Elizabeth, when the possession of negroes was almost essential to the highest aristocratic position. Mr. George Dawson, one of the finest lecturers in England, has pointed out, in an unpublished essay on Sir Francis Drake, good reasons for believing that in Othello Shakspeare meant to portray a negro. When Drake returned from his famous discovery of the Pacific, Queen Elizabeth, in knighting him, gave him, as a device on his coat of arms, the figure of a Moor, which meant simply a compliment to the then highly respectable business of negro slave-trading; from which Mr. Dawson deduces that in those days there was no distinction between "Moor" and "Negro" in the English mind. Shakspeare, like others, knew of only one race of blacks, *negroes*—popularly called "Moors" or "Blackamoors"—and meant to draw one of these in his tragedy. The allusions in the play to Othello's peculiar heels, lips, and other traits generally ascribed to the Negro, but not to the Moor, give force to this criticism.

Memorials, relics, and monuments of Drake are met with at every turn throughout Devonshire. At Plymouth tradition points out the spot where his five ships weighed anchor on the 13th of December, 1577, for the famous voyage—illuminated by burning Spanish ships—and that at which, two years later, four of those ships, laden with the gold of California, cast anchor again, and Drake stood on a deck where the Queen was proud to visit him, to partake a banquet, and knight him as he knelt there. At Buckland Abbey, in the neighborhood of Crowndale, where Drake was born, the descendants of the family still reside, and myth is busy in converting it all into a monument of the old navigator, or "wayrier," as the country-folk call him. A tree is shown in the park where the conqueror of the Armada took refuge, by climbing, from an enraged wounded stag. There is an old private chapel, which seems to hint that Drake still practiced Catholic rites under his Protestant Queen. His drum and his banner are preserved. The walls are lined with pictures of the Armada, on one of which is the following inscription:

"Upon the defeat of the Spanish Armada a pasquinade was found on a column at Rome, signifying that the Pope would grant indulgences for a thousand years to any one that would indicate to a certainty what was become of the Spanish fleet; whether it was taken up into heaven, or thrust down into Tartarus; suspended in the air, or floating in the sea."

The world hardly yet knows just what became of that brilliant fleet of 130 ships that hovered on the Channel like a silvery deadwreath, and the next moment was scattered on every shore of the northern world; it is known, however, that the storms of Nature did far more than Drake toward its destruction. I have reason to believe that the next volume of Mr. Froude's History will give a strange and new chapter on this subject, and will especially reveal the terrible fate which befell the thirty or forty ships which were stranded on the Irish coast. Little as any civilized generation can sympathize with the aims of the Armada, or regret its destruction, the cruelties with which the Irish people themselves plundered and slew every man of them—each a soldier for the faith and cause of Ireland—are unparalleled among atrocities committed by a whole people. Sympathizing, so far as so respectable a word can be used in such a connection, with the object for which these Spaniards sailed, the Irish resolved themselves into a nation of robbers, and dragged their helpless defenders from the waves only to stab and behead them, apparently for sport, for even that was not necessary in order to take their clothing and jewelry.

In front of the noble gates of the Plymouth fortress, or "citadel," the sward is still green where Drake was playing at bowls when told that the Armada was in sight, and, as the legend runs, insisted that the game should be finished first and the Spaniards whipped afterward. Some boys were playing ball on the spot when I saw it. But few at Plymouth, however, knew or remembered, amidst these grand stories, one thing which Drake really did of importance—he devised a scheme, and at a heavy expense to himself carried it out, of supplying Plymouth with pure water by a leat running from Dartmoor, about thirty miles distant.

One may sit here, before this ancient portal between England and the world, and dream the Past over again through many hours—seeing ships as on a mirage of history floating out with

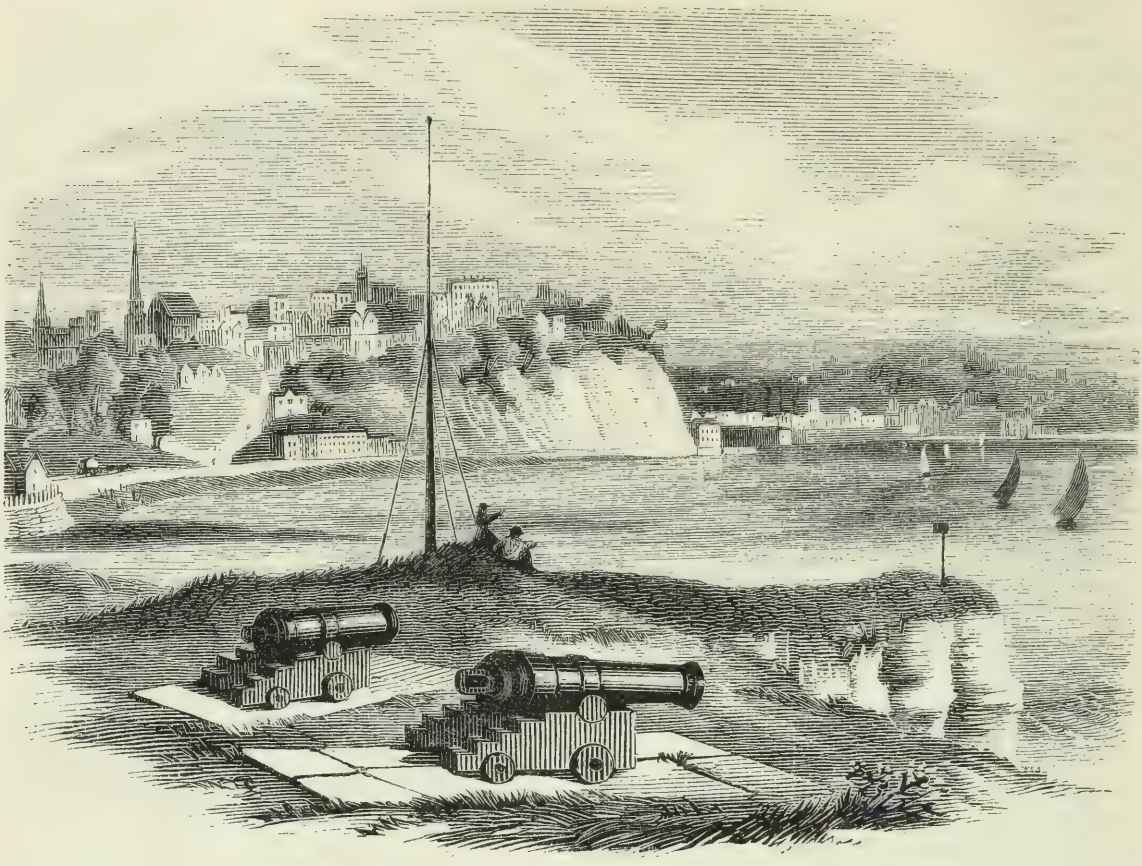
the explorers and traders of the world on board of them—Captain Cook, Hawkins, Drake—and others sailing in, bearing, it may be, the gentle savage Pocahontas, or Sir Walter Raleigh coming back (1617) from his unfortunate expedition to Guiana, to be arrested as he touches the shore. Here was the nest wherein was nursed the maritime strength of England; here she fledged and plumed the sail-wings that were to bear her sceptre through all the world. It is strange to think by what illusions the world is led from age to age, and what fatal realities are concealed under these illusions. Four centuries ago the whole world was impelled by the illusion of a Northwestern passage to spice-laden islands whose streams ran over golden sands. On the rough map made by Columbus there is marked "St. Brandon's Isle," which is a memorial of the superstition which helped to keep alive the all-absorbing dream of the age. A great sea-giant, it was believed, had informed St. Brandon of an island in the west made of solid gold set in crystal, and offered to swim to it with a ship in tow; but a storm came on and the giant perished, leaving the navigators to find the golden island as best they could. From this region sailed Cabot until his ship was stopped by land. Up and down he sailed, trying to avoid and sail through this land; but it remained obstinately in front of him. At last, wearied out, he went ashore and brought away with him three wild Indians, whom he presented to King Henry VII., who gave him ten pounds for discovering "the new isle." The belief that America was an island lived long in England. The Duke of Newcastle, who administered for all North America for the generation preceding the Revolution, added to his impression that Jamaica was somewhere in the Mediterranean Sea this other, and always addressed his dispatches to "the Isle of New England."

Cabot took his ten pounds from the King and came down here to die at Bristol, a disappointed man. He never forgave the American continent for having been in his way when he was seeking the Northwestern passage. But he was not the only navigator who threw aside with scorn the most important discoveries for the sake of that which did not exist. It was said that the sailors who voyaged with Columbus placed a magnet near his compass so as to divert him from sailing further westward than Cuba; but there is now more reason to believe that his course was warped by the dominant theory. The natives whom he encountered at Cuba told him that due west there was a people who knew many arts; and had he sailed as they pointed we would not now be painfully spelling out, from letters traced in dust, the history of those wonderful civilizations of Peru and Mexico which Columbus would have found at their height. He must also pursue the rainbow with the mythic bag of gold at its end—pursue it to bitter disappointment. What navies were crushed and stranded by that theory! What brave ships and braver mariners perished through those centuries of illusion! But Nature and Destiny had their own aims, and were busy sending the races of the world to prepare the way for the ages that were to mingle them all in the West into a great human race. Thus they allured the men who were to be moulded into MAN.

Moreover these great voyages were the gymnasium in which Nature was training the sinews of her Anglo-Saxon race for the part it had to play in exploring, colonizing, and afterward emancipating the human race from the despotism and superstition inherited from the far East, whence the elements of it had migrated. I have said that there is little or no historical connection between the Plymouth of the Old and that of the New World; but the philosophical connection is direct. The ship of Drake and the *Mayflower* were really twins; and the larger room for the race physically which one sought in exploring the Pacific, the other sought morally and religiously in its voyage to New England. The *Mayflower* was the natural blossom on that sturdy Saxon stem which ages of adventure and struggle had made strong. Advance Drake into a religious era and he becomes stout Miles Standish.

But if there is a world this side of the brave mariners who made this whole region from Bristol to Plymouth classic, one is reminded at every step that there are worlds anterior to them—a world of savage life, and back of that a world of brute forces. No part of England is so rich in scientific interest as Devonshire. So much every geological student knows who has studied the wealth of the formation called "Devonian," since Murchison and Sedgwick distinguished that great sandstone from the "Silurian." This formation, with its treasures of fossil and coral, corresponds to a formation in human knowledge. But the old geologists only went to the threshold of the discoveries which science has since made in this region. The centre of the discoveries to which I now refer is Torquay, and Kent's Cavern thereat.

Two hours by train, through a pleasant region, bring one across from Plymouth to this beautiful town—as beautiful in its way as Naples, and sitting on its crescent beach much in the same way. Having arrived early in the morning—too early to call on the eminent man to whom the scientific exploration of the cavern has been intrusted, I wandered for some hours about the embowered lanes for which Devonshire suburbs are famous. On one occasion, having walked some distance, forward as I thought, and finding myself close on my starting-point, I remembered an ingenious illustration made by the late Archbishop Whately from an incident in these lanes. A gentleman, he said, riding through the deep and shady Devonshire lanes did not reach the place for which he started so soon as he expected, but saw no one of whom he could inquire the right way; nevertheless the increasing number of



TORQUAY.

horses' tracks encouraged him to believe that he was in a frequented road, and on he went. At length a certain familiarity in the objects around him led to a misgiving; and he soon discovered that he had been riding round and round in a circle, the increasing number of tracks being those of his own horse. The prelate illustrated thus the mental career of those who imagine they are making progress, when they are but vehemently moving in a circle and mistaking their own multiplied tracks for those of the march of Humanity.

Another ingenious story of this neighborhood I heard used in a half scientific, half religious discussion which occurred in a company during a meeting of the British Association. Some persons having expressed apprehension as to the general skepticism that might follow an unchecked pursuit of certain scientific inquiries, Mr. Froude, the Engineer (brother of the historian), gave the narrative of a man who had lost his way at night among the moors near Torquay. These moors sometimes lead to precipices, and are not free from pits; this the lost traveler knew, and at every step he was in deadly fear of falling into one of these pits. At last his foot slipped downward! He threw up his hands and fortunately grasped the branch of a tree, which extended over the abyss. It was pitch-dark and he could not see the bank from which he had fallen; he swung his feet that way, but no—he could not reach it. Hanging by his straining arms over the pit he shouted for help, but no help came. After struggling as long as he could, and losing his voice, he resigned himself to the idea of a terrible death, and, his weary hands releasing their hold, he fell! The distance between his feet and the solid ground was just twelve inches. "If people," said Mr. Froude, "would only have less panic, and more faith in truth, they might often find solid ground under them instead of pitfalls."

My reader has, doubtless, by this time perceived that my story is of the cactus kind—one leaf budding into another—and will not be surprised if Mr. Froude's anecdote reminds me that it was in this neighborhood that the very remarkable family of which he is a member was reared. The father of the Froudes—the Venerable R. H. Froude—was Archdeacon of Totnes, and resided, I believe, at Dartmoor. There, at any rate, the historian Anthony Froude was born in 1818. Like nearly all the more thoughtful scholars who were at Oxford twenty-five years ago, he and his brother (now deceased) came under the powerful sway of John Henry Newman, and were High Church enthusiasts. It was at this time that he wrote "The Lives of the English Saints." In 1847 and 1848 there came out those strange books, "The Shadows of the Clouds" and "The Nemesis of Faith," which showed that his mind and heart were but girding themselves for another kind of journey from that on which he had started when he took orders as a deacon with Dr. Newman. When the latter passed into the Church of Rome Anthony's brother went with him, but for the fu-

ture historian it was the crumbling of the last temple in which he had sought refuge, and it left above him only the vault of heaven, within him the dome of reason. There was nothing in him that could make a zealot of any kind; so he gave up his orders and his Oxford fellowship and betook himself to the quiet paths of literature. The Oxonian authorities have never ceased to malign and persecute him for the books he wrote while a student there; he never replies, but pursues patiently his own work. He is nearly connected by marriage with Charles Kingsley, and his home at Brompton, in London, is very dear to the circle of fine spirits—Carlyle, Arnold, Palgrave, Spedding, and others—who are often found around its hospitable fireside. The brother who became a Catholic died. The other brother, civil engineer, has a beautiful home here at Torquay: he is the youngest of the brothers, but is already widely esteemed as a man of science. They are all remarkably handsome; Anthony, especially, is by all odds the handsomest literary man in London.

It is very notable, by-the-way, how in England —and, measurably, in America—genius runs in families: as witness the Napiers, Mackintoshes, Froudes, Newmans, Arnolds, Martineaus, Darwins, Kingsleys. The Kingsleys come from the north of Devonshire. An old family of Cheshire it was, which in the civil wars had suffered more for its adherence to the cause of the Parliament than its most distinguished descendant has suffered from his early Chartist propensities. It was probably, however, rather from his mother than from "the Kingsleys of Kingsley, in the forest of Delamere," that Charles inherited his noble discontent with the actual, and his impulsive free thought. Mr. Carlyle told me that he remembered visiting the rectory of his father, who was a clergyman, when Charles was but a small lad. He observed then that the dreamy eyes of the mother—a lovely woman—reappeared in the boy, who sat in entire silence during the conversation, evidently drinking in every thing he saw or heard. Carlyle became the hero of Kingsley's boyhood and youth, as he now is of his fiftieth year: that pillar he followed, when it turned its fiery side, into the land of radicalism, and now he has followed its cloudy side back into the land of bondage. The course of many a gifted young Englishman of these times is to be the historic comment on the tremendous action and reaction of Carlyle's great brain. The reaction in Charles Kingsley's case, coincident as it has been with his progress out of poverty to comparative prosperity, has subjected him to many taunts. A popular speaker recently said, "How can we not expect him to smile on the world when the world smiles on him?" My belief is, however, that the change is far more due to his temperament —in which moral timidity is strangely blended with physical pluck. It is a curious commentary that "muscular Christianity" should have for its chief champion a man who trembles like a leaf before moral opposition. At the outset of his career Kingsley indulged in some heresy while preaching on a certain occasion in London, when some layman arose in the church and invited all who believed the doctrine of the Church to leave the house. Kingsley was much excited, and denounced as a "liar" any one who should charge him with heresy; but he never recovered from this blow, and has hardly ventured to speak his mind since. Of late years he has completely identified England with Justice and (apparently) the Establishment with Truth, and has merged "muscular Christianity" into Carlyle's worship of Force.

He is far from being a pleasant speaker, his manner being affected and his voice afflicted with a sad stammer; but what he says is always profoundly interesting. Last year he preached to the Volunteers, at their camp near Wimbledon, a discourse about Judah's lion—the lion being the British lion, and the doctrine an apotheosis of war. He was so much excited at one time, his stammer at the same time damming his utterance, that some feared he would fall into apoplexy. The discourse was powerful; but an old reader of his could not forget how he said in "Alton Locke"—I don't know how it stands in the expurgated edition—that one of the most inscrutable things on this earth to him is a soldier. There would seem to be in his mind, and his brother Henry's also, enough or more than enough of sinew, but a lack of bone: what they do and write is not organic, and it must pass away. Many of his warmest friends have tried to hold on to their faith that he would recur to his earlier manliness and his "first love." Thomas Hughes despaired of him when he found him taking sides with the Confederates during the American War.

But the final blow that has severed him from nearly all of his old comrades was given when, at his inauguration as Professor of History at Cambridge, he made a formal retraction of the reformatory sentiments of his books; declaring that he regretted them, and that hereafter he meant to follow the views of older and wiser thinkers than himself. Many of those present, who had been most instrumental in securing him the professorship, hung their heads in shame; and one of his most intimate acquaintances told me that it was the saddest scene he ever witnessed. It is understood that he is now ambitious for promotion in the Church, and willing to sacrifice any thing for it. He is impressed with a belief that his only obstacle in that direction is the heresies promulgated in his works; but the advancement of Dean Stanley—who is a pure rationalist—shows that such is not the case. Heresy is rather popular just now with the ruling powers of the Establishment. The fact is, that Mr. Kingsley has not the elements of popularity, nor the suavity of manner which attain such positions; and the only pity is that he should not be content to stand by his own nature and heart and reach the honors, and ulti-



LONDON BRIDGE.

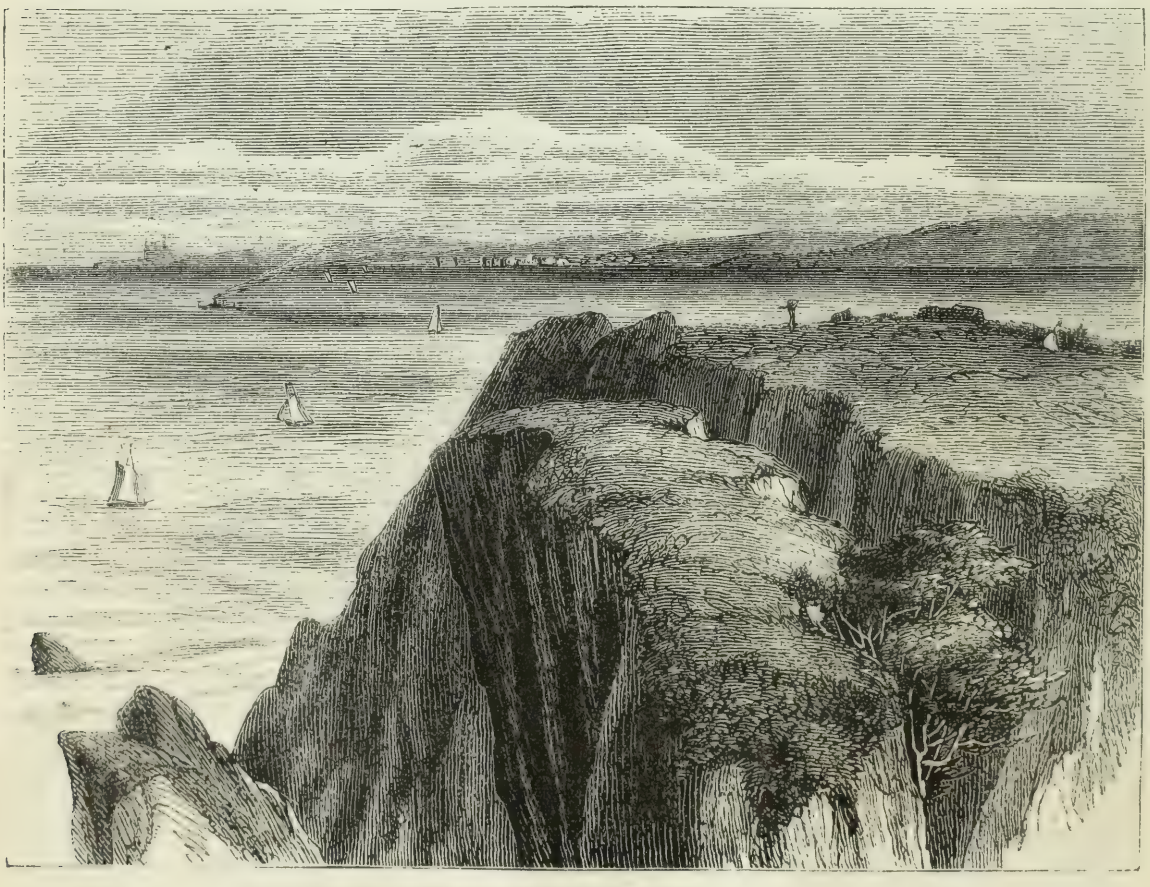


LAND'S END.

mately the homage, which the gifted and true in England are sure to win from their peers. What a strange chapter in the next "Curiosities of Literature" his career as a writer will make! He began with the palpitations of living England; with stories of Chartism, and the "Yeast" leavening Church and State; then he went backward, to old English mariners, to Hypatia and ancient Alexandria, and now he has got so far away from the great heart of to-day that he is engaged translating the very foolish life of St. Anthony, as recorded by Athanasius!

"Blot out his name then! Record one lost soul more;
One task more declined, one more foot-path untrod."

It would be difficult to imagine any thing more excitingly beautiful than the cliffs and rocks about Torbay. The water and the elements have carved them in such strange, almost artistic designs, that one can readily imagine how the early dwellers hereabout should have thought it some watering-place for the gods of Walhalla, after whose chief it was named Thor's-bay. Now there is a neatly-formed bridge, and again there is a brow called "Land's End," which looks as if Mr. Bull's head, with two horns, had set itself to confront the country across the channel for evermore. At another moment the wanderer may find himself gazing



DADDY'S HOLE.

afar, with his feet perilously close to some bottomless chasm—of which one called "Daddy's Hole" is the most remarkable. There is a very striking correspondence between the earliest towers and castles throughout this region and the massive, solemn crags and rocks of the coast. They were plainly built in ages and by men with whom life was as serious and vigorous as the ancient forces that carved the rocks. We repeat now the brackets and turrets and openings in the spires of our churches, for their beauty simply; but those who first built them built for emergencies, and arranged for cross-bows, for hurling rocks on enemies. The fair ladies prayed for their lords and brothers, their retainers and their cause, at the shrines beneath; while those for whom they prayed stood upon their towers for watch or for defense. The forces amidst which they lived—the struggles of races, of clans, of religions—were also of Nature, and she now gently adopts their monuments and twines her green ivies and mosses about them, and sheds on them the tints of many-colored lichens and gayer blooms.

Having strolled about Torquay for some hours I proceeded to find out the Representative Man of Kent's Cavern, the geologist Pengelly, for the purpose of visiting under his guidance that now famous hole. The explorations of it are considered so important to Science that in order to escape all possibility of "sham fossils" the public are excluded, and no one can see the workmen, who are engaged in excavations from morning until night, except in the presence of Mr. Pengelly. The general public has little reason



OLD TOWER AT PAIGNTON.



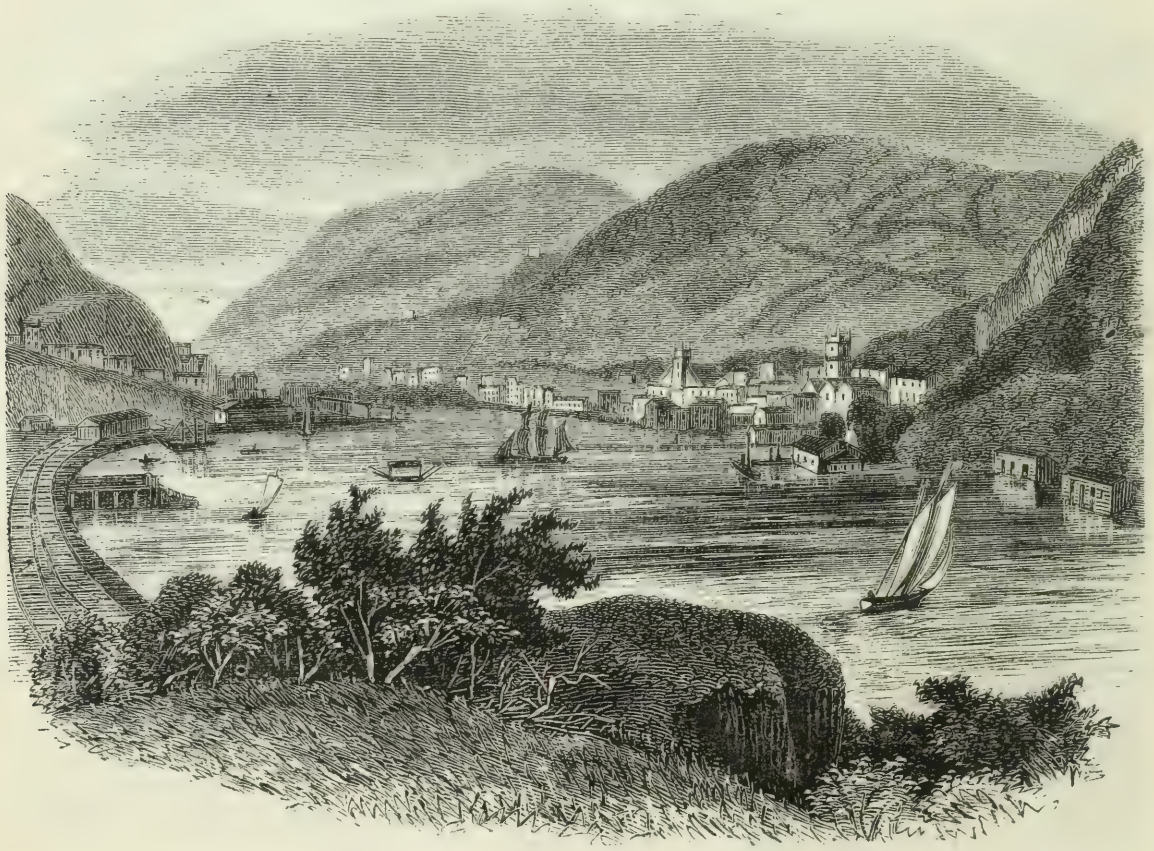
MR. PENGELLY.

to regret this exclusion, for a more uninteresting hole, so far as beauty is concerned, can hardly be imagined. The public, however, has its own views about the cavern, and the rigidly orthodox have an impression—derived possibly from the constant reference to it by those who discredit the Mosaic Cosmogony—that it is a by-way to a certain very warm and unmentionable place. The legend as to its name is, that a traveler went in there with his dog; the traveler was never again heard of, but the dog was found in a weak condition in the county of Kent, about 170 miles distance. (The utmost extent of the cavern is 600 feet.) When I visited Mr. Pengelly I found him in great glee over the important "find" he had just made—the most important perhaps ever made bearing on the antiquity of man—namely, the jaw-bone of a human being in the same bed with the bones of the red deer, bear, rhinoceros, and other animals of species long extinct in England. Personally, Mr. Pengelly strongly resembles the late Theodore Parker; he is an enthusiast about the cavern, for which he seems to have conceived a personal attachment. While we were present the workmen were engaged with their picks on the bed where the human remains had been found, and about a dozen fossils, all belonging to extinct animal species, were brought up. There have been found in Kent's Hole the remains of the elephant, rhinoceros, ox, deer, horse, bear, hyena, some huge cat, and man. In front of the cavern is a huge chasm, nearly 200 feet in depth and a quarter of a mile in breadth. The character of the formation in the cavern shows that it was made by the action of waves that once beat from an arm of the sea which filled that chasm, and washed in the remains and the drift in which they are imbedded. The geographical changes which this implies, and the certainty that human eyes once saw a sea where now an ancient forest stands, give an impression of duration almost fearful. When in the afternoon I looked upon the spot on the shore of Torbay where the Prince of Orange landed when he came to take possession of England, it seemed to me I was considering an event of yesterday.

Mr. Pengelly related many amusing adven-

tures that he and other geologists had met during their researches in the neighborhood, arising chiefly from the horror which the country clergymen had of them. A flint arrow acted on these divines as a red rag on a bull. On one occasion he had visited a poor stone-breaker, whom he found conversing with the parish clergyman. When he showed the poor man a flint arrow-head, and asked him if he had met with such in his work, the parson raised his eyes and hands and rushed from the room. We sometimes fancy that the age in which Galileo vainly tried to persuade the Paduan professors to look through his telescope, which revealed the moons of Jupiter, has passed; but there are several places in Great Britain where that age survives. When Lord Rosse's great telescope was completed two religious fanatics managed to get near it, and were caught in the act of breaking one of its lenses with a stone. The efforts of some of the universities to keep out heresy have led to some amusing results. Once, when the Chair of Natural History at Edinburgh became vacant, it was proposed to invite Agassiz to accept it, but the proposition was voted down because the famous Swiss was regarded as a heretic. Professor Altmann, who received the election, was soon after entertained at a grand banquet by all the dignitaries of the city. After it he and his wife were told that they would, on the following Sabbath, be taken to the Kirk in state. Fancy the horror when the new Professor replied, "We are Unitarians, but are willing to go any where." Professor Blackie, too, of the same University, was asked: "Does this book (the Bible) contain all you believe?" "Yes," he replied, "and a deal more!" The English Universities have long since given up subjecting their professors to this species of inquisition. It is, in fact, becoming more and more impossible to get really able men to accept positions at the thresholds of which they have to lay down their intellectual independence.

The more I travel in England the more impatient I feel with our American forefathers for having taken these names of towns and places where they are real and characteristic, and applied them to others in America where they are as much out of place as primogeniture would be among our laws. It might be pardoned that they should call their first landing-place in New England after the last point they had touched in their mother-country; but to go on naming places Dartmouth, Exeter, and the like, when the Indians had already left for such natural and beautiful names, was too bad, especially as the Indians had so much to do with its foundation. There is no classic or other reason why Lord Dartmouth should have given his name to one of our chief colleges. Dartmouth here is really at the mouth of the River Dart, which darts like a silver-feathered arrow to the sea. And Exeter is on the River Exe, once *Isca*, where the Romans fixed their *castra*. Time has modulated *Isca castra*, or "Camp on the Isca," into Exeter. But what has an old town in New Hampshire (*ecce iterum!*) to do with the Exe and the Romans? Yet one can not help being curious to see the towns of Old England



DARTMOUTH.

which have managed to get namesakes in the New World, and I have reason to thank this curiosity for some of the exquisite scenes I saw on the River Dart.

A saunterer will find a day or two well spent in rambling from the bold hills under which Dartmouth nestles to where they stretch away to the heavy ground-swells of Dartmoor. This last place has an unusual interest for an American as the situation of the prison built for Frenchmen (1809), but destined to hold the 2500 American citizens whose imprisonment by Great Britain, to whom they refused service, exasperated the war of 1812. The prison covers thirty acres, and is fortified by high walls; it is entirely refitted, and used for convicts. In one of its rooms are pathetic inscriptions left by the French prisoners. In the old burial-ground rests the dust of hundreds of Americans, who perished under the harsh prison treatment of those days, and the malaria of the bogs. Only the grave of one of them is marked, and that one by an old piece of slate; on which, however, American eyes can see an unsettled account standing.

This whole region is yet comparatively wild and unrecovered; the very winds seem to have caught the howl of the wolves that once infested it, as they sweep over the heath and moor. The wolves have not been so long gone, and there are still old moorlanders who claim vested rights in the peat and sod on account of the services rendered by their ancestors in exterminating wild beasts. The sods are used for building, and the peat for fuel, by the very primitive inhabitants of this wild region. Some of these people may even yet be found who are as nearly savages as any to be found in England —which is saying a good deal. They are mixed of Cornish, Celtic, Saxon, and Briton, and it is not impossible that the moor was originally settled by the outlaws of all these tribes; its legends, at least, are chiefly of the robbers of whom it was an ancient haunt. Their language is a formidable mixture of all the old dialects of Great Britain, and is unintelligible to any but themselves. Their dwellings look at a little distance like large mushrooms; they are built of sod, mud, peat, and loose stones, and thatched with straw and rushes. These the earth has gradually adopted, and the weather has made gray. The masses of dry mosses and lichens on them have so accumulated and mingled that a stratum is formed worthy the geologist's attention. Some of the huts still keep as an inmate the shaggy little donkey who is the capitalist, or rich relation, of the family. The missionary has an unquestionable if not a hopeful field in this region.

Lately a little girl, being asked in a new Sunday-school for what end she was created, replied, "To carry dung to the field." Yet it is said that the people on the coast are much wilder. Archdeacon Froude, to whom allusion has been made, used to wander among the huts of the shore-people who got their living by fishing and from wrecks. His son Anthony told me that on one of these excursions his father engaged in conversation with a pious old woman, who, on being asked how they had been faring lately, replied that they "had found it hard to get along until the Lord in his mercy had sent them a wreck, from which they got a good lot!" Another story, for whose veracity my informant vouched, was that at a place called "Hope," where the breakers are hopelessly terrible, a Spanish ship went to pieces, and the only person who reached the shore alive was the chaplain. The people got around him and locked him up. They then went to the village and called on the Squire, and said that a ship had gone down, and the only man saved was "a kind o' Jesuit. They didn't like the looks o' he, so they had locked him in a barn. And if the Squire would come down they were ready to set the dogs on the Jesuit fellow." The Squire went down, and only with difficulty could persuade them to release the poor half-drowned chaplain. This occurred within the present generation. They live on strange dishes, one of the most popular being a pie made of fish and apples mixed. The inhabitants of Dartmoor are not so brutal as those on the coast, but are more stupid. They are not so dangerous as the singularly untamed wilderness in which they live.

One can hardly imagine a drearier fate than to lose one's way on these wilds at night, under the perpetual drizzle which keeps its bogs and pools ever-ready graves for the wanderer; and the many stories of such tragedies which one hears in the neighborhood might spring up there naturally as the ferns. Nearly all of such were mere narratives of people found frozen, drowned, and so on; but one which a fellow-traveler related to me has a touch of poetry in it. In one of the villages on the verge of a wild heath a bell is rung every night between two and three o'clock. This custom has been followed for over three centuries. A gentleman who had lost his way on the heath on a very dark night was guided to the village by the sound of this bell, which was rung in the night for some unexplained reason; and in his will he bequeathed a sufficient sum to have that bell rung at the same hour of the night, that no future wanderer might want the guidance which rescued him.

I had while in Devonshire, and especially amidst its wilder spots, a constant feeling of being at the bottom of a sea, as indeed I was where the sea had once rolled. It was a feeling traceable to the continual recurrence of reedy and slimy vegetation; the red earth and bogs; the water-washed cavernous rocks, and others tall, like chimneys, their sides perforated and jagged from the action of water, and their tops smoothed as if they had risen just out of the water, but had been rounded by them; and especially the "tors," which may have been little islands, flowering green on those primal seas, but whose titanic stems of

rock the abated waters have revealed. I read in the book of an old philosopher that the bottom of the sea is covered with forms exactly corresponding to those we see at the bottom of the atmosphere, but all dwarfed. Forests of coral, miniature oaks, dwarf mountains and volcanoes, human-like creatures, which we never see, because they can not soar on fin-wings to the top of their watery atmosphere any more than man can fly like his inferiors. Treeless Dartmoor, with its "tors," its huts, and its swarming gipsies, would well enough confirm this account. It has too, as if to rivet the impression, a queer little forest of dwarf oaks, which might be esteemed an eighth wonder of the world. The pigmy oaks of "Wistman's Wood" grow amidst blocks of granite on the bank of the Dart, and average eight feet in height, never exceeding ten. They are evidently of extreme age, and their branches are enveloped in moss so thick as to make some limbs of the wrist's size a foot in diameter. In the very heart of the famous Druidical region, stretching up toward frowning giant "tors," one beholds what, with a more imaginative race, would have been accounted for by legends of some enchantment by which the pagan Druids were transformed into their sacred oaks, and the oaks stunted; a work for which the Cambrian Saint Cadoc was quite adequate, if the Welsh bards sing truly.

Dartmoor, though a park for a geologist, and a paradise for a stone-mason—having "enough rock to build all the cities in England," as some one reported—has little to reward the zoologist or the lover of flowers. The cotton-grass (*Eriophorum*) covers the bogs in summer, and at all times there are long tufts of rushes, from which the wind elicits a weird music, as from harp-strings. There are here swamps filled with the whortleberry and bilberry—both rare in England — foxglove, woodbine, golden-rod, wild thyme, digitalis; and now and then a knowing one may find the pyramidal orchis and the butterfly (*Habenaria bifolia*); and if the botanist be distinguished from the gatherer of flowers he will find many plants rarer than those I have named. There is a moor-hen, and the black-cock, which seem to be indigenous; but, like all other regions, this is chiefly indebted to the lark, which sheds its "noon-dew" on the forlornest and fairest of them alike, with the impartiality of the All-Beautiful by whom its blissful strain was taught.

I stopped in Exeter only long enough to glance at its grand old cathedral. "There be divers fair streets in Exeter," writes old Leland; and although it is a very different city from the Exeter of Henry VIII.'s time, the compliment is still deserved. A fine broad street suggested its own fitness for the proud entry of the Prince of Orange, three days after his landing at Torbay. "The Earl of Macclesfield, with two hundred noblemen and gentlemen, on Flanders steeds, completely clothed in armor; two hundred negroes in attendance on the said gentlemen, with embroidered caps and plumes of white feathers; two hundred Finlanders, clothed in beavers' skins, in black armor, and with broadswords; fifty gentlemen, and as many pages, to attend and support the Prince's standard; fifty led horses, trained to war, with two grooms to each; two state coaches; the Prince on a white charger, in a complete suit of armor, with white ostrich feathers in his helmet, and forty-two footmen running by his side; two hundred gentlemen and pages on horseback; three hundred Swiss guards armed with fusees; five hundred volunteers, with two led horses each; the Prince's guards, in number six hundred, armed cap-a-pie. The rest of the army brought up the rear. They had fifty wagons loaded with cash, and one hundred and twenty pieces of cannon."

In 1112 William Warlewarst, one of the Normans who followed William I. to England, and who was by that monarch made the third Bishop of Exeter, laid the first stone of this grand cathedral. It was completed near the close of that century. A century later it was enlarged into its present imposing dimensions. The chief interest about Exeter is the cathedral, which is grand as well as historical. It is a conglomerate of the various epochs through which it has passed, and is traced over with the records of the dynasties that have presided over it. The Gothic front is inclosed between two massive Norman towers; and one feels in looking upon it that conqueror and conquered were overarched by a common majesty of religious faith. The Continental character preponderates, however, and the chief ornament is the *fleur-de-*



EXETER CATHEDRAL.

lis of the roof. Even Puritanism had taste enough, when the soldiers of the Commonwealth occupied this cathedral, to spare some of its sweetest attractions, notably its finest stained window. They laid waste, however, the cloisters, and let the bishop's palace to a sugar-refiner, whose troughs and pans remained until it was repaired in 1821. The most impressive thing, however, is its noble organ, one of the finest in England. One can almost always hear it, as services are very frequent. The choir of boys is exquisite. A gentleman of Exeter told me that he once knew the choir to sing "Blest are the departed," from Spohr's "Last Judgment," with such pathos that the great audience was thrilled, and the clergyman was so much overcome with emotion that he could not deliver his discourse. In the south tower is the heaviest peal of bells in Great Britain. In the north tower is one of the largest bells in the country. It is named Peter Bell, and is used to strike the hours. Southey wrote in "The Doctor:" "There are, I believe, only two bells in England which are known by their Christian names, and they are both called Tom. .....Were I called upon to act as sponsor upon such an occasion I would name my bell Peter Bell, in honor of Mr. Wordsworth." Southey evidently did not know that the Exeter bell was named Peter Bell. It was so named, however, after a bishop, centuries before Wordsworth's wagoner was dreamed of. The two "Toms" are at Lincoln and Oxford. The Exeter bell is five hundred pounds heavier than the former, and only inferior in weight and tongue to the latter.

The women of Devonshire have a reputation for homeliness, which is due to Queen Elizabeth rather than to their physical demerits. The Queen named an award—a small homestead, I believe—to every man that married an Exeter woman. Her grant was due to the ill effects on the woolen manufactures of the district, owing, as her advisers thought, to the preponderance of the female population—the men generally devoting themselves from early life to a sea-faring career—which caused the birth-rates to diminish. I was told that the ladies of the upper and middle classes in the city were good-looking enough; but certainly the people of the lower classes that I saw had the slovenly and coarse look which is noticeable in nearly all the cathedral towns of England.

Vice and brutality are the rank weeds that grow under the shadow of cathedrals in England. And one always feels, in seeing the filthy tenements, with their miserable occupants, which cluster about a great cathedral in England, that these grand buildings were never reared by the people around them. We do not need the Norman tower and the *fleur-de-lis* to remind us that both the religion and its domes were imported. Mr. Ruskin, in his recent lectures at Manchester, assured the people that there could never be a noble English architecture until there were beautiful English homes. He exhibited there some drawings he had made of several of the finest old cathedrals of France, in which he showed that their finest architectural traits are traceable to the features of the houses of the people around them. Their most beautiful spires are but the up-raised elongated cottage-roofs; their most exquisite windows are French dormer-windows; and the chief ornament is a kind of mail, evidently suggested by the tiles on the surrounding houses. But in these English cathedrals one finds at every point a sharp contrast with the dismal square huts in which the common people live; and, indeed, the mansions of the wealthy, in the cities, are still dismal and square boxes, differing from the others only in the costliness of materials. At the time I was in Exeter the people were especially hungry and surly on account of the unusually high prices of bread and meat, and the want of employment. The beautiful cathedral, looking down upon the hungry idlers around it, reminded one of the poor boy in Squeers's Dotheboys' Hall whose mother sent him a tract. If a man or woman starves here it will not be for want of tracts and churches. The Exeter people, however, concluded, a few weeks ago, that they could not live on spiritual any more than on material bread alone; and they smashed the windows of nearly every butcher's and baker's shop in the city. "Bread-rioting" has been a constitutional infirmity in that region from early times.

That which I found most interesting throughout Devonshire was the language, the superstitions, and the customs of the people. In the cities and towns, of course, the peculiarities of these have to a great extent disappeared before the all-invading genius of the nineteenth century—Steam. But in villages and rural districts one still meets with men and women whose minds dwell in the atmosphere, and who speak in the language, of the first century. The ethnologist can not get so much from the old English and Celtic chronicles as he can by mingling with these queer folk of Devonshire and Cornwall. And first, with regard to their speech, I am fortunately able to give the reader an exact idea of it by quoting from a dialogue in the Devonshire dialect, taken down by a lady of the county. (It must not be confused, however, with the Cornish, which is as incommunicable as Chinese.) I will first give the specimens, and afterward explain the peculiar words employed.

RAB. "Well, Bet, wot'n go up to the Church town to rail an zee the wraxlin. Every body keep'th holiday to-day; the crowder and a whole gubby; thee shet dance for the cap."

BET. "I can't go, zure."

RAB. "Wull, very wull."

BET. "You be a-purt now."

RAB. "Fay! But I'm a-guest thee wot'n meend my purting; but tell ma than why thee cast'n go."

BET. "Don't be so pettish, and I wol. Why I be going to Shaleacott to zee my old gonmar."

RAB. "Won wot go? How long vurst?"

BET. "I can't tell tha; I've a gurt many chures, and here I be driling away my time."

RAB. "Pithee don't be spare about men: I'll meet tha here a leet odds of two o'clock."

In the course of the conversation Bet gives Rab an account of one of her adventures, from which I take a paragraph:

"T'other day you must know I went to winding, and took the boy way me to cry em, and ruise away the pigs from muzzling in the corn; 'twas a tingley frost—quite a-glidder down the lane; 'twas so hard avrore that the juggymire was all one clitch of ice; et blunk'd at the same time as the weend huffled and hulder'd it in wan's eyes. I was in a sad taking—no gwain to the lewside you know—I must vace it; though ma nose and lips were a-sprayed, and my arms as spragged as a long cripple. By the time us a-do, the weend was a-go lie. Cryal! I was a-stugg'd in plid—I never was in such a pickle avore—my coats was a-dagg'd up, and my shoe heled in mux, for 'twas as dark as a pit. Well, to be sure, when we come home, maester was routing in the zettle (a pix take em!) before a gurt rousing fire, even to swelter wan, an we a-scrim'd way the cold."

To begin now with the first of these specimens, there is no difficulty in seeing how "revel" should be shortened into *rail*. "Wraxlin" (*wrestling*) is from the Saxon *wraxlung*. "Crowder" means *fiddler*; why, unless because he draws a crowd around him, I can not imagine. "Gubby" (*crowd*) relates to the term *gubbins*, by which the wild people of Dartmoor are known; it is a word to which I shall have to refer hereafter. "A-purt" is from the French *bouter*, to pout. "A-guest" is the same as the Yankee *I guess*—an expression rarely met with out of Devonshire and New England. "Gonmar" is a mere corruption for *grandmother*. "Chures" is *household jobs*—simply the Yankee *chores*. This word is probably from the Saxon *cyrre*, "work," the form of the word in Exmoor being "chewry;" but it is unknown in England outside of Devonshire. Although, as has been said, the touching of the Pilgrims on Devonshire was so incidental, more Yankee words are found here than elsewhere. "Driling" is *drawling*. In the second paragraph "winding" means *winnowing*; "cry," *carry*; "ruise," *drive*. "A-glidder" (*slippery*) is from the Saxon *glidan*, "to slip." "Juggymire" (*bog*) means *jog-mire*, mire through which one jogs. "Clitch" means something that has *run together*. "Blunk" is any light flaky body *falling*—as sparks, or snow. "Huffled" means *shifted*; and "huldered," *hurtled*. "Lewside" is the *leeside*, or sheltered side. "A-sprayed" means *chapped*; "spragg'd," *roughened*. The phrase "us a-do" is found in Chaucer—"I've a-do (*done*) it." "Cryal" is a modification of the exclamation *Christ!* "Plid" means *dirt*; "a-dagg'd," *tucked*; "heled," *covered* (from Saxon *helan* "to hide"). "Mux" is the Saxon *Meox*, and means *clean road dirt*. "Zettle" is the Saxon *setl*, "seat," and is imitated in our common word *settee*. "A-scrim'd" is from the Teutonic *krimpen*, and means *shriveled*.

The specimens of the dialect given above do not by any means give a fair proportion of the German words to be met with in Devonshire. They use, for example, "dring" (*to throng*), and a narrow way is called a "drang-way;" "schilt" for *shield* (German *schild*); "avrore" (German *erfroren*) for *frozen*; and many others that could be named.

Among their most ancient words are some that we meet with occasionally in America, and usually regard as modern vulgarisms; *e. g.* "transmogerrefy" and "argufy." Some of their words are also significant enough. Thus "barthless" means *houseless*; it is related to the word *berth*. The root of the word is the Welsh *bar*, a "bush," and points infallibly to the period when the house was a hut made of bushes and their inhabitants literally *barbaroi*. The word "gubby," applied to the Dartmoor people in their wilder days, and now heard occasionally, is from *gubber*, "black mud," and similarly reports the era when they lived in mud huts—an era, by-the-way, not every where past in that region.

There may be a remote connection between the words "gubby" and *goblin*. Many children in the large towns of Devonshire still regard Dartmoor with superstitious awe; and a century ago the belief was quite common that on that moor there lived a race of infra-human beings, with long tusks, adepts in witchcraft, who usually passed the nights in dances around mysterious circles, such as Tam O'Shanter saw, and in various other diabolical orgies. These wild beings lived in the region of the famous lead and tin mines. Now a settlement of Germans was, in historic times at least, the first to work the Devonshire mines. The "goblin" is in Germany essentially the spirit of mines, and also caverns—but particularly it is a mining demon. He is called "Kobbold," and with the Dutch "Kabouter;" the derivative meaning being one who *knocks* (as in mines), and the superstition being that they could be at times heard thumping underground. From this certainly comes the Welsh word "cob," a *thump* (*club* is a related word), and "coblyn," a *knocker*—substantially the same with *goblin*. It is possible, also, that the definition of *black mud* applied to "gubby" may have referred to the dark complexion ascribed by so many ancient writers to the original inhabitants of this district, who were, and sometimes are now, called "gubbins."

All of these words and facts point to the belief that among the early settlers here were people of Saxon or Danish origin. And indeed we are hardly left a doubt in the matter when we consider the constant recurrence of relics of the worship of Thor with which the neighborhood abounds. Every hill is called a "tor." And here I must ask my reader's company on an excursion to Scandinavia, as the only route to ancient England.

Thor with his hammer succeeded Odin with the sword; an era of work, that is, followed that of battle. The Hammer built ships, the ships bore emigrants, and so they were worshipers of Thor who occupied Britain. They found the "gubbins" already here, and probably

made slaves of them, putting them to work in the mines, where they lived so much out of sight —as the coal-miners do now—that they became mythic, as "Goblins" and "Tröll"—this last word being simply *thralls*, or slaves. The original inhabitants were dwarfish in stature and of dark complexion; their conquerors were fair and, comparatively, giants. The god Thor was called "Red-beard;" he belonged to a race that had red beards, and consequently blue eyes and fair complexion. The Sagas represent Thor as destroying dwarfs and goblins. These were no doubt the Laps. In his "Journey to Lapland" Regnarden says, "Such is the description of this little animal called a Laplander; and it may be safely said that, after the monkey, he approaches nearest to man." The superstition may be yet found with Swedish and other northern peasantries that the Laps are a preternatural or infernal race, and in 1576 Frobisher's crew, having caught a Lap woman, pulled off her boots to see if her feet were cloven. Thunder and lightning are still called "Thördin" in the South of Sweden; and an old saying is known there, "If there were no thunder-storms the world would be destroyed by goblins." Thor's-day or *Thursday* was within a hundred years a holiday there. A superstition concerning Freya's-day (*Friday*) still accompanies the British race in all its migrations, only whereas it was once a sacred day the Christians have made it a day of ill omen. It seems, then, that we have well-founded tradition for the belief that a large blonde race in its northwestward migration overtook and came into conflict with a dwarfish people whom they regarded as most absolutely diabolical.

The causes of this superstitious awe of the dwarfs it is not difficult to trace. Weakness is the mother of cunning. The dwarf, unable to cope with the giant in physical strength, must outwit him or perish. He utilizes his smallness; it enables him to hide in crevices. Living in the region of caverns, he hides in them, and gathers from their stalactites the idea of a stone arrow, which he lets fly at his burly antagonist. His complexion helps to render him invisible against the dark earth, while the blonde giant is a shining mark. In a primitive age all these would combine to engender the impression that he was in league with infernal powers. All of our giant tales come from this source. They all indicate that the giant was a huge lubberly simpleton who was perpetually conquered through the superior wit of some Jack the Giant-killer.

One story, long a favorite with the Scandinavian peasantry, relates that a giant was carrying home with him Askovis, a dwarf, whom he had taken captive. On the way the dwarf pointed to the horizon and described many beautiful sights of cities, men and women, which he saw there. The giant, seeing nothing, asked the dwarf how he managed to see such things. The dwarf replied that the power could be acquired only by pouring melted lead in one's eyes. The giant, desirous of obtaining such magic vision, requested the dwarf to melt and pour lead in his eyes—an operation which the little man was not slow in performing, and was soon leading his blind enemy a captive to his own people. This story is characteristic of nearly all the giant stories. In the end, however, the big men forced the little men to the wall and beyond it; and such as could not move on were made "thralls," their chief work, probably, being to make for their conquerors those stone arrows which had already gained the reputation of possessing magical virtue. The invaders, of whose origin I shall have something to say hereafter, probably hurled rough rocks in battle, their leaders only being provided with iron weapons, that metal as yet being very scarce.

It is related in a Scanian story that once, when a Northman discovered a dwarf, the latter ran away, dropping his weapons as he fled. The Northman went to get the weapons, but the dwarf had by infernal art "turned them all to stone." Of course they were ordinary flint weapons. These flint arrows became gradually associated with occult virtues. Few of us, perhaps, who listen to Weber's most charming opera, think to what a venerable antiquity those magic bullets of Der Freischutz may be traced. Yet, in "Orva Oda's Saga," we read that the Norse warrior, having saved the life of a child of the Lapland chief, Guse, when an eagle was bearing it away, that chief presented to him three magical stone arrows warranted to hit whatever they were aimed at. The Swedish peasants place even now flint arrows over their doors as preventives against witchcraft, as the horseshoe is used elsewhere. They were led to this, however, by the supposition that these arrow-heads, which they picked up every where, were not the dwarfs' arrows, but such as Thor had hurled against the dwarfs, goblins, and the like. Showers of them fell to the earth during every thunder-storm. Peasants wore them around their necks as amulets, and warriors wore them in battle as "Victory-Stones," or "Life-Stones." It is possible that our "madstones" have this pedigree, and the "Agnus Dei," worn by the Irish Catholic, curiously resembles one kind of flint arrow.

In Didrik of Bern's Saga it is related that King Nidung once feared to go into battle because he had left his "Victory-Stone" at home. He offered his daughter's hand to the man that should bring it to him. Valent thus won his bride, and the king the victory. It was but a step from the worship of the stone arrow to the worship of the hammer which made it, and every thing else. Thus the emblem of Thor was set up. When Christianity came to Scandinavia it found the stone hammer stuck in mounds of stones; and by its ingenuity the hammer was made more and more to resemble the cross, until it actually became a cross, as the people were graduated from their old religion to the new.

Whither went these Laps—the dwarf race—when they were pressed farther and farther out of their own country? Despite all the arguments I have heard from Agassiz in America and Craufurd in England against the Old-World origin of American tribes, I can not rid myself of the belief that the Esquimaux are a branch of this same race. Not only are they exactly the same in personal appearance, but wherever they go among the American Indians they are associated with witchcraft and diabolism, exactly as the Laps were in ancient Scandinavia. In warring against them the other American Indians call in the aid of their deities to protect them against Esquimaux sorceries, and purify themselves if they have touched one of them.

About seventy years ago Samuel Hearne went to examine the Coppermine River in British America to its mouth, and for that end joined himself to a tribe of Copperhead Indians. He found them regarding the Esquimaux with the utmost hostility, solely on the ground of a belief in their diabolical relations. Wherever they found man, woman, or child of that race they were instantly murdered. On one occasion the Copperhead spies brought in tidings that five tents of Esquimaux—for so, gipsy-like, they wandered—had been pitched at a certain spot, and Hearne accompanied them, as a non-combatant observer, in their expedition against the doomed nomads. In his narrative (London, 1795) Hearne says: "When we arrived on the west side of the river each painted the front of his target or shield; some with the figure of the sun, others with that of the moon, several with different kinds of birds and beasts of prey, and many with the images of imaginary beings, which, according to their silly notions, are the inhabitants of the different elements—earth, sea, air, etc. On inquiring the reason of their doing so I learned that each man painted his shield with the image of that being on which he relied most for success in the intended engagement." A very horrible massacre of the poor Esquimaux followed, and afterward the murderers performed a solemn ceremony of purification to prevent any evil effects following the contact with the witches. This, quite unconsciously on Hearne's part, might do, with names changed, for a paragraph out of a Saga about some expedition of Thorwald against Vanaland.

I must now ask my reader to return with me to Devonshire and Cornwall; and, if we but remember that we are as yet in pre-historic times, the transition from Arctic America to Britain is not such a leap as may at first seem. There are not wanting evidences of enormous geographical changes in the Northern world of comparatively recent date. Seas roll where land once abounded, and a forest of icebergs glitters where once spread green foliage with gay blossoms and birds. The tendency of archaic and ethnological research now is to show that there was an era when the world had not yet gone to pieces; and that in those days there spread over it a stubby, primitive, pioneer race, very much of the character now represented by the Laps, Esquimaux, and some of the more primitive people found in these Southwestern regions of England. They were the pre-Celtic population of these islands. The Celts found them here, and probably made slaves of them. Whence did they come?

At first the opinion prevailed that the people of the Stone Age in Great Britain might have been a clan of the dwarfish Laps who fled from their invaders to Scotland, and were thence driven by Northern hordes step by step into Ireland and Southwestern England. But there is one remarkable fact which militates against that conclusion. The skulls obtained from tumuli in Scandinavia, supposed to belong to the Stone Age, and to be those of Laps, are distinguished from the later Celtic people of that region by their being round, with heavy, overhanging brows. The skulls of the pre-Celtic population found in the British tumuli are, on the contrary, known as *Kumbecephalic*, or "boat-shaped heads." Laps occasionally find their way to Scotland now, where they encamp, gipsy-like, and, at the centre of masses of leather clothing, look like small moving haystacks. In respect of stature and color they resemble the more primitive people of the Southwest; but the shape of their heads is different in the same way, as the skulls of the tumuli indicate. There is, therefore, reason to think that the pre-Celtic population of England came from the South, and extended into Ireland. If so, it was certainly from the Basque country, and their name, "Hibernians," correctly points to their having come from the River *Iberos*, in Spain. And it is probable that the word "Gipsies"—an evident corruption of *Egyptians*—may quite as correctly point us to the more remote origin of this prehistoric people, whether in Scandinavia, Britain, the Basque country, or even in Arctic America. Undoubtedly in the graves of all of them — Esquimaux included — kajaks, spears, and beads have been found, exactly similar to those found in Egyptian tombs. In short, the probabilities are that somewhere in the primeval world some convulsion threw a number of people into Armenia; that there some schism parted them, the one party to go westward by the north, the other by the south; and that these two finally reached these islands, the one to be the Picts, the original inhabitants of Scotland, the other the Hibernians, the original inhabitants of Devon, Cornwall, and a southern fringe of Ireland.

The tendency of modern ethnology is to divide all the races of the world known to us into the Aryan and Turanian stocks, which, again, are possibly two branches of one original trunk. The Turanian is represented by the small-statured, dark races, and was the earliest of all races. It overran the world at an inconceivably remote period of time—before the earth was divided up into continents and islands, as now—

and thence budded and blossomed into Chinese, Aztec, Peruvian, and other empires and comparative civilizations, which were to be modified into other social formations by the subsequent admixtures of the great Aryan peoples, who occupied and spread over the great central lands of Western Asia and Europe. I venture to quote here a private note which I have received from Professor Huxley on this point:

"My impression is," he states, "that before the Aryan immigration a race of short, swarthy people (of whom I imagine the Iberians of Spain and the Silures of Britain to have been specimens) inhabited the southern and western parts of Europe, and very likely extended into Ireland. But where these people came from I know not. So far as I am aware there is no evidence that they came from the northeast. At the earliest periods to which our records extend the Iberians proper seem to have spoken Basque, while the corresponding people in the British Islands appear to have spoken Celtic dialects. But the Gauls who invaded the Roman Empire, and who were tall, fair, blue-eyed people, just like the Teutons and Scandinavians, also spoke Celtic dialects. But the Celtic dialects, philologers tell us, are derivations from the great Aryan stock of languages. Hence there seems to be every probability that the Celtic dialects were as much the proper language of the fair Gauls as the Norse and German dialects were the proper language of the people to whom they were physically similar. And, if this be the case, I can only conclude that the short and dark Celtic-speaking, Gaulish, British, and Irish populations, adopted the tongues of their invaders, and are, properly-speaking, a pre-Celtic population. In fact, the question has often suggested itself to me, whether the Celtic dialects, which differ so much from the other Aryan tongues, may not have been evolved in consequence of the contact of Aryans with the short dark folk. Thus you see that I think that the stocks are included under the terms Gauls and Keltæ—a fair race, Aryan by tongue, and very likely from the Northeast; a dark, non-Aryan, coming from God knows where."

To this I may add, however, that in a lecture which I recently heard from Professor Huxley, at the Royal Institution in London, he indicated his belief, though he did not assert, that the primitive population of Southwestern England, Wales, and Ireland, came from the south. It may be also mentioned in this connection that the Irish "Milesians" have a tradition that their ancestors came from Spain, and that even St. Patrick was "a native of Ireland, born in Spain." They maintain, however, what is very doubtful, that their ancestors sailed directly from Spain to Ireland; there being some evidence that they settled in Devon and Cornwall, and were driven by invaders to Ireland. In these last-named counties the tradition of their having been settled by primitive Irishmen is very strong and clear.

May we not trace all the legends of giants with which Cornwall and the Scilly Isles abound to the contact of the tall, fair invaders with the small, dark people who originally occupied this region? Dubois de Montpereux has shown that the Cyclopes, on the east coast of the Bosphorus, pointed out by Homer as a frightful race of giants, hurling huge boulders at the Grecian ships, were a gigantic race of nomadic Cimbri, that is, Gauls. And Nillson, the most eminent Swedish ethnologist, has shown that corresponding legends of dwarfs and giants have sprung up wherever a large race came into collision with a small one. "The Philistines," he says, "were the giants of the Israelites, and these were the dwarfs of the former. The Cimbri were the giants of the Greek adventurers, and these were the dwarfs of the former. The Germans and the Celts were the giants of the Romans, and these were the dwarfs of the former. The Icelanders, Normans, English, and other kindred tribes were the giants of the Greenlanders and North American Esquimaux, and these were the *Skrälinger* or dwarfs of the former."* Cornwall is named after the Roman Corineus, of whom the ancient chronicle says: "Corineus, cousin to Brutus, the first conqueror of England, wrestling at Plymouth with the celebrated giant Gog-magog, toppled him over the cliff, broke his neck, and received in reward for that great feat the county of Cornwall." Here also Jack the Giant-killer slew Cormelian and Thunderbore:

"Child Rowland to the dark tower come,
The giant roared and out he ran;
His word was still—Fie, foh, and fum,
I smell the blood of a British man."

It is quite probable that the word "Fenian," with whose etymology philologers (as it is now the ruling to call those who used to be termed philologists) have vainly grappled, is derived from this remote period. It is understood that Fenian means a "giant" of a belligerent disposition. The word *fionn* in Irish means "white." But in those days the "white" was to the dark, small Hibernian, a Gaul, consequently a giant. But, it may be asked, what part in the great march of races did this little pre-historic people play? Nature is a great economist, and wastes nothing. Whenever a migration occurs it is chiefly the males who go. It is now principally the Irish *men* who emigrate to America, and the proportion of women in California, and other Pacific regions, is small. The men, like the first wanderer Cain when he fled to the land of Nod, mingle and marry with the women they find in the country to which they go. From such a mixture of Spanish settlers and squaws came the Creoles of America. So when the fair blue-eyed race came to Britain they took wives of the swarthy people they found here, and thus the dark pigment got into our Anglo-Saxon people, and with it the practical shrewdness of "Jack" came to modify the dullness of the Norse "giant." "Black eyes for command," said Margaret Fuller. By this mixture the speculative German has been allied to the practical Turanian, and the Anglo-Saxon made the captain race of the world.

The British, Welsh, Irish, and Pictish chronicles of the tenth and eleventh centuries contain

* Concerning these Nillson quotes Mackenzie, who says that when he was traveling in North America the Esquimaux described some whites (English) on the west coast as giants, winged, who killed an enemy with the glance of an eye, and would swallow a whole beaver for a mouthful.

legends concerning the origin of the early inhabitants of these islands which are very fanciful, now and then poetical, but always to be well sifted before taken. They are believed, however, to point in the direction of the truth at least. Scotland is therein said to have been so named from Scotia, a daughter of Pharaoh, who married Gaythelos, son of Neolus, King of Greece. Neolus, it is related, visited Egypt in the days of Moses, and led a colony thence into Spain, and afterward to Ireland, under Symon Brek, King of Spain, who brought with him the marble chair on which all British kings sit when they are crowned, and which is now a curiosity of Westminster Abbey. Under the grandson of Neolus the colony passed over to Scotland. Another chronicle derives Scotia from Scythia, whence it says the Scots originally came. The original Scots were undoubtedly Hibernians from Ireland, and the legend just quoted points again to the Spanish origin of that people. The Albani (whence Alba) are said in the same chronicles to have been a white-haired folk, their hair having gained its whiteness from the region of perpetual snows from which they came. These were probably the early Britons, the first of the many Celtic immigrant bands. The Goths are said to have been the descendants of Japhet, and to have been so called from Japhet's son Magog—no doubt another Celtic colony. Much controversy has occurred concerning the Scots. The charge that they were originally cannibals rests on a sentence by St. Jerome, who says: "When a very young boy I beheld in Gaula a tribe called Scotas devouring human flesh." When that was written the world knew no difference between the Irish and the Scots. Scot is probably from an old word *Scuet*—cognate with "scud"—and meaning a fugitive, or, as some say, a thief. They were not at all the Scots of the present day, but a set of Hibernians who fled to Ireland and afterward to Scotland before the first Celts. And in the latter country they came into alliance with the Picts, who have already been described as the first inhabitants of Scotland. Who, then, were the Picts? They were first called Picts by the Romans, "*a picto corpore*"—that is, from their habit of tattooing their bodies. They were known to the northern tribes as the Cruthneach.

"The Cruthneach," says their most ancient chronicle, "came from the land of Thracia; that is, they are the children of Glevin, son of Ercol. Agathirsi was their name. Five brothers of them came at first, viz., Solen, Ulfa, Drosten, Ængus, Leithuin. The cause of their coming: Policornus, King of Thrace, fell in love with their sister, and proposed to take her without a dower. They after this passed across the Roman territory into France, and built a city there, viz., Pictavis (Poictiers), *a pictos;* that is, from their arms; and the King of France fell in love with their sister. They put to sea after the death of their fifth brother, Leithuin; and in two days after going on the sea their sister died."

Another chronicle says they entered Scotland under Cruithne, by way of Orkney and Caithness. A Welsh chronicle (A.D. 1120–35) says that after the Britons had conquered this country the Picts came from Scythia with a fleet under their king, Roderic. "The Britons used poisoned weapons. These wounds a Druid of the Picts professed to cure by spilling the milk of 120 cows on the plain where a battle was to be fought." Roderic was slain, and all that remained of his army were made slaves; "and for the first time the land around Caithness was tilled." The Britons refused to let them marry of their women. So the Picts petitioned Gille Caor, the King of Ireland, who sent them wives; and of this intermarriage was descended the Scots. The Irish king exacted as a condition that the right to the throne in Scotland should always be in the maternal line. (It was much more certain in those days who a person's mother was than who his or her father was.)

"Three hundred women were given
To them; they were agreeable.
But they were most cunning,
Each woman with her brother.

"There were oaths imposed on them,
By the stars and by the earth,
That from the nobility of the mother
Should always be the right to the sovereignty."

It will be observed that there is much confusion and vagueness as to the origin of the Picts. In the absence of any thing definite it seems to me natural to suppose that the habit of tattooing and painting their bodies, from which they received their name, points to their relationship with the Mongolian tribes. The Aryans had no such custom. If this be so, we should have, as the pre-Celtic occupants of Great Britain, two colonies of small dark people, who, having parted in the East, and fringing, one the southern the other the northern coasts, meeting again, after the lapse of ages, in these islands; intermarrying, and forming one people, to defend, through many ages, their refuge from the more powerful Aryans, who may have originally driven them from the East. These are the root of the genealogical tree of the race that now leads the world.

It has been my purpose to confine myself in this first saunter to the most primitive inhabitants, and to leave for a visit to Stonehenge the great epochs of Saxon, Roman, Celt, and the mysterious Druids. The views which I have given may seem to some speculative; I may say, however, that they will before long cease to seem so. When Professor Huxley shall give to the world the facts which he has recently laid before the Royal Institution, and when Sir John Lubbock shall have published a work on the Stone and Bronze Ages, which I have reason to know he is now preparing on the basis of his volume already printed, these things that now seem to some theoretical will appear as facts.

Before leaving Devon I should say that I can not doubt that the legends of the little folk called there "Pixies" (fairies) are traceable to the last remnants of the Picts, who were re-

garded with superstitious feelings, just as the Laps and the Gubbins were. As these were transformed into Gnomes and Goblins the Picts became Pixies. From their name probably came "Puck," no doubt a mischievous, dwarfish Pict and an eminent Pixy. The "Picts' Houses," in which this ancient folk lived underground, gave rise to the belief that the fairies lived in the earth. The belief has had a great many ramifications, and has formed a vocabulary of its own. In one of his notes I see that Hawthorne derived the word "asphyxia" from pixy, the idea being that one so stricken was bewitched. It is quite likely that "pox" also refers to the theory that it was the work of Puck. Similarly derived, though this is not certain, may be "pyx," the Roman Catholic shrine for consecrated wafers. The Romanists derive their "pyx" from the Greek πύξος, "a cup;" but there is at least equal authority to believe that it was so called by the British natives from the belief that some kind of magic was in it. Clobery (1650) writes of "The pixie-led in popish piety." An old Devon MS. has the following definition:

"Pyxie-led: to be in a maze; to be bewildered, as if led out of the way by a hobgoblin, or Puck, or one of the fairies. The cure is to turn one of your garments the inside outward, which gives a person time to recollect himself. The way to prevent it, some say, is for a woman to turn her cap inside outward, that the pixies may have no power over her; and for a man to do the same with some of his clothes."

Pickle is a cognate word. In Devon a fungus (*Lycoperdon giganteum*) is called "pixy-puff," because it was supposed a fairy seat. "Pixy-seats," again, are the tangles that get into horses' manes, where fairies were believed to ride. "Pixy-rings" are curious round circles of lichens—like ring-worms on the earth or stone—which were regarded as circles for fairy dances. It is still declared that cattle will not graze in fields where these are found. Puck may sometimes be surprised within

> "Those rings and roundelayes
> .....which yet remaine
> On many a grassy plaine."

The belief in the "Pixies"—otherwise called "Little People"—may yet be frequently found in the rural districts of Devon, Cornwall, and Wales. "They lived there before any human beings came into the country." A Welsh driver told me, lowering his voice at the time, that there "used to be a great many, and they could be heard under the ground in every field; but they were leaving the country." It was evident that he, for one, did not desire that they should stand on the order of their going. And thus, in the myths of one age and the lowest superstitions of another, the once powerful nation of Roderic disappears from history, to live still, however, in the blood and the language of the race which absorbed the quality and strength of every enemy it conquered.

THE OLD MAN'S SONG IN AUTUMN.

Oh, heart that beats in my breast,
Say why art thou so cast down?
Oh, is it grief for the days growing brief
And the fields that are gathering brown?

The wind blows gentle and soft;
The sun shines bright in the sky;
And the woods to-day were never more gay
In all of the years gone by.

The maples gleam in the vales
Like the watch-fires of a camp;
And the cardinal flower in her secret bower
Has lighted her crimson lamp.

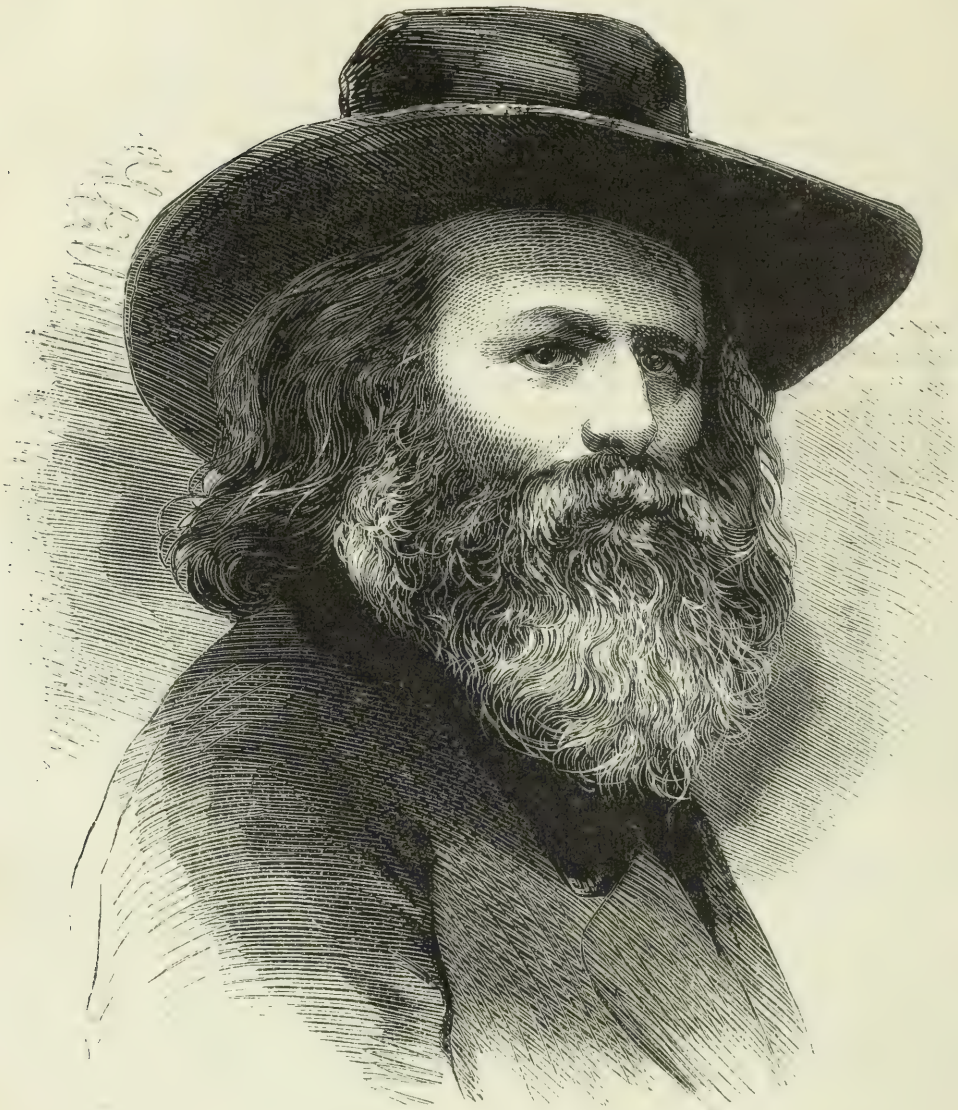
Not all the birds have flown,
For the robin's voice sounds clear
From the orchard rows where his warm breast glows,
And the fields of stubble near.

But my heart an answer makes:—
"The robin's note is dry;
And the woods to day are not half so gay
As they were in the years gone by.

"The Summer I loved has flown;
The lily has left her stalk;
And the roses are dead, both white and red,
That grew by the garden walk.

"The Autumn, I love it not,
For cold to me is its breath;
And its deepening blush seems the hectic flush
That bodes the coming of death.

"And Winter will follow soon,
Sobbing and moaning aloud;
And the earth below will whiten with snow
That falls from the frosty cloud."



CHARLES LORING ELLIOTT.

I.—HIS EARLIER ARTISTIC LIFE.*

ON the morning of the twelfth anniversary of the conflagration of Moscow, a stinging winter day, while the boys were sliding down hill, and the sleigh-bells were merrily ringing through the beautiful village of Auburn (New York), a youngster—who must have been, according to the records of the parish church of Scipio, if said records were properly kept, about ten years old — might have been seen, but probably was not, taking a clay furnace of ignited charcoal into a small bedroom on the ground-floor of a plain but comfortable dwelling-house, which was situated near the centre of the afore-mentioned village, then and since celebrated for its two well-regulated institutions, the State Prison and the Theological Seminary, intended by legislators and pious people to be the balance-wheels of society. When the urchin had safely deposited his furnace on the floor of the apartment he left it in haste for the kitchen, and soon reappeared with a broomstick, which, on entering his bedroom once more, he forced through the door-latch, that he might be able to prosecute his undertaking without fear of interruption from any unwelcome visitors. The reader will soon discover that these formidable preparations betokened an enterprise of no little magnitude. He must first be enlightened in regard to several matters which were more or less intimately con-

* This first portion was written in 1850 (mainly as it now appears), at the suggestion and request of some intimate friends of Elliott, for the purpose of preserving an *authentic* account of his earlier artistic life. After it had been emended and finished to our satisfaction we had a limited number of copies printed for special circulation. This was nearly twenty years ago. It is hardly possible that a sketch so entirely authentic and sharply minute could be prepared at this period. C. E. L.

nected with the events of that particular day. So leaving the urchin to his solitude, we may briefly glance at his previous history, which will be likely to cast the light of probable conjecture upon his present design.

His father was an architect of considerable mechanical genius, and many of "the principal men" of the neighborhood were indebted to his taste and skill for the somewhat imposing mansions which drew the attention of passing travelers. Like all good fathers, when they can, he sent his boy regularly to the district school.

He had at a very early period displayed a taste for artistic mechanism, and most of his leisure hours and holidays were spent in his father's work-shop, from which he had sent forth sleds, wagons, wind-mills, and saw-mills, of many different sizes, but of very beautiful workmanship, which gave him a reputation among the young folks of being the most consummate operator of this kind in the village. But a dangerous rival had appeared in the school, who threatened by his skill as a draughtsman of horses—on the slate—to eclipse the fame of the hitherto unrivaled constructor. But this artist's genius seemed to have a somewhat limited range, since he always made the *same* horse, although, by dint of hard practice, he had succeeded in representing that particular animal in a very respectable state; and since the versatility of his talent was not brought in question by his critics, he was luxuriating in the wealth of his fame.

The architect's son began to feel the stirrings of ambition, and he secretly determined to distance his rival on his own field. He collected all the pictures of horses he could lay his hands on, and began his studies on the slate. A common observer, however, could make little more out of these first attempts than oblong bodies with four uprights, evidently intended to represent horses' legs. But he gradually improved, until, with all his drawings, he began to draw on his rival. Not satisfied, however, with his success, he kept his secret and obstinately persevered, trying his subject in one position for a while, and then in another; but he grew less and less satisfied with his performances, and thinking he had "gone to work at the wrong end," he cast aside all his picture-models and *began to study from life*. He watched horses as they passed in the streets, went to the stables to examine their limbs and proportions; but he still found it "no easy matter to draw a good horse." "Why is it," he said, "that I can't draw one good horse in a month, while that fellow can draw fifty in a day?"

The mystery was not completely solved by him for years, for the good reason that its solution opens the whole arcana of art. Long afterward he discovered that while his rival had, by dint of sheer manipulation, succeeded in copying a horse standing still, without life or action, and succeeded commendably well, he had done it only as a mechanic; while he himself went to work on his ideal—a horse in motion, in any attitude; for the innocent young soul thought one attitude as easy to draw as another. He had done a great thing, however, in beginning *to draw as an artist*, little as he knew what he was doing. He had been making *the* horse his study, and not any particular horse in one particular attitude. The difference was as great between him and his rival as between the dunce who learns by rote to scan the first book of the *Æneid* glibly and the scholar who reads Tacitus with delight and Horace with enthusiasm. The one was overcoming only the difficulties of imitating a stiff, hard, unyielding form; the other was learning principles of art which would enable him to master *all* forms. But the dear boy knew not that he had begun as Giotto began: to draw the forms of the sheep he watched on the sunny slopes of the Tuscan hills; to represent life by lines without color. He was "out of patience with himself for his stupidity!" Long afterward he learned that he had lost his patience because he could not do in his tenth year what cost the old masters so much toil.

But light began to break in on the path of his studies. Gleam after gleam came out from his pencilings. He could at last draw a horse hitched to a post, or chafing under the spur, with swelling veins, snorting nostrils, and prancing feet. At last "it mattered little to him what his horse must do." He could make him do one thing as well as another. He had passed the Rubicon of Art, although he still knew so little what he had done. But judging of himself as he judged his rival, he "thought his horse could pass muster." Having now, as patiently as he could, endured the reproach of defeat for several weeks, the time which he had bided had at last come.

One evening he drew a fine, prancing horse, full of mettle, with flowing mane and tail, and laying his slate up carefully on the kitchen mantle-piece he went to bed. All night long squadrons of prancing horses danced on his vision. In the morning he took down his slate, and hurrying off to school before the usual hour, showed his drawing to one of his little friends, who had taken his part from the beginning, and asked him privately "how he liked it." The noble little sympathizer's eyes (we have always had a liking for that boy since we heard the story) grew as large as saucers—tiny ones. He could hardly trust his senses. He gazed intensely on the picture, seized the slate, and when he could contain himself rushed across the school-room, and thrusting it triumphantly before the face of the *still-horse* boy, said, "Now, old feller, make a horse like *that*—you can't do it." There was no retreat; he was in the lists with his rival. He was to have one day to copy the *prancing* horse. He tried and failed. "Well," said the hitherto unrivaled draughtsman of still-horses, "now let him try *my* horse. I can't do *his'n*, and he can't do *mine*." This, too, was fair play. His antago-

nist also was to have a day. He did it during the ten minutes the school were at play. At noon the still-horse was shown. Even the still-horse boy acknowledged that "he had done it." Thus ended the conflict, and after that day young Elliott had as many horses to draw for his comrades as he had hitherto had of sleds, wagons, and wind-mills.

We have told this story in all its detail because it is a miniature history of the life of every true artist. We find such things in the lives of all great painters. But we must return to the youngster in his bedroom (which occurred some time later than "the horse trial"), for the chances are that before now his enterprise has got under way, nor should we be surprised if the furnace of ignited charcoal had already begun to work.

The boy shut up in that bedroom we need hardly say is the one who made so many laborious slate-studies on the horse. He had distanced all competitors in horses, and begun to extend the field of his operations. He abandoned the slate for India ink and crayons. At last he resolved to make an essay in oil-painting. Keeping his own counsels, "that no one might laugh at him," he procured a rather huge canvas, with the requisite utensils, and we now find him shut up in that little bedroom, on that "bitter cold day," attempting to copy a picture in the History of England—"The Conflagration of Moscow." But this expedition to Moscow was likely to become to the young painter even more fatal than it had proved to Napoleon himself. The dinner hour came round, but he did not show himself. Some time passed, and his mother became anxious. A search was made for him every where. Having occasion to visit the bedroom, his mother found the door fastened. She ran to the outside window, through which she saw her son sitting in his chair, his head fallen down on his breast, apparently asleep. She rapped on the window and called, but received no answer. She forced the window open, when a sight of the charcoal furnace explained the mystery to the frightened mother, who "supposed that her Charlie was dead." She sprang through the window, and rushing to his side, shook him violently; but he showed no sign of life. And there on the chair before him stood "Moscow Burning," a rude but bold sketch, in which the idea of the artist was not to be mistaken. By his side on a little stand lay the open History of England, from which he had copied—his pallet and brushes fallen from his hands; and to all appearances the young artist had painted his first and last oil-picture. But the rush of winter air soon revived him, and in a few hours he was as well as ever.

This narrow escape was far enough from curing the boy of his passion for painting; but it taught him how much better is charcoal for sketching than for breathing. He afterward finished "The Conflagration," and a good judge who saw it said it was an astonishing production for a boy of his age, who had received no instruction whatever in art, and who had never before attempted to paint in oil. Elliott said of it: "It couldn't, of course, have been any great thing as a picture, but it was generally acknowledged that it made an excellent *fire-board.*"

It is pretty evident that ideas of art were now growing into shape in the mind of the boy, and we are not much surprised that he "made up his mind that, for better or worse, he would be a painter"—a resolution he seems to have adhered to pretty obstinately, until he has won for himself a reputation in the acquisition of which any man may have considered himself fortunate had it cost him a lifetime of unceasing toil.

About this time his father had employed two men of doubtful genius in that line "to landscape" the parlor of a house he was finishing, and they had gone on daubing the walls by the yard with all sorts of enormities in the shape of woods, waters, and animals, without much regard to the laws which the Almighty originally intended should control the animal, mineral, or vegetable kingdoms. While these worthies were gone to dinner one day, Charlie, who was sure to know what was going on in the limits of the narrow artistic world around him, entered the room, and seizing up one of the pallets, sketched a bridge with a man walking over. He "worked quick and fled." When the men returned they honestly expressed their amazement and delight, and to their immortal honor "they allowed the bridge to stand, with the walking man." It may have been a no very great thing, and probably was so considered by the next proprietor of the mansion, for he had all the wall embellishments decently covered over with paper, not excepting "the bridge and the man walking over it"—which may be carefully uncovered some day. Stranger things have happened.

Charles L. Elliott used to talk with his young friends about art and artists (these associates still remember it all), and "what would be the end of all this" they could not tell. Some of them, in a certain way, entered into his feelings, but many of his hours and days were left without sympathy, and he "was driven to books for comfort and company." He became a great reader, especially of two kinds—those that described battles, and those which spoke about artists. After exhausting his father's library he used to borrow from neighbors. Chance put him in possession of a large Biographical Dictionary, and he hunted all through its thousand pages in his eleventh year, and read a great many times over its accounts of painters and sculptors, engineers and engravers, who had become famous in past ages. The miscarriage of his "charcoal picture" had not cured him of great subjects. He was fond of "battle-pieces, Scripture scenes, and heroic subjects." He copied in oil many of the pictures in the old Family Bible. "Ahasuerus and Esther" was

of no little merit; it is still in the artist's possession.

Some good instruction in art would now have been a world to him. But Auburn at that period had no artist's studio, and he had to work his way on in the dark, as West, the father of painting in this country, did, with only nature to help him. In his fifteenth year Elliott's father removed to Syracuse, which was then (1827) but a hamlet with a handful of people. Heavy forest trees were then growing where churches, villas, and groaning warehouses now stand. The site of the great railway dépôt was then "an irredeemable marsh." But a spirit of civilized bustle was beginning, and Clinton's canal would do the rest. Elliott's father had never troubled himself much about his son's paints and brushes. He considered it "a freak of boyhood that would give way to better things when the time came." But finding the freak likely to last longer than he "calculated" he determined to put a stop to it, or at all events train up the lad to some occupation more likely to keep him out of the poor-house.

So "Charles" was put behind the counter of a dry-goods and grocery store, in which his father was a partner. "Now, Charles, you may make up your mind to give up your picture business." But it happened that "of all things in the wide world *that* was the very thing he had determined never to do—poor-house or palace—come what might." Mr. Elliott *père* happened to be more proprietor of the dry-goods and groceries than he was of the painter; and customers who wanted to make careful inquiries on "the prices of Bohea tea, starch, cut-nails, New England rum, molasses, and Webster's spelling-books, and sich like," were left to solve their own problems, while Charlie retired to some garret, or out of the way nook or corner of Syracuse, to copy an engraving of Inman's "Fisher-Boy."

Things were now going on badly. In about three months Mr. Elliott informed the young gentleman that he must enter the store of a very worthy Scotchman, where, as the father had no interest, the son "would be obliged to walk Spanish." He entered; but in about another three months the worthy Scotch merchant took Mr. Elliott *père* aside, and quietly expressed "some, yes, *serious* doubts about his son's ever making a *very* great merchant." Mr. Elliott himself finally began to fear that "those paints and brushes" would prove too strong for him, and he sent his son to an academy of some repute in Onondaga Hollow. Here he had to go through "a routine not much more to his taste than dry-goods and groceries," particularly when he had some "great picture" on hand—and once more a three months' trial had turned out a failure. His father became "satisfied that even academies were not the thing." "Charles had studied very little, and painted a great deal; but he *had* painted a landscape, embracing the academy, which pleased us all." This clause in the report of Charlie's term had its effect. A point of some importance in this narrative is, that this picture was what the painter long afterward spoke of as "my first *sober* attempt at delineation from nature, *strictly speaking*."

The academician went home, and found his father in a different state of mind. No change had perhaps taken place in his mind about the profitableness of painting pictures; but, like other sensible men, he "made the best of it," and was prepared to negotiate. Nothing more was said about "dry-goods and groceries" or "academies." These offensive subjects were not even brought up; and therefore something was likely to be done, since both "the high contracting parties" met on terms of equality. And here let us not be misunderstood. In all these trials and tests to which the father subjected the son he not only displayed true affection, but true common-sense. There is no error more fatal, nor one into which spirited boys so often fall, as to think they are born for something better than the common business of life. The world staggers under the curse of incompetency in all its high places. We have a hundred pettifoggers where we have one lawyer—a hundred daubers to one painter. It was a thousand to one that Mr. Elliott would not find in his son the all-excelling portrait painter. So we find no fault with Mr. Elliott. And it was doubtless the best thing for the boy—*it was part of his training*. If a young man has in him the passion for art too deep to be eradicated by opposition—an enthusiasm too blood-felt to be chilled by ridicule, rebuke, or rebuff—he will work his way. If he can not withstand and finally surmount such obstacles his blade is not made of Damascus steel.

Young Elliott's best and fairest test was now coming. His father had large contracts for building. Architectural drawing was an important branch of the business, and when he made known to his son his desire to have his best assistance, it was faithfully pledged. The compact was fairly entered into, and honorably fulfilled on both sides. Partly as a necessary facility to his progress, and partly to gratify his taste, he was sent to a select school for two years, where he was contented, because he could follow congenial studies, and when his father wanted any help, artistic and well-executed drawings were always furnished by the willing artist. Discerning the irremediable bent of his genius, and wishing to divert it exclusively to architecture, he procured for him elaborate and costly works in that range of art, and so accurate and beautiful was every design and combination the builder called for executed he became proud of his son's talent, and was happy in the fact that he could turn these gifts to advantage. "Art seemed now not to be squinting quite so straight to the poor-house."

During this period Elliott made a profound study of architecture and drawing in their application to practical use in common edifices—in chastening the proportions of dwellings, elaborating, and refining, and embellishments of

porticoes, windows, mantles, reliefs, etc. He suggested many tasteful and valuable models for his father, which proved essentially useful. But this study soon lost what little charm it had for "the young man who was born to be a portrait painter." His "long thinkings about the future" ended in his asking his father's consent to come to New York "to learn to be a painter." This was at once granted, and the glad day of freedom came. He started, too, with as generous a provision as his wants required.

Here the young painter made his way at once with a letter of introduction to Colonel Trumbull, who had his studio at the time in the old Academy of Fine Arts, of which he was then President. The veteran painter examined all the candidate's drawings, and one or two of his essays in oil, and then "strongly advised him to give up all idea of becoming a painter, and to apply himself wholly to architecture." "I do this," said the Colonel, "for two reasons. You don't seem to possess so much genius for painting as for architecture; and you will make a better living in this country by the latter profession. America will yet be a great field for the architect, and you certainly indicate *uncommon talents that way.*"

Elliott respectfully replied that "he had gratified all his architectural propensities *up in the country*, and was fully determined, and had been ever since he was ten years old, to be a painter, and live or die by that business." It was very natural for Trumbull, on the evidence before him, to give that advice; for young Elliott had bestowed little care upon any thing but architectural drawing; and as these drawings seen by the great painter indicated extraordinary genius, he was fully justified in his opinion.

"Let me dissuade you, my young friend," replied Trumbull, "from this resolution by the history of my own life. I have devoted many years to my art, and from my career you can judge all you may hope for, even if you should be very successful. I have, it is true, received some commissions from Congress for national pictures, but this was only a piece of good luck. Aside from this what shall I say? I have painted a great many pictures which have been praised by connoisseurs, and amateurs, and artists; and yet you see hanging around this room nearly all the works on which I expended the principal energies of my artistic life. People come, and admire them, and go away; and yet here are nearly all the pictures of almost half a century of labor. I am now an old man, and time and disappointment have chilled my ambition. I have waked from the dream of life, and its *reality*, death, is looking steadily on me. My principal solicitude now is to make some good disposition of this gallery, which I think will yet have value even in the estimation of my own countrymen. I must take time to look about and see if I have friends enough in the world to give these pictures to."

"This was said," remarked Elliott himself, in narrating the facts, "with a sad feeling. He seemed to feel that the world had not done him justice, and I have long felt so myself. But, although I could hardly help weeping at the sight of the gray-haired painter, grown sad, and perhaps misanthropic by disappointment and neglect, yet it didn't discourage me much. I thought the world would treat other painters better, and I was determined to run my chance. Seeing me resolute he said 'he would transgress the rules of the Academy, which admitted students only during the winter, and allow me to visit the Antique Gallery. He had a good deal of leisure time, and would give me instruction in drawing, and furnish me the necessary apparatus.' I began immediately, and I am happy to say that he more than redeemed his pledge. I owe much to the good old man, and I shall always be proud to own it."

Elliott remained a considerable time with Trumbull, and applied himself with great industry and earnestness *to correct drawing*. His progress was evident enough. But still Trumbull, who, during the later years of his life, advised all young painters to turn cobblers, insisted upon Elliott's becoming an architect. "But," Elliott said, "do what I could for the old man, I could not agree with him." And he went to study with Quidor, a fellow-pupil with Inman under Jarvis.

"While I was with Quidor," says Elliott, "I spent most of my time in copying prints in oil, which, for want of a better market, I sent to the auction; for, being determined to support myself, it had now become with me *most decidedly* a question of bread and butter."

It was not long, however, before he began to paint portraits, at any price he could get; and although these early efforts could not of course indicate much knowledge of the practice or principles of art as taught in the schools, "yet" (as Inman once said to the writer) "there was in Elliott's portraits, *from the beginning*, an air of fidelity, earnestness, and truth; there was warm and genial expression, and a rich, glowing, generous coloring in his rude portraits which make them still charming to look at, even to those who are not familiar with his later masterly creations."

He said "sometimes during this period how glad he would have been if he could have had the opportunity of painting *some things* besides portraits—especially if he could devote some years to a careful, elaborate, and persevering course of study in the principles and the practice of correct delineation."

While in Quidor's studio with some four or five other young men who have since been heard from (among them Colonel T. B. Thorpe), Elliott went off on another "great picture"—"The Battle of Christina," drawn from "Knickerbocker's History of New York," in which Peter Stuyvesant and his wooden leg are very conspicuous characters. It is perhaps safe to say that even to this time that is the only *great* historical representation of that decisive battle, which terminated after ten hours of hard

fighting without the loss of a man on either side!

After a year of hard work Elliott returned to pass a winter with his friends, painting, in the mean while, a great number of excellent portraits. The following spring he resumed his labors in New York, and with considerable success. In the intervals of his portrait painting he threw off two compositions of peculiar merit —"The Bold Dragoon," and a spirited illustration of Paulding's "Dutchman's Fireside," which were exposed for sale in a shop-window. Trumbull, who had not met Elliott since he left his studio, happened to see them while walking leisurely by "in the style of a gentleman of the old school." "Who painted these pictures?" he asked of the shop-keeper. "Elliott, Colonel Trumbull." "Where is his room?"

He hurried to the place, knocked, and entering uncovered with all the stateliness of the last century, said to the young artist: "You can go on painting, Sir. You need not follow architecture. I wish you good-day, Sir," and withdrew. Elliott never saw him again.

Banishment from the inspiring scenes of nature to a man who loved her so well could not last long; and, "tired of the city and the city's ways, I determined," he said to a friend, "to go back into the country for a considerable period." And, fixed in this purpose, he returned to the region where his boyhood had been passed. There he lacked not employment; "and above all," said he, "I found more satisfaction in the honest way of doing things among old neighbors and friends than can be found in great towns, and I am satisfied I painted better pictures."

The next ten years he passed chiefly in Central New York—ten of the brightest and best years of his life. Elliott's love of nature was deep as the earnest, true man ever feels for any thing, and tender, trusting, and filial as a child's. Nor did he cultivate this love of nature as a misanthropist, for his great heart was large enough for all that is true and generous. He once said: "There is something very great and inspiring in fine scenery; but what would it all amount to without the society of friends? After all, there is nothing in all nature like a fine *human face.* Portrait painting is a big thing when it *is* portrait painting."

While painting the portraits of the Faculty of Hamilton College (Oneida County, New York) Elliott fell in with Huntington (now President of the National Academy of Art), a young student, whose portrait he painted with great care—a picture which even now would not be thrown into the back-ground of any collection. The meeting of those two young men in that secluded place will hereafter furnish suggestive matter for the pen or pencil of some true artist, who, when the men now living have rested from their labors, will conjure up beautiful thoughts and glowing images to thrill the fancy and touch the heart of future times. Already the world loves both their names.

It can hardly be known, while Elliott lives, how many portraits he painted during these ten years of country life; but (carefully and conscientiously as he always painted) the number must have been very great. We find, too, in comparing his pictures at the beginning and the end of these ten years, that he had made astonishing progress in his art. He was never stiff, or clumsy, or cold; but gradually grace, and ease, and warmth, and high feeling, stole into the forms on his canvas, until he reached the point—which every true painter and writer reaches on his road to excellence—when *all* things undertaken are ennobled, and forms of real beauty come forth clothed with celestial light.

Nor were those ten years of exile from the heated air of artificial life lost in any sense whatever. Nature sometimes asserts her right to nurse her great children on her own breast, and Providence comes to her aid. The schools can not do much except for common men. Nature is the great teacher; from her the highest and deepest lessons are learned. But Elliott had learned those lessons; he "had staid in the country long enough;" he "needed the electric influences of metropolitan life;" he "felt that he could now go to New York with real pleasure and brush up," "for I had begun to get lazy."

But once in the metropolis he "had to begin his career anew." His old circle had been broken up. Some of his patrons and friends had gone abroad, many "gone West," and "not a few were dead." But he got a studio, and went to work with a serious and fixed "purpose to do something *worth while* in art." He sent some of his best portraits ("for," said he, "by this time I had thrown aside every thing but portraits—I wasn't made for any thing else") to the Academy, and had the satisfaction of knowing that an unbiased judgment had set upon them the seal of judicious and enlightened approbation. He now went on painting with industry and conscientiousness any and all portraits that were offered. But there was nothing in the man or his pictures of *the sensation style.* In the very depths of his honest soul he "hated the whole thing; only let us have fair play." His reputation grew rather slow, but it was to be enduring.

He met with no great "success" till 1845, when his picture of Colonel Ericsson excited universal admiration. The best judges unhesitatingly said it was the best American portrait since Stuart. This soon became the general feeling, and that feeling has been growing, until now (1850) Elliott stands unquestionably at the head of the portrait painters of his time.

The following year (1846) a considerable number of his pictures were sent to the Academy—among others those of Horatio Stone (the sculptor, now in Rome), T. B. Thorpe, Clarke (of the *Knickerbocker*), and Thayer, which seemed to be regarded, especially by the best judges, as the finest work Elliott had yet done. The

latter was one of the finest subjects the painter is ever favored with. In transparent honesty of likeness, in earnestness of expression, in geniality of feeling, in deep, rich flesh-tints which come out from fine faces around the fireside of home, and, above all, in the spirituality of the man's individual human soul, "the Thayer picture" (as every body called it) created the same impression upon every body. In the estimation of his own countrymen Elliott's place was now defined. Competent foreign judges among us soon ratified the sentence of America.

In recalling that year (1846) we can never forget how sad the world of art was made by the too-early death of Henry Inman. He had just returned from Great Britain with his executed commissions of the portraits of Wordsworth, Chalmers, etc. His works had commanded universal admiration, as the man had inspired the deepest love. He had none of the jealousies which so often mar the magnanimity of contemporary artists, and although the world was ringing with Elliott's praises, and he had not met him for many years, yet he said, "I must choose the first fine day to go to Elliott's studio—*he is painting so superbly, and he is so fine a fellow.*" Inman's friends saw that his life was drawing to a close, although he did not seem to notice the shadow that was moving over his path. We all felt that it would have been cruel to pluck from his "hope-illumined brow" those last golden beams which the genial sun was casting as he went to his setting.

Inman entered Elliott's studio, and gave him the thin white hand and loving look of the great-hearted artist, and sat down. Still looking at him with a tenderness all his own, he finally said, after much friendly and sunny talk: "My dear Elliott, when I shall have somewhat recovered my health and spirits we must exchange portraits. I have never been quite so well painted as I desire. Nothing will give me more pleasure than to paint yours, except to have you paint mine."

They pledged each other that the first work they were to do after Inman got ready should be this courteous exchange of the fruits of their gifted pencils. It must have been a touching scene to them; for it is impossible for those two men not to have known that in that studio were then standing the first two portrait painters in America. Poor Inman pressed Elliott's hand kindly, and gave him his characteristic "Good-by," just as we do so carelessly when we expect to meet again in a day or two.

Inman returned to his home, never to leave it again till we bore him in that wild winter day to his home at Greenwood. The friends of art will never cease to regret that those portraits were never exchanged.

"Elliott is now painting great pictures all the time." These words were uttered a few days ago by one of the dearest and best names in this country, for which, in another department of the highest culture, he has done more perhaps than any other man. We have not the space, even if we could, to make out the list of all Elliott's portraits executed up till the present time which will be considered well worthy of preserving. As this sketch is but the merest outline of Elliott's *artistic* life thus far, we shall close it by a word or two concerning the chief characteristics of his portraits, and inquire in what the power and charm of his genius for portraiture consist.

1. Extreme fidelity of likeness—this is the starting-point; without it there can be no complete portrait painting. When we look on one of Elliott's portraits we feel that he must have known not only the peculiarities of the person's face and form, but that he must have read intimately and genially the spirit of the character. In all his pictures we can trace the decisive points of the individuality—the prevailing expression.

2. But having observed that all Elliott's people, like Vandyck's, *look well*, we naturally ask, "How is this? all people are not good-looking." True, but it so happens that artists of reputation either *choose* good subjects, or, as Elliott once said, "People who want good portraits are generally apt to be good-looking themselves." Art, however, claims the right of portraying the best expression. It is the attribute of the pencil, as it is of love, to usurp those golden moments of enchantment, when every look is wreathed with fascination, when every smile breathes voluptuousness, when every glance flashes with a higher passion than the common observer sees.

There should be—and is there not?—some holy spot left in the heart of every man and woman from which something joyous, touching, loving, humane at least, and perhaps divine, will now and then come forth with a flash which, when genius holds the pencil, sets the canvas all aglow. Elliott used to say, "Every face almost *ought* to make a good picture."

We take it for granted that when Elliott paints a portrait he can not miss a likeness—nor a good picture. The first point is gained by accurate delineation—the rest follows by a skillful arrangement of position, light, shadow, and the artistic *blending* of all the accessories, and the *infusion* of the sentiment of the subject into the whole work. This brings the picture out on the sunny side of each sitter's better life. This charm belonged to Elliott, and his magnetic genius infused it into all he painted. When the man Elliott has painted looks on his own picture he becomes, in spite of himself, a better man. He is inspired with purer imaginations, tenderer sentiments, and loftier purposes. He goes away from the portrait more generous in impulse, purer in fancy, and more courteous in manner. In a word, there is something in Elliott's painting not unlike that *spirituelle aura* that pervades the writings and breathed from the form and manner of William Ellery Channing, who sanctified the atmosphere around him by the perfect human sympathy he every where inspired. We feel while we read

the writings of the one as we do when we look on the portraits of the other. We go away, and as our better nature speaks to us from the inspiration given, we feel that the world is better, and life worth more than it was before.

II.—LATER ARTISTIC LIFE.

The foregoing sketch left Elliott on the threshold of his fame. Long years of patient toil were to fix the verdict of history. He had reached the point on which the eye of every true artist rests from the beginning of his career. Subjects came to him without seeking, and he could now enforce upon the tyrant of circumstances the despotism once imposed on himself. He could paint when and whom he pleased. "This was a great comfort to me," he once said, "for I never liked even the *thought* of slighting *any* picture, and I was glad to be placed beyond the *temptation.*"

We need not enumerate even the best of Elliott's pictures; the world knows them by heart, as it does the names of Irving's and Cooper's books—a word tells the whole story. Elliott was throughout life a great, unspoiled child of Nature. He loved her in the depths of his soul. He communed with her there—there he heard her own language, and in his pictures he gave her utterances to the world. He loved all her works, but man the most, for he was her last and greatest. And of this human form, the noblest part of it, the human face, was the study and the worship of his life.

For twenty years now he lived a serene, cheerful, beautiful life. He painted many of the first, the fairest, and the best forms of the nation. Happy are the possessors of his works. Of him it may be said with truth, each of his portraits is an historical picture.

If the suggestion of his life-long friend Thorpe be carried out (and the world will demand it), that some of his pictures should be brought together in an Elliott Gallery for a while, the collection will be his apotheosis in the Temple of Art forever, while the fund thus raised will build him a tomb where sculpture may write his epic in stone.

III.—SOCIAL LIFE.

It was full of the light of love from dawn till sunset. His friends were all who knew him; his enemies! he had none. The loving and reverent old painters always traced the *halo* around "Mary's" head. The Rosicrucians held that each good person is surrounded by an *aura* which has something celestial in it. Where Elliott went, this aura seemed to go. It always came with him. Something of it seemed to linger when he went away. It was the magnetism of a fine soul, blended with the starry twinkle of white intellectual light—not of wit, which was too cold and ungenial for him. Once when a "man of genius" left the room after "scintillating away" for an hour, saying sharp things at the expense of most of his acquaintance, Elliott took my arm, and looking into my face with one of those rosy expressions which sometimes made his always handsome face look divine, said: "There! that fellow has gone; let's get on the sunny side of the hedge now."

Elliott was supremely happy in his home, with a wife who was his angel of love and tenderness till the last hour. And he provided generously for that home, and with rare foresight and judgment put a solid thatch over the dwelling where those he loved can rest securely.

Of most men we are apt to speak of (in certain moods) "their better nature." Nobody ever made such a distinction in talking of Elliott. He had no *bad* nature. Like the finest fruit ripening in the Italian sun, one can hardly say which is the sunny side—so luscious is it all the way through. Its first petal opens on joyous air; its whole life is a blissful bath of sunshine. You have seen the large *mezzo-giorno* nectarine thus growing on the purple shore of Sorrento. And yet a stray leaf—albeit a sheltering one—had lapped over and rested on the fairest nectarine there, till some insect (the warm air swarming with them—*all little ones*) had stopped and staid there. It did not eat in far, only it did not *go away*, and it cast a shade over quite a space, and it made a spot there. But at last, just before the ingathering gardener came round, a breeze, stronger than usual, but kinder it may be too, detached that leaf, and sent it and the dead worm whirling off, and so the spot went away, only the scar remained. But who thought of that? In all the grove there had been but one such nectarine.

A triple curse on rum—so often the baneful inheritance of genius, whose path through the Gardens of Armida seems to be haunted by the infernal enchantress forever and forever!

But see how superbly this orb moved out from the clouds as he went to his setting. Elliott and I had both trod the enchanted ground—we had wandered in these upas gardens together. Years before, after I had seen half the friends of my youth go down, and my own feet were pressing the same verge, I had waked from the spell and thrown down the wine-cup. My example had saved some; my love others. But the one of all others in the wide world my soul longed for I could not win. And yet the white-robed angel of redemption was winging his blessed flight that way. I find this record in my "Life Sketch-Book:"

April 17, '68.—Called to see Elliott by appointment, to talk about the new art of coloring marbles through the entire mass, and if it were a lost art. Found him down in the saloon. He had been drinking more than usual. But his head was clear, and his heart overflowing with the richest and most generous humanity. He was alone. He listened for a few moments, and then putting his hand on my shoulder said, with a deep and tender voice, "My dear L——, I don't want to talk art to-day—I want to speak of something a great deal bigger than that! *I must stop drinking.* I have thought it all over. You know all about this business. I want to take the pledge. Can't you give it to me as a friend? It will be better so."

"I can, my dear fellow."

"Well, then, come up to the bar, and write it out

here while I take my *last* drink. Mind, L——, write it *strong*."

I wrote it. He came to the table, and slowly taking the pen and holding it a while, as he turned on me his deep, earnest gaze, said:

"Friend L——, *this is a big thing.* Think of *my* giving this up at my time of life! Now in my old age! And yet it must be done."

He deliberately signed his name.

"Now," he continued, "you witness it—put your name there, right under mine. Now make a duplicate of this;" which we both signed.

Putting his copy carefully in his memorandum-book, and buttoning up his coat, he drew a deep breath, and, as large, generous tears rolled, one by one, down on his breast, he said:

"It's done. Now, L——, stand by me, and it will all be well."

And so he began his new life. After a brief visit to his home at Albany he resumed his painting, and with almost incredible rapidity dismissed from his easel that series of his last priceless portraits, working hard till his work was done.

A genial writer in the *Evening Post* says:

"All the houses he occupied were models of cheerfulness. The last house he bought was formerly owned by his friend Palmer, the sculptor. His studio, in which he hoped to pass the evening of his life in quiet enjoyment, was never used. At the time when he returned, and his sickness approached, he would lie down on the sofa and look around his beautiful studio with tears. He felt that he would never paint again. About a week before he died his mind seemed to wander. On Saturday he had his pencil and pallet in bed with him, and had a vision of most beautiful colors. His last effort was to carry his pencil to his lips, as if to wet it, and then made the familiar motion with it in his fingers, as if he were painting, and then fell into a stupor from which he never recovered. For several days he lay totally without pain, and breathed his last as quietly as if an infant had fallen asleep."

"My God, Charley, you must not die now!" This was the single loud plaint of unsubmissive sorrow that went up from a thousand of the best hearts in America. But his earthly task was done. "Home he'd gone and ta'en his wages." Apelles and Raphael, young Vandyck and old Titian, were waiting for their younger brother—the all-excelling Portrait Painter of the New World.

His brother artists bore that casket from the National Academy of Art (his proper receiving tomb) to Greenwood—a fitting train of pall-bearers. But our fancy saw another and fonder procession in that evening's twilight flitting through the sacred groves of that peerless City of the Dead:

"A pall of withered leaves sad fays are bearing
Through the long shadows of the wood-land dim,
While mourning nymphs, their golden tresses tearing,
Weep o'er the urn and wail the funeral hymn.

"The artist's dead! The gifted's task is ended;
The brush and canvas lie all useless now.
Life's picture's finished—light and shade are blended
By the Great Master to whom all must bow."

THE WOMAN'S KINGDOM:

A LOVE STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

CHAPTER XXIX.

MRS. STEDMAN was sitting with all her children round her, trying to make the evening pass as usual, in reading, lesson-learning, drawing; broken by fits of play and merry chat. None of the boys, except the eldest, knew of what had occurred, or saw any thing remarkable in their father's absence—and she had charged Julius to be silent for the present. He, wise and grave beyond his years, and his parents' confidant in many things, was the only one who had been told more about Uncle Julius than that his father had had such a brother, who died abroad. And even he knew comparatively little; but it was enough greatly to interest and excite him. Besides, his mother—the one grand idol of his life, whom he worshiped with that adoring filial tenderness which is Heaven's best instrument for making noble men—his mother had been put into his charge, and he watched her with especial care—distracted the attention of the rest from her—and hovered about her with endless little caresses, listening all the while to every sound of the hall-bell, which made her start whenever it rang.

For Edna, more imaginative and quicker than her husband to put things together, could not get out of her mind a strange impression, which came very near the truth. And when her son brought her the letter, having first carefully allured her away from the rest, that she might read it unobserved, her hands shook so that she could scarcely break the seal.

The next minute she had burst out with a great cry of "Julius!"

Her boy ran to her alarmed, and took her in his arms—his dear little mother.

"Not you, my son. I did not mean you, but your Uncle Julius. Papa has found Uncle Julius."

There is a belief—a feeling—Julius had had it strongly not so many weeks before, when he stood in the dark outside his brother's shut door—that if the dead were to come back to us again, they would find their place filled up, their loss mourned no longer, and the smooth surface of daily life grown greenly over them, like the grass over their graves. This is true, in degree, and Infinite Mercy makes it so; else human nature could not possibly endure its anguish to the end. But there are exceptions,

and the present was one of them. Julius—poor prodigal as he might be—had fed on his own swines' husks silently, far away; he had never either disgraced or wronged any one, least of all his brother. Heavy grief though he had caused, there was mixed with it none of that aching bitterness which Edna felt in her own heart, and the mute contempt which she read in her husband's face, whenever she chanced to mention her sister. Therefore, her rejoicing over the lost and found was as unclouded as her love—and she had always loved Julius.

The wonderful news could not be long hid, especially in this loving family, where the parents kept none but necessary secrets from their children. The mother was soon the centre of an eager group, asking all manner of questions, and evidently regarding the whole matter as a sort of real-life fairy tale.

"Don't bother mamma, children," said Julius, with tender authoritativeness. "Come away with me, and I'll tell you as much as I know, while she reads papa's letter."

Dr. Stedman had written, not telegraphed, that he might startle her less and give her the latest intelligence, and had sent his letter by the faithful Tommy Fox, who was to remain that night at Brook Street, and bring Mrs. Stedman back with him the first thing next morning.

"I do not want you until the morning," wrote William to his wife. "You must get a good night's rest, for I fear you may have some days, or perhaps weeks, of heavy nursing here. However, if he survives the next twenty-four hours, he will live, I doubt not. I might have sent for you to-night, but I thought it best not."

Edna felt also that it was best not—that not even his wife should share in this solemn watch which William kept so faithfully—uncertain whether after all his brother might not slip away, unrecognizing and unrecognized, into the next world. But even if Julius died, it would be a lighter burden to bear than that which Dr. Stedman had borne so patiently, so silently, all these years; not suffering it to darken his home-life, which would indeed have been both foolish and wrong. Still it was there—and his wife knew it. Almost every human heart has some such dark chamber in it; she had had hers too.

Now, was the grief to be lifted off or not? Edna could not tell; nor William. He had only said, in reference to the future, one thing—"If Julius recovers, will my wife take him home?" At which the wife smiled to herself. There was no need to answer that question.

So, it was necessary to prepare for possibilities; and first, by telling the children as much of their uncle's history as she thought advisable. They were not inquisitive or worrying children. Still they had their natural curiosity, increased by the very few facts she was able to give them; indeed little more than that Uncle Julius, whom they had supposed to be dead, had reappeared, and at last come home.

"But why did he not come home before, mamma?"

"Being a soldier he could not do that, I suppose."

"Still, he might have written," said Julius, a little severely. "It was unkind of him to let you and papa imagine he was dead, and grieve after him for so many years."

"People sometimes do unkind things without meaning it, or, at least, without definitely intending it," said the mother, gently. "When you are as old as I am, my son, you will have learned that—" Here she stopped, hindered by the great difficulty with all young people—how to keep them sternly to the right; and yet while preaching strict justice, to remember mercy. "In truth, my children," added she, with that plain candor which had been her safeguard all her life, and taught her sons to be as fearlessly true as herself, "it is useless to question me; for I know almost nothing, except that papa has found his brother again, which will make him so happy. You like papa to be happy, all of you?"

"Ah, yes!" and they ceased troubling her with their wonderings, but with the brilliant imagination of youth darted at once to the possibility of Uncle Julius's appearance among them, making endless speculations and arrangements concerning him. The twins, hearing he had been a soldier, brought out their favorite toy-cannon, with a man behind it, which man they immediately named "Uncle Julius." Robert, who had set his heart upon wandering half over the world, exulted in the thought of all the information he should get about foreign countries; and Will, after much meditation, leaped at once to a most brilliant conclusion.

"That folio of drawings you keep, beside the old easel in your bedroom, mamma—were they not done by Uncle Julius? You said he was an artist before he went away to India."

"Yes."

"And clever, too, to judge by those sketches, which you have never properly shown me yet, and will not let me have to copy; very good they are, some of them," continued Will, with the slightly patronizing tone of the younger generation. "Of course, he is too old to make an artist now; but he might help to make me one."

"Perhaps," said the mother, and wondered whether Uncle Julius would recognize, as his brother and she had long since began to do, the eternal law of progression, whereby one generation slips aside, or is set aside, and another takes its place—a law righteous and easy of belief to happy parents, but hard to others, who have to drop down, solitary and childless, into the great sea of oblivion, leaving not a trace behind. As she looked on her bright, brave boys growing up around her, in whom her memory and their father's would live, long

after both were in the dust, Edna thought of Julius, and sighed.

"Now, my little man, you must chatter no more, but be off to bed; for mamma has a great deal to do to-night."

Nevertheless, she was not afraid, though it was a small and already full house in which she had to make room for the wanderer; but the capacity of people's houses often corresponds with that of their hearts. And she had good servants — a good mistress usually has — and helpful, unselfish children. Her eldest, especially, followed her about the house, assisting in her plans and arrangements almost as cleverly as a daughter, and yet so manly, so wise, so reliable that for the hundredth time his mother pitied all women who had not a son like Julius.

Yet when he and she sat together over the fire, the house being silent and all preparations made, both for her temporary absence and for her return with poor Uncle Julius, if he recovered—with the reaction from her first joyful excitement over—anxious thoughts came into Edna's mind. Was she right in bringing into her household and among her young sons this man, who might be so changed—whose life for fifteen years and more was utterly unknown to her, except that he had sunk deplorably from his former estate? When her eldest son, looking at her with his honest, innocent, boyish eyes, said, earnestly, "Now, mamma, tell me all about poor Uncle Julius," Edna trembled.

But only for a moment. She knew well, her anxious life had often taught her, the plain fact that we can not live two days at once; that beyond a certain prudent forecasting of consequences we have but to see the right for the time being, and act upon it.

"My son," she answered, cautiously, as her judgment prompted, but honestly, as mothers ought who have their children's souls in their hands, "Uncle Julius has had a very hard, sad life. It may have been not even a good life. I do not know. But papa does; and he understands what is right far better than we. He says he wishes Uncle Julius to come home—he is so glad and thankful to have him at home. So of course it is all right. We can trust papa, both you and I."

"To be sure we can," said Julius, and looked his father's very image while he spoke: so that Edna had no farther fear even for her darling boy.

It was little more than ten in the forenoon, and Holt Common was bathed in the brightest spring sunshine, when Edna crossed it under Tommy Fox's guidance, to take the shortest cut to the "Goat and Compasses." She scarcely looked at the sweet sights around her—the green mosses, the perfumed gorse—so full was her heart, trembling between hope and fear, wondering whether it would please God to give this poor wrecked life into their hands—hers and Will's—to be made whole and sound again, even in this world; or whether, in His infinite wisdom, He would take it to Himself, to do with it according to His omnipotent will, which *must* be perfect, or it would not be omnipotent.

There was a figure standing at the ale-house door—her husband watching for her. Edna looked rather than asked the trembling question, "Is he alive?" which William's smile answered at once.

He had held up bravely till now; but when he found himself alone with his wife he broke down. Edna took his head to her bosom, and let him weep there, almost like one of his own little children.

But there was no time to waste in mere emotion—the patient must not be left for ten minutes. Nothing but constant watching could save the life which flickered like a dying taper, half in and half out of the body. Julius might slip away at any moment, giving no sign, as all the night through he had given none. It was impossible to say whether he even recognized his brother, though the pressure on the brain produced stupor rather than delirium.

"He lies, looking as quiet as a baby," said Will, with a great sob. "I have cut his hair and beard; he is quite bald. You would hardly know him. I wonder if he will know you, Edna?"

"Let us come and see," answered Mrs. Stedman, as she laid aside her bonnet, and made silently all her little arrangements for the long, long sisterly watch, of which God only knew the end.

Her husband followed her with eyes full of love. "There is nobody to do this but you, my wife. You would do it, I knew." She smiled. "And I have made things as light for you as I can. Mrs. Fox will take the night-nursing. She is evidently very fond of him—but every body was always fond of Julius. My poor dear lad!"

The strong fraternal love—rare between men, but, when it does happen, the heavenliest, noblest bond, a help through life, and faithful even unto death—shone in William's eyes; and his wife honored and loved him for it.

"Come," she whispered, "perhaps, please God, we may save him yet. Come and take me to Julius's room."

For another day and night the poor brain—worn out with misery, and disordered by the continual use of opium—lay in a torpid condition, of which it was impossible to foretell the next change. Then sharp physical pain supervened, and forced into a kind of semi-consciousness the bewildered mind.

The day he had spent out on the common—(Tommy Fox afterward confessed to having seen Mr. Stone lying for hours under a damp furze-bush)—brought back his old rheumatic torments. He had over again the same illness, rheumatic fever, through which his brother had nursed him twenty years ago. Strangely enough, this agony of body was the most merciful thing that could have happened to the mind. It seemed to annihilate the present entirely, and thrust him



UNDER THE FURZE-BUSH.

back to the days of his youth. He took quite naturally the presence of Will and Edna, and very soon began to call them by their right names, and comprehend, in a confused way, that he was under their charge. And in his total helplessness the great difficulty which William had foreseen, the stopping of the supplies of opium, became easier than they had anticipated. After he had been brought back, as it were, from the very gates of the grave, to some slight recognition of where he was, and what had happened to him, he seemed to wake up, as people often do after very severe illnesses, with the freshness of a child—asking no questions, but helplessly and obediently clinging to those about him, till sometimes none of his nurses could look at him without tears.

Gradually he passed out of sickness into convalescence, began visibly to amend in body, though how far his mind was alive to the things around him it was difficult to say. He noticed nothing much—neither the changes which Edna had gradually instituted in his ragged wardrobe, nor the comforts which she gathered around him in his homely room. He spoke little, and his whole intelligence seemed to be absorbed in trying to bear, as patiently as he could, his physical sufferings, which, for a long time, were very great. When at last Edna, to whose ministering care he had grown quite accustomed, proposed taking him "home," he assented, but without asking the slightest question as to what and where "home" was.

Letty, either as Letty or as Mrs. Vanderdecken, he never once named.

Indeed, in the complete absorption of the time, neither Edna nor her husband thought much about her themselves. The near neighborhood of Holywell Park troubled them not; the place was half shut up, the mistress being away at Brighton. Thence she never sent, never wrote; at which they were neither surprised nor sorry.

But the night before they had settled to quit Mrs. Fox's kindly roof the good woman brought to Mrs. Stedman, for whom she had conceived a great admiration, a note from the Hall.

"I don't know if you knows Mrs. Vanderdecken, ma'am, but perhaps you do, as it was through her little girl I heard of Dr. Stedman. And she's a kind lady—a very kind lady indeed: *he* saw her the day before he was ill. Didn't you, Sir?"

Edna interposed, and stopped the conversation, but her caution seemed needless. The sick man took no notice, and she hoped he had seen and heard nothing. However, just before she left him for the night, Julius called her back.

"What was that note you had? From your sister?"

"Yes."

"Have you seen her?"

"No."

This was all he asked, or was told, though, in much anxiety, Edna sat down beside him for another half hour. By-and-by Julius felt feebly for her hand.

"Are you there still, sister Edna? I like to have you beside me. I know you now, and Will too, though at first I did not. I thought I was dreaming. I have had so many queer dreams. They all came out of that box which you never will let me have."

"No, never again."

"Does Will say so?"

"Yes."

"Then I suppose he must be obeyed. When we were lads, kind as he was to me, Will always made me obey him." Julius smiled faintly, yet more like his own smile than Edna had ever seen yet. "Where is Will to-night?"

"Gone home, to get ready the house for us to-morrow, you know. Besides, he has his work to do."

"Ah, yes! and mine is all done. I shirked it once; and now, when I want to do it, I can not. Why do you and Will take me home? I would never have come of myself. I shall only be a burden upon you. Do you know, Edna, that I have not a half-penny in the world?"

"Yes."

"Except, of course, my pension as a soldier—a common soldier, which I have been—I ceased to be a gentleman years ago."

Edna smiled.

"Do not mock me, it is true. You had better not take me back. I shall only be a trouble to you. Nay, even a disgrace. Will is an honest, honorable, prosperous man, while I— What will all your friends say?"

"We shall never ask them. But," added Will's wife, in reasoning not her own, for her own failed her, "it is just the story of the piece of silver—'And when she hath found it she calleth her friends and neighbors together, saying, Rejoice with me, for I have found my piece that was lost.'"

Julius turned away bitterly. "Don't talk to me out of the Bible. I do not believe in the Bible. Only"—as if he feared he had hurt her—"I believe in you."

"Thank you, dear." She often called him "dear" now, in the tone she used to her own children; for, in many ways, Julius had grown so very like a child. "And I believe in the Bible. Therefore, I came here to nurse you, and keep you alive if we could. Therefore, as soon as you are stronger, I mean to take you home, to begin a new life, and never to speak of the old life any more."

Tender as her words were, there was a certain authority in them—the quiet decision which Edna always showed—and nobody attempted to gainsay.

Julius did not, but lay quiet, with his eyelids closed, till at length he suddenly opened them.

"There was a packet—letters—which I think I made up just before I was ill. Where is it?"

"Mrs. Fox found it, and delivered it to the person to whom it was addressed."

"And that was—"

"Mrs. Vanderdecken."

"Are you sure of that?"

"Quite sure. Now go to sleep."

"One minute"—and Julius lifted himself up and caught Edna's hand. "Tell her—your sister—that for the child's sake I have forgiven her all. I will never harm her. Her daughter knows nothing—never will know. Say I forgive her, and bid her good-by from me."

"I will," said Edna; and then, still holding her hand, Julius dropped into the quietest slumber which he had yet known.

When alone for the night Mrs. Stedman read over again the dirty-looking note, which had lain a whole day in the pocket of a small child, one of Mrs. Vanderdecken's Sunday-class, by whom it had been sent. Letty's cowardice had followed her to the last. There was in the missive neither beginning nor ending. Nothing that could identify it or its writer, or betray any fact that it was safer to conceal.

"I know all, and was glad your husband had been sent for to the poor man, you and he being the proper persons to manage the business. Give him my best wishes, and I hope he will soon get well. If I could do any thing—but it is better not—you will understand that. Only, if you like to come and talk it over with me, I shall be very glad to see you, for I am quite alone here, though I shall return to Brighton in two days."

Edna closed the letter with a heavy sigh, and sat long pondering over it, and how she should answer it; whether it would not be advisable, under the circumstances, and especially with regard to a future that was very difficult at best, to go and see Letty, as she asked, in her own house, and, calmly but not unkindly, "talk it over," as she proposed, thus closing forever the grave of a past that could return no more.

In her husband's absence Edna was obliged to trust to her own judgment, and what she knew his would be. He had said more than once that nothing should induce him to enter his sister-in-law's door, nor did his wife dissent from this. There is a limit beyond which self-respect can not pass; and charity itself changes its character when it becomes the subserviency of weak right to rampant wrong. But Mrs. Stedman, who had not an atom of weakness about her, or pride either, felt no hesitation whatever in crossing, just once and no more, her sister's grand threshold; neither humbly nor scornfully, but with a kindly sisterly heart. If she could do Letty any good, why, well! If not, still it was well too. They would both see clearly, once for all, what their future relations to one another were to be.

So next morning, before Julius was well awake, without saying any thing to him or any body, she started off across the common to Holywell Hall.

It was a very fine house, the finest Mrs. Stedman had ever entered; for her busy domestic life and narrow means had, until lately, kept her very much out of society. She admired it extremely, for she had such pleasure in any thing orderly, fit, and beautiful. Yet, when her little feet trod on the polished black and white



LETTY'S LETTER.

marble of the hall, and followed two tall liveried footmen up a magnificent staircase, stately, silent, and chill, her heart sank a little, and she was glad fate had not burdened her with her sister's splendid lot. It did not occur to her, in her utter lack of self-consciousness, that, had such been the case, the probabilities were that Holywell Hall would have been as bright as Brook Street.

The footman went before, and she was following him at once into Mrs. Vanderdecken's morning-room, when she heard her sister's voice within, and hesitated.

"Stedman is the name, Wood?—I don't know—yes, I do know the lady. Show her into the yellow drawing-room. Oh, she's here."

Rather awkwardly Mrs. Vanderdecken came forward, merely to shake hands, till, the servant having closed the door behind him, she stooped and kissed her sister, though not with much demonstration of affection.

"I am very glad to see you. It is extremely kind of you to come. You see I couldn't come to you—it was quite an impossibility."

"Certainly."

Then Letty burst out:

"Oh! Edna, do give me a little comfort. I have been so frightened—so thoroughly miserable. This is indeed a wretched business."

"I do not see that, since it has ended so well in Julius's recovery. He might have died. It was such a merciful chance that your little girl wrote to my husband."

"Yes; and I assure you I did not scold her at all for doing so. I was only too thankful to get her safe away, where she would hear no more of that dreadful story, or of him, poor fellow; he made her so fond of him. She cried her eyes out till I told her Dr. Stedman was with him, and that he was getting well. That is true, is it not?"

"Yes, thank God!"

"And nobody here knows who he is; but, like Gertrude, people think him Mr. Stone?"

"No—Mr. Stedman," said Edna, coldly. "My husband was not likely to be ashamed of his brother, or to conceal his relationship to him. But you need not be alarmed; we have carefully hidden our connection with you. No one here has the least idea that you are my sister."

"Thank you, thank you!" And then, some dim notion striking Letty that it was an odd thing to express gratitude for, she added, half-apologetically, "You see, we are obliged to be careful. In our position people do talk of us so. And he was so violent, so cruel, to me—Julius, I mean. And there was something so disreputable—so dreadful—about his story. You know it, of course."

"No; he has told us almost nothing; and we are determined to inquire nothing. My husband believes less in the confession of sins than in the forsaking of them. Unless Julius speaks himself we shall never ask him a single question about his past life."

"Well, perhaps that is your best course; any other would be so very inconvenient. I de-

clare, when I listen to Gertrude's story—but I'll just repeat it to you, for it will relieve my mind."

And she told, accurately enough for her, Julius's whole sad tale, which he had told to the child, and her own interview with him, which had followed it.

The facts were all new to Edna, but she said nothing; how could she? From the sick-bed beside which she had watched so long she seemed to gaze on her elegant sister, gifted with every thing that the world could give; and she understood something about the joy in heaven, not over the rich and the prosperous, but over one sinner that repenteth. The one question, Did he repent? was all she ever asked herself, and that time alone could answer.

"Was it not dreadful of him," Letty continued, "after all these years, and when I would have met him so friendly, to try to injure me thus? Ah, Edna, you don't know the agony of a poor mother who fears losing her child's heart."

"No," said Edna; "but you need have no fear now;" and then she delivered, word for word, the message Julius had sent.

Letty was a good deal touched. "Poor fellow, poor fellow!" she repeated several times, and wiped her eyes with her lace pocket-handkerchief. "But why does he bid me good-by? Will he die, do you think?"

"God only knows. The first danger is past, but there is a weary convalescence before him. He will never be really strong, William says; and if any ill turn comes— But we will not forebode evils. I hope for the best."

"Ah, you always did. You were always the cheerfulest, bravest girl. I wish I had been more like you."

But these sudden compunctions, which ended in nothing, only made Edna sigh. She rose.

"I must go now, Letty. He will be waiting for me. I take him home to-day."

"He? Oh, I had forgotten! You mean poor Julius. I do hope he will recover; tell him I said so. Where are you taking him? to Brook Street? But of course you have no other house. Poor dear fellow, I am sure I wish him well. But are you sure he will not attempt to injure me?"

Edna smiled. It would have been a sarcastic smile once, when she was scornful and young; now it was only sad. She did not attempt to grow grapes from thorns, or figs from thistles, any more. She only understood, though it had been bitter learning, that all human creatures were of God's handiwork, and, if he had patience with them, so must she have.

"And now, Letty, good-by; for I really must go."

Upon which Letty eagerly begged her to stay.

"Why can't you have lunch with me, Edna, my dear? I am so dull, alone here. And besides, I should like to show you the house and the conservatory; you were always fond of flowers. Ours are considered very fine, especially our orchids. Mr. Vanderdecken has paid sixty guineas apiece for some of them."

Edna shook her head. "I have no time for orchids just at present." And then, seeing real disappointment in her sister's looks, she agreed to stay with her another half hour.

"Especially as we may not meet again for some time. You must perceive, I can not ask you to Brook Street; and as for my coming here— But we shall remain sisters, feeling very kindly to one another, I trust. And, Letty dear, if ever you are in trouble, and want somebody to help you—"

Here she quite broke down. To the last day of her life Edna would never lose this sore-wounded, ill-requited love for her only sister.

Letty kissed her, not unaffectionately.

"Thank you. We all have trouble, some time or other, I suppose. But I hope mine is far off still. I am very comfortable, and Mr. Vanderdecken is extremely kind. Then, too, I have such a pretty house. Won't you come and look at it? People say many a nobleman's mansion is not near so fine."

This was true; and Edna's innocent, generous heart admired it so warmly that her sister's spirits quite rose.

"Yes, I do think ours is a charming place, and it is a pleasure to show it to you. I am very glad you came to see me, and I only wish we could meet oftener, my dear. But I suppose that is impossible."

Edna was silent; she also felt that it was impossible.

"Gertrude will be so disappointed that she has not seen you. She thinks a great deal of her aunt Edna. And, perhaps, by-and-by, when she has forgotten all about Mr. Stone, who I shall tell her is quite well, and gone away to his own relations—"

"Oh, Letty!" broke in the other, earnestly, "whatever you tell her, let it be the exact truth. With such a child as Gertrude—with any child—straightforward truth is the only way. Forgive me—it will be long before I 'preach' to you again—but I have no little girl of my own; and Gertrude is a dear child! Be careful with her."

Letty looked a little vexed. "It is hardly needful to say that to me; but, Edna, I will take care of her. She is the light of my eyes—the best little girl that ever was born! Julius said he wished my child to grow up a better woman than her mother. Tell him, I trust she may."

They had now passed out of the winter-garden, with its overpowering atmosphere of scent, into the healthy freshness of the spring morning—the delicious spring, which always brought back to Edna the days of her childhood, and, though it came late, and long afterward, the spring-time of her happy love. This was twenty years ago, and yet, at scent of violets and primroses, and singing of nest-making birds, every year it came back again fresh as yester-

day. It did now, when she thought of going home to her own blessed home, from which, in all her married life, she had never been absent so long.

"I must be gone, indeed. I have not another moment to spare."

"Stay," said Letty, hesitating. "What hour do you go to the station? Let me send my carriage to take you—it would be easier than a fly—and—I should rather like to do it."

But Edna declined. Kindly as she felt toward her sister, to accept favors from her was impossible.

"Ah, well, perhaps you know best. Julius might not have liked it; and, after all, it might have looked a little peculiar. So good-by, Edna. Remember me kindly to all at home."

So the sisters parted, indefinitely, without hinting at any future meeting. They were so different in themselves, and their lives had grown so wide apart, that much personal association would have been worse than foolish—fatal. It was far best that each should go her own way, until, or unless, the infinite chances and changes of this world should bring about a future which now seemed impossible—as impossible as that the dead should come to life again, and the lost be found. Yet this had been.

As Edna crossed the park, her heart lightened almost into mirth by the gladness of the glad spring morning, and thought of Julius, whom she was this day taking home, with a wondering thankfulness almost equal to that with which the sisters of Bethany took home their brother Lazarus—it seemed to her as if, unto Infinite Mercy, nothing were impossible.

CHAPTER XXX.

When his sister-in-law entered his room, Julius was already up and dressed, in the clothes to which they had gradually accustomed him—Edna having spirited away the old regimentals, with every thing that could remind him of his former life. To put it all behind him, and help him to begin anew, so far as there was any new life left in him, was their grand aim; and, so far, they had succeeded.

"Doesn't he look a sweet, dear fellow, ma'am, and not so very ill, after all?" said Mrs. Fox, who had hovered about him the last day or two with a tenderness indescribable.

Julius took the old woman's hand—her rough working hand—and kissed it with something of his old chivalrous air, which had made him, even under his rags and tatters, still so completely, often so painfully, "the gentleman."

"It is all owing to you, and my sister there, that the 'dear fellow' is not underground now. Off with you, Mrs. Fox, and cook my last dinner for me in your own perfect style. I'm so hungry."

"Bless you for that, my dear Mr. Stedman," said the good landlady as she hurried away; and then Julius turned to Edna with a keen inquiry.

"You were out this morning. Where have you been?"

She never thought of answering other than the direct truth.

"I have been across the park, to see my sister. I wanted to bid her good-by before leaving this place, as she and I are not likely to meet again soon."

"You do not often meet?"

"No."

"Did you give her my message?"

"Word for word."

These were the sole questions he asked; indeed, it was the only time he mentioned Letty. Nay, when, on their way to the station, they met her carriage, and, to Edna's utter amazement, Mrs. Vanderdecken bent forward to bow and smile—altogether the courteous and stately Mrs. Vanderdecken—Julius returned the salute as he would have done to any other lady, and then leaned back, taking no more notice of her than if she had been a stranger.

But he did take notice, in a way that to Edna was infinitely pathetic, of every thing around them in the outside world, which seemed as fresh to him as if he had never seen it before. He examined, with that keen, artistic eye of his, every bit of landscape that Edna pointed out to amuse him; saw the primroses peeping through the road-side coppices, and the merry little birds flitting in and out—nest building—among the hedges as they passed. And though, when they reached the railway, he seemed to shrink a little from the sight of human beings, and entreated that they might have a carriage all to themselves, still there was no morbid misery in his aspect, and no bitterness in his words. He seemed weak and weary—that was all. Only sometimes, in words he let fall—for he did not express it directly—there was the sad longing for rest, mingled with what seemed an unconscious echo of the Psalmist's cry, "Oh, spare me a little, that I may recover my strength, before I go hence, and be no more seen!"

At the London terminus William met them, and almost without saying a word—he seemed as if he could not speak—half led, half carried his brother to his carriage.

"This is your own brougham, I see. You are a prosperous man now, Will," said Julius, feebly smiling.

And then he lay back, exhausted, and scarcely conscious of what was passing, till Edna thought that his "going hence" was a possibility by no means far off. Still, if he died, he would die at home!

Home! A little, little word—only four letters—a thing easy to be had, and yet some never have it—never know what it means, in all their lives.

Some do not care for it, either; Edna had once thought that Julius did not—but she changed her opinion now.

When they brought him, with considerable difficulty, to the large upper chamber, once the twins' nursery, but from which they had delightedly retired, on promotion, in favor of Uncle Julius—he looked round the room with a strange, sad, wondering air.

"How pretty!" he said; and then, "How comfortable!"

It was both—having been arranged, half as a bedroom, half as a sitting-room, with all the skill that his sister could devise, and his brother carry out. But, as the sick man sank into the easy-chair by the fire, and drew close to the blaze, shivering, though it was May—Edna and William turned away, almost ready to weep. For he looked so frail, so feeble—as if, let them kill the fatted calf, and bring the purple robe as they would—the festive food might drop untasted from his lips, and the raiment of welcome be used only to wrap the pale limbs of the dead.

Things seemed dreary enough for some hours. The first excitement of his journey over—the first pleasure of finding himself in a real home—his brother's home, with all the old comforts about him, and, above all, the love that made comforts quite secondary things—Julius broke down. With a great and bitter cry about his own "unworthiness," he turned his face to the wall, and sank into a paroxysm of despair.

"It is no use—it is all of no use. I am like that wreck off the Isle of Wight, which we used to watch—do you remember, Edna, how they tried and tried to save it, but could not? You can not. This poor, ruined, wasted life of mine—you had better let it go down."

"No," said Will. "No, we'll never let it go down."

"And that wreck was not a wreck after all, Julius," said Edna, cheerfully. "After months of labor they got her safe off, and now she goes sailing over the seas as bravely as ever."

"Does she really?" said Julius, with a strange superstitious feeling that brightened him in spite of himself for a moment.

"Yes; for I saw her name in the 'shipping intelligence' only two months ago. She has ceased to be A 1, of course, by this time; but she is a capital ship still, and sails steadily between here and America."

"You don't say so?" cried Julius, rousing himself with a childish interest. But the momentary brightness soon faded, and he fell back into his former depression.

Will signed to his wife to go, and joined her a minute afterward on the stair-head.

"Oh, husband, this is very hard."

"No; I expected it. We must have patience. The evil of years is not conquered in a day."

"But have you any hope?"

"While there is life there is hope. And then, we know, another and a safer Hope begins. I should not lose it, I trust, even if after all our care He took Julius out of our hands, and said, 'Give *Me* thy brother.'"

William was deeply affected; but still, his wife saw, he was determined not to yield to despair. She put her arms round his neck.

"Yes; we'll hope still, and strive on, to the last. And however it ends you have still me and the children."

She went down stairs and collected round her her eager little flock, whom their eldest brother had cleverly contrived to keep out of the way till now. She tried to sun herself in their merry loving faces, unseen for so long; to hear all their history since she was away; and answer, so far as she thought it well, their endless questions about her own. But in the midst of them all, half her heart went back to the lonely childless man up stairs, whose blighted and blasted life contrasted so bitterly with her own full harvest of content. And when she looked round on her five boys, and thought, what if it were one day with any of them as with Julius, when there was no father's house to come to, no mother's bosom to shelter in? And she grew almost sick with fear and sad out-looking to the future, till William appeared. It was the blessedness of Edna's life that strength, comfort, and peace always came to her with the sight of her husband.

"How is he?"

"He is asleep," said Will. "And now let me come and sit in my old place, and let all go on as usual."

Taking up his newspaper, he pretended to read, but soon stopped, to possess himself of his wife's hand, the small, soft hand, lovely still, though, like herself, it was fading a little—changing into that sweet decline which is scarcely like growing old.

"Oh, how delicious it is to have you at home! How different the house looks, boys, now your mother is come back!"

"If she had staid much longer," said Robert, indignantly, "I think we should have gone and fetched her back—from Uncle Julius or any body. If she ever goes away again—"

"Nay, I shall never go away again. Never, I hope, till—"

But when the mother saw the bright faces all fixed on hers, and looking to her for their very light of life, her heart failed her: she could not finish the sentence.

Soon all the evening routine went on as usual, broken only by those bursts of family fun, so small in repetition, so great in enjoyment; foolish family jokes, which brothers and sisters recall afterward, when scattered far and wide, as having been the best jokes in the world. Gradually the troubled elders were won, too, from their cares, and relaxed into the pleasure of their children. The mirth was at its loudest—the boys laughing so that Edna could hardly hear herself speak—when the door opened, and there stood in front of his brother's bright hearth and circle of happy children, Uncle Julius.

He was so pale, so haggard, his eyes so sad and wild, that the little twins gave a scream, and even Will, who was a boy given to poetic

imaginings, shrunk back as if he had seen a ghost.

Julius saw this—saw them all. In a moment the door would have been shut again, and the apparition vanished, but Dr. Stedman darted forward, caught him, and brought him in.

"No, no. Let me go back again. Never mind me, Will. I am used to be alone."

And even when he was coaxed forward, and seated in his brother's own comfortable easy-chair, he shrank and shivered, like a person who has so long been out in the dark and cold that the light only dazzles him, and reviving warmth gives actual pain.

"Indeed I'll not intrude," he said, nervously, to Edna. "You are all so merry here. I can go up to my room again. I only came down because I was restless — so restless; and I thought I should like to see you all."

"And here we all are; and every one of us is delighted to see Uncle Julius," said the mother, in her cheerfulest and most everyday tone. "Boys, come here, and let me exhibit you to your uncle."

Somewhat shyly, for they owned afterward he was quite different to what they had expected—not at all their hero of romance, the ideal "uncle from India"—the lads came forward, one and one. He shook hands with them timidly—as afraid of them as they of him; and tried, with a great effort, to distinguish their ages, and learn to call them by their right Christian names. But his mind seemed feeble and confused, and very soon his interest in them flagged, his eyes grew dull and heavy, and he looked piteously at his brother, as if for protection against this new, old, dreadful world.

"It is all so strange, Will; I can't understand it."

"Don't try to understand it, dear old boy. Every thing will come right presently. Sit still here, and we will go on just as if you were not present. You will get accustomed to us soon."

"Shall I? But no matter; it's not for long —I hope not for long." And then, as if struck by a sudden apprehension, he called his brother back, and whispered hurriedly, "What do they know about me—all these lads? Are you not afraid to bring me among your sons?"

Will smiled.

"I might harm them, you know. At any rate they will be ashamed of me, and so will you. Do you remember"—half his talk now consisted of his pathetic "do you remember"—"that picture I sat for, 'In another man's garden?' You laughed at it then; but it has all come true. The poor vagabond, looking on at his brother's happiness: it's just like me now, isn't it, Edna? Nay, I beg your pardon, my good little sister. I did not see you were crying." He held out his hand, and pressed hers tenderly.

"Behave better, then, brother Julius, or I'll not be good to you any more. And talking of pictures, I think you will not be the only artist in the family. Will, my son, come over here, and show your drawings to your uncle."

This was a grand stroke of policy on Edna's part. Julius roused himself, like a dying war-horse at sound of the trumpet, and examined keenly, first the sketches, and then the face of his young nephew, so curiously like his own.

"Sixteen are you, my boy? I was sixteen once, and people called me clever, and said I should make a great painter some day. But that is all past and gone. Ah me!"

He leaned back with a groan; and that sharp agony, perhaps the sharpest next to actual guilt that any man can know, the remorse over a wasted life, came over him heavy and sore.

Edna was sending her son away; but the next moment, in one of his strange, fitful fluctuations, Julius looked up.

"Don't disappoint the boy, if, as you said, he wants me to look over his drawings. Give me them again."

They were very good for so young a draughtsman, and well chosen, being chiefly copied from the grand old Elgin marbles. As he turned them over the eyes of the sick man began to glow.

"Ah! this is well done, and this—all except the arm. But that bit of foreshortening is difficult. I remember how it bothered me when I drew it at the Academy. It was my best drawing, though; but I think yours is better still."

And he regarded, with his observant artist-eye, but also with a sad, half tender interest, the little fellow who, his face hot with happy blushes, knelt at his side; then put his hand on his nephew's shoulder.

"Any thing more to show me, my boy? Any thing of your very own?"

Shyly enough young Will drew from the very bottom of his port-folio a page of heads, which, when his mother saw, she wished had been at the bottom of the sea. But it was too late.

Uncle Julius started. "What is this?"

"It is Aunt Letty. I try to draw her over and over again from memory; but I can't succeed. She has the loveliest face in all the world," added the boy, growing quite excited. "Did you ever see her?"

Edna's heart almost stopped beating.

"Yes, I have seen her."

"And do you think you could draw her? From memory? You might. No one who had once seen Aunt Letty could ever forget her."

"No."

With a calmness that almost startled Edna —only she had ceased to be surprised at any thing now—Julius took up a crayon, and eyed it tenderly as he did so.

"I don't know if I can use this. It is years since I have touched a pencil—years!"

"Please try," entreated Will, creeping up to his uncle, as if he had an especial property in him. Truly, if the younger generation sometimes "push us from our stools," they have

likewise a wonderful power of soothing, and can often heal over the past, which they in their innocence annul and ignore.

The five boys all crowded round, watching, with different degrees of curiosity, the beautiful face growing under Uncle Julius's hand, which, in the eagerness of its long-forsaken labor, gradually became firm and bold. It seemed as if the artist's pure delight in work for work's sake were faintly dawning in him again. When the sketch was done, he held it at arm's-length, critically yet tenderly. It was Aunt Letty—feature by feature, as the boys at once exclaimed. Only, not Aunt Letty as she looked now. It was the face, young and fresh and sweet, of lovely Letty Kenderdine.



ONLY A FACE.

"Yes; that will do, I think," said Uncle Julius, holding it at arm's-length, and looking at it. "As you say, my boy, it is the most beautiful face in all the world—but only a face. I have drawn it many times: now I shall never draw it any more. Put it away."

Will obeyed, but shortly afterward came and settled himself beside his uncle, to whom from that hour he attached himself with a devotedness that nothing ever altered, though it was long before it was either noticed or returned.

Yet, until the children went to bed, Uncle Julius roused himself from time to time out of his drowsy weakness and sad preoccupation, to observe them a little, with a half inquisitive, half melancholy curiosity, as if trying to fathom the mystery of these young lives, which had been growing up, as it were, on the ruins of his own, and to trace in the new faces glimpses of the old familiar ones—now fading, fast fading, as we all do fade.

"Five sons! five hostages to fortune, as people say. Will, your name is not likely to cease out of the earth."

"Our name, Julius," said Will, tenderly.

"Fine fellows they are, and, I dare say, you and their mother are very proud of them; but I thought—somebody must have told me, only my memory is so bad now—there was a little girl too—Edna, I should have liked so much a little girl of yours."

William touched his brother on the arm to enjoin silence, and glanced uneasily at his wife. But Edna had heard.

"Yes," she said, speaking in a low voice, but quite calmly, "Yes, I had a little girl once, but God took her. I have learned now to be happy in my boys."

Julius looked intently at his sister-in-law, as she sat there, wife and mother, fulfilling all her duties, and rejoicing in all her joys; and saw something in her face which he had never noticed before, which showed that she, too, had known sorrow, and been taught the hard lesson which we all have to learn soon or late, in one form or other—to be content, not only with what is given, but with what is taken away. And the solitary, broken-down man, who had suffered so much, but whose suffering was always in and for himself, recognized probably for the first time in his life, but with a force the effect of which was never afterward obliterated, that there might be griefs of which he knew nothing, and in which he had never attempted to sympathize, yet which were in reality as sharp as, or sharper than, his own.

CHAPTER XXXI.

It might have been best, according to poetical justice, and certainly as to tragical effect, that Julius Stedman should die — die in the odor of sanctity and the arms of his brother and sister, leaving to them a perpetual regret, and to his faithless Letty a perpetual punishment. But Heaven's justice is not always "poetical," and Heaven's mercy is above all. Sometimes—most often—it is shown in that blessed death which alone can retrieve all things, give to the wanderer home and the weary rest; but in this present case it was not so.

Julius did not die. In spite of his own prognostications and his brother's still more serious fears, he began to amend; very slowly at first, with many retrogressions, still it was an amendment. The most fatal element of destruction in his career, his opium-eating, had not, happily, been of sufficiently long standing to be incurable, and after his illness he conceived a horror of it, and never touched it more. Nevertheless, his constitution was so shaken that, in all human probability, nothing except his brother's great medical skill, in addition to constant watching, could have saved him; but he was saved. At least he was gradually brought into a state of convalescence—a sort of moonlight

existence, compared to the full day of health and strength—yet calm and quiet enough, so as to make his life bearable to himself, and, by-and-by, no very great burden upon other people—a condition which would have been to him ten times worse than death.

Whether he will have a long life is doubtful. Probably not; for, at best, his was a temperament in which the sword early wears out the scabbard. By fifty Julius Stedman will be quite an old man; as, indeed, he often looks now. But the value of life consists not in its length; and his is now as full as it used to be empty.

He still lives, nominally, in his brother's house, though he is frequently absent from it, for he hates London, and enjoys, with all his heart, the little cottage at Sevenoaks, which, though silently given up for one summer—Julius never learned why—was taken the next, bought by Dr. Stedman, and presented formally to his wife, to be a perpetual delight unto her and all the family.

There, in the deep peace of country life, Julius spends his days, mostly all the year round, keeping house in the absence of his brother and sister; and painting a good deal, though not at his former large subjects. Like many other people, as he grew older he grew much simpler in his tastes—humbler, too, and doubtful of his own powers; so that he contents himself with sitting at the feet of gentle Mother Nature, and reproducing her in lovely little "bits," which people call pre-Raffaelite—pictures which, unpretending as they are, have such a reality, and often such a deep pathos about them, that they are always admired, and, moreover, sold—a circumstance of no slight importance to the artist, since as long as a fragment of health and life remained in him, Julius would have been far too honest and honorable to subsist upon another man's bounty, even though that man were his own brother.

As it is, he earns quite enough money to maintain himself in the moderate way, which is all he cares for now, for his ambition has long died out, and his extremely precarious health will always prevent his working as hard as those must work who would attain eminence in any thing. He himself will never become a great artist—he knows that—but he is bent upon making one of his nephew Will.

There are few things more touching, and at the same time more ennobling, than the intense devotion of a young man to an elder one; and Will is devoted heart and soul to a passionate extent—which his father and mother, though not a bit jealous, are sometimes half frightened at—to his uncle Julius. The two are constantly together, and have been, ever since Dr. Stedman, for both their sakes, and at their earnest entreaty, allowed his son to begin, regularly and decisively, the career of an artist. So Uncle Julius and his nephew are sworn companions, delighting in one another's society, and bound together by a tie as close as that of brothers, and as reverently tender as that between father and son. In his great love for the boy, and his eager anticipations of Will's future, Julius Stedman has a life neither forlorn nor unhappy, for he has learned to place his happiness on something out of himself—to help to win for another the fame that can never be his own. When he looks at young Will, and hears him praised on every hand, he feels that his own name will not be quite blotted out, nor his memory forgotten upon earth, even though he should die an old bachelor, wifeless and childless.

He has never again seen Mrs. Vanderdecken. She lives still at Holywell Hall, in great honor and undiminished wealth, flourishing like a green bay-tree, except that—poor woman—she can not fairly be likened to "the wicked." She is not wicked, only weak. Her little daughter loves her dearly, and has unlimited influence over her, so that Gertrude has no difficulty in obtaining leave to visit Aunt Edna whenever she chooses—at whose house, of course, she meets Uncle Julius, in whom she was quick enough at once to recognize her friend Mr. Stone. But Gertrude has tact and delicacy enough not to take notice of this, except confidentially to her Aunt Edna. Nor does Julius Stedman take much notice of her: but Julius the younger does, showing as fatal a predilection for her sweet little plain face, so loving and sensible, kind and true, as his uncle did for her mother's. This new little romance may, alas! cause mischief sometime: for Dr. and Mrs. Stedman dislike the idea of cousins marrying: still, they will never imagine themselves wiser than Providence, but if any serious attachment should occur, will leave their children's choice in their own hands.

Mrs. Vanderdecken herself never comes to visit her sister. That sad cowardliness, that weak shrinking from all things difficult or painful, which had been the bane of her life—nay, of more lives than her own—haunts her still. Yet poor Letty has her good points, growing better as she grows older, through the influence of her child. She is always ready to do a kindness that does not give her very much trouble, and she is not a bad wife to her disagreeable old husband, who leads her any thing but an easy life. There is many a small skeleton hid in the cupboard at Holywell Hall, but outside her home she enjoys a good deal both of pleasantness and popularity, being a very important person in her neighborhood, where every body agrees that Mrs. Vanderdecken is not only the handsomest, but the most charming, of middle-aged women.

Every body does not say that of her sister, by any means, for Mrs. Stedman is one of those women who live so entirely within their own family that beyond it they are little known, and not half appreciated. But those who really do know her, love her; and those who know her best love her most of all.

She and her husband are still in the prime of life, or at least only beginning to descend the

brow of the hill which their children are climbing so fast. All good children—diligent, upright, affectionate, honorable; no "black sheep" has yet been found in that happy little flock, out of which the only one lost is the little one—not lost, but gone before. Very few families can say as much; but then, very few are blessed with such parents as William and Edna.

They have, to all appearance, half their life's work, and enjoyment too, still before them—but who can tell? However, they have learned not to be afraid of evil tidings; for their hearts stand fast, trusting in one another, and in the Lord. Only sometimes when they feel—this husband and wife—how very close they have grown together, and how impossible it is even to conceive the idea of being apart, a vague dread comes over them, followed by an unspoken prayer.

Such a one was in Edna's eyes, at breakfast one morning, when she looked up at her husband, and silently pointed out an obituary notice in the *Times*.

"Died—Isaac Marchmont, Esq., merchant, aged 84; and, two days afterward, aged 80, Elizabeth Lilias, his wife."

"What is that?" asked Uncle Julius—and they passed round the newspaper to him without a word.

"One can hardly be sorry," said Edna, at last. "They had such a long life together, and, except for the loss of dear Lily, it was a very happy life; I used sometimes to fancy almost as happy as our own. And this," she added softly, as her hand sought her husband's, "this—their dying within two days of one another—seems to me the happiest lot of all."

"I think so too," said William Stedman.

Julius turned, and suddenly regarded his brother and sister with those wonderful dark eyes of his—very quiet eyes now, for the fire of passion had all burned out of them—a little sad at times, though not painfully so—but bright with a strange, far-away look, such as those have to whom life has been such sharp suffering, that even in their most restful seasons the other world seems sweeter and nearer than this one. He seemed to understand what they were talking about—he understood so many things now—griefs which he himself had never known, and joys in which he could never more have any part.

"Will and Edna," whispered he, affectionately, "I think I guess what you mean. You would fain go together—and I go alone. But we shall all meet there. I know that now. May God give you your heart's desire!"

He rose, and leaning a moment on Will's shoulder as he passed him, kissed Edna, and went away up stairs to his own peaceful, solitary room.



THE END.

A STROKE OF BUSINESS.

I SEATED myself resolutely in my low rocking-chair, with my head pressed firmly against the back, and began a vigorous thinking.

This was none of your dreamy reveries, born of pleasant surroundings and luxurious indolence; but real, hard thinking, with the practical foundation that *something had got to come of it.* This "something" was perplexingly vague; but it must assume a tangible form before I could relax the muscles of my mind, now drawn to their utmost tension. I turned the subject around, and viewed it in all its points, past, present, and future; but look which way I would, it presented such a hopeless snarl that, unless some good fairy came to my assistance, there seemed to be no possible way out of it.

The facts were these: I had a small school —I should modestly say, a *very* small school, since the number of pupils had that very day been reduced from five to three; and if it continued to progress backward at this rate I should not long be able to say that I had any school at all.

Six months ago I had thrown all the energies of my nature into this one venture; I had worked, talked, calculated, consulted every body I knew, annihilated distance with my feet in endless tramps about the city in search of rooms, in search of parents, in search of responsible names for my circulars; and encountered in this circuit more disagreeable people, more faithless people, and more utterly stupid and absurd people than I had supposed it possible for the world to contain.

I was in a sort of fever; and, like a madman or a somnambulist, accomplished feats that I could by no possibility have undertaken in my sober senses. Driven to frenzy by the perversity of people in always being out when I wanted them to be in, I actually followed a reverend gentleman whose name I *must* have on my circular, and who seemed possessed with the spirit of gadding, to the fearful precincts of his dentist's sanctum, whither he had gone to enjoy himself for a couple of hours; and came suddenly upon him as, with his mouth stuffed with a napkin, the dentist's hand, and an instrument or two, he was wholly at the mercy of any unscrupulous applicant who chose to take advantage of him.

I shall never forget his expression of astonishment when I opened my battery upon him, nor the dentist's of disappointment when he found that I did not want *him.* I think the latter had rather calculated on taking out all my teeth and putting in a new set.

When the Doctor of Divinity had fairly gotten himself free, and his mouth was restored to its natural size and shape, he proved to be a very pleasant-looking gentleman; and regarded me so kindly, while I stammered out my errand with an apology for my ill-timed attack, that I was very much relieved. I got the name in full, and also the smiling assurance that I would certainly succeed, with such an amount of energy and perseverance.

I sighed now as I remembered how much this encouraged me at the time; for, alas! he had not proved a true prophet.

My school-room was not altogether what I desired, but it was the best that I could do. Such rooms as I wanted were not to be had; and half a dozen eligible ones had been almost closed and double-barred in my face as soon as I mentioned the word "school." I began with five scholars, and devoted myself to the improvement of their minds in what I considered a highly original and thorough manner; for did not my circulars say that "Miss Berenice Mapleton's select school for beginners would be conducted upon principles especially favorable for acquiring the rudiments of a thorough English education; and French would be taught orally, and reduced to the comprehension of the youngest child?"

Every one admired the phraseology; and I must say that I expected more from those circulars, and all the visits that I had paid to parents of promising families, than the five frightened-looking little girls who made their appearance in my school-room on that sunny September morning. However, I put a cheerful face on the matter, and taught them as carefully as though there had been thirty instead of five.

Friends assured me that this was quite an encouraging beginning; and some one cited the experience of a lady who opened with one scholar and finished with a school of eighty! At this rate my proper maximum would be four hundred; and I went on hopefully from day to day —walking to school in storms that, but for the school, would have seen me snug at home, and sometimes finding no scholars to teach when I got there.

On such occasions I solaced myself with composition, and was sometimes rewarded by the sight of a business-like letter containing a check; and sometimes my poor little rolls were returned to me "declined with thanks." One of these bundles now greeted my eyes on the mantle as I sat thinking.

By degrees I learned that my room was not in the right situation. A railroad had to be crossed from one direction that was a stumbling-block to several anxious parents who would have sent had it not been for that; I was too far off from others who professed a great regard for me, and urged me to move into their neighborhood; and others held back because the school was so small!

When I sent in my bills the father of two of the children, whom I had looked upon as quite a friend of mine, and who had advised me strongly to get up the school, promising the full benefit of his countenance and support, took no notice of the neat slip of paper that I pinned in the pinafore of the oldest girl. Edith assured me that she had given it to her father; but weeks passed on, and the end of the quarter came. My last $10 bill had been broken, and

I sent a very carefully worded note to Mr. Slight, reminding him of "the little debt which had probably slipped his memory in the press of what had seemed to him more important matters." The money (such a paltry sum at best!) was sent, with a curt, business-like note demanding a receipt; and now, without any apparent reason, Edith and Grace had collected their books and said that they were not coming to school any more.

It was a chilly, depressing day, and I walked thoughtfully home, to find the house chilly and depressing, and to hear from Miss Plidget that "coal had gone up," to partake of weak tea and strong butter, and to be told that "tea and butter had gone up"—until it seemed as though every thing must be resting on a foundation of yeast; and in despair I went "up" myself, and locked myself into my room.

This same room was not extensive, and was of a shape in which my eye took no delight, being long and narrow, with only one window, and all the arrangements economized space as much as possible. The lounge was my bed at night, and the various little nick-nacks disposed about the walls were thought to give it a home-like appearance. Sometimes it did look very pleasant to me, with the pictures, and books, and mosses, etc.; and I knew that Miss Plidget delighted in showing it to visitors as "Miss Mapleton's room," and that the visitors all admired it; but this evening nothing looked pleasant, as I sat, with compressed lips and weary head, trying to solve the problem of putting nothing and nothing together and having the result something.

It was quite evident to the most obtuse perception that the school would not support me, and no other line of business seemed open to me. I had just one thousand dollars in gold-bearing bonds, and my ships that I had already sent out to sea, instead of coming back to me laden with treasures never came back at all. It had always been the way with me, that my pound, instead of gaining ten pounds, dissolved itself into thin air and disappeared altogether. For I had had a few thousands, which, through the representations of one and another, and a strong natural desire of ease and luxury, I invested in various ways, having first secured the aforesaid thousand in government bonds. Never a penny did I receive from any thing else.

I had a thousand in oil stock, into which I went, as I was assured, "on the ground-floor"—which seemed to be considered a very good thing, though I could never quite understand it—but I thought, rather bitterly, that I had probably come out in the attic, if that was the end farthest removed from the treasure. For some time I was buoyed up by reports that the workers were just about to strike oil, though how they could continually come so near it, without actually doing it, is one of the unexplained mysteries; but, as I believe they are still boring down into the bowels of the earth, they seem much more likely to strike fire.

Then I went into a gold mine—or rather my money did—and with the usual happy results. Every thing progressed flourishingly until the workmen struck water; and I had read somewhere that this was a pretty thorough extinguisher to all mining operations. And when I heard of the huge blocks of quartz that have to be crushed and pounded for the sake of a little gold, it seemed almost as reasonable to form a company and attack the city paving-stones.

I also dabbled in coal, and had lately been offered thirty cents on a dollar for that stock. I suppose that most young women, with no one in particular to look after them, would have acknowledged themselves extinguished after all these experiences, and meekly taken in sewing, or married some humdrum widower with a home and six children in it. But I think I would have preferred cutting my throat to either of these alternatives; and I had no idea of doing *that*.

Poor Miss Plidget, rather an advanced single lady, with whom I had been living very comfortably for some time, worried over her boarders, and had battles with unconscionable butchers and grocers, all for the sake of a home—for she assured me that she made nothing by it—and a lodging in the dining-room pantry. I did not feel disposed to go into business with her, even if it would have supported a partner.

I suddenly seized the daily paper, and looked at the advertisements. I skipped all the profitable employments into which people were to be initiated by enclosing a stamp, or a dollar, or something else that they would never see again; and my eye rested involuntarily on the list of houses for sale. Now, what in the name of common-sense had I to do with this? Would my $1000 buy any thing of that sort, and what could I do with it after I had bought it?

Still my eye lingered, and I thought rapidly. One paragraph in particular riveted my attention:

"FOR SALE—A small house in a central situation, in perfect repair. Will be sold a bargain if applied for immediately. BROAD AND LONG, Real Estate Agents, No. 40 Plum Street."

The indistinct phantom gradually assumed a well-defined outline; and when the chaotic clouds of fancy had cleared away I beheld as complete a little scheme as a desperate young woman, left entirely to her own resources, could possibly devise. I would buy that house; I would use the parlors for a school-room, and rent the remainder to some respectable family. Such houses were always in demand; and it was possible that by this arrangement I might get my school-room rent free.

It was rather a bold idea, considering that I had just one thousand dollars in my possession; but my determination was iron; and the next thing was to fix upon some one who would be likely to lend me the remainder of the money. Oh, my friends! (so-called) how little you knew that many of you were then weighed in a mental balance and found wanting! One after

another they came up at my call; but, although most of them were fully able to accommodate me, I hesitated to apply the test that would prove them sterling gold or worthless dross. It is a well-known saying that when a man is ready to put his hand in his pocket for you his love is not to be doubted. I had yet to prove that I had any true lovers.

Finally I came to the conclusion that I had done enough for one night, and went to bed upon it. In the morning, which was fortunately Saturday, I put on my bonnet with an air of great resolution, and bore straight down upon Mr. Portman.

Had I been a boy I should have encouraged myself by whistling all the way there; but as it was I could only keep up an incessant thinking, and wonder what my old friend would say when he saw me in his office—and, still more, what he would say when I told him my errand. This, however, was to be approached by gradual steps; and I tried to feel composed as I called to mind all the kindnesses I had received in the shape of handsome Christmas presents, and various attentions that rich old bachelors are apt to bestow on their friends' children.

For Mr. Portman had been my father's friend, and I had seen his face ever since I could remember. He had kindly said that he regretted not having twenty children to send to my school, and he had done all that he could toward establishing it. But would he now feel disposed to lend me three or four thousand dollars?

I peeped in timidly, but, to my great delight, he was entirely alone.

"My dear Miss Berenice!" he exclaimed, warmly, taking me by both hands; "this is indeed a pleasure! Sit right down here, and tell me what is the matter—for I know that you never would have bearded the old fellow in his den for nothing."

"There is a great deal the matter," said I, desperately, as I began to feel my nicely-prepared speech slipping entirely away from me.

"I am sorry to hear it," he replied, looking grave immediately, and evidently expecting some overwhelming communication.

I tried to begin as I had intended, but it would not come, and, exhausted with nervous excitement, I burst into tears. Then every thing came out in a perfect stream, without being "sorted" at all; and there was the strangest mixture of my hopes and fears and projects, and my intention of buying a house in the same breath that I acknowledged myself unable to pay for one room, until my hearer looked quite stunned, and evidently began to wonder if I had lost my senses.

Then he looked amused, and presently he said: "My dear girl, there is no need of crying; let us examine this matter rationally. You wish, you say, to buy a small house, that you may have a more desirable room for your school, and lessen the expense of rent; that strikes me as a particularly sensible idea. As to the money part, you will not be obliged to pay the whole sum down; how much have you at your command?"

"I have just one thousand dollars in the world," I replied, shortly.

"*One thousand dollars!*" repeated Mr. Portman, in amazement. "You can not really *mean* it! The daughter of my old friend Edward Mapleton reduced to *this!* Why did you not let me know it before?"

"I would not have told you *now*," said I, proudly, "had you not asked me."

The old gentleman walked about the office, shaking his head in a very disapproving way. "Poor child!" said he, "poor child!"

"I am not so very much to be pitied," said I, determined to assert myself to the last; "I have youth and health, and although I *do* labor under the disadvantage of being a woman, I intend to accomplish something yet. I will never be dependent on any one except for kindness; but if you are willing, Mr. Portman, to lend me whatever is required above my thousand—"

"'*Willing!*'" he exclaimed, warmly; "I would be 'willing,' Berenice, to do far more; but if this is the only assistance you will accept, let us go at once and look at the house."

My heart was considerably lightened as we set forth, and directing our steps to No. 40 Plum Street, we found Messrs. Broad and Long in the shape of one hard-looking gentleman, who was neither broad nor long, except by name.

He eyed us critically, and then said, in an indifferent way: "Yes—neat little house—present owner going West. No. 99 Lumbago Street—take a look at it?"

Mr. Portman nodded assent, and a short walk brought us to a very clean little street, about the centre of which stood "my house"—its dimensions reminding me of a very delicate slice of cake. It was just the place for a school, as I saw at the first glance; and Mr. Portman evidently thought so too, although he was very quiet about it. A long saloon-parlor—the very thing for a school-room—a cunning little dining-room back, and nicely-finished chambers above, with a third story above them.

Mr. Portman examined every part of the house very critically, and when the agent left us for a moment he told me that it was very well built, and that the price, $4000, was extremely moderate.

"You could probably get $5000 for it, after a little time, if you wished to sell," said he.

This was a new view of the case; and it set me thinking more desperately than ever. Make a clear $1000, after paying Mr. Portman what I owed him, and thus double my money! It was quite exciting; and I felt disposed to go at once into the real estate business.

The end of it all was that the house became mine, at least nominally, for I always felt that it really belonged to Mr. Portman; and when the deed was executed and placed in my hands I al-

most doubted my own identity. My æsthetic soul, however, received a severe shock in the wording of the document, wherein I was stigmatized as "Berenice Mapleton, *spinster!*" How much more agreeable to my feelings the term "damsel" or "maiden" would have been! I tried to remember that I was twenty-four; but "spinster" sounded like forty, at least. Spinster or not, though, the house was mine; and I, almost a pauper, was actually a property-holder!

"Now," said Mr. Portman, cheerfully, when the matter was all arranged, "I really think, Miss Berenice, this is the brightest thing you have done for many a day."

"That *you* have done, you mean," I murmured.

"No," he replied, stoutly, "*my* noddle didn't hatch out the plan at all; the credit of it all belongs to *you*. And, unless I am a false prophet, your fortunes will turn from this very day."

I had given heed already to too many false prophets to be much elated now; but, nevertheless, there *was* an excitement in buying a house; and it really seemed as though a school *must* flourish in such a neighborhood as that. I felt like laying violent hands on several little curly-pates who were playing around, and dragging them forcibly to my temple of learning.

Mr. Portman knew of a young married couple, just from Maine, who would be glad to occupy the remainder of my house; and before long they were installed there, at a rent that covered all expenses, and left my school-room rent free! I began to have quite a respect for my own business qualities. The bride was just the sweetest little thing I ever saw; and she would bring her sewing into the school-room, and listen to my style of teaching, and declare that she learned so much herself that she ought to be regularly entered as a pupil, and pay her tuition-fee like the others.

I took great pride in my new school-room; and two new scholars from the neighborhood came to supply the place of those I had lost. Every one prophesied brilliant success for me in the spring, and I looked quite hopefully forward.

But my fortune was destined to come from another quarter.

I had not been long in possession of my house when I was informed, one evening, that a gentleman wished to see me in the parlor. Now my room looked particularly cozy and pleasant, and I was, moreover, writing—deep in a story that promised to be a great success. My hair was somewhat tumbled about, but rather picturesquely so; and quite forgetful of my little apron, I concluded to go down just as I was. Probably some pompous-looking father of a family awaited me, with a string of questions about my school; and trying to assume a proper expression of dignity, I walked quietly into the room.

Rather a tall gentleman was bending over Miss Plidget's photograph-album—the grand ornament of the centre-table; and although the gas was miserably low, I could see that he was just then occupied with *my* picture, or with that of Miss Plidget herself, which was just opposite to it. He seemed quite absorbed, and did not hear me when I came in.

The visitor was young and fine-looking, with a frank, determined face, that would win his way any where. On the card that I had received was written "George Helmwood." Surely *he* could not have any children to place at school! What could he possibly want with me?

He looked around surprised when I turned up the gas, and glanced hastily from me to the album again. He bowed politely as he said, "I called to see Miss Mapleton—I was told that she lives here."

"*I* am Miss Mapleton," I replied, rather surprised.

"A lady who has a school on Lumbago Street," he continued, hesitatingly, "who owns a house there."

I pleaded guilty to both of these charges, and the gentleman looked both amused and embarrassed.

"Pardon me," he said, presently, with a smile. "I—I expected to see an older lady. I scarcely know how to begin."

"Is it any thing about the school?" I asked, by way of helping him.

"No," was the reply; "it is about the house. The truth is, Miss Mapleton, I want to buy the house—or rather my father does—and he has authorized me to negotiate for it. Have you any desire to sell it?"

"I have only just bought it," said I, scarcely knowing what else to say; "and my school is there. Besides, it is rented for a year."

"Will you let my father call and see you about it?" asked my visitor, after a pause. "The truth is, I—I do not understand such business very well. My father is willing to give $10,000 for the property—he *must* have it, if possible."

Was I really in my sober senses? Ten thousand dollars! I must have looked and acted in an inexpressibly silly manner, for Mr. Helmwood soon took his leave without arriving at any understanding whatever, except that I was to receive a visit from his father.

The next day I rushed down to Mr. Portman for instructions.

"Bravo! Miss Berenice," said he, laughing, when he had heard my story, "you will turn out a woman of fortune yet. I know the Helmwoods well—very nice people indeed—and the *son*, let me tell you, is particularly nice. Father and son are in business together, and their large importing warehouse is on the street back of your premises. By extending their place they will probably realize a few hundred thousands from increased business; and they can therefore well afford to pay you $10,000 to get you out of the way. Let them do it, by all means."

Thus fortified I was quite ready for Mr. Helmwood senior, who was a remarkably fine-

looking old gentleman, not unlike his son, and who stared at me during the interview as though he had a dim recollection of having seen me before. He was quite at his ease, and I felt much less embarrassed in discussing business matters with him than with his son; there was, moreover, a warmth and urbanity in his manner that quite charmed me.

"Now, my dear young lady," said he, in a quick, earnest way, "the facts of the case are just these: I do not wish to be regarded by you in the light of a filibuster, nor as coveting what is legally and properly yours; but I have had my eye on that little property for some time past; and it was only lately, while in a neighboring city on a matter of business, that I was informed it was for sale. I immediately wrote to George to secure it at once; but he wrote back that it had been bought by a single lady for a school. (And here I may as well say in parenthesis that you do not at all answer the idea we had formed of the single lady in question, and I can not help looking upon you in some sort as an impostor.) I then marched George immediately off to this elderly maiden of our imaginations to see if she could be prevailed upon to sell at an advance. The young man, however, returned in an unsettled state of mind, having evidently failed to bring you to terms, and coolly requested me to finish the business myself. I believe, Miss Mapleton, that you paid $4000 for the house. I will double that amount."

I bit my lip to keep from smiling. Truly the son *was* unbusiness-like. "I did not buy the house to sell again," I replied, very quietly.

"I know it. You bought it, of course, for your school, and I suppose it just suits you; but, unfortunately, it just suits *me* too. Would $9000 tempt you?"

I remained silent, fearful that if I spoke I should laugh.

"Now," said Mr. Helmwood, rising in his earnestness, "I *must* have the place! and, rather than lose it, I will give you $10,000 for it."

"That is just what your son offered me at first," I replied, without raising my eyelashes.

"The young idiot!" exclaimed his father, laughing. "Pray, how did he word his offer, if you can recall it?"

"To the best of my recollection he said: 'My father is willing to give $10,000 for the property—he *must* have it, if possible.'"

"And you have been quietly laughing at me in your sleeve all this time!" said my visitor. "I *am* willing to give $10,000 for the property, but I *preferred* getting it for $8000, which is considerably above its value to any one but myself. Is it a bargain, then, at $10,000?"

"Mr. Helmwood," said I, as I felt the color rising in my face, "one thing you will please to remember in this matter—I did not offer my property for sale, nor had I any idea of disposing of it; but, much to my surprise, I was solicited by you to part with it. I am not 'a sharp woman'—a character that I particularly detest—as I have lost nearly all the little I possessed in foolish ventures; and after your son's visit to me I went, much perplexed, to consult my friend, Mr. Portman, through whose assistance I was enabled to buy the house. He advised me to accept Mr. George Helmwood's offer, and explained to me that you would be an immense gainer by purchasing my little property, even at this extravagant price. I have a great horror of taking advantage of any one, and I was afraid that it might not be quite right to receive so much more for a thing than I had given."

"My dear Miss Mapleton," replied Mr. Helmwood, with a manner of great respect, "I should never think of fastening upon you the term of 'sharp woman;' but you will not object, I hope, to my regarding you as a remarkably clever young lady. You are quite right in saying that the property is worth far more than $10,000 to me; and I give it the more cheerfully since I have seen the owner. But I shall certainly have a good laugh at George for his style of doing business. Perhaps, however, had I been his age instead of mine, I should not have acquitted myself any better."

This was rather embarrassing, and I hastened to say: "Mr. George Helmwood could not have mentioned to you that I have rented the premises for a year?"

"Oh yes; he did say something of the kind. But I will undertake to reconcile the inmates to a change of residence, provided I have your consent to proceed in the matter."

Finally I gave it; it seemed to be the best thing I could do; and just as he was leaving Mr. Helmwood scrutinized me closely, as he asked:

"Will you allow me to inquire, Miss Mapleton, if Mr. Sylvester Willingfleet was a relative of yours?"

"He was my grandfather," I replied.

"I am very glad to hear it!" he exclaimed, seizing my hand warmly. "He was one of the old merchants of the city, and a valued friend of mine. Many a pleasant hour have I passed in his hospitable mansion, where, besides entertaining his equals, there was an especial table set for the poor every day. The grand-daughter of such a man should not—"

"Be earning her own living?" said I, seeing that he hesitated. "His grand-daughter, Sir, does not consider that she is disgracing either him or herself by such a course."

I knew that my head went up an inch or two, and that my eyes flashed; for he said, kindly: "You have just his look—a little haughty at times, for he was a thorough-bred old aristocrat. I was troubled the first moment I saw you to decide whom you resembled so strongly. And now, my dear young lady, you will, I hope, allow us to look upon you as a friend. My wife will call at once; and I hope very soon to welcome you at our house, as I have been so often welcomed at your grandfather's."

"Well, Berenice Mapleton," said I, when I

found myself alone with that individual, "what do you think of yourself *now?* Are you really yourself or somebody else? Or have you been dreaming all these bewildering things?"

Mr. Portman came in that very evening, and congratulated me on my good fortune, laughing heartily at my account of the interview with Mr. Helmwood; and by the next morning I was so fully persuaded that things were what they seemed that I bought a pound of French candy to celebrate the event, and tried to inveigle Miss Plidget into sharing the feast with me.

But that wary female, who was given to dyspepsia and other absurdities, solemnly worked her way through one sugar-plum, analyzing it all the while, as though it had been a fragment of quartz, or something else equally indigestible, and then absolutely refused to touch any more.

I was engaged in exploring the recesses of the neat little *bonbon* bag, when Mrs. Helmwood was announced; and I went down to receive a warm embrace from the most elegant-looking, not *old* lady, but middle-aged lady, I had ever seen. Her features were regular and beautiful, she was perfectly dressed, and had the air of a dowager duchess. She insisted upon my going home with her at once on a visit; declared, in answer to my objections, that I was not a stranger, as she had known my grandfather well; and, finally, I was deposited in a lovely square room, surrounded by every luxury, and expected to remain for an indefinite period.

There were no daughters, and only that one son; so Mrs. Helmwood declared that it was a real charity for a young lady to enliven their dullness. It was certainly a very pleasant task, as I enlivened my own at the same time; and I felt very thankful for the advantage of having had a grandfather.

Master George and I were rather shy of each other at first; but this gradually wore off—and, somehow or other, we found ourselves alone together very frequently. I tried to avoid this, for I had no desire to repay these people's kindness to me by taking their son from them, for whom they probably had some grander match in store. But one day the young gentleman made some exceedingly incoherent remarks to me, and drew a highly-colored picture of our first meeting—in which "my picturesquely careless hair" and "coquettish little apron" (it had a great blotch of ink in one corner, but fortunately he did not see that) figured largely—and the "exquisite picture" in Miss Plidget's album came in for a share of the general enthusiasm; and I conducted myself in consequence very much like an idiot, and came near forgetting every thing, until I suddenly remembered to assure him that his father and mother would probably be any thing but pleased at such an arrangement, and that I could never consent to enter a family that was not desirous of receiving me.

My lover suddenly disappeared, and soon returned with his father.

"It seems to me, young lady," said the older gentleman, with a very quizzical look, "that in all George's transactions with you I am brought in to finish the business. I would have nothing to do with such a stupid fellow. Your very honorable conduct, my dear little girl, only makes me more anxious than ever to welcome you as a daughter; and if I had entertained any objections to such a *finale*, do you think I would have been weak enough to expose my son to the peril of daily contact with a girl like *you?*"

I had nothing to say to this; and Mr. Helmwood took me in his arms and kissed me, and then led me to his wife, from whom I received an equally warm welcome.

It is needless to say that those five infants, on whom I had expended so much surplus energy, were turned out to pasture without any compunctions of conscience; and the young couple from Maine were provided with a larger domicile, and some very nice furniture to put in it.

Mr. Portman would not allow me to pay my debt to him, but insisted upon its being appropriated to my trousseau; and my identical gold bonds were returned to me just as I had given them to him. He had the pleasure of giving me away; but he said that the fact of my never having belonged to him made this considerably easier.

My father-in-law declared that he had rather outwitted me, after all, as the money was all in the family.

TRINITY SEASON.

MICHAELMAS TO ADVENT.

MICHAELMAS is the chief of the holidays which occur in the autumnal part of the Trinity season. The Feast of St. Michael and all the Holy Angels, popularly called Michaelmas, falls upon the 29th of September. Many years, yes, centuries ago a church was built upon Mount St. Angelo in Apulia and dedicated to St. Michael; hence the appellation of the day which is the anniversary of that dedication.

The hierarchy of heaven seems to be composed — outside of the Deity and the Great Angel of the Covenant — of archangels, angels, cherubim, and seraphim. The archangels are Michael, Raphael, Uriel, Gabriel, Sealtiel, Lehodiel, and Barachiel. But before all these was "the anointed cherub, who sealed up the sum, full of wisdom and perfect in beauty; who was upon the holy mountain of God, and walked up and down in the midst of the stones of fire; who was perfect in his ways from the day he was created until iniquity was found in him"—was Heïlel, "the shining one"—Lucifer. "How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning!" It has been noticed as a curious and interesting scriptural

fact that God the Father seems to have had his attendant archangel, Heïlel; God the Son, his attendant archangel, Michael — "who is like to God;" God the Holy Spirit, his attendant archangel, Gabriel—"God is my strength." It is also very curious that the anointed cherub Heïlel, the attendant of the Father, was the one who "lifted up his heart because of his beauty, who corrupted his wisdom by reason of his brightness," and was "cast as profane out of the mountain of God," and became Satan, the fallen spirit, and was "brought down to hell, to the sides of the pit."

After the disappearance of Heïlel from heaven Michael became the Corypheus of the angelic host. "The Protestant Beadsman," a fine work by Barnard of Brantinghamthorpe on the holy-days of the Church, etc., says: "The rank of archangel is given in Scripture to none but Michael, who is represented as the guardian and protector both of the Jewish Church and of the Church of Christ, in which the former merged. On this account he is celebrated by name, while the rest of the holy angels are praised collectively. St. Michael is mentioned in Scripture five times, and always in a military view: thrice by Daniel, as fighting for the Jewish Church against Persia; once by St. John, as fighting at the head of his angelic troops against the dragon and his host; and once by St. Jude, as fighting personally with the devil about the body of Moses. An author of great name inclines to the opinion that there is no other archangel but Michael, and adds that he succeeded Lucifer in this high dignity." Bishop Horsely is disposed to infer from the title which Gabriel gave him — "Michael your prince"—that "he is the Son of God himself." We can not enter into a discussion of the subject.

Hone gives us a copy of an ancient print which represents Michael standing over the dragon, dressed in ancient Roman armor, bearing the banner of the cross in his right hand and a flaming sword in his left, with the six principal angels arranged three on each side, carrying various emblems. The apocryphal "Book of Enoch" describes Michael as the holy angel who presides over human virtue and commands the nations; Raphael as presiding over the spirits of men; Uriel as presiding over clamor and terror; and Gabriel as presiding over Paradise and the cherubim. Randle Holme, the herald, says that Michael is the head of the order of archangels, and that his design is a banner hanging on a cross; Raphael the leader of the order of powers; Uriel the commander of the seraphim; and Gabriel the governor of the angels. An old writer relates that "Michael bore the banner of the celestial host, and chased the angel Lucifer and his followers from heaven, and inclosed them in dark air until the day of judgment; not in the upper region, but betwixt heaven and earth, that when they look up they may see the joy they have lost, and when they look down they may see men mount to heaven from whence they fell." This will recall to the reader the imprecation in Lalla Rookh where Moore makes the traitor dwell in front of Paradise, "beholding heaven and feeling hell."

Hone says: "In the great army of angels the archangels are deemed commanders. The angels themselves are said to be divided into as many legions as there are archangels; whether these are seven or nine does not appear to be determined."

St. Michael's Day, though set down in the Anglican as well as the Roman calendar, and there is also a special service provided for its due celebration in the Book of Common Prayer—"it being observed," says Wheatly, "that the people may know what benefits are derived from the ministry of angels"—is more particularly a distinguished festival in the Roman Church. It is believed in the latter Church that "angels as well as saints intercede for men, and that intercession may be moved by prayers to them. Thus patron saints and angels are sometimes drawn for by putting certain favorite names together and selecting one, to whom the invocations of the individual are from that time especially addressed." In Romanistic countries where superstition is most rife, as in Italy and Spain, nearly every one has a patron saint, and the greatest trust seems to be placed in these intercessors. "Bishop Patrick cites a Roman litany," says Hone, "wherein, after addresses to God, the Trinity, and the Virgin Mary, there are invocations to St. Michael, St. Gabriel, and St. Raphael, together with all the orders of angels, to 'pray for us.' He also instances that in the old Roman and Sarum missals there is a proper mass to Raphael the archangel, as the protector of pilgrims and travelers, and a skillful worker with medicine." This was doubtless suggested by the "Book of Tobit," in which Raphael enacts the parts of guide, friend, and physician. "Likewise," continues the Bishop, "there is an office for the continual intercession of St. Gabriel and all the heavenly militia. In these services St. Michael is invoked as a 'most glorious and warlike prince, chief officer of Paradise, the receiver of souls, captain of God's host, the admirable general, and the vanquisher of evil spirits.'" The old legends describe various miracles which were performed by St. Michael; but they are as absurd and improbable as those related of other saints.

Much is said about angels and cherubim and seraphim in the Scriptures, and more in the old Jewish writings. It would occupy too much space to go into an elaborate examination of the subject. Hence we forbear, presuming that what is said in the Bible is more or less familiar, and that what is merely tradition is probably of questionable value.

Michaelmas in England has long been a marked period in the civic year. It is the time on which many of the elections are held; when mayors and guardians of the peace are chosen. Bourne thinks that this time was se-

leeted for such purposes "because the feast of angels naturally brings to the mind the old opinion of tutelar spirits, who have, or are thought to have, the particular charge of certain bodies of men or districts of country; as also that every man has his guardian angel, who attends him from the cradle to the grave, from the moment of his coming in to his going out of the world."

Michaelmas is also one of the four quarter-days for the payment of rent. It is also a holiday; and in the olden time the landlords always made it a gay season to their tenants, who upon quarter-days usually brought a present with the rent. Hence the Michaelmas goose, which every one has heard of, and yet no one can satisfactorily account for. Gascoigne says in his "Posies," written about the year 1575:

"And when the tenauntes come
To pay their quarter's rent,
They bring some fowle at Midsummer,
A dish of fish in Lent;
At Christmasse a capon,
At Michaelmasse a goose,
And somewhat else at New-yere's-tide,
For feare their lease flie loose."

When the calendar was reformed the people were alarmed lest stubble-geese should not synchronize with Michaelmas. Brande writes that the "plowmen always eat goose at the harvest-home; and that it is a popular saying, If you eat goose on Michaelmas-day you will not want money all the year round." We read, too, that a piece of land in Hereford was rented by one Barnaby of the lord of Sastres "for twenty pence a year and one goose fit for the lord's dinner on the feast of St. Michael the archangel." Martin says that in the Western Isles they have a celebration and bake the *bannock*, or St. Michael's cake, and that "strangers as well as the family must eat the bread that night." Macaulay refers to the custom as having been "universal until a late day." He also adds that St. Patrick is credited with working a miracle in Ireland by the assistance of St. Michael; and that "in commemoration of this Michaelmas was instituted a festival day of joy, plenty, and universal benevolence." Mr. Brande, likewise, has discovered traces of reveling which once took place in Hertfordshire upon Michaelmas, which the people of that county sometimes called Ganging-day, from the sport of every one following a leader who went, like Master Puck, "over bush, over brier, etc.," very much to the discomfort of those who were "ganging after." The gangers console or amuse themselves with bumping the persons they meet, which causes the better class of women to remain at home. Of course all ends with cakes and ale in the usual way.

"There have been merry times at Michaelmas," says William Howitt; "who would believe it? yet there have been merry times at Michaelmas. Mayors and aldermen were then elected, and made their bows to each other; and be sure there were merry doings when mayors and aldermen were in the case. Stubble-geese, like the aldermen, were now in prime condition; but being the weaker, according to the proverb, went to the wall, and thence to the kitchen, and twirled upon the spit. It was a jolly day in old Mother Church; she ordered every body that could get it to eat a goose in honor of St. Michael and all the angels. So in church and corporation, in abbey and town-hall, in farm and cottage, there was an universal eating of fat geese; and nobody that I ever heard of complained of the injunction. Queen Elizabeth was eating her goose at the time that the news of the defeat of the Spanish Armada was brought to her, and no doubt she thought the Spaniards great and very green geese for having come there, and that they would be much greater geese if they ever came there again. Ever after Queen Bess most assiduously ate her goose at Michaelmas, and probably with Spanish chestnuts, as the people on the Continent do now; or, if she did not, she would not have repented if she had, for it is a princely addition. Queen Bess ate her goose all the more assiduously because it was an old saying that, if you ate your goose at Michaelmas, you would have plenty of money all the year round—a prescription that, if its efficacy were at all proportioned to its agreeableness, people would be geese indeed not to comply with. How, indeed, could any one desire a pleasanter way of replenishing a purse? Queen Bess was always dreadfully in want of money; and as this came to be seen, and not the less to be felt, by those who had the taxes to pay, and as no more Armadas came to be defeated, people lost all faith in eating roast goose, except the comfortable faith that Robert Southey had when he addressed one in a sonnet, and asking the goose where it could have been so bravely fed, and receiving no answer, added himself:

"'But this I know, that thou art very fine,
Seasoned with sage, with onions, and port wine.'

"Jolly times, it is clear, there have been at Michaelmas. Now, roast pigs no longer run about with oranges in their mouths, crying, Come eat me! but stubble-geese do seem to meet you at every turn, and cackle out invitingly that pathetic request.

"Nothing in this degenerating world has degenerated so much as Michaelmas. Nobody nowadays, if their fathers had not told them, could have any idea how easily Michaelmas was once made to go over. It once was a gay day in spite of its being a pay day. I remember, when a boy, how merry were our rent nights. The supper-table at my father's was set out in a large, old-fashioned dining-room, and in came one bright face after another, as if the thing money had not brought it there. We six lads were allowed to sit up on these nights later than usual, and to sit down with the whole rustic group. Never did any hours flow more magically than those. There were assembled the wits, the humorists, the histo-

rians, the rural patriarchs of the neighborhood; and the whole country round, its doings, and its character and traditions passed in review. At one end of the table sat the stately form of the landlord, radiant with the mirth of the present and remembrance of the past; at the other, the mild and maternal glance of one of the best and noblest of women, who thought, felt, and lived for every creature within the reach of her untiring sympathies. What knowledge of human life have I gleaned at these times! How entirely in memory do they seem to have belonged to some better and more patriarchal age!"

The scenes described so well by Howitt belong to a by-gone age. Michaelmas, in a great degree, has faded as a "jolly day," and become merely "quarter-day." But in the Church the festival of St. Michael and all the Holy Angels will ever be celebrated as long as devotion and love of the beautiful exist in the world.

St. Jerome's Day, the 30th, closes the month of September. It may be found in the English and Roman almanacs. Hieronymus, or St. Jerome, was a distinguished presbyter who lived about the year 400. He was one of the prominent Latin fathers. Inferior to Chrysostom and Augustine in genius, and perhaps talents, he excelled them both in learning. He traveled extensively, and wrote voluminously on a variety of subjects. His translation of the Bible was the foundation, to some extent, of the Vulgate version, and for that he will always be remembered. The latter days of his life he passed in a monastery, becoming gloomy and unsympathetic. His views are not perfectly reliable, and, we may add, no father is more disingenuously quoted. There is nothing of interest in his day beyond his memory. It is chiefly honored in the Roman Church, which of course duly celebrates it with a proper office.

October, or the eighth month of the Roman, was called by the Saxons Winter-fulleth, or Wynmonath—"Wine month." Spenser says:

> "Then came October, full of merry glee,
> For yet his noule was totty of the must."

The change in the year becomes now thoroughly apparent. The harvests are gathered, the flowers are gone, and the woods present, with the ripe leaves, hues ever varying and ever beautiful. Hardly any spectacle can be more rich and glorious than that presented by the American forest in October—"the many-colored woods."

In England shooting and fox-hunting begin in October. The pheasants are then in season, and the fox must lose his brush. As there is no riding after hounds in our own country, we substitute deer-stalking or a buffalo-chase. Squirrels and prairie-hens and quail are also favorite objects of sport with our people in October, especially in the Far West, where game abounds. But shooting is degenerating from a manly sport to a common business, and it is to be feared that the destruction of the game from off the face of the earth may be one of the consequences.

The 1st of October is set down in the English almanac to St. Remigius. He is noted for having admitted Clovis to the Church through *trine* immersion, and having also instructed him in the faith. Clovis thus obtained the titles of the "most Christian king" and the "eldest son of the Church." The former title was one of the appellations of the king of France as long as France had a king. In similar style the king of Spain is called "his most Catholic Majesty," and the sovereign of Great Britain, "Defender of the Faith." On the 1st the Roman Church also commemorates the "Rosary," which is only a string of beads of various sizes to facilitate believers in saying *Paters* and *Aves* and other prayers in a perfunctory way.

The feast of the Holy Guardian Angels, which comes on the 2d, is entirely a Roman festival, and seems to be similar, but subordinate, to that of the feast of St. Michael. Holme ranks the angels in "nine quoires—seraphims, cherubims, archangels, angels, thrones, principalities, powers, dominions, virtues;" and Father Henriquez describes their mode of life, habits, dress, etc., but says that they have "no particular houses." St. Paul, however, warns people against worshiping of angels, and intruding into those things one hath not seen. Father Henriquez, being a Jesuit, did not heed the admonition, but describes Paradise and its inhabitants as minutely as if he had been in the heavenly Jerusalem. The truth is, no one knows any thing about the details of the next world and heaven; and though it may be a curious, yet it is a fruitless, subject of speculation.

The 4th is dedicated to St. Francis of Assis, the founder of the order of mendicant friars. He flourished about the year 1200, and gained a great reputation by his sanctity, his travels, and his works. The Romanists esteem him highly, and Cousin even pays a tribute to his memory.

St. Denys, whose name occurs in the calendars on the 8th, was another worthy who lived in the seventh and eighth centuries. He was the patron saint of France, which country, Bishop Patrick says, "glories in his relics." Nevertheless Germany claims to have his bones, and where they really are the saint himself perhaps knows. He is celebrated for the rather apocryphal act of walking after his martyrdom. The Roman Missal says:

> "He fell indeed, but presently arose,
> The breathless body finds both feet and way,
> He takes his head in hand and forward goes."

He is thus usually represented in the old pictures.

The memory of King Edward the Confessor, so dear to the Anglo-Saxons, is preserved upon the 13th. The day which is in the English almanac is the anniversary of the so-called translation of his bones to their final resting-place. King Edward was long affectionately

remembered for his wise and beneficent laws, which made his people good and happy.

St. Theresa's Day, the 15th, is noted chiefly on account of the memorable speech she is said to have uttered. One day, being in poverty and sorrow, with only two sous left, she exclaimed, "Theresa and two sous—nothing!" Reflecting, she added, "Theresa, two sous, and *God*—every thing!" Such is faith in a pure mind. It savors of the sublime.

St. Luke's Day comes upon the 18th. Evangelist, historian, friend and physician of St. Paul, his day, of course, is in all Christian calendars. But little is known of Luke beyond what Scripture recounts. Tradition has partially confounded him with Lucius, but without reason. Some writers infer that he was a painter, and think that the old masters' ideas of the Madonna were derived from some work of his pencil. He accompanied St. Paul to Philippi, where he remained and wrote his gospel. At a later day he compiled the Acts. His style, though not always pure, is refined. The introduction to the gospel is the finest specimen of classic Greek in the New Testament. This is not the place to discuss his writings. Mr. Taylor, his biographer, thinks that he removed to Achaia at last, where he died at the age of eighty-four. There is a special service for his day in the Prayer-Book, and it is observed by all the Churches which honor the memories of the good and wise men of ancient days.

St. Crispin's Day, the 25th, will ever be remembered as the anniversary of the battle of Agincourt, fought in the year 1415, when Henry V. of England signally defeated the French under the Constable d'Albret. The scene at night before the action has been exquisitely described by Shakspeare in his play of Henry V.:

"From camp to camp, through the foul womb of night,
The hum of either army stilly sounds,
That the fix'd sentinels almost receive
The secret whispers of each other's watch."

Agincourt may be classed with Cressy and Poictiers in its importance and influence among the memorable battles of the world, and Henry could say with truth:

"And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be remembered."

St. Crispin and St. Crispinian were two Christian cordwainers, who removed from Rome to Soissons in the third century, and in imitation of St. Paul followed their gentle craft and preached the Gospel. Having finished their course they suffered cruel martyrdom, and have ever since been the patron saints of the "mystery" of shoemakers. No miracle is reported of these saints, unless it be that they made shoes which fitted without being broken in—something not often accomplished in these more enlightened days. In former days the pious memory of St. Crispin was honored in England by feasting and jollity on the part of the guild of shoemakers and cobblers; and as late as 1822 St. Crispin was crowned by the cordwainers of Newcastle. In Flanders the company of cobblers, by an ancient command of Charles V., who had been hospitably entertained by one of the craft, takes precedence of the company of shoemakers, and has for its arms a boot surmounted by a crown. In this country, however, we fancy "shoes are not sewed with merry notes," and St. Crispin's Day is not as familiar to shoemakers as Blue-Monday.

St. Simon and St. Jude have their day together on the 28th. We can not tell why these saints are allowed but half a day apiece, but so it is. Both belonged to the Twelve Apostles. The former was called Zelotes; little or nothing is known of him beyond a bare rumor that he went to Britain, where he suffered death. The latter was the brother of James, the uterine brother of Christ. He wrote the remarkable epistle of one chapter, which St. Peter probably had read when he wrote his second epistle. Tradition relates that Jude traveled as far east as Persia, where he preached and was martyred. St. Simon's and St. Jude's Day is observed by the Church generally, and there is a special office for its commemoration in the Book of Common Prayer.

All-Hallow-e'en comes upon the last day of the month. Ecclesiastically speaking, it is the vigil of All-Saints'-day. In early days it was a custom to keep the day before a leading feast, and especially the night, as a vigil or preparation for the more solemn observance of the coming festival. As asceticism has for the most part passed away, probably vigils are seldom kept now, even by the "rigidly righteous," and devotees are rare, too, in the few monasteries that remain. The loss of the vigil will not be esteemed great by those who, in religion, think it is far better to be good than to feel good.

"It's Hesper, Hallow-eve!
Sweet, new-old Hallow-eve!
For what thou wert, for what thou art,
Thrice welcome, Hallow-eve!"

Holy-eve, or Nutcrack-night, is another of those seasons which abound with curious and superstitious practices, or rather did so in the days of our Saxon ancestors. "In the north of England," says Mary Howitt, "many of these are still found to linger. One of the most common is that of diving for apples; or catching at them with the mouth only, the hands being tied behind and the apples suspended on one end of a long transverse beam, at the other extremity of which is fixed a lighted candle. The fruit and nuts form the most prominent part of the evening feast, and from this circumstance the night has received the name of Nutcrack-night. Nuts also were employed as one, and perhaps the oldest, of the many modes of divination practiced at this season, for Hutchinson is quite correct when he says of this eve that it seems to retain the celebration of a festival to Pomona, when it is supposed the summer stores are opened on the approach of win-

ter. Divinations and consulting of omens attended all these ceremonies in the practice of the heathen. Hence, in the rural sacrifice of nuts, if the nuts lie still and burn together it prognosticates a hopeful love; if, on the contrary, they bounce and fly asunder the sign is unpropitious. Here, again, as in so many instances, the custom may be traced back from an unmeaning frolic to a popish superstition, and from that to a classic rite. Nuts have a religious import, says the Roman calendar; and, going yet farther, we find this is but an echo from the times of paganism. Among the Romans it was a custom for the bridegroom to throw nuts about the room that the boys might scramble for them, thereby, as some will have it, intimating that the new husband meant henceforth to lay aside the sports of boyhood."

In an old pictured missal an individual is seen, according to Brand, on All-Hallow-e'en, "balancing himself upon a pole laid across two stools," playing antics. Harvey, the conjuror, writes: "This is the last day of October. I am alone; but the servants have demanded of me apples, ale, and nuts, and so I may run over my own annals of All-Hallows'-eve; for I have been an adept on occasion of this anile solemnity."

It was an old custom in Scotland for young girls to decide upon their future husbands by pulling cabbages, blindfold, upon Hallow-e'en. Burns says: "The first ceremony is pulling kail. They must go out, hand in hand, with eyes shut, and pull the first they meet with. Its being big or little, straight or crooked, is prophetic of the size and shape of the grand object of all their spells—the husband or wife. If any earth stick to the root, that is fortunate; and the taste of the stem is indicative of the disposition. The stalks are placed over the door, and the Christian names of those who by chance pass under are the names in question." We believe that pulling cabbages is in vogue even in our country in some rural districts on Hallow-e'en, so that at such a time notable housewives are very apt to keep a look-out on their cabbages.

The customs of All-Hallow-eve are too numerous to permit us to give any thing like a full account of them. Much on the subject may be found in the notes to Burns's poem of "All-Hallow-e'en." Hone tells us of bonfires, and divinations by ashes and white stones; burning and cracking of nuts; pulling of oats; winding of blue yarn; of eating the apple with an eye on a mirror; of harrowing hemp-seed; of winnowing corn; of stacking barley; of the Hallow-e'en cake, and we wot not how much more. The end or aim of all which practices is to enable young folk to find out what will be their future fortune, and how they will marry, if they are destined to marry at all.

"Mysterious Hallow-eve!
Weird-mantled Hallow-eve!
Much joy and pain have cause more vain
Than ours of Hallow-eve!"

November, the ninth month of the Roman, was termed Wintmonath or "Wind month" by the Saxons. This month bears an unfavorable reputation. Bishop Warburton writes: "The dreadful month of November! when little wretches hang and drown themselves, and great ones sell themselves to the court and the devil;" and Leigh Hunt adds: "The gloomy month of November, in which, Frenchmen say, we hang and drown ourselves;" but he admits, after all, that though "November, with its frequent rains, the fall of the leaf, and the visible approach of winter, is a gloomy month to the gloomy, to others it brings only pensiveness—a feeling very far from destitute of pleasure."

The 1st is All-Saints'-day, in fact a complement to All-Angels'-day. Indeed, it was also dedicated to the angel who guards seeds and fruits, and was hence called *La Mas Ubhal*, pronounced *Lamasool*—the origin of the name *Lambswool*, a drink composed of roasted apples, sugar, and ale, in vogue among the Saxons upon various occasions of festivity.

The festival of All-Saints was probably adapted from the pagans. The Pantheon, which Agrippa built, as its name seems to indicate—though that is questioned—as a circular temple for all the gods, after the establishment of Christianity, was purified by order of the Emperor Phocas, and dedicated to all the saints. Later Pope Gregory fixed the festival for the 1st of November. There is a regular service in the Prayer-Book for its celebration, on which occasion the chapter from the Apocalypse containing the sealing of the tribes is read.

Many of the old customs which we have described as practiced upon Hallow-e'en were continued upon All-Saints'-day, especially the divinations and festal fires; farther we read that "All-Saints'-day was a time of pleasant gossiping."

It is followed by All-Souls'-day. On this day the Abbot of Cluny, in the ninth century, introduced the ceremony of praying for the dead, and out of which grew the masses for the dead sung in the Roman Church. One of these contain the celebrated hymn *Dies Iræ*. All-Souls'-day, though in the English almanac, is not recognized in the Prayer-Book. The Romanists, however, regard the day as important; for if it occur on a Sunday it is kept on Saturday, and not postponed to Monday, as is the case with some other feasts. Protestants do not honor the day, as they only appeal to the "good examples" of those who have gone before, and do not pray for the departed. To preserve and prize the memory of the distinguished dead is just and profitable; it is a reward for right conduct in life; more is of no avail, and touches upon superstition.

The 4th is the day upon which the Italians recall the noble acts of the good Cardinal-Archbishop Charles Borromeo of Milan. He lived in the sixteenth century; and from the great

services that he rendered while Milan was afflicted by famine and plague will be remembered as long as time shall last. Never was there a more noble, pious, beneficent, self-sacrificing spirit. His tomb is revered even at this day.

The 5th is Guy Fawkes Day. The English Prayer-Book contains "A Form of Prayer with Thanksgiving, to be used yearly upon the Fifth day of November, for the happy deliverance of King James I. and the three Estates of England from the traitorous and bloody-intended Massacre by Gunpowder."

"Please to remember the fifth of November,
Gunpowder treason and plot;
We know no reason
Why gunpowder treason
Should ever be forgot!
Holla, boys! Huzza!"

So they sang when they burned "Guys" and cried "No popery!" Doubtless Guy Fawkes is too well remembered through history and romance to need that we should enlarge upon his day.

The service in the English Prayer-Book for the fifth also commemorates "The Happy Arrival of His Majesty King William III. on this day, and the Deliverance of the Church and Nation." It was the overflow of Protestant feeling which begot both the services of the fifth. Now they seem out of date, like the service for King Charles the Martyr. They are still used, however, in the cathedrals and in the Queen's chapel.

Lord Mayor's Day, the 9th, is a conspicuous day in London. Prior to the thirteenth century the chief magistrate of the city held his office for life, but in 1214 the mayoralty was made elective annually. Later, in the reign of Richard II., the title of *lord* was given to the incumbent, in consequence of the important service the Mayor Walworth was then considered to have rendered the crown in killing Wat Tyler in Smithfield. Upon the inauguration of the mayor a great parade is made. But the "Lord Mayor's Show," while it was a great exhibition, and awakened a great deal of interest among the people formerly, has declined. It was, as Mary Howitt remarks, "a degenerate copy of the old *pageant* or *triumph*, which assumed a variety of forms at different times, blending paganism, Christianity, and chivalry in marvelous confusion. At one period it was the fashion for the city to employ dramatists of note upon these matters; and there are extant pageants by Decker, Middleton, and Webster." The Mayor's Show is frequently alluded to in English novels, especially the scene on the Thames, which was quite brilliant.

Martinmas, or St. Martin's Day, occurs on the 11th. It is in both the calendars. The Romanists call this saint "the Great St. Martin, the glory of Gaul." He was a Hungarian soldier who lived in the fourth century, and became a hermit and exorcist. Tradition gives him the credit of working a number of miracles and of being a man of wondrous ability. He is best known from the following anecdote which is related of him, and which has been illustrated by an old painter. Meeting one hard winter's day, at the gate of Amiens, a poor man, half naked and starved with cold, whom no one took compassion upon, he drew his sword and cut his cloak—the only garment he had on, having given his other clothes away to the poor—in twain and gave half to the beggar. It is said that he had a vision that night of Christ, who commended him for ministering to Him in the person of the pauper. As a consequence Martin became a devotee. His day is only observed in the Romish Church.

In olden time Martinmas had its customs, and was a convivial day in town and country. Martilmasse beef was as well known as Easter bacon and Michaelmas goose. But some affirm that Martinmas also had a goose, and that Martinmas goose was better than Michaelmas goose, for it was not so "green." An old ballad alludes to the day thus:

"It is the day of Martilmasse;
Cuppes of ale should freelie passe;
When the dailie sports be done,
Round the market-crosse they runne,
Prentis laddes and gallant blades,
Dancing with their gamesome maids,
Till the Beadel, stout and sowre,
Shakes his bell and calls the houre;
Then farewell ladde and farewell lasse
To the merry night of Martilmasse."

St. Cecilia's Day, the 22d in the English calendar, is worthy of a passing note. She is reputed to have been one of the early martyrs, but derives her particular reputation from being regarded as patroness of church music. She was married to a nobleman of the name of Valerian. Attracted by sweet sounds one day he entered her room suddenly and found her rapt in ecstasy, and a young man with wings playing upon an instrument. After that she had angel visits. Tradition gives her great pre-eminence in music, and she is generally represented as engaged in that art or in listening to the angelic choirs. The composition of an ode to St. Cecilia was once considered almost *the* test of poetic genius. The most celebrated are those of Dryden, Pope, and Collins. Hone has a copy of the engraving by Sadler giving the scene we have described. There are also pictures of her by the old painters.

St. Clement's Day, the 23d. Clemens Romanus, as he is sometimes styled, was one of the early fathers of the Church, and also Bishop of Rome before the establishment of the Papacy. Whether he is the same Clement whose name St. Paul says "is written in the Book of Life" is quite uncertain; but he is the author of the fine epistle to the Corinthians which bears his name. Apocryphal stories are told of the miracles he performed, and especially of his having caused the sea to retire on a certain occasion. He is the patron saint of blacksmiths. The guild of blacksmiths in England used to hold a festival upon St. Clement's Day and cel-

ebrate it much as the cordwainers did the day of St. Crispin.

"Come all you Vulcans stout and strong,
Unto St. Clem we do belong;
And we must drink before we part
All for to cheer each merry heart.
Come all you Vulcans strong and stout,
Unto St. Clem I pray turn out."

St. Catherine's Day follows, upon the 25th. She lived in the third century, and was put to death by Maxentius upon a wheel, which gave name to the fire-work long known as a Catherine-wheel. Such were her piety and erudition that she was regarded after her martyrdom as the patroness of Christian philosophy. Barnaby Googe says:

"What should I tell what sophisters on Cathrin's-day devise,
Or else the superstitious toyes that maisters exercise?"

It would be unkind to forget that St. Catherine is the patroness of spinsters. Young women used to make merry together upon her day, or go "Cath'arning," as they called it. The custom is still in vogue in distant parts of England where old rustic fashions remain. Camden intimates that in Ireland the girls used to keep St. Catherine's Day that they might get good husbands, and the women that they might get better ones. Hence it may be inferred that though St. Catherine was a spinster saint, and patroness of spinsters, she was not considered as a pattern saint. The window of West Wickham Church, Kent, contains a fine representation of St. Catherine in stained glass. Engravings of her and pictures are also numerous.

Thanksgiving-day occurs this year in the State of New York upon the 26th of November, or the last Thursday of the month. Formerly this was a day set apart by the authorities of the respective States; but now it has become also a national day, and is appointed by the Executive of the nation. This is very well, for it insures a harmony throughout the Union with regard to its proper observation. The festival of annual thanksgiving for the fruits of the earth seems to have existed for all time. It existed among the pagans of every nation, and among the Jews. We trace it in the East, on the banks of the Nile, and in the sacrifices to Ceres and Pomona. We find it among the Saxons, Britons, and Northmen. We discover it in the wave-offerings of the Jews, and in their feast of ingathering. The Christian Church doubtless adopted it from the latter. The Church for a long time had her Rogation-days and fasts of the four seasons, or Ember-days, and finally added what we call Thanksgiving-day. There is a regular service in the Prayer-Book for the due celebration of this festival, which provides that it shall be read upon the first Thursday in November, unless some other day shall be appointed by the civil authority. It is a day now recognized throughout the country, and has obtained a fast hold upon the habits, feelings, and affections of the people. The Romanists are the only denomination of Christians which disregards it, and appears unwilling to unite in the general custom of returning thanks to Providence for the blessings of the year and the fruits of the earth. The features of Thanksgiving-day are so familiar to our readers that it would be superfluous to say any thing about them.

The 29th of November is Advent-Sunday, the first day of another ecclesiastical year. The Trinity season ends upon the 28th.

We now close the series of articles, in the course of which we have carried our readers through the entire circle of an ecclesiastical year—from Advent to its recurrence. We have necessarily been concise, and have left much unsaid that might be said upon so fruitful a topic. Something might be written about every day in the year. Our labor has been to prune our material. Yet in taking leave of our readers we venture to indulge a hope that our brief notices of times and seasons, of fasts and festivals, of days that bear their own names, have revived in their minds agreeable memories and associations, and have yielded them a measure of profit and pleasure.

A REPORT OF OUTRAGES.

By J. W. DE FOREST.

AT the close of every month a Bureau officer makes out a report of "outrages committed by whites against freedmen," and another of "outrages committed by freedmen against whites." As each of these papers must be in triplicate—one copy for the Assistant Commissioner of the State, one for the military commandant of the district, and one for retention—it follows that during my fifteen months of duty as Sub-Assistant Commissioner in Greenville, South Carolina, I ruled, and filled out, and certified to just ninety documents of this nature. In this period there were, if I remember aright, seven outrages, which makes very nearly one-thirteenth of an outrage to each paper. For the more convenient information of the public I will consolidate my ninety reports into one.

THE CASE OF CATO ALLUMS.

The first morning after my predecessor had turned over to me his records and left me alone in my South Carolina pashalic—yes, at six o'clock on that morning of new responsibilities and untried power, a timorous yet persistent rap roused me from bed. Hastening to the door in such drapery as could be secured at once, I set it ajar and looked out upon a negro of about thirty-five, medium in height, but singularly muscular in build, whose eager face and somewhat crouching carriage indicated strong anxiety for protection.

"Good-morning, Sir," he said, in better English than is common to our manumitted slaves. "I wants very much to see you, Sir, right away."

"Wait till I have dressed," I answered. "I will be out in ten minutes."

"But it's mighty pressin', Boss," he insisted. "It's something that's following me up mighty sharp. I wants to speak to you now."

"Go on," I assented, and letting him into the room, proceeded to dress in his presence.

"Did you ever hear of me—Cato Allums?" he asked. "Cap'n Bray was a mighty good friend to me, and holped me powerful. If you've got his papers, I reckon you'll find my name on 'em. I'm the man that was robbed by a gang from old Jimmy Johnson's house last year; robbed of two thousan' poun's of meat and a heap of other things. Cap'n Bray took up for me—the Lord A'mighty bless him for his friendship to me! I wish he was here now. That was some of old Jimmy Johnson's mischief. But I won't talk about that ar. I've got a worse trial on hand. It's been a bad night for me, Boss—I don't know what your title is. I'll tell you how it happened. Last night, after we was all in bed—me and my brother-in-law and his wife and children—comes a rap at the door. Well, ye see I've been so hunted and robbed by these yere bushwhackers that I wasn't gwine to let nobody in without knowing who 'twas; and so says I, 'Who's thar?' I couldn' make out much what they said, though they said something—kind o' muttered, like they didn' want to show who they was. Then I gets up and goes to the door with my revolver in my hand: Cap'n Bray give me the revolver; he did, Boss, and told me to shoot any man, white or black, that attacked me; he said he'd see me out in it. 'Who's thar?' says I. They kep knocking, and didn' speak. Then I looked out of the cracks in the logs, and made out by the moon that thar was five or six of 'em. Says I, 'You can't come in yere unless I know who you be.' Then they begun to drive at the do' with a log, and jest as it give in I heard one of 'em say, 'Break it down and shoot every boogar of 'em.' Well, Boss, when the do' come down I jumped out to run; I reckoned they was the same men that had robbed me befo', and had come now to kill me; for many and many has said to me, 'Cato, they'll bushwhack you yet for following 'em up so.' Jest as I jumped out, one of 'em fired and missed me. Then I saw another aiming at me, with his pistol resting on his arm. Boss, I" (here his face quivered, and he looked at me with indescribable anxiety)—"I shot him."

"You did?" I answered. "It's my belief that you served him perfectly right."

He drew a long breath, sat down in a chair to which I had previously signed him, seemed to rest his jaded soul for a moment, and then continued his story:

"Boss, you don' know how I felt that minute; I never shot a man befo'. But I couldn' stop to think about it. I run with all my might for the road, they a-shooting after me, and one bullet hitting the fence as I jumped it; and in a minute or two I was in the woods and out of sight. I don' know whether the man is dead; all I knows is that he fell over when I shot; I don' know who he was—don' know any of 'em."

"Where did this happen?" I inquired.

"Over in the edge of Pickens District, about ten miles from yere, and two miles from old Jimmy Johnson's settlement; and that's whar all my troubles has started from, Boss; that old Jimmy Johnson has been a sore neighbor for me."

An hour later, seated in my office, I made a further investigation into the case of Cato Allums. I found a file of papers, signed by one of my predecessors, showing that Cato had indeed been robbed about a year previous, and that the efforts of the military authorities had not been able to discover the malefactors, although "old Jimmy Johnson," the supposed instigator of the mischief, had been arrested and confined for a season in Castle Pinckney at Charleston. While I was studying into these by-gone matters Cato stepped out in search of an acquaintance to vouch for his character. He returned with one of those devil-may-care, dissipated-looking youths whom one so frequently meets at the South, and who have the air of being a cross between the Plug-Ugly, the fine gentleman, and the professional gambler.

"Major, this boy is sound," asseverated the stranger, with many oaths. "He's a square, decent, sensible, polite nigger. I've known Cato ever since I was a baby, and I never had but one thing against him. He's just as civil a nigger as need be. No gentleman ever had cause to quarrel with him in no way, shape, nor manner. Wherever Cato goes, if he meets a gentleman, he offs hat and say good-morning; and if he sees a gentleman coming across the fields he puts down the bars for him; just as polite, decent a nigger, Major, as you can find! I'll allow that Cato is sharp on a trade; if you go to swapping horses with him you've got to keep your eye skinned; he an't agoing to make money for you out of his own pocket."

"Well, I s'pose a man has a right to look out for himself," suggested the negro, apologetically.

"That's so, Cato," assented the youngster. "I han't got a word to say against you on that account. If ever you trade horses with me you are welcome to cheat me, if you can. I tell you, Major, I've only one thing against Cato. They do say he kept a white woman for his wife or something. I don't know how it is, whether it's so or not; only I do say that if he did that he did wrong. Yes, Cato, if you did that you did wrong, and I can't uphold you in it."

"They said so," admitted Cato, who had looked monstrously uneasy under this charge. "But when the woman had a baby a while ago it was just as white and pretty a baby as ever you saw. It wa'n't no nigger's baby."

"Well, if that's so, it's all right. I an't down on you, Cato, about it, if it an't as they say 'tis. As for killing this man last night I don't know any thing about it, in no way, shape, nor man-

ner. I don't know who the man is, nor what he was thar for. But I'll bet ten dollars, Major, that Cato served him right in shooting him. I'll swap horses even with Cato on that. I say, Cato, whenever you want to trade your sorrel mare, let me know."

Meanwhile I was pondering as to what I should do with my homicide. A few months later I should have suspended my judgment with regard to the truth of his story until after I had heard the other side, and examined somewhat into the evidence. But in my present state of inexperience I believed Cato Allums; believed that his house had been broken open by men who might be assassins, and were unquestionably burglars; believed that he was a worthy applicant for such protection and counsel as lay in the Freedmen's Bureau. But it was a dubious and critical matter to handle. On the one hand I wanted to make sure that this man should not fall a victim to any burst of popular fury, and that the bushwhackers who had outraged him should be brought to condign punishment. On the other hand I so interpreted my orders as to believe that my first and great duty lay in raising the blacks and restoring the whites of my district to a confidence in civil law, and thus fitting both as rapidly as possible to assume the duties of citizenship. If the military power were to rule them forever—if it were to settle all their difficulties without demanding of them any exercise of judgment or self-control, how could they ever be, in any profound and lasting sense, "reconstructed?" If there were to be any beginning in this essential work, it might as well come at once. Leaving Cato locked up in my office, I called on the leading lawyer of the Greenville bar, well known throughout the country as Governor Perry, but not then noted as an opponent of the Congressional plan of reconstruction; and after relating to him the case of Cato Allums, asked him if the civil authorities could be trusted to manage it with firmness and justice.

"They can," he assured me. "If the magistrate of this man's neighborhood is not fit for his post, you can refer it to the solicitor of the district court, Mr. Jacob Reed, of Anderson. You may be sure that he will do the same justice by a negro as by a white man."

Returning to Cato, I told him that he must go home, apply to his magistrate as an injured and innocent man, make a formal complaint against the persons who had molested him, and demand an investigation. He looked exceedingly gloomy, and answered, "But, Boss, what if they should arrest *me?*"

"You must let yourself be arrested, if they do it according to the forms of law. Killing a man is serious business, and can not be passed over without grave notice."

"Oh, if you knew how many men had been shot up our way, and nothing said! Jest shot down, Master, right in thar own do's, and no law about it! I tell you, Boss, I don't like to be tried. They'd make believe try me, and they'd jest hang me. I tell you, it's mighty resky."

"We must see," I replied. "I could protect you now, no doubt; but my protection would not last for long; in a year or two the Bureau and the garrisons will go. If your case is not brought to a settlement now, it will be then. Settle it at once, while the Yankees are here to see that you have justice. Don't put yourself in the position of an outlaw, subject to be hunted for life."

After a long discussion he consented to return home and report himself to the nearest magistrate. I gave him a letter to the official, in which I stated the matter as it appeared to me, representing it as an attack of burglars upon the house of a peaceful citizen, and demanding that the gang should be traced, arrested, and punished.

"The point now is to reach your magistrate before any further bloodshed takes place," I said to him as he rose to leave. "Can you get home safely?"

"Oh yes!" he laughed. "I knows every road and cross-cut. It would be mighty hard to trap me, Boss. And if any man does git a holt on me," he added, pointing to his revolver, "he'll let go agin in a hurry."

During the next three days I had many fears for Cato Allums. Pickens District is a vast region of hills and mountains, wild in its landscape, and hardly less wild in the character of many of its inhabitants, always noted for displays of individual pugnacity, and stained since the advent of secession with the blood of several Unionists. I feared that I had sent this man to sure destruction at the hands of the bushwhackers who then infested South Carolina, or of a mob of citizens roused to fury by the spectacle of a white slain by a negro. On the fourth day my anxiety was somewhat relieved by the appearance of a Pickens farmer, in homespun, who delivered a letter from James Parsons, the magistrate of the "beat" in which Cato lived. From the letter and the messenger I gleaned the following facts with regard to the outrage. The gang which attacked Cato's house consisted of five "mean whites" from Anderson District, who, with the usual disregard of their caste for Poor Richard's axiom that time is money, had ridden no less than twenty-four miles to effect their picayune stroke of business. Of course they had their side of the story to tell; they had gone to Cato's place, they said, to recover a pistol which he had stolen from one of their number; they had knocked civilly at his door, and had only broken it in when he threatened to shoot them.

The letter added that Jack Williams, the injured man, had received a ball through the intestines, and was lying at the house of a neighbor of Parsons, in great agony and near to death. He had made his affidavit that he meant no harm to Cato Allums, and that, so far from aiming a pistol, he was endeavoring to escape when overtaken by the fatal bullet.

"It's a tough lot, I reckon," commented the messenger. "Willums's wife has come up to see him, an' she told him it served him right for meddlin' with a nigger."

The letter went on to state that, as soon as Williams should die, a coroner's jury would be empanneled, and that, according to the civil law, the verdict of the jury would decide whether Cato should or should not be prosecuted as a criminal.

"What is the feeling in your district with regard to this affair?" I asked the messenger.

"Well, we think the nigger ought to be tried. Shootin' a white man an't no joke. If they get a notion that they can do it whenever they think they ought to, they'll think they ought to oftener than will be comfortable."

"Do you mean to give him a fair trial? Or will you get up a mob and lynch him?"

"We're bound to give him as fair a trial as a white man would have," he replied, somewhat indignantly. "We han't no use for lynching. We're a law-abiding people, Major."

Somewhat doubting this last assertion, I nevertheless resolved to continue my experiment, knowing that, if it ended well, it would be the best ending possible.

"See that you do give him a fair trial," I exhorted, somewhat authoritatively. "Obey precisely the instructions of your magistrate, who seems to be a judicious and conscientious man. Do the thing justly, and you shall be sustained in it. Tell your neighbors that; tell them that the United States Government wants nothing but justice; tell them that I am here simply to see justice carried out."

I wrote another letter to Parsons, approving of his course, directing him to call on the military for assistance if necessary to prevent a mob, and urging him not to neglect using the law against the whites if they should prove to be burglars, as well as against the black if he should prove to be an assassin. In a day or two a reply came, stating that Williams was dead, and that the coroner's jury had charged Cato Allums with willful murder.

"Under the circumstances I must issue a warrant for his arrest," added the magistrate. "I do not see how else I can carry out even the appearance of civil law. I trust that you will make no objection. And if you meet up with him I hope you will be so good as tell him not to make resistance. He has not yet been to see me. He sent me your first letter, instead of bringing it to me; and I hear that he is lying out, and says he won't be tried."

The next morning Cato arrived on his sorrel mare, revolver in belt.

"Well, Master, they're boun' to be the death of me," he said. "They've brought me in guilty without tryin' me. And now, if they kin ketch me, they'll hang me up to the first tree. That's the way courts is for niggers."

So I was obliged to explain the mystery of law to this man who had never lived under the law, and who knew little more of it than if he were a native of the Marquesas. It was hard work to make a fellow whose neck was in danger understand the deliberate wisdom of that sequence of the coroner's jury, the grand jury, and the criminal jury; and Cato had more objections to the safety and sagacity of the process than I can now remember; but the substance of them was that he did not believe in the good faith of Southern jurors.

"Ef they once git me in Pickens Court House jail, I'm a gone nigger," said he. "I'll go in jail yere, with this garrison close by and a big village full of 'spectable people. But Pickens Court House is no place at all. It's jest a few houses. The bushwhackers will come in and take me out o' jail and hang me."

"If you are injured unlawfully I will see that those who do it are severely punished," I replied. "But you must take the risk, if there is any. I should demand that of a white man. Look here, Cato, can you fairly ask any thing more than a white man's chance?"

"No, Master, I can't," he replied, after a moment of reflection. "I'd scorn to ask more'n a white man's chance. Well, Master, I'll do what you say; I'll go back to Mars Parsons and give myself up."

He had scarcely been gone twenty minutes before Parsons's constable arrived in search of him, accompanied by two assistants, all armed with revolvers.

"Cato has gone to surrender himself," I assured them. "I am surprised that you did not meet him."

"Gone to surrender himself!" exclaimed the constable, with some indignation at the absurdity of the story. "You won't catch him doing that without a fight. He's a bad, hard nigger, Sir. He's gone to Tennessee, most likely. Which road did he take, Sir?"

"The road to Pickens, as I believe. If you want to find him, go back to Mr. Parsons; that is the best advice that I can give you."

The men looked at each other doubtfully; they were perfectly respectful, but they did not trust me. Noting the hard, pugnacious expression of their faces, an expression very common in the wilder districts of the South, I thought it best to advise them against violence.

"If you meet him, treat him gently," I said. "Make no threats or threatening gestures, and I will be bound that he will offer no resistance."

"We won't hurt him unless he tries to fight or escape," they answered. "If he sets in for any thing of that sort we must do our sworn duty. I hope you wouldn't ask any thing less of us, Major."

A day or two later Mr. Parsons paid me a visit, bringing the information that Cato had surrendered himself and was in Pickens Court House jail.

"Now, then," said I, "let us see if the whites of your district are worthy of living in the same region with this negro. He has shot a man, as he believes, justifiably and in his own defense;

yet he surrenders himself to trial, as becomes a good citizen. Do you show that you can protect him in your jail and try him justly before your courts. The Northern people doubt whether you can give a negro a white man's chance. Show that you can do it. It will be a great triumph for you; it will disprove a grave suspicion. You can not take a surer step toward recovering your rights as citizens."

My magistrate was a farmer, a plain and apparently a poor man, dressed in homespun, mild and grave in manner, and, as I judged, thoroughly honorable in his intentions.

"I understand the importance of doing this matter justly and according to the forms of law," he said. "I am very much obliged to you for trusting me with it, instead of managing it by means of the garrison. I believe we can show you that we mean to be as fair to a nigger as we know how to be to a white man. There is some excitement among us now; there are some fellows who are right mad at the idea of a nigger shooting a white man; and I told Cato that it was best for him to go to jail for that reason. You see, if he was not sent to jail, people would say niggers have a better chance than white folks, and would get madder than they are now, and perhaps lynch him. Yes, I allow there's some excitement; but it will blow over before long. Some folks are mighty pleased with Cato already for surrendering himself."

"But what have you done about the bushwhackers?" I asked. "Have you tried to arrest them?"

"They have put back to Anderson, where they belong, and that is out of my jurisdiction. I have sent on a statement of the case to the magistrate of their settlement, and asked him to take action in it. I can't do more."

"But don't you think your coroner's jury was a little severe on Cato?" I continued. "Don't you think Cato would have been cleared at once, if he had been white and Williams black?"

"No, Major, I don't think so," he answered, firmly. "Killing a man is severe business, any how, and ought to be thoroughly looked into. At any rate, the process has all been according to law, and even a nigger can't ask more, nor less."

This being clearly irrefutable, I could only express my commendation of Mr. Parsons's course, and urge him to be energetic in keeping the affair within the legal channel. Meantime I had forwarded a statement of Cato Allums's case to Major-General Scott, the Assistant Commissioner of South Carolina, and had received a reply approving my action. A month or so later the Circuit Court of Special Sessions and Common Pleas convened at Pickens Court House. There had been an inflammatory paragraph or two from those veteran blowhards and professional mischief-makers, the "sound Southern editors;" the manly act of Cato Allums in shooting a burglar had been described as the unprovoked murder of a worthy citizen by a black ruffian; but the men of Pickens District had shown themselves to be a law-abiding race, and the prisoner had not been lynched.

The case waited; the State solicitor was anxious to get it off the docket; but where were the witnesses for the prosecution? No one had been present at the tragedy but the five friends of the dead man and Cato Allums's own relatives; and from the nature of the circumstances, as well as from the ties of blood and race, these last would undoubtedly testify in favor of the prisoner. The five gentlemen from Anderson had been duly summoned, and in vain; a bench-warrant was issued for their apprehension—still in the character of witnesses. But Mr. Jack Williams's nocturnal comrades were that kind of men who, to use a Southern country-phrase, "have no use for a court-house." The more they were called on to "come to court," the further and faster they went from it. The constable dispatched to find them returned to say that they were "lying out in the swamps;" and presently it was reported that they had "done gone out of the country."

This fact turned public opinion at once; the tale of the stolen pistol was dismissed from popular credence, and Cato Allums was decided to have done the duty of a good citizen in shooting a scoundrel. As Pickens District had shown itself law-abiding, so did it show itself amenable to reason and considerate in sentiment; many of the men who had insisted upon the prosecution now besieged the court to have the prisoner dismissed from further action; and among the most urgent of these was the magistrate who had committed him—Squire Parsons.

"I can not throw the case out at once," replied the solicitor. "It is my duty to hold it over till the next sessions, and see if these witnesses can not be made to appear. But the man shall be admitted to bail. I will advise that any bail be accepted which he can give."

So Cato Allums was bailed out for the low amount of one thousand dollars, on the security of his brother-in-law, a mulatto, who probably was not worth half that money. This was substantially the end of the matter, for Jack Williams's friends persisted in keeping themselves retired from the public gaze, and at the next sessions Cato was informed that he need not trouble himself further about coming to court. Somewhat disgusted at having been imprisoned and put to various costs in his own defense, he removed to East Tennessee; but, having farmed it there during one season, he got homesick for his native "settlement," and came back to live among his old neighbors.

"How are you treated?" I asked him, when he called upon me after his return.

"I han't nothing to complain of," he answered. "Every body is friendly, and the men that wanted me tried is the friendliest of all. But, Master, I never was treated like most niggers was. Mighty few white men has tried to ride over Cato."

He was a fine, stalwart, vigorous fellow, as strong as a mule physically, and with plenty of moral muscle, all qualities which command the respect of the general Southerner. Even his sharpness in trading horses was calculated to win him the admiration of the chaffering farmers of Pickens District. After telling me, with some triumph, of certain of his successful dickers, he added: "But I don't always get the best of it; I was mightily come up with last spring when I was gwine to Tennessee. Ye see, I sent over part of my traps by my brother-in-law and a friend of his'n. They begged me to lend um my gun and one of my revolvers, and hung to it so that I had to say yes, though I was feared they wouldn't know how to take care of um. Well, the fust night they camped out a man in Yankee clothes came into the camp and wanted to see their shootin' irons. Then says he, 'It's contrary to the law for you to carry these, an' I mus' take um.' And the big fools jes let him carry um off. If I'd been thar, Master, he wouldn't have got um, not if he'd had on all the soger clothes in the world. Of course he wasn't a Yankee; he was some mighty smart reb."

Then he had a couple of complaints to make: one about a horse which had been stolen from him by bushwhackers, with the connivance of a citizen of Abbeville; the other about a little farm which a Pickens man had sought to swindle him out of, on pretense of some old, uncompleted trade in Confederate money. As General Sickles had authorized civil law in South Carolina I advised him to try the courts, but to wait until the stay-order then in force was annulled, so as to be able to collect immediately on getting judgment. After some further talk about the still mysterious robbery of his two thousand pounds of bacon, and certain threats of legal vengeance against "old Jimmy Johnson," whom he held to be somehow responsible for it, he departed, and I saw him no more.

Such is the history of Cato Allums, as nearly as I am able to state it from memory. So far as concerns the homicide I considered the result a triumph of justice, public conscience, and public sense. It had been decided, with the consent of Southern law and Southern public opinion, that a negro has precisely the same right of self-defense as a white man; and thenceforward every ruffian and bushwhacker in the region would understand that in trespassing on the property or threatening the life of a black he did it at his peril. The great point gained was, that the Southerners had of their own accord come to this decision. It was far better than if the release of Cato Allums and the expatriation of his assailants had been attained by military interference.

LARGENT AND JOLY, BUSHWHACKERS.

In consequence of the complaints of Cato Allums I made inquiries about "old Jimmy Johnson" (not his true name), and learned the secret of his evil reputation. From the time of the surrender down to a little before my arrival in Greenville, this northwestern portion of South Carolina had been disturbed by the misdemeanors of two noted bushwhackers or desperadoes named Largent and Joly, ex-soldiers of the Confederate army. Joly, a native of Spartanburg District, South Carolina, and a farmer by occupation, had lost a brother in the war, and had avenged his death by taking a hand in the murder of some straggling Union soldiers after the proclamation of peace. Largent had been, it was reported, a Baltimore Plug-Ugly; but when I inquired about him of a fighting gentleman who had formerly known that city well, he could not recollect such a person. "He must be," he said, humorously, "one of the latter-day saints; he must have come on after I left."

As is usually the case with desperate characters, both these men were under thirty years of age. This fact, that violent crime is generally youthful, seems, by-the-way, to be unknown to novelists; they paint their bloody-minded villains as men of mature development, fearfully grizzled and haggard with a long life of wickedness. Although Largent's motive in his murders and maraudings was apparently nothing but a love of mischief, he was much the most troublesome and formidable of the two. Small, agile, muscular, ready with his weapons, as full of stratagems as a fox, and as audacious as a wolf, he for months defied the pursuit of the garrisons of the region and made himself the terror of Union men and negroes. He sent threatening messages to the former, bullied the latter with cocked revolver, and plundered both. Certain citizens were called to their doors of dark nights; there would be a pistol shot and the fall of a corpse; then a clatter of hoofs through the night; then silence. Some of these atrocities were imputed to Largent and others to Joly, although there was no proof. The two scoundrels lived on the farmers of the region, sometimes remaining several weeks in one lurking-place, sometimes changing their den every night. The inhabitants gave them shelter, partly from admiration of their defiance of the Yankees, and partly from fear of their vindictiveness. One of their favorite resorts was the house of the above mentioned Jimmy Johnson; and hence Cato Allums's charge that the old man connived at the robbery of his two thousand pounds of bacon.

Some of Largent's escapes from the soldiery were remarkable. Overtaken by a squad of volunteers, he fell down as if intoxicated, lay perfectly still until his pursuers were close upon him, then shot two or three men in a breath, leaped to his feet, and got away unhurt. On another occasion a company surrounded him by night in old Jimmy Johnson's house, and several were already in the veranda, blocking up his exit, when Largent rushed out with a pistol in each hand, firing right and left, and disappeared in the darkness. Twenty cartridges or more were burned in this curious

mêlée, and yet neither pursuers nor pursued were injured.

Tired at last of being hunted, and finding that the farmers no longer received them joyfully as the redeemers of the South, the two reprobates vanished. Their departure from the district happened before my arrival, and I tell their story as I heard it, without vouching for its correctness in particulars.

TEXAS BROWN AND HIS GANG.

A more impudent, pertinacious, and ferocious desperado was one Brown, called, on account of his supposed birth-place, Texas Brown, and believed to be a deserter from Wheeler's cavalry. Before I reached Greenville it was reported that a cantankerous old farmer named Ezra French, furious at two of his former slaves for quitting his employment immediately on their emancipation, had hired Brown to murder them for the consideration of two hundred dollars. Aided by two or three mean whites of the rougher sort, the Texan caught his victims, took them into a swamp, tied them to saplings, prepared and ate his supper in their presence, and then deliberately shot one of them. The other, inspired with maniacal strength by this spectacle, broke his bonds, rushed through the thickets unharmed by the bullets which were sent after him, told his tale to a terrified friend who for long kept it secret, and immediately fled from the State. This adventure led to a quarrel between Brown and his employer; for as the former had but one corpse to exhibit, the latter refused to pay more than one hundred dollars for the job; and in the constant bickerings between the two worthies the atrocity became public.

Like Joly and Largent, this scoundrel considered the world his oyster, and opened it without scruple. If he saw any article that he wanted in a cross-roads grocery, he took it, merely saying to the proprietor, "This suits me." If he needed lodging, he entered the house of a farmer, told his awe-inspiring name, and was entertained. If he fancied a horse, he traded for it pretty much on his own terms, or he stole it. If he met a negro with a bundle or a cart, he appropriated therefrom whatever he fancied, made the poor scared darkey take off his hat or get on his knees, and then dismissed him with perhaps a kicking. He had a kind of ferocious humor in his composition, and delighted as much in terrifying people as in harming them. For instance, seeing three negroes engaged in mending the roof of a barn, he amused himself with firing balls by their heads to make them dodge. Meeting a negro with a new hat, he forced him to toss it in the air, and sent a shot through it; then ordered him to drop it in the mud and to dance upon it; then departed, saying, "Next time make a bow."

Incomprehensible and almost incredible was the imbecility, indeed I hardly know how to call it less than cowardice, with which the inhabitants, white and black, submitted to the insults and extortions of this blackguard. For months he resided in a considerable hamlet of Abbeville District, called Cokesbury, without any molestation except from an occasional and always unsuccessful raid of the neighboring garrisons of Aiken and Anderson. What with a small minority which admired him, and a vast majority which feared him, there were always men to warn him of the approach of the blue-coats, and other men, dark-minded farmers of one secluded locality or another, who would receive him into their houses until the search was over. He rode through the country with impunity; he even came into Greenville, where there was a garrison of a full company; indeed, it is my belief now that I have seen him there. Brown was described to me as twenty-three or twenty-five years of age, of medium height, slender, sinewy, and agile, with a dark complexion, piercing black eyes, a jaw disfigured by a pistol shot, and an expression of brutal ferocity. Such a man, dressed in gray homespun, his trowsers tucked into long boots, a blanket hanging from his shoulders, and a broad-brimmed black hat slouched over his ill-favored countenance, met me one winter morning in the main street of the village, eyed me with such a savage and steady glare that I turned to look at him, gave me one searching backward glance as if to see what purpose I had, and then passed on with a swagger. At the time I knew nothing of Brown's personal appearance, and was not aware that he was in the habit of making such bold ventures. I simply paused to face this individual because his demeanor was offensively defiant. After all, he may not have been the Texan desperado, but some bomb-proof hero who would not have fought a mouse.

Brown's shot in the face was the result of an "unpleasantness" with a person named Foster, against whom he had some grudge of an unknown nature, and whom he invited out on a ride, with the intent, as was supposed, of assassination. Not an innocent lamb himself, the selected victim had suspicions of danger, and kept on his guard. Arriving at a narrow path which entered a forest, Brown told his companion to take the lead.

"Go ahead yourself," replied Foster, reining up his horse. The Texan dashed on thirty yards, leaped from his saddle, and ambuscaded himself behind a tree, at the same time drawing one of his revolvers. Foster fired as the other ruffian peeped from behind his cover, and Brown fell with a ball through his head, apparently lifeless. The lucky marksman put himself to the superfluous trouble of getting out of the country, as if Southern justice were at that time likely to notice such a trifle as the homicide of an outlaw. Brown recovered his senses, crawled to the house of a neighboring farmer, and was as carefully nursed back to health as if he were a benefactor to the human race.

The most curious of this ruffian's adventures occurred in a "store" at Cokesbury, and was related to me by an eye-witness. While Brown was in the sale-room, conversing on equal terms with two or three respectable citizens, among whom was a clergyman whom I shall venture to style the Rev. P. V. Nasby, a negro named Lewis entered to make some trifling purchase. Not knowing the desperado by sight, or not being aware of the deferential respect which would be exacted by him, Lewis approached the group of colloquists without offering any profound salutation.

"Take off your hat," shouted Brown. The negro stared, but lifted his hat. "Now get on your knees," ordered the Texan, at the same time advancing with a threatening air. Instead of obeying, Lewis sprang forward, seized the wrists of this menacing instructor in deportment, and held them in a grasp of iron. Brown struggled violently to free himself, pouring out a torrent of oaths, calling on the store-keeper to hand him a pistol, and threatening murder. The reverend Nasby, driven by his cloth and his conscience to interfere, patted the outlawed scoundrel on the shoulder, and said, in a meek voice, "Don't, Mr. Brown! Mr. Brown, I beg you, don't! I know this boy Lewis. He is a good, quiet, decent-behaved nigger. He has always been civil to white men. I haven't the least idea that he meant to be disrespectful. I beg that you won't hurt him."

"I will!" screamed the Texan, still struggling. "By ——! I'll kill him. I'll cut his d—d throat."

"Well," answered the heroic Nasby, "I am a minister of the Gospel, and if there is to be murder done here I am not going to stay and see it."

With which sublime words, worthy to be engraven on his face with a pen of iron, he picked up his hat and left this scene of ungodly strife.

What followed? The citizens of Cokesbury wanted to get rid of Brown; only a few days later they secretly petitioned for a garrison to drive him out; here they had him bound in two fists as firm as fetters; what did they do? Doctor Vance, one of the proprietors of the store, whose name deserves and shall have wide publicity, mustered up all his heroism, and said: "Mr. Brown, if you will pledge your word as a gentleman that you won't harm Lewis I will make him let go of you."

After a long scuffle, after finding that he had not strength to free himself, this hired murderer of negroes gave the required promise—on his word of honor, be it understood—and obtained his release. It was confidently predicted that he "would find some chance to kill the nigger;" but either from fear of so muscular an antagonist, or because other matters occupied his valuable time, he never tried it.

Sullivan and Birkett, two young Southerners of respectable connections, one of them the son of a leading lawyer in Laurens District, were so captivated by Brown's exploits in bullying negroes and defying the Yankees (and doubtless also by that wonderful horsemanship and marksmanship which could strike a sapling with a pistol-ball at full gallop) that they became his open adherents, and joined him in his villainous knight-errantries. These three youths, the eldest twenty-five and the others barely twenty, were an incubus upon four large districts, containing a population of near a hundred thousand souls. Not a citizen dared to arrest them, or scarcely to give information about them. Men who had a complaint to make against Brown's gang came to me in private, and whispered their story under strenuous injunctions of secrecy. Sullivan called on a certain high civil official, boasted of his affiliation with the Texan bushwhacker, and was suffered to depart with a fatherly remonstrance. Birkett was to the last countenanced and protected by his relations, as merely a wild boy whose only fault was a passion for reckless feats, more or less pardonable in a youth of spirit. The general imbecility of public opinion with regard to these ruffians was inexplicable, unless it can be attributed to a secret sympathy with them as exponents of Southern independence, or to a languor of feeling resulting from the exhaustion produced by the war. Sullivan's father, I must state, was a noble exception to this despicable feebleness, disinheriting his unworthy offspring and driving him from his house.

The story of the gang was hurried to a *dénouement* by a circumstance which resulted from the murder of Ezra French's negro. It will be remembered that French had promised Brown two hundred dollars for two assassinations, and that, only one having been accomplished, he refused to pay more than half the price of blood. To punish the old farmer for his niggardliness, and also by way of collecting interest on the debt, Sullivan called at the house of the defaulter, put a pistol to his head, and forced him to sign a note for five hundred dollars. French advertised the note in the papers, forbade any one to pay it, and fled to Mississippi. As he left secretly, not even confiding his departure to his family, it was generally supposed that he had been murdered; and now at last Governor Orr took official notice of this series of outrages, offering a reward of three hundred dollars each for the apprehension of Brown, Sullivan, and Birkett. A few days later Birkett rode into the village of Anderson with the avowed intention of killing Lieutenant Loeche of the garrison, whom he suspected, very justly, of an attempt to entrap him. Trotting up to the head-quarters of the post, and seeing an officer in full uniform mounting a horse, he asked a negro, "Is that Lieutenant Loeche?"

"No," said the man. "That is Colonel Smith, the commandant."

"He will do just as well," observed Birkett, coolly; and resting his revolver on his left arm, fired at the Colonel, narrowly missing him. Smith dashed toward him, but the desperado

had the swiftest horse, and, after a short chase, disappeared in the forests near the village. Then followed a successful raid upon one of his haunts, and he was sent in irons to Castle Pinckney in Charleston Harbor, there to be tried by a military commission and sentenced to hard labor upon the fortifications of Tortugas. It will scarcely be believed that one of this rogue's cousins had the impudence to ask Colonel Smith to join in a petition for his release. The pretense was that the youngster was insane; the Colonel's reply was, that there was too much method in his madness.

Alarmed by this arrest, and by a certain show of activity which the Governor's reward had aroused among the civil authorities, Birkett's comrades left Cokesbury and sought shelter in Greenville District, at the house of a drunken farmer whom I shall christen John Jones. Brown was as boastful as ever; he offered to kill any man, white or black, for five dollars; he robbed negroes, made them take off their hats, and get on their knees. Hearing of these outrages, I reported them to Major M'Clary, commandant of the infantry garrison at Greenville; and a corporal was sent with four men, mounted on quarter-master animals, to arrest the bushwhackers. Reaching John Jones's house at sunrise and meeting the proprietor at his gate, they asked him if he had seen any strangers.

"You want Brown and Sullivan, I s'pose," said he. "I don't mind telling you all about them. I'm tired of them, by ——! They've just left here. They ain't more than a mile off at this minute. But you can't catch 'em—with your creeturs; they've got the best horses around here. And if you do catch 'em they're too many for you; they've got two revolvers apiece, and that's twenty shots to your five. If you go for 'em, I advise you to begin firing as soon as you lay eyes on 'em. At long range you have the advantage, but at short range they'll have it."

Having given this advice, in the spirit of a man who didn't care much which whipped, John Jones walked away to his bottoms and left the result to Providence. To his great disappointment, doubtless, the detail did not come up with the bushwhackers, and nobody was killed. Brown and Sullivan reached North Carolina; remained there until they supposed that the excitement against them had abated; returned in some mysterious manner, probably by long night marches, to Cokesbury; then, finding that they were still unpopular, vanished for good.

A HARBORER OF BUSHWHACKERS.

Shortly after the fruitless expedition to John Jones's house that gentleman held with me a dialogue which is curiously illustrative of the ideas of honor and gentility prevalent among many of our Southern brethren. Clad in homespun, loutish and yet fearless in carriage, red in the face with forty years of whisky, his breath profusely scented with that vigorous fluid, his expression indicative of nothing worse than drunken good-humor, he stalked into my office, took a chair, and observed, "Major, I hear you haven't a high opinion of John Jones."

"You have been harboring Texas Brown," I replied, "and I sent a detail to your house to arrest him there. We may as well be frank in this matter. I knew where he was; I knew precisely where John Jones could be found; I gave the corporal full instructions about his road; I told him the number of your milestone."

For a moment he was silent, utterly disconcerted, and probably fearful of arrest. "Well, Major, I'll tell you how it is," he said at last. "John Jones is a gentleman. He never refused a man the use of his roof. A gentleman comes along and says, Give me a lodging for the night. What can I do? I can't shut my door on him. I take him in, let him eat what's on the table, and charge him a dollar in the morning. That's my way. I never refused any man a night's lodging or a meal of victuals. If he can pay for it, well and good; if he can't, he's welcome. That's John Jones, Major. If you'll come to his house you shall have the best he can furnish, and not a dollar to pay."

"But this Brown is an outlaw and a scoundrel; he has no claim on the hospitality of a good citizen."

"Major, I know it; that is, I know it now. I used to think a good deal of Brown; I thought he was a lively, smart, wild fellow who would settle down some day; I allow I thought a good deal of Brown. But he's no account, Major. I tell you, Brown has ruined himself—as a gentleman."

Was there ever any thing more deliciously absurd than this intoxicated farmer declaring that this vagrant cut-throat had "ruined himself as a gentleman?" It was inexpressibly refreshing to hear him, and I let him go on with his boosy maunderings.

"John Jones has done with Brown," he continued. "He has no use for him. I've no use for any body that won't work, Major; I don't want 'em round my place; I told Brown so. He didn't stay at my house when you thought he did; he staid at another house that I can't tell you of. But he come over to me at daybreak and wanted to buy my best horse. I sold it, Major, because I knew that if I didn't he would steal it. That's the reason I knowed your men couldn't catch him; I knowed he was astraddle of the best stock in this district. Yes, I sold Brown a horse and got my money. But that was all—that time; I didn't lodge him nor feed him. I don't want to set eyes on him again. Major, you mustn't do injustice to John Jones; he an't of the same sort with Texas Brown in no way, shape, nor manner; nor he an't of the same sort with some other folks. John Jones is a gentleman. If he wants to kill you, Major"—here he rose and laid his hand impressively on my shoulder—

"if he wants to put you out of his way, he won't hire another man to take you into the woods and murder you in cold blood—you know what I mean? John Jones won't do that. He'll take a crack at you with his own pistol, and, if he misses you, you shall have your crack."

With this magnanimous declaration, and with a further warm invitation to partake of his hospitality ("No dollar in the morning, Major"), he departed. Numberless, and for the most part ludicrous, were John Jones's oddities. While the volunteers garrisoned Greenville his favorite amusement was to ride up to the camp, defy the "d—d Yankees" to fight, and, when they came out after him, gallop away laughing. It seems incredible, but nevertheless it is a fact, that this curious being was kind and generous to negroes, as is proved by the circumstance that his slaves did not desert him on the emancipation, and are still laboring contentedly on his plantation. His last visit to me was for the purpose of getting a teacher for a freedmen's school, which he had resolved, he said, to set up on his place at his own expense. What came of it I can not say, for I left Greenville shortly after.

After the bushwhacking gangs of Largent and Texas Brown had disappeared from my pashalic the outrages which I had to report dwindled into petty squabbles, in which the negroes were quite as often the aggressors as the whites. There would be a seizing of guns, a picking up of bludgeons, a deal of loud threatening, and occasionally a blow. The civil law generally took these affairs in hand, and they are not worth inserting in a "report of outrages."

THE WITCHES OF HAZELCOPSE.

I.

EVERY village is a little world. It has in itself all the elements which its residents deem necessary to its completeness. The traveler who passes through, and even the visitor who sojourns for a brief time, can have but as imperfect knowledge of this little world as we have of the moon, when we look at that world through a telescope. We see the man in the moon, but we don't know any thing about him.

All who passed through the small town of Hazelcopse saw Aunt Crane. If they but rode through in the stage only, they must inevitably see her. Her dilapidated cottage was on the main, indeed the only, street in the village. No man in vehicle, no horseman, or pedestrian passed her window that she did not bring upon him the searching glance of her sharp black eyes. She was looking for somebody. She had been looking all her days, and had never seen him yet! She was looking, and, if she is not dead, is looking still, for the man who is her "affinity." Not that Aunt Crane had ever heard any of the talk of modern speculators in "biology." But she had in her life the phenomena which these learned people pretend to classify. A precious mess they make of it too!

You saw Aunt Crane. But, at a glance, you could make no more of her than of the man in the moon. You saw simply an aged person, not very prepossessing, who wore so very large a pair of spectacles, with round glasses, that she seemed to be hiding herself behind them, while she peeped out at the world. The weird face would perhaps dwell in your memory, if you are curious about faces. If not, you would forget Aunt Crane in the next person or thing by which your attention was attracted. But if there were any village authority near you would be told that Aunt Crane was a character. She was one of those useful persons, skillful at a poultice or a pie. She could compound wonderful salves for obstinate felons, and appetizing dishes for invalids. She could cull and arrange simples and herbs, or deck a marriage feast. She could dress very young babies in their first costume, or compose the limbs of the dead in their last. Her fingers were deft alike in putting together christening dresses or shrouds. She could welcome the first cry of untried lungs, or watch for the last breath of those who had finished their work. She could marshal the bashful parties at a country wedding, or arrange the mourners at a funeral with decent solemnity. She was a character; always in request; "Figaro here! Figaro there!"

People said she was a witch. I do not think she was. To be sure she was old; but we shall all be that, if we live long enough. She was poor; but in the chances and changes of the world any woman may become poor; and that through no fault of her own, if she puts any confidence in man. For the male animal of the human species is very apt to leave any woman in the lurch who trusts to him. Poor withered Aunt Crane was any thing but handsome. Age and want had told upon her, and left their impress upon her features. So they may tell upon yours, my dear young Miss, if you live as long and endure as much of this world's hardships as she did. No—Aunt Crane was not a witch.

People did *not* say that Carrie Drew was a witch. But I think she was. And I dare say that if I had been one of the youth of Hazelcopse, of an impressible temperament, that I should have been able to record as experience what I now give as fancy. There was enchantment in her face, witchery in her smiles, glamour in her eyes; and wherever she moved she cast a spell over the lords of creation. The ladies liked her too. They could not help it, though they said she was a coquette. Perhaps they were right. The ladies like coquettes, as soldiers like and envy the skill of the sharpshooters who are good against the common enemy.

Some modern wiseacre has written an essay in which he says (it must be *he*) that all flirts and coquettes are little women. That is nonsense. Coquetry has nothing to do with altitude or circumference. I have known most desperate flirts who were stately and majestic.

Women of noble size and strength are always most efficient. Your pretty, petite flyaway amuses her danglers; but they have some chance of escape. But your big beauty holds them like a vice, until she is tired of them; and then gives them such a toss that they seldom come back, unless she beckons for them. And then they return as obedient and repentant as if their dismissal had been entirely their own fault, and quite deserved.

Carrie Drew *was* a witch; no weazened, ugly, stooping, poor old creature; no little flirt, but a magnificent woman, sure of her power, and serene and rejoicing in her beauty. She had a right to rejoice in it. There is no handsome woman who is not aware of the flattering fact; and whatever pretensions a lady has to attractiveness she is fully sensible of. And why not? Knowledge, they say, is power. Not even beauty could get on without the consciousness of beauty. The only thing necessary is to conceal your self-satisfaction; not by too palpable pretense and hypocrisy of humility. To overdo the thing is to defeat yourself.

People fancied that Carrie Drew cared for no man alive except her brothers, her cousins, and a very young boy or two, to whom she could be civil, and no harm ensue. Of course all other young gentlemen were afraid of her, as men are apt to be afraid of women worth their attention. And so Carrie was in danger of passing into ancient maidenhood, simply because the men dared not seriously attempt to win her good graces. Some foolish fellows had tried, and made a miss, where they had thought to win one. Their folly, however, was not in appreciating her, but in overestimating themselves. The lady knew her own value, and was not to be won by any person save one to whom she might honorably surrender. There *was* one gentleman to whom, if they could have changed sexes, she would most seriously have paid court. Women can't do that, and more's the pity. If the privilege of choice could be a little more equally divided, there would be more happy marriages. But "woman must wait," and the right men do not always find the right women. As the world now stands, the ladies who are wise do not too severely repel at first the men they intend to take at last. Neither must they too readily welcome those whom they hope to secure. It is a delicate matter to finesse in, after all. Would not a little simple honesty be better?

If Aunt Crane could be really supposed to love any young person it was Carrie Drew. She had her own reasons for that. It was certainly not because Carrie showed any particular attention to her. I think the young lady was rather afraid of the old woman. And if she had known why Aunt Crane took so much interest in her she would have been mortified a little, probably, as well as afraid. It is well to have every body's friendship, but there are some friendships one can not be proud of.

Aunt Crane had been a belle once—long before Carrie was born. She knew, when she was young, whom she would prefer; but in the mingled folly of prudishness and coquetry she gave him no chance. All men are not repelled so easily. If they were, there would have been no need of a Malthus to paint the dangers of too rapid an increase of population. Aunt Crane —she was a Miss then—failed to secure the man she desired, and accepted somebody else. It was a dear acceptance. He led her a wretched life while he lived; and when he died she had, in decency, to pretend to be sorry. But she did not make any unreasonable ado. Indeed, she was scarcely up to the regulation mourning in such cases. Those who knew her said that she had no regrets for him. The public judged that she was an unfeeling old creature, who cared for nobody but herself—and never had cared.

But she did care for one. And that was Carrie Drew. And she had cared for another. That was Carrie's father. Flirtations are soon forgotten, even by the same generation with the flirts. And the next may never hear of them. The secret of Mrs. Crane's heart was never so much as known to the object of it; and though some of the old people could remember that there was once, for a little while, a very strong current of village talk on the subject, nobody thought any more of it than of the fashions of the last century.

We have said that Aunt Crane's vocation, or one of her vocations, was to nurse the sick. She did not offer to comfort Mr. Drew. She could not have closed *his* eyes. His wife performed that last office for him; and Mr. Drew was one of the very few in Hazelcopse to whose last hours old Mrs. Crane did not minister. She had a passion for such things. The world was weary and sad to her. Had she lived in any but a Protestant community she would have taken the veil. As she had not that refuge from herself, like many another, she found relief for her own care and secret sorrow in following the vocation of a Sister of Charity, without the vows.

You who carelessly or uncharitably think there are people in the world devoid of feeling, be assured that you do them injustice. The very coldness and sternness of the exterior may veil a bleeding heart. No mourner round the coffin of Carrie's father was in deeper grief than the poor old woman—witch they called her—whose trembling fingers gave the last touch to his hair, and the last plait to his shroud. She would have thrown herself upon the body, and wailed out her grief; but too many witnesses were by, and she dared not. Only she reverently stooped, as many did, and printed one kiss—her first and last—upon his brow. There was given the first actual, unconstrained demonstration she had ever made of her affection. She was withered and aged. He was dead. But that kiss was the life-delayed salutation of her youth and love. The dead form was not more unconscious of the

secret of her heart than the man had been all his life. Wonderful revelations will the "secrets of all hearts" be, when the judgment brings them to light. And *One* only will know them till that day.

II.

Life's lessons teach wisdom. To those who have not gone through the course, the wisdom of the old seems folly. The aged, who look on the movements of youth, know more about their hearts and desires and motives than they know themselves; particularly when, as Carrie Drew was to old Mrs. Crane, the young happen to be objects of especial attention and close watching. Indeed the old lady, in her heart, considered it only an accident that Carrie was not her own daughter. Was she not *his* child, the living image of him whom she had loved all her life?

She had been married to another. Uncomplaining she had borne his cruel neglect and more cruel notice, but never betrayed her secret, or failed in respect and duty. Fortunately she had borne no children. They would have seemed to her but step-sons and daughters compared with Carrie Drew. They would have been less than step-children. For a woman dearly loves the children of the man she loves, though they are not her own. But Mrs. Crane, with the cruel disappointment at her heart, the withering secret there, and with the little affection which she had for her husband, or he for her, would have regarded his children as unwelcome strangers, even though she herself had borne them.

There are many things which seem strange and cruel and wretched in the world. Perhaps they are so. Perhaps it is chiefly the way in which we view them. But there is only one way of helping the matter. And that is to correct as much of the evil that is in the world as lies within our power. And this was what Aunty Crane resolved to attempt in regard to Carrie Drew.

People of character have their own way of doing things. Aunt Crane was a character. Those who have no individuality follow other people's customs, make the same blunders, with the same results, and are accounted wise. Such as have a mode of their own have at least the satisfaction of their own approval. Mrs. Crane was resolved that Carrie Drew should not waste her life, either in solitude or in company which is worse—that of a husband taken as a makeshift.

Ordinary match-makers mar more matches than they make. Many a young couple have been surfeited by injudicious praise, and caused to separate by the very methods which foolish meddlers have taken to unite them to each other. Declare to a young woman that to accept a young man is just the properest thing she can do, and ten to one she will not do it. Help a young man on with a young woman, and the chances are that you will help him off. Of all fools lovers are the most foolish.

Hazelcopse was all alive with a new sensation. It was positively declared that Willie Sharp and Carrie Drew were affianced. Every body said that it was precisely the best and happiest thing that could be. Willie blushed, and Carrie pouted. They did not quite like—who does?—to be thus hurriedly disposed of; inspected, devoted, ticketed, and put out of the market. Congratulations became odious to them, and felicitations unendurable. And when the climax was reached by Rev. Mr. Lovematch, with an eye to his fee and fingers itching for his wedding-gloves, Carrie Drew was furious. The reverend gentleman, with that malapropos adroitness with which too many of the sacred profession are gifted, congratulated the lady before a roomful. Carrie could not be impolite to the parson in the primitive village of Hazelcopse. So she revenged herself upon her lover, and snubbed him emphatically upon the first opportunity. Willie was highly indignant at an insult of which he could not conceive the cause, and fell off from his incipient attachment, taking refuge in a flirtation with another young lady, who was only too glad to welcome him.

The old witch heard what the young witch had done, and anticipated the danger. She forthwith determined, like the witch in the play, "I'll do, and I'll do, and I'll do!" What she did nobody could tell, or even be sure that she did it. For witches have a secret, dark, and midnight mode of accomplishing their purposes. All that was apparent was that the young folks were undone, whoever might have done their undoing.

The village of Hazelcopse suddenly reversed its mind, and came to the conclusion that such a match could not be, and ought not to be. Aunt Crane was as busy and as invisible as the patron of witches in a gale of wind, and through her agency the prospering breeze which had set toward matrimony became an adverse tempest. All the women counseled Carrie, and maligned her faithless swain. All the men advised Willie, and abused the changeful flirt. When Carrie, hearing overmuch, ventured a word of remonstrance and defense in Willie's behalf, the women told her she was very forward and indelicate. When he, for her, offered to throw down the gage and do battle, the men gave but a smile of pity. The two young folk were fairly persecuted with advice adverse, as they had been nauseated with encouragement. They were talked into silence. Rev. Mr. Lovematch offered Carrie condolence in as bad time and taste as his congratulation had been, and assured her that she was "providentially" saved from an unsuitable alliance. Carrie took her revenge a second time.

Every body in Hazelcopse was quiet on a certain summer morning. The Sharp-Drew matter, after nine days' wonder, had ceased to be an excitement. The village had returned to its normal condition of somnolent repose. The flies droned in and out of Aunt Crane's

windows, and her wheel droned in her "keeping-room," for she adhered to the old time tradition of a spinning-wheel. We have said that every body was quiet. Aunt Crane was an exception. Her very spectacles seemed to sparkle with a strange excitement; and her step to and fro as she span had an elasticity at which her demure cat looked up with feline wonder and some alarm. The old lady had evidently "done, and done, and done" whatever she had intended, and not even her cat was in the secret.

The mail-stage—there were, as yet, no railway tracks through Hazelcopse—stopped at the village inn. Still, there was no bustle. It was midsummer, and no election was pending. The hostler lazily brought the water for the horses. The driver lazily descended from his perch. The inn-keeper yawned as he took the bundle of copies of the county newspaper from the driver; and the postmaster yawned in response as he slowly cut the packing-twine, and very deliberately tore off the wrapper. The schoolmaster slowly dragged out the broken arm-chair, slowly and carefully deposited himself upon it, and very indolently opened and shook out the folds from the still damp paper. After a tedious process of wiping and polishing he adjusted his spectacles on his nose, and applied himself to read.

Suddenly he sprang from his chair as if something had stung him. The postmaster dropped the half dozen letters he was sorting to hear the news. The blacksmith opposite, noticing the commotion, dropped his sledge and ran over. Ditto the village tailor his shears. Ditto the shop-keeper, who fared worst of the three, since he marred a half dozen of eggs which he was receiving "on account." The doctor stopped in his sulky, and leaned forward to hear. The Reverend Mr. Lovematch moved up with as much haste as his dignity would permit. All Hazelcopse was assembled around the post-office.

All but Aunty Crane. Her window commanded a diagonal view of the tavern and the post-office. She stopped her wheel, and peeped out over her spectacles. She did not join the group, but seemed to understand the situation at once. For she took off her cap and waved it over her head, and while her white locks fell over her shoulders, danced around her little room with a lightness of step remarkable to see. The cat, astonished, rose from her mat, hunched her back like a camel, exasperated her tail to the hirsute size of three tails, spat and hissed at her old friend, and flew out at the window.

The paragraph which had excited all this commotion, from the schoolmaster to the cat, including the parson, was a brief one, and read as follows:

"Married—in New York, by the Rev. Mr. Creamcheese, William Sharp, Esq., to Caroline, daughter of the late Samuel Drew, Esq., of Hazelcopse."

The party had run away from Hazelcopse to avoid the publication of the bans, and to escape the further interference of good-natured friends (good-natured with an adjective, for which consult Sir Fretful Plagiary). The Reverend Mr. Lovematch was wronged out of his fee, thanks to his congratulations; but the bridegroom was magnanimous, and remembered him at Thanksgiving time.

Hazelcopse was propitiated at the "home-coming" and the reception, which was upon the most liberal and comprehensive scale. Aunty Crane was the happy directress of details on that occasion, and wore a new cap, and a new countenance, mysterious still, yet satisfied. Hers was an original mode of match-making, and she deserved credit for it; though all the people to this day have not fairly taken it in. They think she was a dreadful old witch to set such stories going about the young people, and to try to break up the match. She says nothing in her own defense, knowing well that Carrie understands her.

Aunt Crane's best pin-cushion, a present of long ago, has a pin-o-graph legend on it—"Welcome to"—the rest to be supplied as the case may require. And her wheel drones placidly; and the cat, with recovered serenity, purs quietly; and Aunt Crane peeps curiously out at the world from behind her spectacles, ready for the next young event, which it requires no witch to predict.

CONSTITUTIONALITY OF THE LEGAL-TENDER ACT.

AFTER an experience of the benefits of this Act in war, second only in importance to that derived from the action of the public forces, the country is startled by objections to its constitutionality in the public press and in the platform of Democratical Conventions. They owe their origin to the hope that the Supreme Court of the United States, which is expected to decide this question at its winter term, may be influenced to suppose that popular opinion is strongly adverse to the measure. The cases which are up for decision are understood to be of three descriptions:

Firstly, Those relating to contracts made before the passage of the Act, payable in what then constituted the lawful money of the United States. *Secondly*, Those made since which by their terms are payable in gold. *Thirdly*, Those of the ordinary description.

If its retroactive character is maintained, the decision will include all contracts made since the law took effect which do not specify that they are payable in gold. As those made payable in that medium since February, 1862, stand upon special grounds, and their payment with legal-tenders at their nominal value would indicate a fraudulent intent, it is not necessary to examine these grounds in considering the main question, whether, when the nation is engaged in a war which threatens its existence, it is within the power of the General Government, when all other means fail, to resort to a forced circulation of its securities. The ques-

tion, as it involves the financial action of the people for a series of years, is the most important ever raised for decision.

Before proceeding to show that modern nations, the most opulent, engaged in war have been compelled to adopt this policy, and have thus proved that it is "necessary and proper" for those which are less opulent, the question may be usefully examined whether the collection of debts at such a time in a better medium than the paper which the Government is compelled to use for the manifold purposes of the war would exercise a counteracting influence upon the issue of the contest.

We have been so accustomed to the undisturbed operation of the laws for the collection of debts, that we forget that their enforcement is an exertion of the public power which may involve important consequences. One of the rebellions known to our early history arose from an attempt, through the ordinary legal tribunals, to collect debts in gold and silver after our colonial finances had been debauched by issues of paper. Captain Shays, in December, 1786, marched at the head of a rebellious force consisting of about 2000 men, of which he was leader, to Springfield and Worcester, in Massachusetts, and prevented the holding of the courts in those places. This force was subsequently dispersed by the militia under General Shepherd.

In our own times it became necessary for the State to interfere between John Jacob Astor and the occupants of land in Putnam County, the title of which he claimed, and the State was obliged to pay him half a million of dollars to quiet the disturbance of the public peace, which was threatened and likely to arise if the officers of the law should attempt to follow up the decision in favor of Mr. Astor by placing him in actual possession.

The most recent instance of trouble was that which arose between Stephen Van Rensselaer and other manorial proprietors and their tenants in Rensselaer, Albany, Delaware, and other counties of this State, growing out of attempts of the owners to collect their rents through proceedings at law. Secret associations were formed to prevent the arrest of tenants; the Sheriff of Delaware County was killed, and during Governor Wright's term that county was declared to be in a state of insurrection. The village of Delhi became a military encampment. The excitement, owing to an amendment of the Constitution favorable to the interests of the tenants, and to a disinclination on the part of local courts and juries to favor the landlords, has died away; but the effort to collect the rents by lawful proceedings came near involving the State in a serious and costly conflict.

The ground set up by Judge Denio in his dissenting opinion in the case of Meyer against Roosevelt and the Metropolitan Bank against Van Dyck (27th New York Reports, p. 400), in which the validity of the Legal-tender Act was maintained in the Court of Appeals of this State by Judges Davies, Wright, Emott, Rosekrans, Balcom, and Marvin, against Judges Denio and Selden, is this in effect: that the States of this Union may proceed during war, in defiance of the action of the General Government, to collect the debts of their citizens in their State tribunals against any debtor in gold and silver; and that they may, in case the proceedings for this purpose are impeded by riotous demonstrations of magnitude, require of the General Government, under its stipulation to protect each State against domestic violence, a force to put down the obstructing array and enable the State to fulfill this duty at its pleasure. How far this counteracting influence might operate upon the fate of the national war would depend upon the frequency and the force of such demonstrations; but we submit that the subject is one comprised in those measures of safety, preparation, and counteraction, which bear upon the issues of war; and if such a power is lodged with the States—as Judge Denio in effect claims—it is founded on a principle that would enable the States to counteract the efforts of the Nation to wage successful war.

It is hardly to be supposed that the citizens of the Northern and Western States—six or seven tenths of whom belonged to the debtor class—would have tolerated the collection of debts in gold and silver during the recent war. Their debts had been contracted under the State bank-paper system; gold had been expelled as the consequence of it, and what had not been taken from the channels of trade by the army was expelled as a consequence of the war. If debts had been generally enforced at such a time in gold and silver, universal ruin would have ensued.

In war, it is said, every citizen on one side is bound to be a party against every citizen on the other side. There is no exception or limit to the rule but in the discretion of each belligerent. The combined forces of one power are arrayed and thrown against the combined forces of the other. The largest creditor and the humblest debtor may be required to stand side by side in the army of the country, exposed to be destroyed for the safety of the national life; but yet the creditor may at such a time pursue his remedies, and in case of domestic violence, as the fruit of the proceedings, require the withdrawal of a sufficient portion of the public force in the direction of his interests, and in the opposite direction from the public interests. Such, in effect, is Judge Denio's doctrine. Instead of the Union being supreme in such a juncture, it would be the creditor interest, or at least the State tribunals in support of that interest.

The ground that the States may thus in war restrain the General Government from making its paper a tender for private debts is founded by Judge Denio upon the supposed unlimited control of the States over the manner in which contracts may be made and discharged. The subject of tender, he claims, lies within the do-

main of State legislation, except so far as the States are specially restricted by the clause that nothing but gold and silver shall be made by them a tender for debts—that this restriction goes to the subject-matter, and hence restricts, by implication, the General Government. There is a striking inconsistency with this view at page 544 of the opinion. "The word money," says Judge Denio, "as used in the Constitution, *ex vi termini*, implies all that is expressed in the words legal tender; and without the use of these words in the acts of Congress, the coins struck at the national mint, and the foreign coins, the value of which has been regulated by Congress, could be used in forced payments in all cases."

The acts of Congress thus referred to are the numerous acts passed during the first administration and nearly all succeeding administrations, prescribing that our gold and silver coins, and certain foreign coins, "shall be a legal tender for all debts and demands." These frequent acts of Congress, and the fact that no State had ever passed any act declaring what shall be the subject of a tender, raised very strongly the inference that the General and not the State governments was the true depositary of this power. But Judge Denio, in attempting to disturb this inference, attributes to the word "money" in the clause of the Constitution authorizing Congress "to coin money and regulate its value," a meaning or quality altogether inconsistent with his general doctrine. If the word "money" implies the creation of a thing tenderable for debts, then it is clear, as Congress alone possesses the power of coinage, that it alone possesses the power to provide a tender. The accuracy of this interpretation can not be denied. Indeed it is unanswerable.

This interpretation is not nearly as strained as that applied by Congress and the Supreme Court to the clause that Congress shall have power "to establish post-offices and post-roads." These naked words have been held to amount to a complete investment in the General Government of entire power over the mail to the exclusion of all other authority. The view of Judge Denio that the word "money" implies the creation of what is tenderable for debts is a much more reasonable, as it is unquestionably a true interpretation of the Constitution. If the States were invested with this power to prescribe what shall be a tender, restricted only by the clause that they shall make nothing but gold and silver such tender, a certain amount might be prescribed in one State and another and different in other States. Restrictions are construed strictly, and if the power to prescribe a tender were thus lodged with the States, and it were thus exercised, their own courts would have authority to adjudicate upon the question without appeal to the national tribunal. If the right of appeal exists to the national tribunal the General Government has jurisdiction and the States have not. One of the great objects of union would be frustrated if the States could make different arrangements on this subject; whereas, if it is a power appertaining to the national authority, there would be the same uniformity with respect to what money is tenderable for debts as there is throughout all the States as to the standard of weights and measures. Congress alone has authority to "fix" the standard, a word implying less freedom in change; whereas, in the same clause the word "regulate" is used, as applied to the value of money, showing that its value may be regulated by Congress according to public exigencies, as they from time to time arise.

Judge Denio's ground, that the restriction upon the States against their making any thing but gold and silver a tender for debts applies to the General Government, derives no support from established rules of construction. The framers of the Constitution might have restricted, in terms, the General Government equally with the States, and the omission to do so directly is to be taken as implying that they did not intend to do so indirectly. The whole clause, of which the restriction in question is a part, shows beyond a doubt that Judge Denio's enlargement of it so as to embrace the General Government proceeds upon an erroneous principle. The clause is as follows:

"No State shall enter into any treaty, alliance, or confederation; grant letters of marque and reprisal; coin money; emit bills of credit; make any thing but gold and silver coin a tender in payment of debts; pass any bill of attainder, *ex post facto* law, or law impairing the obligation of contracts; or grant any title of nobility."

If the ground that one of these restrictions—that relating to tender—applies as well to Congress as to the States is correct, it would be a necessary inference that others of them, and particularly the restriction against impairing the obligation of contracts, also applied; whereas the General Government can enter into a treaty or alliance; grant letters of marque and reprisal; emit bills of credit; and pass laws impairing the obligation of contracts. The restriction as to *ex post facto* laws, held to relate wholly to criminal proceedings, was specially applied to Congress in another clause. The rule contended for by Judge Denio, which extends one of these restrictions by construction so as to embrace the General Government, might do infinite mischief; for the General Government is obliged, in order to maintain its existence, to avail itself of many of the powers thus forbidden to the States. In laying the embargo which preceded the declaration of war against Great Britain it was compelled to annul, and did annul, all contracts, though made before its adoption, which conflicted with the measure, and this was the case also during that war and the one in which we were lately engaged. In establishing a uniform system of bankruptcy Congress, as a part of the measure of relief which the power is supposed to imply, discharges debtors from their contracts, which perhaps it might not do if the restriction on the States against their impairing the obligation of con-

tracts were extended by Judge Denio's rule so as to embrace control over the action of Congress. In the exercise of the coining power it is competent for Congress to improve or debase the standard, and thus affect directly the relations between debtor and creditor. This also would be impossible if the General Government had no authority to impair the obligation of contracts.

Judge Denio, in order to carry out his theory to its just conclusion, insists that in exercising the coining power Congress is bound to require that the coins fabricated under its authority shall have ever the relative proportions of gold or silver respectively, and of the respective alloys with which they are mixed, that ordinary coins had at the time of the adoption of the Constitution. The right to change them in an important degree is denied. This doctrine is not due to any restriction in terms on the power of the General Government, and must consequently grow out of the language of the clause which declares that "Congress shall have power to coin money and regulate its value."

Nearly every European nation has, from time to time, altered its standard. The silver in the ruble of Russia was reduced from 312.1 grains in the time of Peter the Great to 273 in the time of Alexander in 1802. The livre of France from the time of Charlemagne to that of the Revolution was reduced immensely. Jacob says that the coins of Germany were in a constant state of change. The silver pound sterling of England, which, in the time of Edward III., consisted of eleven ounces and a fraction, was reduced in successive reigns until it became debased to about four ounces. In 1694 a sagacious Scotchman suggested that in lieu of this policy, which enabled the Government and all private debtors to pay off their debts in pounds of lighter weight than they were when the debt was contracted, it would be better to mix paper with the currency, and out of this suggestion grew the creation of the Bank of England. By the act of Parliament, passed during the reign of William IV., the bills of the Bank are made a legal tender over the United Kingdom, except at the counter of the Bank or of its branches. If the degradation of the coins and money of the world shall continue, will it not be in the power of the United States to adopt countervailing regulations? But for the discovery of the gold mines of California and Australia it is probable that a debasement of the coins would have taken place, for Jacob, who wrote his work on the precious metals under the auspices of Mr. Huskisson, then British Minister, informs us that the habit of the great commercial nations to treat paper, issued in inordinate amounts, as money, had lowered the production of the precious metals in important mines and produced a dangerous disproportion between the large amount of paper promises and the small amount of those metals that could be called upon for their redemption.

As our Government was established to endure for all time, the various vicissitudes that may arise in the experience of the world were taken into view and provided for as far as human wisdom was competent for the task, and it is idle to suppose that the men who framed our Constitution intended so to fetter the law-making power that they could not regulate our coinage to meet whatever emergencies might arise. The language of the power that Congress might "regulate its value" conferred this authority in the fullest manner. It conveys discretionary authority, and excludes all other authority. The assumption of Judge Denio that "the subject of private contracts, embracing the manner in which they may be made and in which they may be discharged, lies within the domain of State legislation" is not, in respect to the matter in question, correct; on the contrary, the States of this Union have no power over what constitutes one of the ordinary subjects of a contract, which is money; they have not prescribed and can not prescribe against the legislation of Congress what shall be tenderable for debts; nor can they either in insolvent proceedings or in any way impair or discharge any lawful contracts, but power over these subjects appertains more fully to the national authority. Instead of the General Government being restricted, it appears that the framers of the Constitution had the subject under consideration and determined to restrict only the States.

Although the Government is thus wholly unrestricted in these respects by the terms of the Constitution, it is conceded that as the General Government is one of limited powers in many respects, the power to bestow on the representative of money, which Judge Denio concedes may be issued, the function of being tenderable for debts must be affirmatively shown. The language of his opinion at page 528 is this: "The right to issue the obligations of the Government for money borrowed, or for property or services furnished for national purposes, is not and can not be questioned. The form and denomination of such securities are matters which belong to the discretion of the Government making them; and if an issue could be raised upon the intent to have them circulate as the *representative of money*, I should still think that it was legally unobjectionable so to accommodate them to the business wants of the community as to make it the interest of successive holders to continue them in circulation, and thus benefit the treasury by deferring the time of their presentment for payment."

Judge Denio, at page 534, is thus inconsistent with what is contained in the preceding quotation: "Pecuniary means gained by the circulation of paper not bearing interest are the profits which bankers acquire by their peculiar business. It is a well-known pursuit, in which individuals may engage, by government license, when that is required by law, and without it when it is not exacted by some legal requirement. I think that so far as the immediate

question is concerned, the Government has an equal right to authorize the national treasury to embark in any other of the pursuits of business by which money is acquired as in this of making profits by the forced circulation of its notes under this legal-tender clause." As the business of a banker does not embrace the forced circulation of his notes, what is said in the former quotation more appropriately describes the business of a banker than the latter, and yet he affirms that the former is lawful and hurtless, and that the latter, as it would imply authority to enter into banking, is unlawful. The inconsistency can scarcely be reconciled.

But, assuming that Judge Denio did not intend to impair the force of his admission that the General Government may at its pleasure issue its promises to pay, in the shape of the *representative of money*—a right clearly appurtenant to the specific power "to borrow money on the credit of the United States"—the question ought to be considered whether this representative is not calculated to add to public and private embarrassment, if in case of war, when it is freely issued, it do not have imparted to it the chief quality of money—that of being tenderable for debts. Without its possessing that function what would be its actual character? The State bank paper issued from before the adoption of the Constitution purported, as do some of the Treasury-notes, to be payable on demand, and they were generally so paid; but in a time of panic they were of no value in the payment of debts, and hence it was that, when in undoubted credit and great abundance, they tempted individuals throughout the length and breadth of the land to enter into contracts extensively, who afterward awakened to the danger that these bills did not answer the purpose of performance when money was most wanted. It was this defect which imparted to the panic of 1836–37—long to be remembered—its extreme malignancy. Thousands of our noblest merchants were destroyed. Their destruction was due to the organic defect of our banking system, which allowed the issue of money to an extent that influenced the most sagacious men to enter heavily into contracts, which money did not answer the purpose of enabling them to perform their contracts at maturity. It did not constitute a tender for debts. It was a mere sham. Judge Denio admits that the General Government may entrap its citizens by issuing the representative, but denies the power to confer on it the attribute which will save the community from destruction. It thus appears that the extreme State right doctrine now being combated would, in truth, produce an impracticable government for purposes of war: capable of going far enough to involve the unwary in pecuniary ruin, but incapable of extricating its finances from the danger which issuing the *representative* of money is sure to produce, if not endowed with the capacity which prevents its rejection by the community.

We come now to the question whether to impart this quality is one of the powers which the Constitution has, for purposes of war, conferred on the General Government. That to give to the Treasury-notes this quality will prevent their depreciation, and impart to them an additional value, and cause them to circulate more freely and generally, can not be denied. Their issue is always due to the want of sufficient quantities of gold for the purposes of war, and they have unquestionably the effect which Judge Denio attributes to them, whether made a tender or not, to expel what remains of the gold from circulation. The situation of debtors would, if they were not tenderable for debts, be this: that there would be an entire want and absence of the debt-paying medium. This would be entirely subversive of business and credits, and cause serious ruin to the community. An interest would thus be created, too deep to be viewed without anxiety, in favor of the immediate cessation of hostilities, however necessary their prosecution might be to the honor of the country. Whereas by making the bills a legal tender, as they were made by the act in question, debtors were enabled to meet their obligations, which otherwise would have been impossible; and the trade and industry of the country, which otherwise would have been languishing, were stimulated to a degree highly favorable to the prosecution of war. It is not too much to say that the long campaign of General Grant on the Appomattox, and which terminated in the surrender of General Lee, would not have been endured if the people of the Northern and Western States had been subjected to the commercial disasters which began to be felt at the time of the passage of the bill in question, and by means of which they were soon arrested. The British, says Bowen, in his able work, could not have taken Waterloo but for the influence of the commercial activity which prevailed in England. It was due to the act of 1797 which relieved the Bank of England of the necessity to redeem its bills in specie, and saved debtors from arrest who made these bills a tender for any debt.

The power to conduct war, devolved upon the General Government, involves always the raising and expenditure of pecuniary means; but Judge Denio insists that but three modes of raising them are permitted by the Constitution—by taxation, by sale of the public lands, or by borrowing. The position that no other means exists is not founded on any express provision to that effect of the Constitution, but is his own deduction from the general structure of that instrument. He supposes that imparting to the representative of money in war the quality which appropriately belongs to money—its debt-paying quality—is not one of the measures which Congress may then resort to for raising pecuniary means, and this, notwithstanding that the terrible pressure of hostilities will not enable it to wait for the slow process of taxation; notwithstanding that there are no lenders within the precincts of the Government

who have the requisite means, and that those outside are unwilling to lend; and notwithstanding that the public lands are not in demand during the turmoil and difficulties of war.

The States which formed the old Confederation, both before and after that event, had made their own bills of credit a tender for debts, and it was clearly in the power of the Convention, which had immediately before it this example of what may be done by the legislative power in great emergencies, to have restricted the General Government from doing so equally with the States; but the same reason for allowing latitude to the General Government with respect to what might be tenderable for debts in war—as it allowed with respect to contracts which we have seen may be annulled in war—undoubtedly influenced the Convention to waive the restriction as to the nation in both cases, and to leave to Congress the right to resort to this means of raising money in case of war, if no other were left. "I concede," says Judge Denio, "that it is not incumbent upon those who argue for the validity of the legal-tender clause to select any one express power, and to maintain that the provision is a legitimate execution of that power. They may group together any number of these grants of legislative authority, and if the right to enact that provision is fairly deducible from any or all of them—their position is established."....."The problem to be determined is, whether the relation of means and ends exists between them." It must also be not repugnant to the Constitution.

We have seen that the Parliament of Great Britain, in 1797, relieved the Bank of England from the obligation to pay specie for its bills, and in the same act relieved from arrest all debtors who should tender its irredeemable bills for debts. Mr. Pitt, in supporting the original act, declared that it was not the intention of the Government to make the bills a legal tender; but they were so in effect, though the act did not apply to proceedings of distraint. In 1811, Lord King having given notice to his tenants that he would no longer accept bank-notes at their nominal and reduced value, Lord Stanhope introduced a resolution declaring it illegal to receive or give more than 21*s.* for a guinea, or less than 20*s.* for a one-pound note, and a bill was passed which enacts "that the taking of gold coin for more than its value, or bank-notes for less, shall be deemed a misdemeanor." Lord Eldon, in supporting this bill, remarked that

"So long as it should be expedient to continue the Cash Suspension Act of 1797 this present bill must become a part of it, for otherwise there would be no equality in the situation of different contracting parties, nor would equal justice be dealt out to those who had an equal claim to it, as there could be no justice in leaving the tenant who had tendered bank-notes exposed to be distrained upon by his landlord, while the debtor in other cases who had tendered bank-notes was exempt from arrest. I am peculiarly situated with respect to this question, having the official care of twenty-five millions of the property of his Majesty's subjects, and *without the means of enforcing the payment of any part except in bank-notes.*"

Lord Eldon was at this time Lord Chancellor, in the very height of power. Lord Brougham remarked of him that he did three-fourths of the governing of the country for a whole generation, and hence it can not be doubted that his observations as to the effect of the act of 1797 are accurate.

It is unnecessary to refer very particularly to the example with respect to the forced circulation of *assignats* by the revolutionary government of France, and the issue of paper-money during wars by other European governments, inasmuch as the example of the most opulent nation of the world in 1797—the nation from which the spirit and tone of our institutions are most derived—is sufficient to show that it is a policy which in war can not always be avoided.

The events which preceded this act in English history, and those which preceded our act of February, 1862, were of like description. The measure in Great Britain was preceded by the shipment of coin to the Continent, and by attempts on the part of Napoleon to cripple the pecuniary resources of his great adversary. At a most gloomy period a meeting of the Privy Council was held, which took place on Sunday; and it is claimed that the only occasion on which his Majesty George III. violated the Sabbath was this important one. He attended the meeting in person. The high officers of the bank were also present, and the Council, on the strength of their representations, resolved that it was "indispensably necessary for the public service that the Directors of the Bank of England should forbear issuing any cash in payment until the sense of Parliament can be taken." On the meeting of Parliament immediately after Mr. Pitt carried his act to sustain this proceeding, and relieve debtors from arrest, against the opposition of Fox and Sheridan, and carried it by a large majority.

The expulsion of coin from the United States had also happened, but yet Mr. Chase had been able to negotiate loans, chiefly through the banks in this city, until at last it seemed impossible to raise any funds for our armies then in the field. A meeting of bank directors was held in New York to consider the situation, when one of their number delivered a speech, of which the following is an extract:

"We" (the banks) "are now loaded down with Government securities which we can not sell. Banks, as I have already stated, can act only as agents in great national loans. When our capitals are absorbed, *as they now are*, we can no longer aid the Government. The Government *must suspend specie payments or we must*, and it is only a question of a few more days' time as to who suspends first, and who shall hold the specie in our vaults. If we hold it, the people and the Government will be alike benefited. If the Government takes it, the whole will be expended and *hoarded by a few people.*"

It is difficult to conceive of a crisis more imposing. The Secretary of the Treasury now

found that the principal of the only measures which Judge Denio says may be resorted to for maintaining our forces in the field had failed. There had not been sufficient time to develop a system of taxation; the public lands were not then salable; and borrowing on the usual system had come to a sudden and certain end. According to this distinguished Judge, it would seem that there was but one policy left—the withdrawal of our forces and submission to the demands of rebellion. But Mr. Chase wisely determined that, as Congress was wholly unrestricted as to the choice of means conducive to the great end of saving the Union, and as the powers of the General Government in war were equal to those of Great Britain, and rose with the occasion to a level with whatever exigency existed—that, indeed, they were supreme within the sphere of its action—determined to cast aside the strait-jacket of extreme State Rights, and follow the spirit of the English example.

The power of Parliament is described by a bold figure as being omnipotent, and it is insisted upon that the powers which can be predicated of such a legislative body have no existence in ours. If Great Britain finds, as she conceived she did, great advantage from her policy of an irredeemable currency made in effect receivable for debts, and it amounts to a supreme necessity in a great war, we should be hopelessly exposed if, in an important conflict, we could not resort to the same means. If she found it to be a "necessary and proper" means for conducting her war, it may unquestionably be considered a "necessary and proper" means for us. The bills made irredeemable by that power for over twenty years were those of a bank, and although, to use the language of Mr. Pitt, it is a great engine of state, its bills do not equal in dignity those issued by the Government of the United States itself, and hence there is greater reason for making the latter an actual legal tender than there was for imparting this quality in effect to the bills of the Bank of England. It may be laid down as an axiom, that a people whose commercial dealings in peace are based mainly on the use of the ordinary *representative of money*, have no choice in a war of magnitude but to continue, and with all their power maintain, the circulation of paper promises.

Although in some respects the powers of Congress are inferior to those of Parliament, yet, in respect to war and the regulation of commerce on a war basis, the powers of Congress are, in the main, as full and complete as are those of any legislative body of any nation. There are no important limitations upon the powers of Congress in this respect, either express or implied. If this were not so we should be compelled to leave the arena of nations and sink down into a condition of inferiority. The Government would constitute "a splendid bauble." The great Generals and great men who formed the Convention knew full well that the Government, in some imminent crises when immense obligations were to be incurred, would need to be armed with all the power required to combine and array its forces against those of the enemy, and instead of fettering Congress with limited powers in this respect they bestowed them on a sufficient scale to effect the great objects of a firm national government.

The problem to be determined, says Judge Denio, is whether the relation of *means and ends* exists between them; that is to say, between the means employed and the end authorized to be accomplished. Does not the example of England show that this is one of the *means* resorted to in war to accomplish success. If a resort to this measure was compulsory on the proud aristocracy of England, who in part represent a rich and powerful nation, the most so of modern history—she had not then reached her culmination—is it a stretch of reasoning to say that a nation less opulent, which had habitually expelled the precious metals as the fruit of an injudicious system; which had none to lend gold and silver within its borders, and no friends of that description in other countries; which could not raise funds in time from taxation or from the sale of its lands—that such a nation, suddenly confronted with a force that arrested the wonder of foreign people and led them to think division inevitable, is fully justified, in order to defend and perpetuate the national existence, in a resort to the means which enabled England to succeed against the First Napoleon?

ENGLISH PHOTOGRAPHS BY AN AMERICAN.

No. VI.—WOMAN IN ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

WOMEN are worse treated in Great Britain than in any other civilized country. High or low, rich or poor, married or single, none of them escape from some of the disabilities, prejudices, and injustices from which their sex suffers. They are obliged to endure not only all the pains and penalties inflicted upon the women of other nations, but also certain special injuries and annoyances invented and practiced by Englishmen alone. Perhaps an American notices this state of affairs more quickly than other observers, because he comes from a country in which, according to the judgment of foreign critics, the women are treated too well. But the Americans do not believe that it is possible to be too kind to women. They hold that, while men may have been created "a little lower than the angels," women were formed upon a perfect equality with the celestial personages. Nor is this a mere sentimental belief, as immaterial as French politeness; it is carried into practical effect in a thousand ways, and to a great extent it modifies and mollifies the habits, customs, and manners of the people. The result is, as our critics tell us, that the American women are spoiled. But in En-

gland the case is even worse; for here the men are spoiled.

In this age of vast educational experiments it would be an excellent plan to ship a few thousand Englishmen to the United States and marry them to American women, and bring a few thousand Americans here and marry them to Englishwomen. The experiment would probably be very beneficial to both countries; but it would certainly teach the bold Britons many facts in regard to women's rights and wrongs of which they are now in happy, unconscious, and selfish ignorance. They would discover that in America marriage is not simply a partnership to which the woman brings the most cash-capital, in which she does the hardest work, and from which she derives the least advantages, as is the case in England. In the United States the husband is the person who is expected to possess the money, or to earn it; and the wife is considered so precious and sufficient a treasure as to require no dowry but her own charms, and to deserve the life-long labors, sacrifices, and protection of her spouse without giving him any other return than her existence, and as much as she may see fit of her companionship. Every where, in public or private, the inexorable rule is, *Place aux dames*. The only institution in which men are still supreme is politics; but women are not yet allowed to vote because the great majority of them do not wish to vote. If they did wish it there would be no party in the United States rash enough to deny them the suffrage.

The inferior position of Englishwomen is first apparent to a foreigner in a variety of little details. Returning from an early-morning ride, he notices the cottages of the working-people by the road-side. The women are up and about, making the fires, carrying the coals, opening the house, while the men are still snoring soundly. I should like to see an American husband wait for his wife, or an American son for his mother, to perform these matutinal functions. If he were not speedily bewigged by his own better-half, a more serious punishment would be adjudged him by a vigilance committee of neighboring housewives. Or breakfast is being prepared, and you notice the women buttering the bread so as to save their lords and masters the slightest unnecessary exertion. An American husband might eat dry bread forever if he were unwilling to butter it himself. Then you catch sight of a woman on her knees lacing or unlacing a man's boots. So menial a service would scandalize the best American wives. If an Englishman want a pipe, it is the woman who fills it and hands him the light; if his pot need replenishing, it is the woman who procures and pours out the ale; if there be an errand to be done, it is the woman who trots off while the man loafs or rests at home. In short, Englishwomen belonging to what are called the lower classes are evidently the servants of the men, while in America the men are as evidently the servants of the women, only that this latter service being that of the stronger to the weaker, never seems like servitude, even in the humblest families, but takes the nobler forms of politeness, solicitude, and duty.

But this sketch has darker tints. These lower-class women not only perform menial services, but they are treated far worse than any other servants in the world. Many of them are married only in name. From various causes, but mainly from lack of education, the marriage-rites are lightly esteemed by these poor women—or rather not by the women, who would give almost their lives for honest marriage-lines, but by their fathers and the fathers of their children. As among the negroes of the South before emancipation, a man and woman agree to live together; their relatives, friends, and neighbors acknowledge the implied relationship by calling the woman "Mrs.," and the upper classes care nothing about it, since it does not immediately concern them, and is pretty sure to provide another generation of laborers for the work of the future. In the South emancipation had to be attended by the solemnization of thousands of marriages, which might have been made in heaven years before, but had not been legally ratified on earth; and so in England, any genuine reform among the lower orders will have to be commenced by a joint crusade of clergymen and teachers—the former for the parents, the latter for the children. At present, all concerned accept the situation; the unmarried couples congratulate themselves upon having saved the parson's fees, and spend more than the fees in drink to celebrate their economy; and the women, having lost their virtue, often find themselves linked with brutes who had no virtue of their own to lose, and who soon deprive them of every comfort in life.

Even when things turn out better than this, the man never treats his mistress quite so well as he would his wife. He feels that she has no hold upon him, while he has every hold upon her. The language he uses to her is colored with this conscious superiority. If she offend him he knocks her down or beats her, and she has no redress, fearing to go to the magistrate lest she should thereby lose a home. If she be his wife her tongue is tied quite as tightly; for then she is obliged to go home to him to suffer fresh brutalities. I do not say that all the laboring class of Englishmen are drunkards, but the most of them drink too much, and they drink a poison of which the women feel the dire effects. The women drink also, and society countenances them in this vice. To see an English ale-house or gin-palace, with the women standing up at the counter and behind the counter, is a positive shock to a stranger. Nowhere else can you meet so disgusting a sight, so brutalizing a custom. On the Continent women are to be seen sitting in *cafés* or *bier-gartens*, and sharing their light wine, coffee, or chocolate with male friends; but nowhere on the Continent is there such a licensed Pande-

monium as an English bar. In America the drinking-saloons are countless; but in none of them would a woman be permitted to enter and call for a drink. There is no express law against the admittance of women, but there is the unwritten law of public opinion that would punish, not only the woman who infringed it, but the proprietor of the bar-room in which such an outrage upon decency occurred. A drunken woman is a rarity in every other country; but in England this woeful spectacle is as common as the rain.

Custom may blind the eyes and deafen the ears of Englishmen to the sights and sounds of vice among women that startle the foreigner at every turn; but this monster, Custom, is a part of the ill-treatment of Englishwomen. No man has a right to accustom himself to crime. Custom permits women to drink gin at public houses in the most frequented streets. Custom admits women, unattended, to the upper galleries of all the theatres. Custom permits prostitutes to take entire possession of the Haymarket and its vicinity after ten o'clock at night. Custom opens dance-houses and promenade concerts for the express accommodation of prostitutes, although the authorities who license them know that they are simply places of assignation. Custom sets apart certain districts of London for the residences of lewd women. Custom keeps open night-houses, in order that prostitutes may be able to get drunk after the regular taverns have closed at midnight. Custom is responsible for all this; but Englishmen are responsible for the custom. The police and the magistrates are powerless to suppress many acknowledged haunts of vice in England, because there is no public opinion to sustain them. Nay, as public opinion can not be neutral, it tacitly declares itself in favor of vice, and forces the police and the magistrates to aid and abet the very institutions they were created to annihilate. In other countries crime hides itself from the eyes of the policeman and trembles at the very name of a magistrate. In England it puts itself under the protection of the law, and transforms the law's officials into its own agents and instruments. The police mount guard in order that nobody may interfere with the criminal, and the magistrates actually assist him to collect his infamous dues from his victims.

In Leicester Square there is a place called the Judge and Jury Club. The authorities can not be ignorant of its existence, for there Finlen, the agitator, used to be employed, and this fact has been mentioned both in Parliament and the press. Besides, a policeman politely pointed it out to me when I was seeing the sights of London. The authorities know also that this is a model-artist exhibition, for the fact is advertised liberally. The Judge and Jury part of the business is a burlesque of an English trial, in which the judge, lawyers, and witnesses endeavor to surpass each other in verbal filth and physical vulgarity; but the real attractions of the Club to its frequenters are the display of almost nude women in groups upon the stage, and the orgies behind the scenes after the performance. Yet this den, which would not be allowed to exist in any other city, is regularly licensed for the sale of liquors and as a place of amusement. This is an English custom. In a prominent part of Holborn, and in a street at the head of the Haymarket, are two dancing-saloons, called respectively the Assembly Rooms and the Argyle Rooms. A few silly people are sometimes to be seen dancing in these rooms; but the object of their existence is to afford a rendezvous for the courtesans of London and their admirers, who flock there every evening, from ten o'clock to twelve. Yet these places are regularly licensed, and policemen, who know every woman in the rooms to be a courtesan and a vagrant, are stationed there to protect the premises and the proprietors. This is another English custom, based, however, upon Continental models. In various side-streets about Leicester Square are little shops, with grated openings in the doors and porters standing without. To these the courtesans resort after their other haunts are shut, and there they can obtain a drink, a supper, a customer, and, if necessary, a bed. These foul nests are also regularly licensed, and, indeed, have a special license authorizing them to keep open an hour later than the taverns—a privilege which they contrive to extend to any hour they like. The police are as well acquainted with Rose's and Coney's as with their own station-houses; they fully understand what is going on inside, and sometimes they make domiciliary visits; but their approach is announced by a watchful sentinel, and they conveniently argue that if they see nobody there can be nobody to be seen; although half-emptied glasses adorn the tables, hats, shawls, and coats are strewn about the floor, and scarcely whispered conversations are audible from behind the opposite doors. This is another English custom; and if a new or overzealous officer does any thing to disturb it, the magistrate rebukes him the next morning by discharging the offended offender on his own recognizances.

If, as is universally admitted, prostitution is the worst fate that can befall a woman, then those who not only allow but practically legalize prostitution are women's worst enemies. The English are guilty of this sin. They are more guilty, and guilty in a more brutal manner, than any other civilized people. In France, it is true, prostitutes are licensed; but they are numbered, classified, and regulated, like convicts; they are restricted to certain houses, streets, and hours; they are made to feel that they are odious. In Italy, Spain, Germany, America—in every country, alas!—prostitution exists; but it is under the rose, it is an outcast, it is hunted down whenever it shows itself too conspicuously. But the English present the prostitutes with the freedom of the city, as if they were honored guests. Respectable peo-

ple are crowded off the streets that room may be found for the abandoned. The tax-payers contribute heavily and knowingly to the support and protection of the women of the town. Vestries license dance-rooms, cafés, and other resorts for the sole accommodation of the vicious, and householders who call themselves decent gladly come forward and sign the applications for such licenses. Not to London alone, but to almost all the cities and large towns in Great Britain, these sentences apply. Where any repression is attempted, it is so partial as to be quite ineffectual. But in a capital like London the nuisance could be abated in a week if the opinion of the people demanded its abatement. I remember the time when Broadway, New York, was infested by courtesans to about one-tenth of the extent that the Haymarket is at present—that is to say, it was intolerable. The police determined to clear the street, and they proceeded to arrest as a vagrant every woman whom they knew to be a prostitute, or found soliciting gentlemen. In a week the prisons were full, and the pavements respectable; and since then Broadway has never been so badly afflicted with this pest. There were certain streets in New York, such as Greene and Mercer, almost entirely occupied by the satanic sisterhood. The houses were watched by the police, and green-horns were warned off; but so soon as the nests were thought to be filled with unclean birds, a descent was made, and the whole party, male and female, caged in the Tombs. The police of London could deal with the same evil in the same way. Draw a cordon around the vicinity of the Haymarket at eleven o'clock any night, except Sunday, and four-fifths of the courtesans of London would be in custody before daylight. Of course no such measures—and, in the present state of human nature, no measures whatever—would completely suppress prostitution; but they would prevent it from flaunting in the face of the law, and they would acquit the English public from the charge of conniving at its offenses.

It was my good fortune to meet at Seville a very learned and intelligent physician, who had traveled over the world, visiting professionally all the houses of ill-fame, in order to write a work upon the subject. The doctor assured me that the number of American women whom he had found in such houses was so inconsiderable as not to be worth mentioning. Sometimes, he said, women would pretend to be Americans; but upon examination confessed that they were English, or had been born on the Continent and emigrated to the United States. The stories he had to tell of the outrages practiced upon emigrant ships were, however, most horrible. In America, then, prostitution lacks one most cruel phase which at once arrests attention in England. In the United States the fallen women are almost all foreigners; here they are the natives of the country, the lost sisters of the very women whom you meet in society. This is a terrible truth, the causes and consequences of which demand careful consideration. Most of the city courtesans come, of course, from the country. If you have the heart to inquire as to their antecedents, you will discover that many incidents of rural life described by Fielding are not yet obsolete. The most of the poor women have been seduced by the sons of well-to-do people in the rural districts—young squires and lordlings; boys home from college; officers of the army, and the like. Next among the dangerous classes rank the British soldiers, whose uniforms have an irresistible charm for servant-girls. Singularly enough, the young squires and lordlings grown older, the boys out of college and studying law, medicine, or literature, and the officers of the army on town leave are the most reliable and liberal supporters of the seduced girls when they have become courtesans. These facts offer no good omen to English homes. There is a proverb that reformed rakes make the best husbands; but it is exceedingly difficult to meet with your reformed rake. Generally he becomes more rakish the longer he lives. He begins by injuring innocent women, and he ends by associating with the most depraved. You may see him in his old age at the lowest haunts of London, the butt of the women who were once his victims, or, worse still, he may be rich enough to maintain such a seraglio as that pointed out to foreigners in the Regent's Park, or that in which a certain nobleman lives in the country—harems that would disgrace Turkey, where prostitution wears the mask of polygamy, or Utah, where it calls itself religion. And, since I have mentioned Mormondom, let me recall the fact that Brigham Young's satellites draw their supplies of spiritual wives from Great Britain, and that the authorities here offer no opposition to his system of organized prostitution, although they are fully aware of the destination of the Mormon emigrants. The United States and England must share the blame of Mormondom between them—the former for permitting, the latter for sustaining, its existence. But there are Mormon churches in England, while there are none outside of Utah in America. Brigham Young would soon be without a bride to "seal" if he depended upon American women alone for his followers.

Were it not that the vices of prostitution and adultery underlie all grades of English life, and crop up unmistakably in all phases of English society, I might be excused from devoting so much space to the subject, for there are numerous other wrongs of women which beseech attention. Englishmen have made the path straight and smooth from the cottages of the lower classes to the pavements of the towns and the dark waters below Waterloo Bridge, and at every stage of the journey they have placed publicans to dull conscience and excite passions, and officials to keep the track clear and plain; but that is not the sum of their offenses against women. Here are England,

Ireland, and Scotland, constituting one country, and yet in each of these provinces the laws of marriage are practically different; so that a woman may be a wife in one province and a mistress in the others; and a child may be legitimate or illegitimate as it happens to be born on this or that side of an imaginary boundary line. Is there any other civilized nation that would tolerate such an outrageous condition of things? The House of Lords have had the whole subject before them recently in the Yelverton and other suits, and in every case they have decided according to law, but contrary to justice. They are not to be blamed for obeying the law; but they are not to be pardoned for declining to amend it. In Scotland the parents of a bastard can legitimatize their child by marrying after its birth; in England they can not. Yet England and Scotland are said to be parts of one empire! A simple declaration of marriage is binding in one part of the country, but not in another. Is that national consistency? The cure for such contradictions is so excessively simple that it is impossible not to wonder why it is withheld. In some of the border States of America, where settlers had preceded clergymen and magistrates, the ceremony of marriage once consisted in the couple taking each other by the hand and jumping over a broomstick. That was equivalent to the old Gretna Green and present Scottish rite. When these States were organized and the government legally formed, the question in regard to such marriages came before the Legislatures, and was dealt with very sensibly. Acts were adopted legalizing all informal marriages up to a certain date after the passage of the laws, and there was a satisfactory end of the matter. Parliament has only to vote a bill of the same character, with a clause setting forth the legal mode of marriage hereafter, and this whole problem, which has vexed so many minds, will be summarily settled upon a backwoods precedent. Whatever touches her marriage and her children must always touch most keenly the heart of a woman, and so long as these anomalies in the laws exist, and so long as the law of primogeniture benefits the eldest son at the expense of his brothers, sisters, and mother, so long will Englishmen be open to the charge of deliberate legislative cruelty toward women.

Of grosser kinds of cruelty, such as wife-beating, wife-kicking, and wife-murder, Englishmen appear to have almost the monopoly. It is sickening to read in the police reports of the daily papers the records of those crimes against the persons of women which disfigure the current annals of England. Taking a paper at random from the file before me, I find that the reports open with three attempts at picking pockets; then comes a rape case; then a woman robbed with violence; then a woman thrown out of a window; then a woman beaten to death; then a woman poisoned. Better all the stabbing and shooting affrays between men in the United States than these continual assaults upon women in a country where every common man professes to know how to use his fists—but prefers his teeth or his boots—and every ruffian displays his knowledge of "the manly art" by hitting some defenseless woman with a club or an axe. Englishmen are conscious of their superiority over "the fiery Frenchmen, the stupid Germans, the assassinating Italians, the dumfounded Spaniards, and the rowdy Americans," to use Mr. Roebuck's elegant adjectives; but if any of these barbarians heard a woman's voice exclaiming, "Don't kick me any more, please, Bill! I'll do all you want if you won't kick me any more!" I would not insure Bill's life for a farthing. But in civilized England a crowd recently heard these cries, and waited patiently outside till Bill had kicked his woman into eternity. Still, as I have before hinted, there are injuries which torture women more crucially than black eyes or slit throats. Like the old Christians, they care less for wounds which kill the body than for those which kill the soul. I am often surprised, however, that they bear physical wrongs so patiently. Elsewhere women sometimes kill or horsewhip their seducers; in England they quietly go upon the town, and send their children to "baby-farmers" to be starved. At Milwaukie recently an English laborer attempted to beat his sick wife one Sunday afternoon. He had an easy antagonist by his own fireside; but suddenly the door was burst open, and in walked a dozen Irish viragos, who thumped him with mops and pokers until he cried for mercy and swore that he would never molest his wife again. In America, too, women have coolly sacked the grog-shop that was ruining their husbands, pouring the liquors into the streets and threatening the landlord with tar and feathers if he complained. Are Englishwomen less brave at home than across the seas? Is there no heroism in the breasts that have suckled so many heroes? One good example of extempore justice, with only Judge Lynch on the bench, would be worth a dozen tardy convictions and merciful sentences before the stipendiary magistrates.

More real progress in what is termed the woman's rights movement has been made in England than in America, although the agitation commenced in the United States, and has been very strenuously pressed upon public attention for several years by a small body of women and two or three fanatical men. Nothing approaching the very close vote in the House of Commons last session upon the question of giving women the suffrage has ever been achieved in America, nor have American women ever succeeded in getting their names placed on the registry subject to the revision of the lists, nor has any American body so learned and influential as the British Association ever permitted a woman to read such a paper as that with which Miss Becker has just caused so decided a sensation in England. If Miss Becker—who has a happy knack of substituting words for argu-

ments—would only convince the women that they desire the suffrage, she would be doing more practical work than in endeavoring to convince the men that women ought to have the right to vote. To give Englishwomen the suffrage would only increase their responsibilities, and they have enough responsibilities already. What they urgently require is some profit from their present toils, some protection against their present lords. Miss Becker wishes them to jump up to the summit of their rights, and then come down the legislative ladder step by step. Is it not better to climb up the ladder? The bill to grant married women the right to hold and dispose of their own property and earnings is vastly more important to women than the right of suffrage. Such a law has been passed in America and in France; it operates admirably; there is no trouble whatever about it, and there is no reason why it should not be adopted in England. Many English wives are the bread-winners; they support their husbands instead of being supported; they have independent incomes which, if put into the savings-bank, would furnish them with a fund for old age or for the education of their children; but earnings, income, and savings are all at the mercy of drunken, dissolute, spendthrift, or thoughtless husbands. How would the right to vote remedy that? Would the women return Members of Parliament pledged to vote for the necessary bill? Well, they can do that now. They take a more active interest in the elections than the women of any other nation; and that their influence is feared is evident from the readiness of politicians to declare in favor of woman suffrage. Instead of this impractical question, let the ladies catechise the candidates in relation to a Woman's Property Bill, and something substantial will be secured. Thousands of women, from the wives of small tradesmen—who are really the active partners, while their husbands are only the sleeping partners, in the business—to the wives of aristocrats of the bluest blood—who have brought their husbands the money with which to sustain meaningless titles—would be deeply interested in such a canvass, profoundly indifferent as they now are to Mr. Mill's chop-logic and Miss Becker's sophistical paraphrases. If the women of England or America were polled today, not one in a thousand would be in favor of woman suffrage. Let the reader think over the list of his female acquaintances. If he know one who wants to vote for a Member of Parliament, unless some of her relatives be candidates, he is fortunate in strong-minded friends. True women entertain no ambition to become half-and-half men—political mermaids, social hermaphrodites, an anomalous variety of "the sex called man." I intend no discourtesy to Miss Becker; but had she been Mrs. Becker it is doubtful whether the British Association would have been favored with her curious theories upon women's rights.

Finally, I am compelled to reprobate the loose manner in which Englishmen think of and speak about women. They have a bad habit of telling gross stories over their wine, and often sully a reputation by an innuendo or destroy it by an apt monosyllable. With all their faults of morals the French are more merciful, the Americans more just. A Frenchman damns a woman's reputation upon a syllogism. He says, "All women are bad; this person is a woman; therefore she must be bad;" but that kind of wholesale scandal passes as a skeptical joke, hurts nobody, and lets its object escape. An American says, "I believe what I saw;" and his judgment, although decisive, harms only those whom he has detected. An Englishman says, "They tell me that So-and-so is queer;" or, "I have it from Smith that," etc. These are the slanders that damage women. What a picture could the artist of the *Saturday Review* paint if he would hang the "Man of the Period" alongside of his "Girl of the Period!" I was fairly amazed at some of the English comments upon the remarkable article whose title I have just quoted. It was as if every man whose tongue had been loudest against women rushed into print to declare his indignation that another person should write what he had himself often said. Writers who were avowedly more familiar with the cottages of St. John's Wood than with their own lodgings shuddered with an apparently holy horror that the name of that locality should be printed. Persons from whose lips I had often heard the broadest blasphemies against the fair sex suddenly sallied forth as the self-appointed champions of woman, and slashed away so vehemently that I at first believed they were in earnest. Men who had repeatedly boasted of their *amours* with veiled but hitherto virtuous ladies of the aristocracy hoarsely declared that the purity of the maidens of the period was unimpeachable, and frantically denounced as a foul slanderer the "titled lady" who had contributed that disgraceful article to the *Saturday Review*. Amidst the chorus of honest indignation—sincere, doubtless, and perfectly natural under the circumstances—these discordant notes jarred most inharmoniously. Soon after my arrival in England, at a table where all the company were gentlemen by rank or position, there were constant references to and jokes about "Mrs. Brown." Confounding her with Arthur Sketchley's heroine in *Fun*, I lost the point of all the witty sayings, and should have remained in blissful ignorance throughout the dinner had not my host kindly informed me that "Mrs. Brown" was an English synonym for the Queen. Then came out all the stupid scandal about her Majesty's Highland servant—scandal which gave one leading comic paper the materials for a travestie of the *Court Circular*, which furnished another comic paper with the subject for a cartoon that decided its success, and which has now been worn threadbare by repeated handling in all sorts of circles. I have been told

that the Queen was not allowed to hold a review in Hyde Park, because Lord Derby and the Duke of Cambridge objected to John Brown's presence; that the Prince of Wales took a special train for Osborne to remonstrate with his royal mother when the *Tomahawk's* "Brown Study" was published; that the Queen was insane, and John Brown was her keeper; that the Queen was a spiritualist, and John Brown was her medium—in a word, a hundred stories, each more absurd than the other, and all vouched for by men of considerable station and authority, who ought to have known better than to mystify a poor foreigner upon such a subject. Take this one illustrious instance of Englishmen's careless slanders, in lieu of scores of others, not so public, which might be adduced to substantiate my text. There are so many dinner-parties in England that new subjects of conversation are exceedingly scarce and in great demand; but this is no excuse for laying a woman's reputation on the table, to be hacked and marred by amateur dissectors, so soon as the ladies leave the room. In this respect a social reformation is sadly needed; but when Englishmen do not scruple to sully the fair fame of their Queen, which is considered perfectly stainless in every foreign land, they can scarcely be expected to spare that of any other woman.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A REFORMED PLANCHETTIST.

I AM not wicked; at the worst I am but weak.

Never have I deceived others for my own profit, nor lent myself, even constructively, to a fraud, however specious, which by any peradventure might turn to my material account. The only cheats which I remember to have practiced previous to my Planchettism were done for amusement's sake alone, when friends insisted on being tricked, and refused to be comforted if they were not. Under this category of innocent impostures I place the swallowing of a carving-knife, and drawing it forth thereafter with much flourish from your left ear; putting a penny on the crown of your head and driving it by a smart blow down and through your body into one of your boots; pretending to be pleased with a story or a casual caller when really you are bored; and the like. In similar manner each of us may confess to have told great lies; for the delectation of little children, for instance, inventing tales of giants and good men that never lived; building up on such chimerical foundations gorgeous superstructures of heroism and happiness which never had place in this world. There you have an inkling of my shortest comings and most flagrant tergiversations until the time that I fledged out as a Planchettist.

I thus premise because I have no desire to dispute the bad pre-eminence of wickedness with any of my fellow-creatures, no ambition to be made the objective point of a special mission in my now state of health. Fully conscious of the obliquity to which I weakly became committed, I am willing to atone, so far as in me lies, by the following frank confessions. But, while content, even glad, to serve as a beacon (or deacon) light to others, I can not consent to be made an exhibition of.

"How did I become a Planchettist?" How does a man become committed to any evil career? Insensibly and by degrees, of course. No man clothes himself at once with the full measure of guilt, as he would put on a ready-made garment. There are gentle gradations in all iniquity. Is it probable that Mr. Tupper contemplated eructation in volumes when first he began to platitudinize, or that Nero had the conflagration of Rome in his mind's eye when he purchased a Cremona and learned to fiddle? Certainly when first I laid confiding and caressing hands on the smooth and shining back of Planchette, I had no idea of the dark path of deception on which that three-legged monster would drag me, of the depths of turpitude into which I thereby pledged myself to plunge.

But perhaps if I begin at the beginning I shall the sooner get through. Therefore let me take up the thread of events as first revealed (or raveled), and follow it out to its natural culmination in crime and confusion.

Having occasion for some alterations in the model of an astronomical invention I was perfecting, I betook myself to the shop of a maker of mathematical instruments (and tinker generally); who had already failed to work out several brilliant ideas of mine—a fellow possessed of much talent in that way.

"Fritz," quoth I, "I want these wheels cut down to half their present size and renumbered; that spring taken out, shortened, and given a different bearing; and the discs, or outer plates, and wood-work, silvered, gilded, and varnished. I'm in a hurry, and must have it in an hour."

I always am in a hurry in cases of the kind, for it is the height of indiscretion to confess to the ingenious mechanic that no special dispatch is required, permitting him to do things "in his own time." What is "time" to him may be eternity to you.

"Not in a veek," he made answer.

This was unexpected. Usually this nimble artisan was not overdriven with work, and the smallest jobs were thankfully received. Now he was full of business, independent, and of course disposed to be curt and rather impertinent. A week was out of the question. What would become of the sun, moon, and planets all that while? So I replied that such a delay was not to be thought of—the solar system could not be trifled with—and that I should be compelled to trust myself and it to the hands of some workman, less skillful, perhaps, but more mindful of the interests of early benefactors. It is always well to take high moral ground on such occasions. But I had the curiosity to ask what he was making that busied him so.

"Pentagraph wheels," he said.

Well, I left his shop and went on a voyage of discovery among artificers in brass and workers in wood; but with the most indifferent success. Very few could comprehend the machine at all; to the beautiful intricacies of its wheels and revolving discs most of them were blind as owls to the sun. One to whom I applied said he did nothing in the circular-saw business; another informed me that I'd find a maker and mender of music-boxes somewhere in Maiden Lane. The few who could make head or tail of the machine mentioned in the outset that a cash deposit on work was always expected of strangers, and this of course cut off further conversation. So at the end of the week I again sought Fritz.

But he now could not work me the desired alterations inside of a month; he was still making pentagraph wheels.

It seemed strange to me that there should be so sudden demand for such wheels, the instrument itself being not extensively used; and I asked what they were for.

"To put on a writing-machine," he said; "something newly invented."

Ah, thought I, a writing-machine; here, then, is an invention nearly as important as mine, and more adapted, perhaps, to the popular need. Horace Greeley will want one; Sam Bowles must be supplied; and I called to mind a host of other eminent caligraphists whose pleasure in the invention would only be equaled by that of the miserable creatures who are obliged to read their manuscripts. I inquired where the machines were to be seen, and very soon thereafter was on my way to the store of a well-known and urbane dealer in stationery, writing-desks, and other portable property.

On entering I inquired for a writing-machine.

"A what, Sir?"

I explained, and gave my authority for supposing there was such a thing extant and there for sale.

"Oh, Planchette; yes, yes, Sir. Please step this way;" and I was ushered to the back part of the store.

There I found Planchette lying in wait for whom he might devour. He was a brown-looking little familiar, made of wood, and mounted on two pentagraph wheels, a lead-pencil forming his third leg; he looked as if he might bite, and had an uncanny air about him generally. Inquiring, What is this mystery? I was informed that on two persons placing their hands upon the fellow's back, and a question being asked, he would soon begin to wriggle about (like a crab in the sand), and write an intelligible if not an intelligent answer with his plumbaginous tail.

In response to my look of incredulity came an invitation to put my hands on with the young man of the store. I did so, and asked the time of day.

"Five minutes past four," was written. This, however, did not much surprise me, as there was a clock on the wall, visible to my fellow-operator as well as to Planchette.

Other persons—mostly ladies—came in to purchase Planchettes. (There was an immense rush for them, and I understood how the whole town came to be making pentagraph wheels.) While they were being waited on I amused myself by reading a descriptive pamphlet, republished from an article in some English periodical. This related so many marvels of the thing that my curiosity became excited to experiment with one at my leisure; but still so incredulous was I of the powers imputed to it that I scarcely felt like purchasing one out and out. However, a compromise was finally reached by my making a deposit of the price, with the proviso that if it failed to write things my money should be returned.

A label on Planchette's belly set forth the most favorable conditions of getting its back up to the work ahead. It was advised that the operators be "of opposite sexes, if possible, and of different complexions." Not deeming it impossible to find an opposite in sex to aid in the investigations, I started off with Planchette under my arm. I must confess that I was not altogether at my ease while carrying him thus, for if all the pamphlet set forth were true, there certainly was something impish, if not demoniacal, about the fellow. I fancied that he squirmed in my embrace, and I knew not but that in another moment he might be tearing with teeth and claws at my vitals. I thought of the Spartan boy and his fox. But I bore him bravely on, and once at home took care to guard against his escape or any untoward demonstration by locking him securely into an oaken clothes-press.

That evening I went out to call, taking Planchette with me. It was a lady exactly my opposite, not only in complexion, but (I regret to say) in disposition, whom we went to see; and I said to myself that now, if ever, some remarkably quick stepping would be done by this fantastic courser. The lady at first thought I had brought her a new-fangled cribbage-board; but I explained, and with some fear and trembling (she had read the pamphlet meanwhile) we placed our hands as directed, and waited events. For a full hour we sat, but beyond a few false starts and convulsive wriggles, caused by our nervous tremors, there was no movement on its part. Questions the easiest of solution we asked, but no answer came. Did it rain? (it was raining); what time was it? (there stood the clock); we asked it every thing, except, perhaps, would saltpetre explode; but it stood still, obstinate as a mule. Others came in presently—of opposite sexes and complexions—and they tried their hands, with equal powerlessness to produce any satisfactory result. In short, owing to the refractory behavior of Planchette, we spent a very stupid evening, staring and blinking into each other's eyes over his back; and when I packed him off home that evening it was with a full resolve to never again introduce him into good society.

Next morning on my way down town I dropped in at the Planchette dépôt, and reported the failure of my experiment, by way of preparing the proprietor to receive an addition of one to his stock. That gentleman, however, assured me that I would yet find some one for whom Planchette would write; that he would return the money (and he did, there and then), but he really wished I would keep the board, and see what came of it. This was fair enough, no extraordinary risk was involved, and I accepted the terms.

That evening I was out visiting again, and happened to mention Planchette. The ladies present became so much interested (in what the pamphlet said of him; I denounced him unmeasuredly), and expressed so much faith in his good behavior in proper hands, that I sent for him to be brought into the presence, willing to give him a chance of redeeming his reputation.

He was brought and planted on the table, with a large sheet of paper to make it easy for his feet. Scarcely had their hands touched him when off he started like a mud-turtle (of which he was the mild simulacrum) with a coal of fire on its back. He raced round like a quarter-horse, describing the most eccentric curves and angles, writing names, and occasionally lashing out with his legs as though he had just found them. Fresh from pasture, he evidently for the first time felt his oats. So comical was it all that for the life of me I could not forbear laughing, which rather provoked one of the ladies, who inclined to take the thing in quite serious part.

At first starting off it scribbled scriptural texts glibly; but when asked what influence moved it, wrote "Humbug." This flippant answer was attributed to the malign inspiration of my mirth, and I was soundly rated therefor; but while the chiding was going on it got an idea of its own, and wrote "Nonsense." Thereupon my attention was called to the fact that I was visibly reproved by some unseen disciplinarian, to which suggestion I replied that it was not quite clear to my mind that I was the person admonished, and counseled that the question be put to Planchette.

Asked who was talking nonsense, the sensible board (or Faculty) at once wrote the name of the lady who was taking me to task.

Asked who was the most nonsensical person in the room, it wrote the name of a little girl asleep in the adjoining apartment—who, however, so far from being sillier than any person in the room, would really have merited being written down as the brightest of all, had she been present. Probably she was "picked upon" because absent and asleep. This trait and similar ones show conclusively that Planchette's is the feminine gender; I treat it indifferently as masculine and neuter for convenience's sake.

A note was brought me relative to the postponement of a little party which was on the tapis. I put it in my pocket. Planchette was asked what M. Toile d'Araignée had in his pocket. The wretch wrote, "A love-letter," which necessitated my reading the message aloud, in order to clear myself from a base and unworthy suspicion.

And so on the evening through, by no accident hitting the truth in any answer, until, when breaking-up time came, the question was asked: "Now, Planchette, after all this frippery, what serious, earnest message have you for us to retire on?"

"Do not believe in this," it wrote, smoothly as could one of those chaps who hang round hotels doing your name in fine Italian characters on visiting-cards for a living.

I was staggered in my disbelief—nay, more, I was all but convinced. The answers given, though wide of the truth, were in all cases the very replies which one would suppose the operators would not write if they had their way about it. *I* was the one to be rapped over the knuckles and reprimanded for nonsense if "larks" was the game; and "Don't believe in this" was scarcely the message that would be chosen to convince a skeptic—at least it so seemed at first thought.

I didn't feel quite easy at having Planchette for a room-fellow that night. I started several times, expecting to find him scratching about and endeavoring to climb into bed with me. I would rather have taken up with a bug.

Should a man share his bed with his board, after making it a point all his life to never take the two together?

The mania spread, and the air became full of Planchettes. Wherever you went a board was brought out as soon as the lamps were lit; the soft blandishments of music gave place to its presence, and conversation ceased. The baleful dissipation became universal. Strangely enough, however, though the thing would write for others, it would not for the lady to whom I first introduced it and me. It seemed as though it owed me a grudge for taking it out on that occasion in the rain. With one or two of her acquaintance she would put her hands on, and it walked the table like a thing of life; but for me it wouldn't stir a peg. Though we sat dumbly for hours, mutely, almost prayerfully, invoking the mesmeric influences, until our arms were nearly paralyzed by the inaction, never a line would the pencil trace. This puzzled me, for it was my strong impression that we had about as much snap and spirituality about us as most folks. As for me individually, if I put hands on with another it would either not move at all, or else in a disgustingly feeble manner, suggestive of weak joints. At last I declined to make any further attempts (feeling rather mortified at my frequent failures, if the truth must be told). One evening, however, a distinguished Planchettist being present, under whose hands the board was galloping about like mad, I thought I saw a key to the situation. For experiment's sake I requested the lady who was seated with him to

let me make one final trial. She assented, and gave me her place. The other party seemed not overdelighted at the change (not unnatural perhaps), but made no objections. Planchette was dumb under the infliction for a moment, but at length began weakly to discourse. My hands are not as light as a lady's, and I was determined that if physical force were used I would compel the exertion of sufficient to be visible. Before the first sentence was written I was satisfied—the thing had written its own sentence, in my mind, so far as any claim upon the credulity of mankind was concerned. The working of the digital muscles was palpable, and it was plainly to be seen that, instead of endeavoring to get away from under the operator's fingers, as would have been the case were the motion in the board, it simply followed their guidance, or took the line in which it was driven. Planchette stood revealed to me as a very tame monster after all.

Theretofore in discussions with a few unbelievers of my acquaintance, who scouted my credulity in believing that any thing else than trickery underlaid the Planchettic cipher, I waxed quite wroth, and denounced them as idiots. Evening after evening I had sat (like a bump on a log) while the fiery, untamed steed, manipulated by others, went careering on its three legs over realms of thought and reams of paper, furnishing a fund of amusement for whole households. On those occasions I was not openly upbraided for my impotency, but I knew that secretly I was looked upon as a noodle of too fleshly and earthly a nature to evoke and control the subtler essences which abound in wood and such things, and the knowledge was not pleasant.

Is it necessary for me to anticipate by declaring here that at the next sitting to which I was bid I suddenly developed stupendous powers, and stood revealed as the Planchettist of the Period?

It is now that my confessions properly begin, but the prelude was not uncalled for, insomuch as I wished to illustrate how a man is occasionally driven into crime in self-defense.

My career from this time forth was an eminently successful one. In my hands Planchette, when he failed to answer truthfully, told such outrageous lies that it was at once seen that some evil spirit was behind him. There were no half-statements, no hamstrung declarations concerning any thing past, present, or to come; he hesitated at nothing. Sometimes, indeed, he would skate around and draw maps of unknown continents, but once started to write, and it was certain the questioner would get all and more than he wanted to know, and as for my fingers being seen to move—trust me for that. From Planchetting one might turn to pocket-picking easily, and with no other preliminary practice.

We generally satisfied our audiences—Planchette and I did. First I practiced on the friend of mine already mentioned; when it became evident that she, knowing my previous powerlessness to move the board, received my sudden development with faith, and did not suspect me, it seemed clear that no one would, and in the wickedness of my heart I went forth conquering and to conquer.

Did I have no shame, no compunctions of conscience? you will ask. No, not a compunction; once mounted on Planchette and one will gallop headlong whither a beggar on horseback is reputed to ride; you care as little for who or what you ride over as a witch on her broomstick. Contact with him acts like the touch of an enchanter's wand, transforming honest men into tricksters, and turning them loose in society prepared to practice, if need be, on their own mothers.

You doubt the latter statement, but of that anon.

I improved on the tactics of the general run of Planchettists. They were always eager to perform; I affected reluctance. They would decipher scrawls which no one else could read, making out a complete sentence where it was utterly impossible to distinguish a single letter, and wondering at persons' obtusity. I, on the contrary, was the last to unravel the communication, and insisted on Planchette's rewriting it even after all others were confident that they had the right interpretation. I discovered, too, that it was easy to write upside down, or from right to left, so that a looking-glass was necessary to enable one to read the message. In fact, I evidenced a capacity for guile which at this distance surprises me, and certainly the possession of any latent talent of the kind was before unsuspected in me by others.

As an instance of how we did things—Planchette and I—one Sunday afternoon, at the house of a friend, the board was brought out. Would I put my hands on it? No, I had rather not, it took all the magnetism out of me, and the weather in itself was sufficiently prostrating. But there was no escape, and at last I reluctantly consented, a lady assisting.

Addressing ourselves to the inhospitable board, it forthwith began to circle about and gyrate as if possessed. Asked what power was present, it promptly wrote "the devil."

"But has not Mr. A——" (a lawyer for whose edification the board was brought out) "any friends here?"

"Yes."

"Who?"

"I."

"Why are you a friend of Mr. A——?"

"Because he is one of mine."

"Has he ever served you?"

"Yes."

"What in?"

"In law."

"Have you ever served him?"

"Yes."

"What in?"

"In law."

"Were you at church this morning?"

"Yes."

"At whose?"

"Mr. F——'s."

"How did you like him?"

"First-rate."

"Has Mr. A—— no other friends here?"

"Yes."

"Who?"

"Theodore."

"King of Abyssinia?"

"No; Parker."

"Did he go to church this morning?"

"Ask him. I'm going away now."

And the board went to skating again. As soon as it became comparatively composed the question was asked:

"Did you go to church this morning, Mr. Parker?"

"Yes."

"Whose?"

"Mr. F——'s."

"How did you like him?"

"Not altogether."

"What fault do you find with him? What hint would you like to give for him to act upon?"

"He is too bold, too outspoken."

"But you used to be pretty bold and outspoken yourself, Mr. Parker. Why do you complain of him?"

"I'm wiser now."

"Should not the truth be spoken openly and boldly?"

"Not at all times, and not to all people."

"To whom should the truth not be spoken?"

"The ignorant—the many."

"What are you doing up there?"

"Improving."

"Will you tell us how to improve here?"

"No; I must go."

"Where must you go?"

"To hell."

"What are you going there for?"

"To preach."

"Do you always hold services there on Sundays?"

"Of afternoons."

"Where do you preach in the forenoon?"

"At Yarmouth."

(The expert Planchettist will always have certain stock words and phrases to fall back upon when hurried or puzzled. Thus, when asked who was writing, I found it always safe to quote Beelzebub—he being fair game for every body. When at a loss for an answer to a question, I wrote, "We never, never tell;" and the name of a place being hurriedly required, gave them "Yarmouth," as about the unlikeliest town for any thing but a bloater to come from.)

I reproduce these questions and answers merely to show how absurd the latter seem on paper. But as written for the eager inquirers who conducted the investigation the answers were a success, evoking running comments of "How like Theodore Parker," etc.

It is strange, indeed, how accident will often come to the aid of imposition. As instance in point: One evening a lady, who was scarcely satisfied with the answers she had received, said she would like to apply another test, and requested that Planchette would write the word she had then in her mind.

With scarcely a moment's pause he dashed off "Sorosis."

"Well, that is wonderful," she cried. "I didn't believe much in it before, but that is convincing!" And it was rather a staggerer, if I do say it who shouldn't; but there was nothing very wonderful about it, after all. Something had been said about that remarkable club a few moments before; and I observed that the lady knitted her brows as though the knotty word took hold of her sharply, and it occurred to me that her mind might be dwelling on it then.

Another case in point—but an explanation first. My mother happened to be visiting in Brooklyn; she had heard of Planchette, and of my proficiency thereat, and was desirous of seeing it write. Now what was I to do? I certainly did not wish to upset the dear old lady's preconceived notion of things, scatter her faith to the winds, to the detriment of Moses and the prophets, and turn her adrift on a sea of speculation as to the relations between mind and matter, with neither compass nor rudder; but, on the other hand, it wouldn't do to confess that I—her first-born and her best-beloved—was a cheating juggler. So I temporized, and put the exhibition off. This was quite as bad, however; she came down to the city to see what was going on, and my backwardness laid me open to a charge of unkindness in thus hiding my spiritual candle under a metaphorical bushel. So one evening Planchette and I crossed the ferry.

My good mother put on her spectacles, the big-bowed ones (when she mounts those she means business), and prepared to catechise. No theological abstractions did she propound, no trivial questions put she, but practical ones—concerning things about which she really wished to know, and by which her movements in a measure were to be governed. A granddaughter had appointed to meet her at an interior town during one of the summer months, and she inquired whether the young lady would be there.

A very large and distinct "No."

"Why, Planchette, that can not be; I have a letter from her in my pocket, and she promises to meet me in July."

"She won't," reiterated Planchette, and refused all further explanation on that head.

The next inquiry was when a younger son would be on from the West.

"On the 22d" was written.

"He is coming on the 15th, I know, for he wrote me so. Will I go West with him?"

"No."

"Well," said the old lady, as she wiped her spectacles and carefully put them away, "my opinion, Planchette, is that you are a great humbug. But we shall see."

Sure enough we did see. Next day, if I remember rightly, came a letter from the young lady regretting that she could not meet her grandmamma at the time and place proposed, and making an appointment for a meeting elsewhere later in the summer. My brother arrived on the 22d; and the old lady did not return with him to Kansas. All came true as a book. But 'twas simply because of shrewd guessing. On general principles I assumed that—setting aside in this instance that feminine fidelity to engagements which has passed into a proverb—a young lady enjoying the cool delights of a Canadian borough would scarcely feel like traveling several hundred miles by rail to an unattractive village in the dog-days. I knew my brother had written that he would be East on the 15th, but as he was generally a week behindhand I thought it safe to average him down to that and record it. As for the good lady's traveling through Kansas with the Indian war-whoop sounding from its borders to our distant doors, I argued that if she made herself party to such a pleasure-trip at her time of life she would display a want of sagacity incompatible with the fact of her being the mother of Charles Henry.

But the case immediately in point, referred to as illustrating how accident singularly comes at times to bolster up imposture, is this: After the family exhibition just mentioned, nothing would do but that Planchette and myself should perform for the proselytism of an old gentleman at whose house my mother was visiting—a confirmed and avowed disbeliever in Planchettism, notwithstanding the stubborn facts she narrated. Hopeless as the task seemed, I undertook it with a determination worthy of a better cause, and, with Planchette under my arm (some on the boat thought I was carrying a patent life-preserver), again I made the perilous passage to Brooklyn.

On inquiring for Mr. R—— we were told he was up stairs, writing, but would be down presently. So Planchette and I passed the interim pleasantly in writing stupendous fictions for the children. (I carried no confederate with me; all were gudgeons that came to my net; in all instances the assistant was innocent.) By-and-by Mr. R—— made his appearance, and taking his turn at questioning, inquired what he had been doing. We replied, "Writing letters."

"What kind of letters; to whom?"

Unable to hit any where near the truth, we set out to come the old dodge, and write a whopper, something monstrously and funnily (all circumstances considered) improbable.

We wrote "Love-letters;" plainly enough, it seemed to me. Mr. R—— bent over to look, and we expected a snort of indignation at the barefaced impudence of the answer. To our surprise, on the contrary, his face flushed, and he said, seriously, "Well, that is very strange, indeed; it has written the name of my correspondent in Brazil, and I do not think any body present but myself knew it."

Certainly I did not, nor do I to this day, but I simply said to the three-legged, steady, old fellow, and thought what a good thing it is that a sweet little cherub sits up aloft to watch o'er the fate of Planchette! Was there not conclusive proof in this of its supernatural powers? One of the beauties of the game, let me remark, is the fact that the chirography generally is so illegible that a large margin is offered for speculation, and the questioner, seeing some slight resemblance in what is written to the proper answer, takes it for granted that it has been written, and is satisfied and surprised.

When persons want to be humbugged it is very easy to please them. I remember one evening Planchette was asked the name of the young lady with whom a young man around the board was in love. We started to write something immediately, on the theory that those who hesitate are lost; but the big-fisted fellow who had hands on with me bore so hardly that we could make no headway at all, and beyond a few feeble kicks and struggles could not get without exciting unpleasant suspicions. The paper showed a cramped tracery which looked like the pattern of a lace collar quite as much as any thing else, but it was at once unanimously declared that the funny monster had drawn the profile of John's Dulcinea!

One of the strangest things about it all is that the operator after a while comes to half believe in the honesty of the performance himself, and gets really angry at having the genuineness of his messages questioned. Several times have I got up from the table in an indignation which was by no means altogether feigned, on being suspected or too closely pressed with questions as to my agency in the matter of writing. I had a way, however, of making the seat of the scornful so warm for him that he did not care to occupy it long, and rarely gibed a second time. 'Tis mournful, however, when one becomes insensible to his own wickedness, and assumes an air of injured innocence when good missionaries, in gros grain and watered silks, remonstrate with him. What the end would have been, where I would have eventually brought up, had I not been arrested in my evil career, I do not know, and can hardly bear to contemplate. I might now be a long-haired spiritualist, coaxing weak raps out of my shuddering knee-pans, or throwing tables, chairs, and spittoons about the room in the name of loved ones "not lost but gone before."

It was the frequent necessity of practicing upon near and dear friends that first aroused my slumbering conscience and prompted me to reformation. My good mother, for instance, was so pleased with Planchette that she requested me to buy her one, that she might have it ever ready to her elbow as guide, counselor, and friend. From that dilemma, though, I extricated myself rather ingeniously by leading her to ask what or who moved the board, and writing in answer, in big, staring letters, "THE DEVIL!"

"Why the Wicked Thing! I declare! Take it away, Charles!" and she raised her hands before her face to shut out the sight of so hateful a monster. Never afterward did she want a Planchette, nor could I persuade her to consult it even in secret. "To think of its swearing!" she said.

But there were others less timorous; one lady in particular, a valued friend of mine, who in early life had lost a dear sister. This lady insisted on asking serious questions, and endeavoring to penetrate the veil between the seen and the unseen world. She wished some communication from the dead. It was in vain that I sought to turn the tide of investigation by writing the most absurd things, and announcing the presence and readiness to be questioned of Belial, Brown, or Belisarius. With a persistency not to be baffled she would return to the original inquiry, blaming my light behavior and frivolous interpolations for the mocking character of the manifestations. As there seemed no way out of it, and I secretly felt somewhat provoked that so clever a lady should insist on being bamboozled, I one evening determined to gratify her, and the following is a near reproduction of the Planchetting—enough, at least, to give an idea of the tenor of the whole:

"Will not H—— communicate with me?"

"I am here."

"Why did you never come before?"

"Because of the presence of others."

"What had their presence to do with it?"

"I wished to see you alone."

"Ah, now we have it" (to me); "this is real good. Be serious, please, and don't laugh and cut up; if you do we shall not get any more sensible answers." (To Planchette:) "Can you not visit me?"

"I am with you often."

"When?"

"Always. Every where."

"When is your presence most felt?"

"In dreams."

"What are dreams?"

"Voices and echoes."

"Whose voices and echoes?"

"No one's."

"No one's? that is a strange answer."

I suggested that perhaps the question was not rightly put; that there was no reason to assume that persons were meant. So the question was amended:

"Voices and echoes of what?"

"Every thing in nature."

(I rather pride myself on that; it was pretty, and I question whether many mediums could improve on it with as little practice as I had.)

And so the evening passed—a little to my amusement, but more to my sorrow when I came to think it over. All manner of ghostly things were inquired into, and there I sat writing down the first vague, mystical answer which came into my head. And speedy punishment followed, for thereafter I was kept at the Planchette board, like the musical young woman of the season at a piano, whole evenings through. The fame of me went abroad into the land, and I was invited out, with a postscript requesting me to bring my Planchette, just as Frenchmen are asked to dine and come with their horns and flutes. There was an end of all conversation or any of the old time amusements; no more "slight flirtation by the light of a chandelier;" I had to seat myself and ride the three-legged till midnight, and then home to a nightmare. This was in itself almost enough to tempt me to confession and a reformation, but the main impelling power was the seriousness which the subject was assuming, and the sacredness (to me) of the things which it became necessary to trifle with.

So one day I split the mahogany monster down the chine with a carving-knife, hacked his two halves into shavings, and gave them to the flames; taking early occasion to acknowledge boldly my former wickedness and declare my resolve to reform. More, I avowed my intention of writing out my confessions for the benefit of those yet in the bonds.

Against this I was cautioned; it being hinted to me that though *I* might be stupid and bad enough to practice such a senseless cheat, others were honest in their dealings with Planchette, and that it really told some very marvelous things in cases where deception was impossible. For instance (I demanded an instance), a gentleman in the northern part of New York, whose wife was traveling in Europe, asked Planchette (operated by two ladies, strangers to both him and his family) where his wife then was, and the name of the place was accurately written.

I must confess that this shook me a little, for I knew the gentleman well, knew how incredulous he was in articles of faith more established than these latter-day miracles, and owned to myself that if he was convinced there might be something in Planchette despite my experience.

It happened, however, that during my summer ramblings, soon after, I "towered" through that stretch of country, and spent some days in the vicinity. At a dinner one day I met a lady who chanced in the afternoon to become my partner at croquet. During the intervals of the game our conversation turned on Planchette, and I frankly confessed the rôle I had acted. She said she never had hands on Planchette but once, and that then she displayed a power which surprised herself and others. I fancied a slight smile on her face, and mentioned the astonishing revelation which had been described to me as occurring in that part of the country. The smile deepened into a laugh as she remarked that she could tell me all about it, having been one of the performers.

"Now tell me truly," said I, "*sub rosa*, you know—did or did you not manufacture that message yourself?"

She owned that she did, but declared that really she couldn't help it; that she sat until she was tired, and there wasn't much fun in

that; so when Mr. P—— asked where his wife was she wrote "Ems," just to see what they'd say.

"But you were a stranger to her, and had never met him before?"

"Yes."

"Then how did you know she was at Ems?"

"Why, he told me so himself, not five minutes before. I expected when I wrote it that he would say so at once, but he didn't remember telling me—on the contrary declaring that no one in the room but himself knew his wife's whereabouts; so I thought I'd let it go."

There you see what a wonderful fellow Planchette is, when you come to sift him!

A friend the other day was telling me of his investigations. Planchette was manipulated by two young ladies, ex-officio professors of the art, and he had been asking questions, but got such silly and untrue answers that he was about to give up in disgust, convinced that they were making game of him.

But a thought struck him, and he resolved to give the thing one more trial. A copy of *Le Journal pour Rire*, which he had just received from Paris, lay on the table; the name of its editor is printed in very small letters at the bottom of the last page.

"Here," said he, "tell me the name of the editor of this journal."

They wrote "Philipon."

"By George!" cried he, starting up, "there is something strange and almost unaccountable about that. I know that neither of these young ladies knew the name of the editor!"

"Oh yes, *I* did," exclaimed one of them, leaning breathlessly forward; "I noticed it this morning, and wondered what they printed it way down there for."

The ruling feminine passion asserted itself there. Rather than admit that there was *one* thing she didn't know, she lost the convert she was endeavoring to make. Of course he saw nothing strange and unaccountable in the writing of the name (misspelt at that) in the light of her admission.

Here is another instance of how easily persons are deceived when they have their mouths made up for the wonderful:

A lady residing in New York was spending the summer at a mountain village in New Hampshire. Her husband undertook to send her all the news. When Elliott the painter died he telegraphed to her, "Elliott—artist—dead." The dispatch came in the afternoon, and she did not make it public.

That evening Planchette was on the table—all were immensely interested in that gay deceiver up there. A gentleman, a great friend of Mr. Elliott, was present. Having an idea that she could surprise them a little, the lady, when her turn came to put hands on the board, wrote "Elliott," "Elliott," repeating the name several times.

The gentleman wondered if any thing was wrong with his friend. When he last saw him the artist was in very poor health; and at last he asked, "Has Mr. Elliott any thing to say to me?"

She then wrote the telegram she had received, word for word, "Elliott—artist—dead!"

Of course all present were very much astonished, and the gentleman was not a little distressed—observing that certainly this was very strange; 'twould be remarkable indeed if Elliott were really dead; in any event they would know to-morrow.

If astonished that evening, judge of the sensation next day, when news came through public channels that the artist was indeed deceased. Could any doubt be entertained of the mysterious power of Planchette after that?

It will be seen that this instance illustrates not only how easy it is to deceive people, but also how naturally the best disposed persons will drift into deception when such tempting opportunities present themselves. There is a pleasure in mystifying others, and when successfully accomplished the delight is too dear to sacrifice it all by confessing how the effect was produced. The incident just narrated was told to me at the very moment of this writing. I find that now that I am at the confessional very many others ease their consciences by "owning up." Sinners love company as much as misery does.

I have little more to say, and surely nothing further to confess. I have truthfully given my experience, and if it be of use to any of my fellows, that knowledge is guerdon sufficient. A reformed Planchettist, I eat better, drink better, and sleep better than when pursuing my evil practices. My conscience is more at rest, and I no longer have troubled dreams. Let this encourage those who are still under the dominion of the Destroyer to emancipate themselves.

It is useless to tell me that there is any thing in Planchette, or that by its aid every man may become his own medium; I've been there. When you can pat a terrapin on the back and get him to respond in Coptic with his tail, 'twill be time to persuade me that a block of wood can be "charged" sufficiently to write sentences. Mine was charged (it stands charged against me, I believe, to this day), but it would only write when I moved it, and then it wrote precisely what I dictated. That persons write "unconsciously" I do not believe. As well tell me that a man might pick pockets without knowing it. Nor am I at all prepared to believe the assertions of those who declare that "they do not move the board." I know what operators will do in such cases; I know the distortion, the disregard of truth, which association with this immoral board superinduces. I have seen charming young ladies, whose word I would take on any thing else in life (even if they protested they were not engaged), who would not fib if you asked them if their curls were false or if the red of their lips was natural, sit up with both hands on Planchette—fortified

in falsehood by the contact—and lie like lawyers. Bring me any two professors of the art—young ladies, for men are not to be believed under any circumstances—not too far gone to be sensible to some moral compunction, who will put one hand on Planchette and the other on the Bible—establishing a sort of galvanic connection between the negative and positive poles of truth, so to speak—and swear (as Elia says the custom of resorting to an oath in extreme cases has introduced into the laxer sort of minds the notion of two kinds of truth) that they do not write the messages they promulgate, and I will discuss whether they do or not seriously. Until then I do not recant one single expression, but stand firm by these confessions.

P.S.—Since writing the above I have been told by a gentleman of accurate information that the article descriptive of "Planchette," already referred to as republished in this country from an English periodical, was purely imaginative throughout; that the writer never saw, and indeed never heard of such a thing; 'twas fabricated out of his own head. It will be remembered that he spoke of it as originating in the United States, and being in frequent use here. This was manifestly wrong—not to say absurd—inasmuch as a Planchette was never known in this country until put in the market by a shrewd stationer who contrived to manufacture it from the Englishman's description. We are a gullible people, as well as a vast—that's beyond a doubt!

THE NEW TIMOTHY.

Part Seventh.

I.

"ALMOST manifest Providence!" exclaims Mr. Wall, the uncle, and the very moment he hears it read.

For his nephew has just had a letter from the great city of all that region inviting him to visit its greatest church with view to a settlement therein, "if the way be clear," and this letter the nephew has brought direct from the post-office to his uncle's study for his advice thereon. And here beginneth a lesson in human nature if we only had time to study it. This noble old clergyman would have shrunk from such a charge had it been pressed upon him in his early ministry—though actually filling two or three fully as important afterward; yet he regards the modest reluctance of his nephew as commendable and—morbid. He doubted his own ability for such a position then, yet has not the least doubt on that point in reference to this nephew.

The solemn fact is, Eli tolerated things in his sons that he would have died rather than do in his own youth. Samuel bore his awful message to Eli, yet played the same foolish father over again in reference to his thoroughly worthless sons, every one of them. David, too, actually petted in Absalom what he would have deemed himself possessed of Saul's evil spirit if he had even dreamed of doing in his own youth. So of Solomon in reference to Rehoboam, and of every father in reference to every son up to date; except, dear friend, *your* father.

It is astonishing. In his youthful days Mr. Wall senior would as soon have prayed for pestilence upon him as riches, for this he had not the faintest desire then; no, nor since. But for his nephew he does desire at least a handsome supply of the good things of this life; never thinks for a moment that riches might be as disastrous in their influence upon said nephew as he was positively certain they would be in his own case. He has reference in his present decision to the ample salary his nephew will receive if pastor of the city church as a reason he should accept, though with him it would have been a strong motive for declining. Perfectly willing to suffer himself the martyrdom of poverty forever, but very unwilling this nephew of his should have a joint racked or a hair singed.

Let the whole truth be told, and so he reasons and so he feels in another matter—Louisiana Mills! In his own fervently pious youth he would as soon have yearned for the hand of the Paphian Venus as for that of Louisiana, dull of mind and keen of appetite, utterly earthly and unspiritual in every sense—given to riches, and dress, and indolence. Yet all along, without a whisper of it to himself, much less to his own wife, he has set his heart upon his nephew being married to this lady of all the world. One of his first thoughts is that it will *now* be quite possible for this alliance to be consummated! Let us frankly acknowledge, and neither deny nor quarrel at the eternal laws of the human heart. Noble, white-haired old Barzillai asked David nothing for himself whatever, but for Chimham every thing! That morning, weeks ago, when his nephew, after a night of sleepless thinking, had announced to his uncle his intention of mounting his horse and riding out in search of a field of labor farther out upon the frontier! Hard work the uncle had to dissuade him from his plan. He was weary even of the short period of comparative idleness under his uncle's roof. After long years of training and arming he was ready, and yearned for the Fight. Mr. Wall senior had sent him out to General Likens partly to keep him occupied until the Something arrived, he hardly knew what. A dim something that the uncle expected confidently, and therefore prayed for fervently. That unknown something he found in the letter the instant he read it.

"Yes, Charles, your way is clear to visit this church," was his decision, all his noble face glowing with pride in his nephew, and cordial assurance of his future career, his eyes not unmoistened with emotion as he spoke. "I'll tell you," he continued, "we will call a family council upon the spot. See if all do not agree with me."

And so Mrs. Wall had to come in with her

knitting, and Laura must be instantly sent for at the neighbor's with whose sick child she had been sitting up all night. John was deeply engaged, in a check apron and rolled-up sleeves, in some mystery of flour and eggs and sugar in the pantry, but come in she must. It was a critical point in the mystery, too; but whether it "fell" or "rose" or exploded was one to him —come in she must, on the spot.

"Do let the child stay, Mr. Wall," said the wife, as she accompanied her impetuous husband to his study in the yard.

"No, Mary," he says, in his loud, strong tones. "We can't do without John. I do believe she has got more clear, strong sense than any of us!"

He did not intend that young lady to hear this remark, but he did not care particularly if she did. He never said any thing which he would be unwilling for the world to hear. And John *did* hear him as she scraped the paste from her fingers in the pantry. She had a vague feeling of any thing rather than pleasure in regard to the subject to be decided in the family council—an almost sickening feeling she could not account for. She regretted that she happened to be at home. But there was no help for it now. She would say as little as possible upon the matter, whatever it was. And so the family assembled in the little study. Mrs. Wall wished to stand. "It will take but a moment, I suppose. What is it?" she said.

"No, sit down, Mary," the husband insisted.

"What is it, Charles?" inquired his aunt, seating herself on the edge of the lounge, and knitting for dear life.

"No, not till Laura comes," says the husband, anxious for a full and solemn council—not a bit the less so because the decision of that council was already fully made up in his own mind. John looks over the books in the case, her sense of something unpleasant growing rapidly upon her.

At last Laura appears, and in a hurry.

"Dear me!" she says, at the door of the study. "What is it? Any one sick? Have the calves been in the garden last night? Don't tell me any thing has been at my dahlias!"

Her father leads her in, shuts the door, requests attention, reads the letter, explains all the circumstances of the case. But long before he comes to a close, and to get the opinion of his council, he has given his own most decidedly that it is a very desirable position in every respect—that there can be no possible objection to Charles accepting the invitation.

"But let us have your opinion," he says, at last. "Mary, my dear, you first."

"I can not see how it is possible to get Charles's things ready in time," says that lady, knitting thoughtfully as she runs over his wardrobe in her mind.

"Very well," says her husband, cheerfully. "Now, Laura, your opinion. What is it?"

"Oh, of course," she replies, and, "Oh, Charles, while I think of it, don't forget to send me a good assortment of bulbous roots. Pack them in moss, and they can come by mail. You could find some cuttings, too, if you were to inquire in the city, only you are certain to forget it."

"Very well," says Mr. Wall senior, still more cheerfully. "Now, John, what is your notion? Out with it, child!"

"Please excuse me this time, Mr. Wall. I know so little about such things—"

"No; speak out what you *do* know, child," he says.

"I am sorry," she says, hesitating a little. "You wish me to speak plainly. I don't *know* any thing. I can only tell you what I *feel* about it. But I can't tell you *why* I feel as I do. So what I would say is not worth hearing."

"But what is it, John?" says Mr. Wall, not quite so cheerfully, while Charles listens as if to the voice of something rather within him than without him. "Tell us what you feel, child. We'll let it go just for what it is worth."

In the moment all the very much Mrs. General Likens had told her in reference to that part of Mr. Merkes's experience flashed upon her.

"You know, child," Mrs. General Likens had said, "he's had an awful time of it a candidating; visiting churches an' preachin' before them, to let them see how they like him or don't like him. In my opinion it's as bad as standing a hand up on a block for sale. How they like his voice, an' his gestures, an' his manner of prayin' and readin'; whether he's too flowery for the old or too dry for the young, an' all that. Of course he couldn't do his best preachin' under these circumstances—could you? An' he imaginin' all along he saw contempt in one face in the congregation, an' laughin' at some mistake he'd made in another. Him a meetin' half a dozen other candidates on the spot, an' all preachin' against each other for dear life, perhaps. An' the bein' heard, an' criticised, an' rejected; and that over an' over again. It's enough to kill his very heart like, cheapen him in his own esteem, cripple him for life. I know it's the custom in all the churches; that the best preachers in the land all do it; an' I don't know any way preachers are to be settled but that; yet I know one thing mighty well, an' that is, my James should have died first! It was my prayer from his birth he might be a preacher. If he had been, an' it had been the Lord's will, I would have given him up for a missionary to go to Siam-Pooter, or whatever it is, willingly; but not to go 'round with a pair of saddle-bags a candidating! Too much study and too little exercise at the seminary there in preparin' for the ministry, steady starvation after enterin' it, is enough to sour Mr. Merkes. Araminty Allen can't make that allowance for him that I can, but when you come to add to all that his trials and troubles candidating 'round among the churches, *I* don't blame him a bit if he *is* as cross and bitter an' gloomy an' cold as —between us—goodness knows he certainly is. What that man has gone through with would

have ruined the temper of the Beloved Disciple, even if it *is* wicked to say so!"

But John whispers no syllable of all this.

"Well, Mr. Wall," says John, looking up with her clear calm eyes and truthful brow, "I have a feeling that he ought not to go—at least, had better not settle there."

"But *why*, child?" asks Mr. Wall the elder, swiftly.

"My opinion is not worth much," she continues, more firmly and seriously; "but I was in favor of his taking that school he once spoke of; and when that was abandoned, I was so anxious he should go on that missionary trip west, I suppose it prejudices me against this plan. You know, Mr. Wall," she says, a little archly, "you did not call a council about those other plans."

While she is speaking one of the family is dimly conscious, as he looks upon her, of the stirring within him of a singular emotion, not entirely new in his bosom, but never so well defined as now—not perfectly defined as yet—far from it. "Singularly lovely," he murmurs to himself; "but so different from Louisiana!"

"What a curious girl you are, John!" says the caller of the council; but he is aware also of a curious echo, too, to what she has said in his own bosom.

"I got it from you," says John, more boldly. "That day you were talking to Mr. Bowles in the parlor, you told him a young minister ought to spend several years in a comparatively obscure position before occupying a larger. You explained how he would thus get a practical knowledge of religion and men, which would make a substantial and lasting pastor of him afterward. You told him it would be a good thing for him to spend a few years, even, in teaching—it would deepen and enlarge his mind. That the eight or ten years you had spent in an obscure country charge before you took a city church was of great benefit to you. And then, I remember, you told him of promising young ministers who had gone from the seminary into city pulpits who had failed to sustain themselves, and had to sink back at last into a lower position doubly bitter to them. And you mentioned two or three you knew who had ruined their health entirely in their effort to do so. Did not Mr. Merkes begin his career with a city pulpit?" asks John, in a lower voice.

"Yes," says Mr. Wall the elder, not at all as cheerful as a few moments before; "I believe so. But, John, we hope Charles is neither a Mr. Bowles nor a Mr. Merkes," he continues, with a smile.

"May it not be because you see him with your loving eyes?" says John to herself. Yes, to a greater degree than even John knew did the noble and affectionate uncle see every thing relating to those he loved through a wrong medium, because a rosy medium. Of himself he had an humble opinion, whenever he thought of himself at all, which was rarely enough. All his life his own wonderful success in his ministry had been to him a cause of unceasing astonishment—the more because his beginning was of the smallest and least promising in many respects. This astonishment was satisfied to him only by his as unceasing remembrance that it *must* be—*was*—God himself, the Cause of it all! And so his amazement changed and increased, and glowed more warmly, into a thankfulness and confidence in Him which bore him up as upon wings.

"But he's last man I know to find out from about other folks," Mrs. General Likens remarked one day, speaking of him. "When it's made his duty to speak out—that church trial we had out here, you remember, General—he says *every thing* plain, I tell you. Other times he talks easy enough about *things*, but he won't about people. You never hear any half hints about folks, any chilly-like running down of other people, any sly questions about somebody which will oblige you to say something bad of them in reply from *his* lips. I'd jest as soon expect Apostle Paul to sit an' babble an' spit an' gossip an' whittle as *him* to do any thing small an' mean. Something *awful* about that man—must be his pure goodness—like an angel. Only fault I know is he thinks too highly of other folks, specially those he's most with. I suppose it is the shining of his hope an' love on them colors them like to his eyes. One thing, it makes people on a strain to be what they know he thinks them to be—anywise, while they are any where about *him*."

Mrs. General Likens was correct. Mr. Wall senior loved Charles as if he had been his own son. He estimates him by the ample measure of his own heart, rather than by the smaller and colder and exacter measure of common-sense. He really thinks more of him—is a thousand times more confident in the success of his nephew than he ever was of himself. And now John's unwilling opinion comes upon him, and upon the rest of the council, like a cool but entirely bracing and wholesome breeze. But, you see, John had a Yankee father—a man of clear, strong, straightforward, almost cold sense—Yankee that far. Well for her that her mother was the very soul of womanly sweetness and softness. Thus it was, let us theorize, she is the consummate result of the two.

"Louisiana! John!" rings the chime in the heart of Burleson. To have one girl in a man's mind is bother enough, but two at the same time it is awful, as more than Captain Macheath have found out. And such a contrary two! With Burleson it is the conflict in his choice as between moonlight and sunshine. Sunshine is coldly clear; but oh! the moonlight is so soft and intoxicating. Sunshine is too wakeful—a man must stand up on his feet and think and act strong and straight out under it; but under the yellow glory of the moon it is so dreamy through all the golden night one can lie at length and drift like a bubble down the slow, eddying flow of whatever befalls. "I could be happy with Louisiana Mills, say, if I

had never met with John," he thinks; "but I have met with her, and she is to me a something of priceless value—infinite—I can not compute it. I dare not give her up from my possession forever! But here is this Louisiana, so artless and beautiful and charming to the eye. I wish to goodness she had run off with her father's overseer or something before I got back from college," he says. "I would be at peace then to get up on my feet like a man, and brace myself somehow, and have purpose in life and do noble deeds, and perhaps get to heaven at last. Oh bother!"

One singular fact lay in this, that Burleson thought a vast deal the most of John in the mornings—made his calls upon her then, terribly to the derangement of her domestic duties sometimes. But, as John rose upon him with the morning sun, so she subsided in him with its setting. With the coming on of evening Louisiana rose, moon-like, above the horizon in all her glory; it was after day was done that his calls upon her were made, save one, and that was a failure, perhaps for that very reason. It is the conflict between this sunshine and moonlight within him which makes such uneasy and uncertain twilight there. However, all this in a parenthesis.

And so all is tangle again in the council. It is hard to reason against stern Fact—eternal, undeniable Reason.

"But it is a plain Providence," says Laura.

"Yes, but Providence sometimes opens a wide gate before us expressly that we may *not* enter it—to try us," says the elder Mr. Wall, thoughtfully. "I passed just one such when I entered the ministry; was glad ever after. And more than once."

And I, thinks Mrs. Wall over her knitting, when I came so very near marrying that rich, dissipated young St. Clair. Dear me, how long ago it was!

When Mr. Merkes made me that offer, thinks Laura, but angry at herself for thinking of it as an opening of any kind at all.

In the buggy that afternoon, coming back from General Likens, thinks John to herself, and blushes, as if he had certainly read her thought, as she lifts her eyes and sees that the nephew is looking at her.

"I will tell you what I have determined," says Charles Wall at last. "My mind is clear. I will go. But I will go to the city without the least hope, expectation, or desire to be called as pastor, or to accept the invitation if I am. I want to see as much of all sorts of life as I well can before settling down to work. I have seen the Likens neighborhood a little; let me see city life a little, too. I want to know, chiefly, a little more about myself. I haven't the faintest idea," he added, with a laugh, "of what I am, except that I have awful forebodings!"

II.

Why is it that the young minister assumes from the very outset the relation he does to this Jacob Langdon? He is aware of it, he remonstrates with himself about it, he struggles manfully against it, but for the soul of him he can not help it! The quicksilver in the tube might as well resist the cold that sinks it toward zero. Unlike the mercury, he does not indicate it in any way, but none the less does he feel from the first that wretched sense of personal inferiority to Jacob Langdon. And why? in the name of logic and common-sense. Why? Jacob Langdon is a man who never got beyond a common-school education, and Wall is a thoroughly educated gentleman. Jacob Langdon is a moral man, perhaps, but Wall is much whiter from all stain than he. Jacob Langdon is a professor of religion, but he, in comparison to the young minister, has effected a standing, off the earth, only upon the first step leading into the temple, while the younger but more devoted Christian of the two has pressed his way long ago up those steps, and through the vestibule, and far on his way within the temple toward its Holy of Holies. The only two things in which Jacob Langdon is superior to him is practical knowledge of life, and—wealth; for it is Jacob Langdon of the well-known and immensely wealthy firm of Langdon, Burke, and Co.

If there be a rich man whose handsome carriage drives by your door so often, and you, a poor man, be on the point of denying the fact of feeling inferior to said rich man, do not do it! The feeling is wrong, but your denial of it, dear friend, is worse. You are positively certain of the man's great inferiority to yourself in very many respects. But at last, in spite of yourself, especially if he be very rich and you be quite poor, you have the general sense of his being, upon the whole, your superior. If you be poet or artist or minister yourself, and young, that which exalts him most above you is your sense of his unlimited superiority to yourself in practical intellect. Whatever else you do know, banking, prices, stocks, commerce—in a word, the science of making money—is to you a vast knowledge, with the very alphabet of which you are unacquainted. In the art of spending money you feel yourself to be vastly before him—know infinitely better than he exactly what things to buy with his thousands, if you had them; but as to accumulating those thousands you are a very babe at his feet.

It was with a singular sense of being quite small and very young that Charles Wall enters the counting-house of Langdon, Burke, and Co., in the city. Mr. Langdon being the officer of the city church who wrote the letter of invitation.

"Mr. Langdon has stepped out; take a seat; the morning paper," says the clerk on the high stool at the long mahogany desk behind the railing, hardly lifting his eyes from a heap of invoices before him.

"He knew by my letter that I would be in the city, and to see him about this hour, and yet he is out!" was the thought of Wall, as it would have been of Mr. Merkes in his place.

Only Mr. Merkes would have nursed the thought with indignation, whereas Wall throttles and casts it out as soon as it is born. He seats himself with a "Thank you" in the black cushion of the nearest office-chair, and takes the crisp morning paper that he may glance over the top of it around him.

It is a noble office, twenty by forty feet at least; the floor covered with cocoa-nut matting, the walls hung round with port-folios bearing in large letters upon their sides the names of all the leading ports of America and Europe. There are handsome paintings too of the celebrated clippers and steamships of the day. The three huge doors standing open upon the busy street; the library of journals and ledgers, each two feet long; the glimpse of several lengthy tables in an inner room covered with different samples of cotton in brown paper parcels; the vast iron house rather than safe in one corner; the stout negro porter, apron on, coming in and going out; the constant ingress of clerks with long, thin books in their breast-pockets, who hold brief and cabalistic conversation with the clerk, who never even nods to them in coming or recognized their leaving, but writes steadily on through it all; every thing impresses the young minister with the fact that this office is quite a different place from his quiet apartment in the third story of the Seminary, so very high and dry above the bustling world. And he enjoys it wonderfully from force of reaction, and has a deep respect for the clerk writing away at his desk. From the moment he had read the letter of invitation Hoppleton had dwindled into a much smaller place, and his uncle's home had seemed rather dull than not. The instant he had stepped, valise in hand, on the train, at the end of the stage part of his trip from Hoppleton, he had caught the contagion of enterprise and energy. He respected the conductor collecting tickets, had a lurking admiration for the dirty stoker, considered the engineer a hero, rather underrates himself, in fact, in comparison with all the pushing throng. In strong contrast with the eddy in which he has lain, there is a grandeur in the torrent of practical life which exaggerates itself to him by the very contrast.

And now this tall, thin, hazel-eyed man who comes in with such a swift step must be Mr. Jacob Langdon. He is rather disappointed. He had imagined him portly, white-haired, and with an overflow of gold watch-chain over a white waistcoat—never mind. He rises to greet and be greeted, but Mr. Langdon regards him just at that instant no more than the spittoon at his feet.

"Say twenty thousand two fifty, and I'll do it," he says, as he comes rapidly in without looking over his shoulder at the weazen, little, dried-up old man who follows upon his footsteps like his shadow.

"Suppose you would! No. Twenty thousand five hundred," replies that individual, in sharp, quick tones.

"Can't do any thing with you, Ellis," says Mr. Langdon, who has now reached the railed space, and, with hand thrust through the rails, is working the impatient fingers thereof under the nose of the clerk. "Check, Jones, twenty thousand five hundred!"

"Would endow a professor's chair!" says Wall to himself, with a rising respect for both the gentlemen.

Mr. Ellis has the check, and without a word is gone. Mr. Langdon is hurrying out after him, when Mr. Wall rises and bows and catches his quick eye.

"Ah, yes!" says the broker, understanding immediately. "How are you? Pleasant weather!" Mr. Wall shakes his extended hand.

"Cotton is it? or railway?" asks the broker, with a business smile.

"Something as interesting to you as either, I hope," says the young minister, returning his smile, but feeling exceedingly uncertain whether his business will be really and truly as interesting to his new friend. Church and gospel and preacher seem things so unreal and out of place in that busy spot.

"Very glad indeed to see you!" says the broker, becoming on the spot the church officer, when his visitor has explained who he is. And there is a Sabbath change in his tones as he learns of his visitor exactly when he arrived, at what hotel he stopped, how he left his uncle — still standing, however, and in a rapid manner.

"Now," says the cotton broker, at last, "it's just twelve—we dine at four. Here are the papers, or look around the city a little. Only be here, if you please, say at twenty minutes to four, and I'll show you the way out. Good-morning!" and he is gone into the maelstrom that circles past his front-door.

Mr. Merkes would have been greatly aggrieved at so curt a disposal of himself. Wall is conscious of a rising tendency in him of that kind, but crushes it on the spot in a new admiration of the energetic business man. He has a strong disposition himself to plunge into the current of commerce, would like exceedingly some pressing call along the wharves and into the warehouses. After years of seclusion there is a romance, a fascination in the rapid footsteps, and quick speech, and talk of dollars, with a sense, too, of being himself quite an idler, altogether a child.

It is a compliment to Wall, however, that Mr. Jones, the clerk, comes at this juncture from inside his cage, introduces himself, and shakes hands. Mr. Jones has a quill of blue ink behind one ear, a quill of red ink behind the other, another of black ink in his mouth. He removes this from his lips to say:

"Very glad to make your acquaintance, Sir. You look much younger than I expected to see. I knew your uncle well. Many a time have I heard (there's the gun of the New York steamer coming in—hurry down, Peter) him preach. I don't belong to the First church myself. No;

some of us went out from it a year or so ago to begin a little enterprise in one of the neglected districts. Sunday-school in the upper room of an engine-house, you know; preaching there at ten and at night. Take a seat, Captain Buff; ready to sail? Papers all right." And Mr. Jones has to go into his den again to serve the last arrival. But Mr. Wall has had opportunity to observe that Mr. Jones is not only a clerk, but a gentleman.

He feels reassured, and with a word of adieu, which Mr. Jones had not the time to observe, he sallies forth into the tide without, until he finds himself near his hotel.

"Bill already settled, luggage carried off," says the clerk at the hotel bar in answer to an inquiry. "On an order from Jacob Langdon," is the explanation.

And so he guesses his way to the office of Langdon, Burke, and Co. again. Arrived there, he finds a somewhat shabby-looking gentleman standing at the desk in subdued conversation with Mr. Jones, who is writing steadily on none the less.

A moment or two after Mr. Langdon comes in with a rapid step, and a "Ah, Mr. Wall, how are you by this time?" In obedience, however, to a "Mr. Langdon, a moment if you please!" from his clerk, Mr. Langdon retires with that clerk into the room with the long unpainted cotton tables. The clerk seems to have a good deal to say, and his principal only listens and nods. As they come out the clerk introduces his employer to the gentleman in somewhat shabby clothes, who looks thin and nervous. There is a rapid conversation between these last, of which the young minister only catches the words, "Wife and children—any thing on earth—great obligations—roll up my sleeves—any thing, Sir, any thing!"

"Ah, well! at your service now, Mr. Wall. Suppose we go," says Mr. Langdon at last, and they leave the office, the cotton broker keeping up a fragmentary conversation with the shabby gentleman, who accompanies them. In course of time they arrive at the doorway of a huge warehouse-like establishment.

"Be so kind as to wait for me a moment," says the broker to his guest, and disappears with his other companion inside.

"Had to take you out of your way," says Mr. Langdon, emerging, as he hurries along with Mr. Wall. "Jones has always something of the sort on hand. You'd hardly believe it, that person who came with us was president of a railroad once—not so long ago either. Broken to pieces. Came out here to find business. Places? 'I am willing to do any thing,' he says, 'to feed my family: if it's only employment for a few days; it is better than none at all.' *I* had no place for him, so I brought him here. He'll have to work hard enough from dawn till dark. But he'll get his bread."

"Did you find any difficulty in securing him a place?" asks the young minister, as they hurry along, deeply interested.

"A great deal, only the head of that establishment couldn't refuse, under the circumstances. It is not three years ago *he* came to me in a worse fix than this man. I got him in there then. Of course, he is willing to help any other poor fellow."

"I must say, Mr. Langdon," says his companion, after a pause, "I envy you the opportunity you have of doing such a deed."

"Yes; it is more Jones than myself. People can do any thing with *him*, and he can do any thing he pleases with me. But here we are; walk in."

The young minister looks up and sees that they are in front of a noble mansion with cast iron veranda for both stories, handsome plot in front with tesselated pavement leading from the gate, bordered with conch shells and stone vases. The master of the house rang at the gate as he entered, and now the front-door opens at his touch.

"Mistress in?" he inquires of the white-aproned colored man that opens the door.

"Just in, Sir," is the reply.

"Dinner, then, soon as you please," says Mr. Langdon, showing his guest into the parlor and himself passing on up stairs to wash and tell his wife.

Dinner comes. It is all a dinner could be, and Mr. Wall partakes of it with a feeling of ease and enjoyment, as if he had been out on a camping excursion during the last few years, but had got home again. Mr. Merkes would have been estimating the cost, and blaming the extravagance, and adding another room to his overcramped house from the proceeds of the superb caster before him. His prevailing feeling would have been, "There is an awful wrong somewhere that you have all these things and I don't. Never mind. You must have a bitter sorrow somewhere. Perhaps you have a drunken son down town, or an idiot child up stairs, or something. Perhaps you'll break yet—it often happens." And so would Mr. Merkes console himself as he murmured steadily on—like a rivulet worried to death with perpetual pebbles in its path—against God.

Not so with Wall; he acknowledged to himself a keen enjoyment of the wealth of his host—but it is as if it is all his own. He feels entirely at home, and therefore seems so. He has a pleasant word for the children and a happy reply for his host, and, what a woman values more than diamonds or cashmeres, a deferential attention to every syllable of Mrs. Langdon. And he says very little himself at last, and is entirely at his ease.

"We will be glad if you will make out your list of hymns for to-morrow this afternoon," says Mr. Langdon, as he shows his guest up stairs into his room.

In looking forward to the service the young minister expected to be quite nervous on that eventful Sabbath morning; he had even hopes that it would prove a rainy Sabbath. Yet he was only glad when he awoke the next morn-

ing and found the day up before him bright and glad. He had anticipated having all the mixed and miserable feelings of one about making his appearance in the pulpit as a candidate on exhibition, bothered to put on the best manner there. But even his fears of being nervous were all forgotten as he dressed and sat down at the window to his morning devotions. He is not there as a candidate for any thing whatever; merely there in Heaven's Providence to preach, as he had been on his visit to Mr. Merkes. All he aims at is simply to preach. All he prays for is that he may do this to the profit of those that may hear, few or many. John's opinion at the family council had been as a soft, cool hand laid upon a fevered brow. He felt quietly ready for the morning service even by breakfast. So much so that, with his sermon safely in his head and heart instead of his breast-pocket, he requested to accompany Mr. Langdon to the Sabbath-school. There was a simple nature in the young minister, a perfect ease of manner, that would have put Mr. Langdon out a little. "Going to preach in *our* pulpit, and so cool about it!" he would have thought, with some displeasure at his young guest, if that guest had not seemed so entirely yet quietly at home. Was it intellect and culture beginning to weigh its own against wealth? Or was it, rather, simple piety getting the mastery of circumstances, as it inherently will, though those circumstances towered at first like Alps against it? Not that he is in the least superior to any body else. Only he has, somehow, become aware of all the much that is wrong in him, and has for the moment got his heel upon that worse self!

And the Sabbath-school prepared him to preach. He is beginning of late to find a deal of interest in the clear eyes of little children, a grace in the motion of their hands and a wisdom in their prattle he never remarked before. His attention has been drawn toward them by what he has heard of Mr. Merkes's entire neglect of them, and his association with John has in some mysterious way ripened his heart toward the young as well as toward every thing else. They wish him to deliver an address to the children; but he pleasantly declines, and *talks* to the children instead, imparting to them all the profit and twenty times the pleasure during the ten minutes he holds their bright eyes in his than during the formal delivery of an hour's set address. And then their singing too! Sweeter music this world knows not of than the voices of children.

When he at last finds himself in the pulpit—itself almost as large as Mr. Merkes's church—he is glad that he had selected for the occasion the sermon he had. Every minister prepares two sorts of sermons. One kind is of the genus commonly known as "a splendid discourse." This is a sermon based on some striking text, filled with apt quotations from the poets, adorned with vivid illustrations, beautified with rhetorical curves and flourishes. The aim of such a sermon is to astonish the audience with some quaint interpretation of Scripture never before dreamed of by mortal man; or to thrill by its sublime flight; or to move and melt by its pathos; or to convince by its irresistible reasoning; or to delight by its very audacity. The object of this genus of sermon, in a word, is effect, immediate effect, and the success of the same is measured by the degree of its effect. To this end the sermon is rewritten with a polishing of the marble worthy of Isocrates, who spent thirty-six years of steady rewriting upon his one oration. It is such a venture that no experienced minister launches himself from his pulpit cushion upon a splendid discourse unless he be very certain that the size of his congregation, the state of the weather, and his own exact measure of health and mood will warrant the attempt. Even then it is a risk. A bird flying in at the church window, a sudden shower or storm coming up, a dog yelping in the aisle, a child crying in a pew, will ruin the success of the most effective of this style of sermon.

Now Mr. Wall, too, had more than one splendid discourse among his sermons. They were the gems of his collection to him when he first arrived in Hoppleton. Somehow he had distrusted them since. And it is not a splendid discourse he now has determined to preach. It is one of the other genus of sermons, the faithful exposition of a text; poetry, vivid illustration, rhetoric, novelty, sublimity, pathos, logic, audacity, all Corinthianism of the sort left out, or breaking their way in by sheer force, and the discourse depending upon its plain, direct meaning for its effect.

The sumptuous church holds a still more sumptuous congregation; the organ peals in full tone; the choir have not one common-metre hymn to drag them down to the people in the pews below, and sing with free voices skyward. The young preacher preaches his sermon without let or hindrance, informing the hearers, to the best of his ability and with all his heart, of the meaning of God their Saviour in the text. A prayer, a hymn, the benediction, and this candidate for the vacant pulpit has settled his fate as far as that church is concerned forever.

EUSTACIE'S STORY.

JULIETTE came down the garden with that grand air of hers as if the world were made for Juliette. She held a letter in one hand, bearing a bold superscription, and she paused just before Eustacie, who was filling Louis's apron with the sweet June roses.

"For me?" asked Eustacie, putting out her hand, and blushing up like any rose herself; but a look on Juliette's face caused her to falter and draw back.

"Give us joy," said this one then, without appearing to notice Eustacie's motion. "Cyril is going to marry; but I must away to grand-

mamma's with the news;" and she passed out the garden gate.

Eustacie had not wished them joy; she stood, with startled eyes, quite motionless, growing paler and paler with every breath.

"There's more roses," said Louis, in his childish prattle. "Can't you reach 'em? Mr. Trenholm can."

"We will see," said that gentleman, picking up the scissors Eustacie had let fall; then, as if the action recalled her:

"Oh no, Mr. Trenholm, you will get thorned to death; Miss Juliette didn't see you, I think," in her own manner.

"One may as well die by the sword as the famine," in answer to her first sentence. "By-the-way, Miss Eustacie, I thought that Cyril—"

"Cyril is going to marry," repeating Juliette's words.

"Where is he going?" asked Louis. "Can't I go too?"

"Some day, perhaps," said Trenholm, laughing. "See, there is your mother looking for you, Louis. Go and ask her, and take these roses."

"Miss Eustacie," he began again, "you have perhaps wondered why I come here so often; will you let me tell you?"

"I am attentive," said Eustacie, quietly. "I thought—"

"It is because I hoped you would see how much you were to me—the mere sight, the indifferent touch of your fingers, the everyday greetings, in the hope that you might grow accustomed to me; that so when I said, 'I love you,' as I say to-day, you would not find yourself amazed."

"But I do find myself amazed, Mr. Trenholm."

"So much the worse for me, since in that case you have not thought of me as a lover, and can give me nothing in return."

He spoke so sadly, so half-interrogatively, as if he were loth to be thus assured, but had felt it must be so all along, that Eustacie looked up at him with returning color, and put out her hand:

"Indeed, indeed, I can give you much—" and there hesitated.

"But you can not love me?" he said.

"I—I do not know. I had not thought of it. If you love me—"

"*If* I love you!"

"If you love me—they say it makes all the difference in the world—I don't know—I might try, if you would like to have me."

Thus, half an hour later, Juliette found them still lingering in the neighborhood of the rose-bushes.

"Oh, Mr. Trenholm, are you there?" she said. "When did you arrive?"

"I was here when you passed down with the news about Cyril. I thank you for it; it gave me impetus to follow his example. Eustacie has consented to let me love her."

"Indeed! That is very gracious of her. I wish you the joy which she forgot to wish Cyril." And my lady moved away with a heart that burned and leaped in her bosom, and eyes like javelins, that would have slain Eustacie, if eyes could slay.

While Miss Juliette imagined she was ordering affairs after her own mind, Fate had quietly assumed the dictatorship, and arranged for a somewhat different result than that which she had anticipated.

Each one said to her neighbor, "Did you know what a fine thing Mrs. Thornton's governess has done for herself?"

"Secured Mr. Trenholm, eh?"

"These governesses are *so* designing!"

"Well, I hope it will turn out well," which, considering the previous remarks, was as much as to say she should be disappointed if it did.

"When will they be married?"

"Oh, immediately of course; a bird in the hand, you know," and they nodded an understanding to each other, and swept apart.

Poor Eustacie, leaning over the balcony at Mrs. Oxford's, waiting for Louis, heard something of this, and it made her exceedingly uncomfortable. Was she designing? She could hardly decide. It is true that she was sorry for Trenholm; but then she was not sorry for Juliette, at least not yet; perhaps she would be when she came to love him very much—if that ever happened; but she had designed nothing concerning him, except to do her best as his wife; she had never tried to attract him; he had come to her of his own accord, and so had Cyril; the difference was that this one had left her, while the other stepped into the breach, and a few tears fell to illustrate the case. *Was* it designing in a harmless, friendless governess, with only a pittance in the bank, to accept a golden gift from fortune, because—because—in truth she found it very hard to say *why* she had accepted it. Perhaps it was merely because it had come in her path, and she wanted the courage to turn her back upon it; perhaps because a great deal of love on one side only was better than none any where had a value for her; perhaps because struggling up from a great blow, she was prone to catch at any support and comfort. Still leaning there with her sad, perplexed face framed with the climbing roses that showered her with perfumed leaves at every rough breeze, she suffered what all must suffer who snatch at fortune from mere weariness rather than wait till events shall resolve themselves into the harmony that is sure to result sooner or later, here or there. Some one passing in the square below paused to gaze up at her and divine her thoughts, it may be. But she did not heed him. She was looking back through the long vista of days, each one of which had been lighted by looks of love and words

> "A thought too tender
> For the commonplaces spoken;"

through the days she had once believed would last forever; and suddenly a cloud had arisen;

the staff she leaned upon had fallen. What was this she clung to now? Would it last? Would any thing last?

The twilight was dropping down, the old town growing hushed under the evening sky, the wind turning east; it was time they were at home. She called to Louis. Some one below in the street answered with a sweet old air which Cyril had once sung to her sitting under the white lilac-trees, with these words, half reproach, half consolation:

"If in any spring-sweet weather
Suddenly should come to you
Happiness and fear together,
Bid them both adieu.

"If in any garden blowing,
Summer suns should bring to you
Roses, lilies, for the sowing,
And perhaps a little rue;

"Will the last annul the sweetness
Of the roses rare and red?
Blind you to the white completeness
Of the lilies in their bed?

"Every day shall have its sun, love;
Every night its smiling star;
Though thick clouds obscure the one, love,
And the other smiles afar."

The tune recalled her wandering thoughts. All this time she was forgetting Louis. He had asked her to wait while he went round the corner to buy a toy canoe, and he had not yet returned. She was growing tired of waiting, the air was chilly—it made her shiver. In raising herself she chanced to look toward the shore, where the tide was rolling in in angry undulations; then naturally her eyes found out the line of rocks along which at ebb-tide they often skipped far out on the shining flats, in search of strange shells, jelly-fishes for Louis's museum, and beautiful sea-mosses; the very rocks where she and Cyril had sat by hours sunning themselves when the treacherous tide was out, the tide which covered them at flood and left no hint. But just now there was something strange in their appearance. The water had risen about them more than half-way; but what was it disturbed the outline of the farther point? What was it that wavered and reached toward shore? At first she watched it curiously, thinking it but a sea-bird flapping its wings in defiance of the gathering gale; wondering how it must seem to be out there all alone in the growing night amidst the pitiless waters; then, presently, she shook from head to foot with vague terror; a thousand pangs thrilled along her pulses. "It is Louis!" she cried, and went bounding toward him. It was indeed Louis, who, sailing his canoe from the point, had been cut off by a strip of water too broad for his little feet to cross, too deep to ford. There was no one in sight, no one but herself to hear his terrified cry.

"Save me, Eustacie! Save me!"

She looked where the slender arms were stretched to her appealingly — how like the voice was to Cyril's! And what if she should slip herself? What then? Why, after that, rest. No more strife, love coming unsought, departing never; no more dreary lessons, no more distracted endeavors to do rightly and forever going wrong. But while thinking thus, she was already there, separated from him only by one broad reach, across which their hands failed to meet.

"How are you going to contrive, Eustacie?" he asked, reassured by her presence. "Make haste; my shoes are full of water; I shall catch my death o' cold."

She glanced down at his feet, where, true enough, the water crept ever higher and higher; it would float him off soon; she could not leave him so, yet staying did no service. A pleasure-boat skimmed past in the distance; she shrieked for help, but the wind blew her voice down her throat; she tore off her crimson scarf, and waved it for a signal, but they made no answering sign; only across the brooding expanse came a trickle of laughter, a snatch of song:

"Swiftly we glide toward the happy shore,
Feather the oar, feather the oar;
Lightly we rock on the swelling tide,
Each other beside, each other beside.
Oh, what so sweet when suns have set,
When those who long and love have met,
To fly and follow the bending shore
And feather the oar, and feather the oar?"

Oh, how could they sing, and she in mortal agony? Her silken scarf was long and stout; she threw one end across the gulf to Louis.

"Tie it round your waist, Louis," she said; "tie it in that hard knot Cyril taught you; then take firm hold, and I will pull you across to me."

"But I'm afraid, Eustacie."

"Don't think of fear; it is necessary. Think of mamma and Juliette, and—and Cyril. Think you are doing it for them."

"And you and Mr. Trenholm?"

"Yes, dear."

"Well, I am ready. Oh, but the water is cold, Eustacie, and dark, *so* dark—if I hadn't come out here! Would you say a little prayer first?"

"I think I would."

"Now, Tacie—oh, quick!" But, instead of pulling him toward her, his foot caught in the crevice of a rock, and the weight of his body struggling at the end of the scarf caused Eustacie to lose her balance and plunge into the terrible crystal darkness that foamed below. The cold, cruel waters held her in a grasp of steel; shut out the tender twilight shadows dropping down upon the sea, the murmur of oar in row-lock, the echo of happy-hearted choristers. Oh, life! that had looked so barren but an hour ago —how full and jocund and inviting it now appeared, beckoning to her across a little span, with infinite possibilities folded in the long years, like the radiant, perfumed flower hidden, undreamed of, in the tiny seed. Was it only through dying that she should come to know its worth, its beauty, its sweetness? And this was death? This slackening pulse, this sink-

ing, falling through blind abysses; this mad carnival of color that made creation one vast prism; these forgotten faces shaping themselves out of horror and darkness; these familiar scenes and events growing out of nothing and resolving into nothing; these eyes so tender, so imploring, where had she seen them—æons before? Death was a breath; but this, oh, this was an eternity!

A long sunbeam struggled in through the Venetian blinds, dodged the crimson curtains, and fell across a pale, upturned face upon the pillow there, as much as to say, "Wake up, little woman, the world is all before you where to choose."

Presently two gray eyes opened and met two other gray eyes that bent above and watched there with the sunbeam.

"I was almost gone, wasn't I?" said Eustacie. "Oh! why didn't they let me go? The bitterness was passing."

"From you to me. Is it so hard for you to stay?"

"No, no; life is sweet—how sweet!" She was gazing into space as she spoke, and he was painfully aware that his mere presence made nothing of this sweetness to her, but something intrinsic in life itself, the exhilaration of the combat, the intoxication of the game, perhaps; and the gray eyes darkened and grew stern.

"But *you* saved us," she said, after a pause.

"God saved you, Eustacie."

"For you. I am your property, Mr. Trenholm; what are you going to do with me?"

"I am going to love you with all my heart."

"And you will not be angry if I can not love you with *all my* heart? You will only expect salvage?"

"I shall hold fast what you give me and catch what I can. Now go to sleep, little girl, and forget all about it." And she obeyed, and dreamed herself a great white cloud, that, dissolving into a shower, broke a long drought and filled a world with fragrance and blossom. Yes, she did indeed belong to Mr. Trenholm, who had put out a hand and drawn her out of the Valley of Shadows, and Louis with her. He used to say afterward that our most apparently trivial actions, our insignificant goings and comings, are but great and important events seen through the wrong end of the telescope.

Eustacie was a long time recovering from the shock after this; her nerves had suffered a fearful strain, it would seem. The daylight was painful to her, every noise appalled, every excitement weakened her. It would appear as if death, having been rudely repulsed, was now revenging himself by repeated approaches and withdrawals, trusting to wear out the enemy and come off victoriously in the end. But Mr. Trenholm often questioned if he were not himself in a measure responsible for this listless indifference that had usurped her usual joyousness of temperament; but he was not a man to weakly resign what might be won by long-enduring effort on his part, or on that of another. If you have a desire, he reasoned, you must put your whole heart and strength into your endeavor, and work for it early and late, grudging nothing. By-and-by this languor would pass, this weakness would disappear in strength, this suffering drown in delight; by so much as she had struggled for the mastery, by so much would love, when it came, be deeper, purer—a thing of the spirit that remains everlastingly, of essential being, rather than that of the senses that disappears. If this was a narrow, sophistical selfishness on his part, it was the ordeal which he would not have hesitated to undergo himself, which, holding her in most tender regard, he deemed fitting and wise she also should survive.

But the summer days wore on, sultry and sad, and brought no change. He would wheel her into the garden in the blush of morning, but the heavy odors made her faint; he would take her out on the lovely river, but the water singing round the keel sickened her with a shuddering horror; he would read to her from the choicest spirits of the age, only to find her eyes fixed and her attention floating; he would bring his flageolet, in the still summer evenings, in order that the shadow of sweet sounds might lull her into forgetful sleep, but each time he found it moved her beyond the pitch of slumber, that it filled her with wild fancies of passing bells, cries of shipwrecked crews, and the mysterious whispers of rising gales. It needed something yet to rouse her into her old self, to bring again the bloom to the wan cheek, the light to the dull eye, the elasticity to the heavy step.

"I am such a trouble to you," she said one day.

"I have no other to care for," he answered her; "if this is a trouble then trouble is my life."

Why was it that never any tender word of his moved her, as a glance, however indifferent, from Cyril could once have done?

Juliette was singing in the drawing-room; she listened to the words that rose and fell with the emotions of the singer:

"Love, art thou sweet? Then bitter death must be.
Love, art thou bitter? Then sweet is death to me."

Then all at once her heart stood still, there was a well-known voice ringing out below, a step on the stair, a shadow darkening the doorway. This was the moment for which she had waited, the test-moment, the touch-stone of her future life, when some one took her hands from off her face and laughed at the flushed and beautiful creature they disclosed. It was Cyril.

"And this is what it is to be ill?" he said, letting his glance linger there. "This is what it is to be snatched from the sea-foam, Aphrodite? Why, they told me I should find Eustacie's ghost here, and it is rather her glorified body."

Trenholm sat near with that frown which had grown habitual of late.

"We did not expect you so soon, Cyril," he said.

"No? I like to take people by surprise; it does them good; it starts the blood. What have you been about, Trenholm? It's you that's the ghost!"

"I never was happier."

"Ah! you must have been a miserable sinner: you look as if you had been put to the torture!"

"Mr. Trenholm has been wearing himself out in my service," said Eustacie; and Trenholm noted how clear and strong her voice had suddenly become, as if a burden had been lifted from the spirit. Perhaps there *was* something in a surprise, after all. She was able to sit up that night and listen to Cyril's recital of the life he had been leading, of the despairs and successes attending his art. All at once she seemed to have forgotten her nerves; the gentle notes of the flageolet, which he seized upon in the pauses of his talk, no longer stirred her soul to lively terrors, but appeared rather to soothe her into a pensive content, till she fell asleep among her cushions with a smile upon her lip.

"Eustacie has gone to sleep," said Juliette.

"Is that any thing amazing?" asked Cyril. "It's because we were so stupid."

"We have been stupid all summer, if that could produce the desired effect. I have often observed, however, that satisfaction has a sleep-compelling influence," pursued Juliette, with a touch of malice and a glance at Trenholm. But he did not heed her; he was lost in the consideration of the problem before him; if Eustacie no longer cared for Cyril—if her heart was growing toward himself, insensibly, as the flower toward the sun—how did it happen that this one had been able, by his mere presence, to awaken the smiles upon her face, which long patient weeks of earnest regard on his own part had proved powerless to stir? He did not reproach her; he felt rather an infinite sympathy and compassion for her, as if she were far dearer to him than his own happiness, which could only meet disaster as disaster overtook her. He said to himself that they had both been passing the summer in a sort of warfare; he in order to possess himself of love, she to dispossess herself; and neither had triumphed. It had been time thrown away, and yet it had had its pleasures, its raptures. He would not have been without its memory.

Cyril soon announced the intention of remaining through the autumn.

"I shall be able to make so many studies," he said, by way of excuse; "and I shall have fewer interruptions. Besides, I mean to paint Eustacie!"

"It is going to be the same old story over again, I fear," said Juliette, as she watched them together one morning; saw the clear eyes of Eustacie bent on Cyril, as if the clouds had swept away from before them and disclosed—well, heaven, perhaps; saw Cyril forget his cunning in comprehending the gaze, till Juliette would call out with malicious mischief, "And you are to have your picture ready for the Exhibition?"

No one could help observing the difference in Eustacie, not that she was ever as gay and glowing as Trenholm had once known her, but there had come a change upon her. She no longer reclined in uneasy languors, nor passed long feverish nights of sleeplessness. She was no longer a pallid ghost, with wandering eye and mute lips, but a creature of impulses and blushes, of random flashes of merriment, with eyes that told "Hope's eloquent story" over and again, as day after day lingered by. Trenholm could but ponder on the cause of an effect so apparent; a thousand pains and distractions of his had not sufficed to bring it about. Neither had her own strength of will given the battle to her hand. He began to feel as if he possessed something that did by no means belong to him, but was inestimably dear and essential to his happiness. Still one can live without being happy; one day he would try it, perhaps; but a little longer to believe her his in spite of all; a little longer, till he should be quite certain it was indeed a fable.

They were going one day to picnic in the country, and there was some discussion as to whether Eustacie should occupy the carriage with the children, and who should hold the reins, as she was not yet strong enough to be trusted in that capacity.

"Let's toss up," said Louis; "Cyril or Mr. Trenholm."

"Oh no," said Eustacie, quickly; "they prefer their saddles."

"That argues well for our previous course of gallantry," said Cyril.

"Come, Eustacie," called Juliette, "don't keep us waiting. Choose the one—"

> "'Choose the one that you love best:
> Suit yourself, you'll suit the rest,'"

sang out Louis.

"I think Louis and I can manage old Bess," she answered, springing into the carriage, but Cyril sprang in after her, while Trenholm stooped to arrange the girth of Juliette's prancer; and they were whirling out of sight in a cloud of dust before he had looked about him.

"You don't like the trouble of making a choice?" asked Cyril.

"No; I like rather to take things as they come, without looking about me to see if there's any thing I might prefer. What is one's own, you know, is always worth more than what is one's neighbor's."

"It's a pity we can't all think so," he returned, looking unutterable things; "as for me, Eustacie, I have nothing to call my own."

"Why, you have—that is—I mean— Oh, do you see that hawk? What a flight he has; it seems as if flying were no greater effort than breathing."

"A hawk is a good omen, because he never eats the hearts of doves. Do you remember

the Sunday nights, Eustacie, when we used to make the school-room ring with

"'Oh, that I had wings; oh, that I had wings,
Had wings like a dove?'"

"Yes."

"Those were happy days, Eustacie. I believe we thought we had the wings. I only know I was lighter-hearted in those times."

"There was once a man who made himself wings, you know," interrupted Louis; "what was his name, Tacie? You were reading to us about it one day, and—and the sun—you see, he went too near, I mean his son did, and it melted them—they were made of wax, like Sis's doll, I guess—and he fell into the sea. I was rightly sorry!"

"Apropos," said Cyril, "I always felt a great sympathy with Icarus. Yes, it is not wise to go too near the sun, my boy; it's only another version of the scorched miller, eh, Eustacie?"

"But you know there was Dædalus who preserved the happy medium, and carried himself through danger safely," she replied.

"We can't all be endowed with such far-seeing wisdom as the example indicates. Eustacie, you will never forgive me for having once swerved from my true orbit, if ever so little, and against my will?"

Eustacie did not answer; she sat looking forward to where Juliette and Trenholm had reined up and awaited them, Trenholm bending from the saddle to reach a blossoming twig for Juliette. He seemed well enough pleased with his companion, she fancied. What a world it was, when that which one had most desired hung within reach, and one looked on, unable to put out a hand and gather in!

"They are waiting for us," she said, at last. "I think they mean to take another route."

"Let them wait," he returned, allowing Bess to continue the snail's pace at which she had been going for the last mile, and quoting, musingly, half under his breath,

"'What if a king, whose state had flown,
Should pluck apart his regal crown?'

That's what I did. Fool!"

"Don't call yourself hard names, Cyril. You forget the sequel:

"'For kingly hearts no fate can frown;
They rule forever o'er their own.'"

"If I thought that were possible, after all," he began, "'to rule forever o'er my own.' If—"

Oh! it was the same voice, the same glance, speaking to her as of old, but with what a difference! The same tender intonations he had used once before, the words yet more earnest; but did they mean any thing? And if they did, what should it signify to her? She belonged—oh, where did she indeed belong? How confused things were growing, how sensations jostled each other and crossed and rebounded and dropped into dull ashes at last! Did any one really care for her? There sat Trenholm, calm and unconcerned, as if *he* were secure whatever befell, as if nothing of her doing or undoing could move him from his stern indifference. And here was Cyril beside her, with that languid, assured air of his, as if he were merely rehearsing the terms of surrender, without much doubt or concern as to the result. Words that were falling on stony places; oh, had they come to her but a little while before, how rich and fertile they would have made life appear! Spring had arrived so late that all the buds were dead and dying, and no summer warmth could bid them blow into full flower again.

"For violets plucked, the sweetest showers
Can ne'er make grow again."

Trenholm wheeled his horse about as they drew up, and came to the side of the carriage. He was very pale, Eustacie observed, with great shadows beneath his eyes.

"My man, Tracy, has just overtaken me with a telegram requiring my immediate presence at Osborne; so, good people, I shall have the grief of bidding you good-by, and losing a day's pleasure," and he gave his hand to Eustacie, looking in her face. But she neither blanched nor crimsoned; she merely said,

"What has happened?"

"Something that may separate us forever," he answered, in her ear. "Should you much care, Eustacie?"

If things were going forward as he feared, it were perhaps best she shouldn't.

"Care, Mr. Trenholm? When you have been so kind to me? When you saved my life?"

Only that! Nothing but gratitude. And he must go and leave her with Cyril. Perhaps when he was gone she would regret him; if ever so little, he felt as if he should be keenly conscious of. He could not quite allow that he had built on sand even yet. He possessed the patience that perfects endeavor.

"Good-by," he said, tightening his grasp upon her hand. "Oh, did I hurt you?" as she winced. "I'm afraid I have hurt you often. If you find it so hard to love me, dear child, do not try any longer."

Two great tears gathered into her eyes and fell upon his hand. What should she answer him? Confess that the conflict was ended, when she more than half believed he regretted the beginning? Let him go without a word? Cyril had alighted just before to gather her some way-side flowers, and he now returned in season to relieve her of embarrassment.

"You will not be long absent, Trenholm?" he said.

"That depends. I think, however, you will be able to endure existence without me, eh, Cyril?" And after that he put spurs to his horse, and went flying into the distance.

"There's something wrong with Trenholm," said Cyril. "He never used to have these moods and tenses."

He was away a fortnight; during that time Cyril worked at his pictures and Eustacie returned to the school-room. It was their custom, every afternoon when lessons were over, to walk till dinner-time, and Cyril was very sure to meet them, either in the skirts of the woods or along the shore; and once met, he was not to be left behind with a formal smile and nod, but immediately attached himself to the party and led them whither he would. Now he had some picture to exhibit to them from the summit of a steep hill, with the outlying town like a beautiful mirage shaping itself out of blue, misty distances; now it was some fragrant recess of the woods, where the ripened leaves made one almost believe in Danaé showers; and sometimes Eustacie even consented to be rowed across the river into a land flowing with milk and honey, of which generous faring they partook sitting upon a green terrace, under broad maples that burned in the setting sun, till Louis half fancied they had traveled into that fairy-land where the trees bear rubies and topazes.

But one afternoon as it grew late Cyril sent the children home in one of the farm-wagons which they had overtaken returning from the market-town, and carried Eustacie off with him, to hang among the marshes in his little float, and watch the purple exhalations drift up and weave into their webs all the tints of sunset and the falling day. So long they lingered there, while the moon parted the clouds and dropped a splendor on all the darkening currents, it seemed to Eustacie that Cyril would never become sated with the weird phantasm wrought by the spirit of the marsh-lands. It was, moreover, so like the old days of Cyril's early fascination, that but for one little circumstance Eustacie would have found it hard to believe any interval of sorrow and doubt had intervened. But then that little circumstance made all the difference in the world to her: the changing tints of the scene, the countless threads of water groping their hushed way among the sedges, the tender twitter of reed-birds rocking serenely over death and destruction, the gathering magic of the night and repose, were still delightful to her nature, and would have been had Cyril been absent; he no longer added that other sweeter emotion, which she could no more feel but only remember. She had escaped from under Cyril's power. He still possessed the divining-rod, but it swung purposeless in his hand and discovered no treasure.

They came home at last, weary and somewhat silent, and paused half-way up the garden-path to listen to the echo of some distant vesper-bell.

"If I were only a nun," said Eustacie then.

"Sister Eustacie; and nobody's sweet wife?"

"One is so safe there," she continued; "and then one is never disappointed nor unhappy."

"Are *you* unhappy, Eustacie?"

"I? What folly! Am I not young and healthy and well-employed, and—"

"And beloved," he added. They had withdrawn a little from the path, and stood just under the tall lindens; but before she had time to reply to this last it seemed as if some one who had been sitting near in the dewy shadows rose from a garden-seat and sauntered down the southern path, disappearing among the shrubbery.

"Who was that?" she asked, startled.

"Some satyr, perhaps. Do not be frightened, love," and, leaning there against the bole of the linden, he indolently inclined his lofty head and kissed her on the forehead.

"A kiss on the forehead is for regard," she said. "I forgive you for *that*," and moved away, but he caught her arm.

"I did not mean it for regard, simply; but since it is so, here is one for love too," and he bent to her lips. She pushed him angrily aside.

"You have no right, Cyril—you have no right!" she cried.

"No right to kiss the woman I love?"

"No right to kiss or to love *me*."

"It used to be quite different, Eustacie."

"You did not much care then. My heart was my own then to do as I pleased with; now—I mean—"

"It is Trenholm's?" She did not answer; only a bird stirred overhead among the branches; a great moth swung itself about her shoulder as if she were some bright flame.

"Let me go, Cyril," she said, after a little; "I do not wish to stay here with you any longer!"

"Is it because I love you?"

"Because you persist in telling me so, and I have no right to listen."

"Then it is not true what you said just now, or rather what I said for you. You do not care for *him;* you were going to sacrifice yourself. You love—"

"*I do not love you, Cyril.*" He was silent for an instant, and let go his grasp as if collecting himself for a final *coup*. Then—

"But perhaps you are not aware that Trenholm had an audience with my mother this morning, as your recognized guardian, and therein resigned all right and title to your affections! You are now at liberty to dispose of them as you please."

"I do not see the connection," she returned, so calmly as to leave him in doubt as to whether she were not already aware of events. "I am going in now," she continued, in the same even tone.

She went in, and stumbled over Juliette in the dark.

"Mr. Trenholm has been here," said this one; "or rather, he who *was* Mr. Trenholm. He desired to see you. This is what you lose by scouring the country with that headstrong Cyril;" and Eustacie detected even here a strong taint of malicious triumph in her accents.

"He will come again, I suppose," with the air of one submissive to whatever fate, since there was no longer strength for contention.

"I don't know. He has met with a great misfortune, poor man!"

Eustacie, supposing she intended to signify that his choice of her constituted this misfortune, forbore to reply, and went away to her own room.

"He had resigned all right or title to her affections."

Resign—that meant to give up, to submit patiently to the loss of, to be able to live without—her affection! What had changed him? A little time ago and he had loved her so truly, and she had cared so little about it. Was it just *that?* That fate meant to rebuke her for dealing false measure? But was she to blame? He had been willing to accept what trifle she had to give; and, like the treasure in the fairy-tale, it had grown with the giving and waxed mighty. Let her learn to forget him and he would perhaps remember *her*—that seemed the way of the world; but would there be any bliss in *that?* Besides, the could *not* forget him; the thought was annihilation itself. As well might she strive to forget herself, the sun that shone about her, death and judgment. She recalled that day in the garden when Juliette brought word of Cyril's faithlessness, and when Trenholm had surprised her with his regard. How long ago and far away it seemed, like something just remembered and hardly believed in, some dream "divine and tender!" How carelessly she had accepted the love for which to-night she would have bartered her life! But now it had ceased from his soul, and they were to live apart for ever and ever. She recalled, too, all the generous care he had lavished upon her during that tedious illness of hers, and with what inadequate reward! how he had waited and longed for the words she never uttered! the bright day when Cyril returned and her eyes were opened! The sunshine of Trenholm's blue eyes, the smile that always answered hers, the gentle pressure of his hand—these things belonged no more to her in all the world. Oh bitter life, that stole every possession grown dear! She turned on her pillow to sleep; but in all the land of sleep and quiet dreams there was no niche for her, tossed to and fro with pained emotions. The rich strains that reached her from a band of music serenading some victorious candidate in the neighborhood seemed rather to aggravate her distress, as if she heard in it the tender praises he had given her unregarded, now bestowed elsewhere. His voice sounded through it, but no longer entreating, earnest, but remote, and indifferent, and forgetful.

Morning broke at last—morning with its eternal youth and lovesomeness—its clamor to life, its rustle of breeze and leaf, its unutterable fragrances. Oh, that interminable day, of which every moment was an hour, when the sun traversed the school-room floor like some lovely, lonesome apparition, and disappeared through the western windows into the garden and across the further hills, when every shadow that intercepted it sent a thousand tremors through her soul, and every step upon the gravel might be that of fate! What dreary problems in Colburn's were these, while the one great problem of her life waited outside for solution; what inexorable moods and tenses; what long columns of words for definition, when some things in her experience were growing so terribly obscure!

But every thing has an end; and she was left alone, at last, in the dull school-room, out of which the children bounded with merry cheer and chirrup. She sat there, her head bowed upon her hand, long after they had deserted, after the dinner-bell had rung, after the house had fallen into the quiet of serene twilight. She had positively not heard a murmur since the books were closed and put away; she was absorbed and lost in the sad entanglements of circumstances.

In the dusk there some one opened the school-room door and crossed the floor; she neither spoke nor moved, she was as totally unconscious of the presence of another as though blind and deaf. But this shadow stole ever nearer and nearer, it laid a hand upon hers, it spoke in under-tone to her. She stood up then and lighted the gas. "Mr. Trenholm," she said, "you—I—that is—I did not hear you enter."

"You were dreaming, happy child," turning down the gas to a blue spark.

"No, I was realizing. And I'm not a happy child."

"But I have come to make you one."

"To make me one?"

"Yes. But first I have a little story with which to amuse you; will you care to hear?"

"Certainly."

"We will begin after the style of those old fairy-tales that so delighted our childhood:

"Once upon a time there lived in a certain place a gentleman of fortune, bearing an ancient name—let us say Trenholm—which he was especially anxious should descend with the estates. But year after year went by and no children came to hand it forward through the generations of the earth. Disappointed and perplexed, he at length set off on a long journey in order to dissipate his grief. They were absent some years, and, on returning to the ancestral home, his wife surprised her friends by presenting to them a little boy of two summers.

"'He has your blue eyes, Madame,' observed one.

"'And the Trenholm aquiline nose to perfection,' declared another; while the parents exchanged satisfied glances and answered:

"'It is well.'

"For, after all, there was no Trenholm blood in the blue veins that trembled across the child's forehead, since one day in passing the grounds of a foundling hospital, where the nurses wheeled their charges up and down the long lawns in the fresh morning, one little creature looked up as Mrs. Trenholm lingered and held out its arms to her, which embrace she could in nowise re-

fuse, neither refuse to keep him as her own who had chosen her thus spontaneously. So he grew to be a man in utter ignorance of his birth, and his foster-parents dying suddenly intestate, the immense estates and the old time-honored name devolved upon him. It was about this date that he fell in love with a lady as beautiful as yourself, Eustacie; he used to sit, hour by hour, in his grand wainscoted rooms, beneath the gloomy groined ceiling, and picture what it would be like should she consent to dower them with her presence. But he had no hope in those days, because she loved another."

Eustacie's lips moved as if she would speak.

"You were going to say something?" he asked.

"Nothing; go on, please."

"But one morning he chose to speak to her of his love, and if she did not respond as he could have desired, neither did she forbid it, as he deserved. And they became engaged, Eustacie. But by-and-by he began to fear that he had been too selfish and hasty—that she suffered from a divided will—her heart drew her toward his rival, while her pride and honor kept her bound to himself. His own course was plain; but he endured a thousand tortures, suspenses, delays, before he could summon courage to resign her. Events, however, conspired to his assistance. In default of a legitimate heir, the Trenholm estates would have passed to a distant cousin, who had married late in life and had never ceased to deplore the existence of their possessor. But strange to say, her husband had spent many years of his life in travel, and had chanced, as fate would have it, to meet the Trenholms at the very time when they were preparing to take the child from the hospital. There are some who assert that this gentleman, having run through with two fortunes of his own, conceived the original idea of hunting up the next heir-at-law of the Trenholms and turning to his own advantage the fact which it was in his power to disclose. Consequently, he presented himself on the scene of action, found affairs more to his mind than he had anticipated, discovered that Mr. Trenholm had left no will, that the present proprietor had been born abroad, made love to the cousin-heiress, married, and carried a suit for the recovery of the estates.

"Last week the Mr. Trenholm 'that was not to be,' relinquished his claim to his foster-father's name and lands, and to-night he has come to relinquish that which is far dearer to him—the hand of the woman he loves; because—because when she gave her promise he had every thing to offer her—because he is persuaded she will be happier—that she has found it impossible to love him—"

"Mr. — Trenholm," interrupted Eustacie, holding her fan before her face, "what if you should ask her first?"

"I am afraid she would be more generous than just; if I had been certain, quite certain that she loved me, Eustacie—"

"Could any thing convince you?"

"Only one thing. If she should say, 'I love you.'"

"But—how can she say it unless you—ask her?"

"After all, Eustacie? Are you in earnest? Do you, indeed, love me at last—at last?"

"At last, but forever." And just then those provoking children came trooping in for a fairy-story, and I think she could hardly have done better than to tell them the one that had just transpired, in which Love was the godmother!

THE MAN WHOM EVERY BODY SNUBBED.

LAST year, as every body will recollect, New England was visited with a terrible snow-storm, which not only suspended travel for the time being, but put an embargo upon business in general. Railroad trains were snowed up at out-of-the-way stations; and travelers, with private conveyances, were detained for days at lonely farm-houses.

Business called me across the northern part of Connecticut; and as the public conveyances could not be made to subserve my convenience, I was traveling with my own horse and sleigh. The storm overtook me while on the road between Windsor and Putnam. I awoke in the morning to learn that it had not only been snowing for several hours, but that the light, feathery flakes still filled the air, while a fierce wind from the southeast was fast driving the volatile element here and there into huge drifts. Having but little fear for the results of a New England snow, however, I determined to press on, hoping to reach my destination by dark at all events.

With each additional mile the snow became deeper and more drifted; but I had a good horse, and resolved not to halt until I was obliged to. Early in the afternoon I overtook a lone pedestrian, slowly plodding along the almost forsaken highway. I stopped and offered him a seat in my sleigh. He gladly accepted it, stating that he had engaged a livery team to convey him to Putnam, but becoming discouraged after going a few miles, the driver had set him down in the road and retraced his steps. The stranger was trying to reach the town on foot, although greatly fatigued.

When within about ten miles of my destination the drifts became so formidable that I could urge my wearied beast no farther. Night was coming on apace; and I remarked to my companion that we must get out and lead the creature to the next dwelling, in hopes of securing shelter until morning. Fortunately a glance down the highway revealed the outline of what I took to be a farm-house, near the road-side. Jumping from the sleigh, we managed to urge the horse to the gate, and up the short side-lane toward the house.

As we neared the dwelling, however, I discovered in its surroundings the appearances of wealth, if not of aristocracy; and, making a

feint to turn my horse about, I involuntarily exclaimed:

"There is too great a show of worldliness here to warrant hospitality to such as we are, my friend. I'd rather brave the snow-drifts again than seek it."

Before my companion could reply the wide side-door was thrown open, and a well-dressed man of forty made his appearance. He bade us "good-evening" in a cheery tone, anticipated our misfortunes by a considerate reference to the unforeseen contingencies of so rare a storm, condoled with us over the annoyance of being hindered in our journey, and begged us to accept the hospitality of his home until the weather would permit us to travel.

We thanked him, and gladly accepted his invitation. I gave up my horse to a boy, and we followed our host into the hall. After removing our over-coats and brushing the snow from our boots, we were led into the warm, well-furnished parlor.

Lights were ordered, and soon brought in. My attention was drawn to my traveling companion, who all at once seemed rather ill at ease; he fixed his eyes firmly upon our host for a moment; then quickly dropping them to the floor, a shadow passed over his face.

"What may I call your name?" the host asked him, taking a seat beside us, evidently with the intention of entering into conversation.

He answered in a low tone, but I understood him to say "Benton."

"And yours?" to me.

"Thomas," I replied.

"Thank you both. My name is Wilkinson. It is well to know names, even if we remain strangers still. Besides, I shall want to introduce you to my family."

When the host pronounced his name Benton gave another quick, nervous look; and he remained quiet while Mr. Wilkinson and I proceeded to compare notes.

Our host said that he was born in Western New York, where he also married, but had removed to his present home. Here he engaged in manufacturing, and had been very successful.

Manifesting as he did such confidence in us, and such candor in reference to his own affairs, I made known my business to him. Advances so frank on his part proved that he was to be regarded as a friend rather than a stranger. Even the seemingly taciturn Benton was drawn out, and was soon conversing with Mr. Wilkinson with all the familiarity of an old acquaintance. Indeed, long before supper was announced I was ready to pronounce him one of the most genial men I had ever met; and, notwithstanding the fact that I had been thrown upon his hospitality by the force of circumstances, I felt as much at home as if we had been schoolmates.

Ere long Mrs. Wilkinson came in. She was rather above the medium height. She possessed a calm blue eye and well-cut features; but she was lovely rather than beautiful. By the easy grace of her manners, and the cordial seconding of her husband's welcome, I saw that she was as much a lady as he was a gentleman.

Just as tea was announced a servant entered, saying there was a stranger at the door who wished to see the gentleman of the house. We had stepped out into the hall to pass to the supper-room, when the host left us standing, begging us to excuse him for a moment.

"Good-evening," said a figure, closely wrapt in a fur cap and over-coat. "Can you tell me how far it is to a public house?"

"It is a good two miles, Sir. Impossible for you to reach there to-night. The snow is drifted terribly in that direction. Will you walk in?" And Mr. Wilkinson stepped aside and waved his hand invitingly toward the light and warmth within.

"Thank you. But I have a horse down here in the road. He can wallow through, I guess," replied the stranger, pulling his coat closer around him, and, with a bow, turning to go away.

"The going, Sir, is worse for beast than for man, and I advise you to proceed no farther to-night. Indeed, I should not feel easy to have you go away from my door under the circumstances. There are two travelers here already who have just accepted quarters for the night; and, if you come in, you and they may sympathize with and console each other in your kindred misfortunes." And the host turned toward Benton and myself, and gave utterance to a complacent laugh.

"Thank you—thank you, Sir. Your welcome is not to be slighted. I will lead up my horse, and then accept a corner in your dwelling;" and the traveler was about to descend the steps.

"Stop, Sir; my man will take care of your horse. Walk in."

The stranger was almost dragged into the hall by the sanguine host, who assisted him in removing his outside coat and over-shoes. He was then led to the blazing fire in the parlor. In a moment he declared himself perfectly comfortable.

"Now for supper," said the host.

"I find myself in Connecticut to-day for the first time in my life, Sir," added the stranger, touching Mr. Wilkinson significantly upon the shoulder; "and if this is a sample of the hospitality that grows out of your blue-laws and steady-habits, I shall hereafter regard the State as a Paradise for snowed-up, benighted travelers."

A laugh all round was the only response this sally called forth.

My fellow-travelers and myself were now seated with the family (two small children besides the parents) at the bountifully-spread supper-table, where we were at once made to feel perfectly at home.

The new-comer proved to be a young lawyer from the West, and, like myself, was only a few

miles from his destination. His name, he told us, was Gates.

Supper over, our host led us into his library, and placing cigars before us, said:

"Now, gentlemen, I wish you to make yourselves at home. Let neither of you entertain the slightest feeling of embarrassment because you are to-night the guest of a stranger against your will. Perhaps I'd better say (for it may lead you indirectly to become more reconciled to your fate) that my two boys started this morning to return to their school at Hartford, but at noon I received a telegram from them stating that the train was blocked up at Plainfield, and they probably would have to remain at the station all night. An agent of mine left here last night on important business in Providence, but this afternoon I was notified by telegraph that he is quartered in a private family at Quidnic, unable to proceed farther. Another agent, also on pressing business, is blocked up at Worcester; and I verily believe that not a single railroad train in this part of New England has gone its full route to-day."

"You offer these facts, I presume, as evidence of your faith in the truth of the old adage, 'Misery loves company?'" said Gates, with a smile.

"Yes, yes," gayly returned Mr. Wilkinson; "and for fear that may not be effectual in setting you wholly at ease, I am disposed to add a little philosophy. Some men seem to be snow-bound all their lives. No sooner do they embark upon an enterprise than something turns up to frustrate their plans. However hopeful and energetic they may be, they never attain success."

"That is so," continued Gates. "There is a man in our section who never met with a real success, however insignificant, dependent upon his own efforts, in his life. More than that, nobody ever shows him any respect. There is something in his very mien that repels all veneration, and every body takes the liberty to snub him when opportunity occurs. Although he is rich (his property was all inherited), and can buy out half a dozen of his wealthiest neighbors, there's not a laborer in the township who ever speaks of or to him in any other than a tone of contempt."

"His history must be remarkable. Let us hear it," said our host.

"Certainly; the narrative probably will help us to forget our anxieties, and serve to while away this long winter evening," I ventured to say.

Gates lighted a fresh cigar and commenced:

The story I am about to tell is a kind of bar-room and country-grocery tradition, as the principal events occurred some twenty years since. I never have seen any of the parties excepting the hero, although I believe they are all still living, as well as he and his wife. I am indebted to a brother lawyer, living in the immediate vicinity, for the narrative.

Hugh Winterblossom, of Crossville, moved into Blanktown years ago, bought an estate, and settled down to enjoy life. He possessed a large property inherited from his father, but he never engaged in any stated business from first to last. His neighbors frequently said he knew only enough to cling to what wealth he owned, and the more spiteful of them sometimes declared he was only a few removes from a natural fool. Marrying a woman almost as weak-minded as himself, supposing her to be wealthy, he was sorely disappointed to learn, after the knot was tied, that he had made a sad mistake —she hadn't a dollar.

Old Winterblossom, as he is generally called, is a singular specimen of humanity, both physically and mentally. Physically, he might be classed with the *genus* "stubby;" for he is short and thick-set in the whole and in all his parts. His head is large, but short and deficient in brain. With a short, stout body, and limbs of like proportions, one can not help thinking that Nature was arrested in her work while moulding him, and failed to draw and finish his frame so elaborately as she at first designed. His shaggy brows, covered with long gray hair, project over and shadow his stern, stony-looking eyes; his nose is large and broad at the base, with wide nostrils; his long upper lip bulges out and laps over the lower one, giving his large mouth any thing but a prepossessing appearance; and his square, half-shaven chin is short, maintaining its uniformity with his other features. With such rugged lineaments a physiognomist undoubtedly would give him a character of the most indomitable determination and fixedness of purpose; but, in reality, he is an ignorant, vacillating, pusillanimous rider of hobbies—a victim of the most errant whims. Having no respect for the rights and feelings of others, every body by common consent seems to regard him as a kind of traveling Absalom's Pillar, at which they may unhesitatingly throw the stones of their contempt for all that is odious in human propensities. Indeed, Nature appears to have violated her usual rules in his formation; she generally stamps a person's character on his exterior, but Winterblossom's destiny was put in lieu thereof. He was *snubbed* by Nature, and in consequence was doomed to be *snubbed* by all with whom he came in contact.

Old Winterblossom's first exploit after he settled in Blanktown was a cheese speculation. A farmer became indebted to him for a small amount, and, being short of cash, offered to turn over to the old man a lot of cheese—about three hundred pounds. Rather than run any risk by waiting, Winterblossom took the cheese. But it was valueless unless he could get it to market, the nearest one being Buffalo—twenty miles away. One morning his neighbor, James Wilson, was passing, on his way to the city with a small lot of butter. Hailing him, Hugh asked what he would charge to carry three hundred pounds of cheese to Buffalo.

"How many poun's did you say?" returned Wilson.

"Three hundred."

"Wa'al, about a cent a poun' will be the fair thing, I guess," deliberated the farmer, dallying with his whip across the back of his well-fed horse.

"Too much. That 'll 'mount to three dollars; and you're going right there."

"That's so; but that shouldn't make no difference. Yeou couldn't git Sheriff Pullet to hang you for any thin' less 'n his reg'lar fee, even ef he used the same gallers on which he was goin' to hang me at the same time; an' yeou couldn't hire a man to go a-purpose to carr' that cheese for twice that 'mount. Howsomever, neighbor Winterblossom, I'll tell yeou what I'll do; I'll carr' them cheeses on the follerin' terms, *to wit*, as the lawyers say: yeou pay me one mill for the fust mile, two mills for the secon', four mills for the third, an' so on, doublin' on each mile up to twenty."

"Yaas, I'll do that," returned Winterblossom, without the least hesitation, chuckling in his sleeve at the prospect of "shaving" Wilson, and getting his cheese to market for a very trifling sum.

It is very obvious from this transaction that Winterblossom knew but little of the rudiments even of mathematics, to say nothing of Arithmetical Progression. His accounts were always submitted to a niece of his living with him, and at this time attending the district school. So, as she arose from the dinner-table that day, he stated the cheese bargain to her, and asked how much would be due Wilson on his return. Taking her slate, she in a few minutes answered,

"One thousand and forty-eight dollars fifty-seven and a half cents."

"The d—ogs! Must have made a mistake," exclaimed Winterblossom.

"No, uncle; that is impossible; for it is a very simple problem. Look here, and I'll show you how it is done."

"Thunder and Mars! Don't care how it's done. Will be jest like Wilson to stick out for the thousand odd dollars; but I've one 'vantage over him—thar wa'n't no witnesses to the barg'in."

When this story leaked out "cheese" was on every body's tongue, and for months afterward it rang in old Hugh's ears continually.

Winterblossom's nearest neighbor is Daniel Thornton. Born in the town, he has grown up into an honest, upright citizen, and enjoys the respect and confidence of every person in the county. A practical farmer, a thorough mechanic, and capable of turning his hand to almost any ordinary pursuit, his opinion is regarded as conclusive in all matters of local economy and utility. But he is much given to recreation. No man in the neighborhood can beat him at hunting, fishing, trapping wild pigeons, and gathering wild honey.

Having no business to occupy his hands, and being of a disposition that demanded some hobby on which to air his semi-stagnant ideas, old Winterblossom began to ape Thornton in his various recreative pursuits. Every body praised the skill and accomplishments of Daniel, and to be able to outvie him seemed to be the height of Hugh's ambition.

During the first spring of his residence in Blanktown he closely watched Daniel's manœuvres for trapping pigeons, declaring repeatedly that he could catch birds as well as Thornton. Winterblossom passed the whole summer in boring his neighbor about how it was done, and in getting his nets ready.

At length, when spring and the pigeons came again, he prepared for extensive operations. One day the air was filled with birds. Thornton quietly adjusted his apparatus, while his rival took up his quarters in the next field, having every advantage of situation. A large flock were *toled* down by Winterblossom's decoys; he sprang his traps, and captured half a dozen birds. Daniel then called the flock in his direction, and in a very few minutes secured over four thousand birds. Hugh was maddened with chagrin; and, after repeated efforts, he gave up in despair, spitefully declaring that Dan Thornton had bewitched all the pigeons in the county.

For months afterward this exploit of Winterblossom's was tauntingly thrown into his face by man, woman, and child. It was no uncommon thing for a ragged laborer to stop him in the road and crack a joke at the expense of some of the old man's foibles; and it was the boast of many a dirty-faced urchin that, from the retreat of some stone-wall or hedge, he had "asked old Winterposey how the pigeon bis'ness was."

During the summer Thornton frequently interspersed his seasons of toil in field and workshop (for he was a wheel-wright as well as farmer) with a day's sport along the trout-brook with hook and line, or through the forest with rifle. And he always met with good success—not through luck, as his still persistent imitator affirmed, but because he was a careful student of the habits of the game he sought. He always returned with a well-filled bag, while his splenetic rival's oft-repeated tramps only resulted in weariness and disappointment.

After the autumn harvests Thornton commenced operating for wild-honey. His manner of procedure was that usually pursued by bee-hunters: he would bait a fugitive bee with honey, note the line he took in returning to his hive, and then follow him up. One day, after reconnoitring for a few hours, he succeeded in finding five nests, from which, on the following day, he took upward of a hundred and fifty pounds of honey.

When Winterblossom heard of this his eyes opened with astonishment, and he determined to watch Thornton's movements and learn the knack of hunting bees.

It was Daniel's custom to devote his leisure hours to bee-hunting, and when he had found a number of nests, take a day for felling the trees and securing the spoils. It is a rule

among hunters, when a "bee-tree" is identified, for the finder to score it with his initials, and this mark is considered a sacred title to the honey by all honest men.

Finding a nest, one day, on his own land, but provokingly near Winterblossom's line, Daniel hesitated about marking it. It was in plain sight of his neighbor's chamber windows, and he feared that the old sinner was not only watching his movements, but that he would take the first opportunity to pilfer the honey. However, Thornton finally decided to mark it, and keep a keen eye on his neighbor's manœuvres.

Having no children, Winterblossom had adopted a niece (already referred to), whose parents were poor and living in a distant town. His design was to make her his sole heiress, providing she never disregarded his wishes. But, unknown to him, an intimacy had existed between the niece and a young man living near her former home. When the fact eventually came to her uncle's knowledge he declared he would put a stop to their intercourse, at the same time forbidding her ever to allow the youth to visit her. However, he was growing up into a promising young man, and Janette could not well forget her first love; so a clandestine correspondence was maintained by them, each hoping that the old man would eventually give his consent to their union.

But they were doomed to disappointment in that respect. As old Winterblossom dabbled in every thing, it is not strange that he should try his clumsy hand at match-making. For a long time he had had his eye upon a young man in the town where he formerly resided, whom he designed Janette should marry; and when she had reached a suitable age Julius Bentley was invited by Hugh to make him a visit for the purpose of becoming acquainted with his niece. The young man was wealthy, and this fact fully satisfied old Winterblossom. Although there was nothing objectionable in his appearance or character, the girl could regard him only with common politeness and courtesy, because her love was given to another.

[Just at this moment Mrs. Wilkinson entered the library for a book. But the young lawyer was so wrapped up with his story that he did not notice, what I could not help remarking, that she was confused to a greater degree than could have been occasioned by the mere conviction that she was causing a momentary interruption in the narrative; nor did he see the peculiar glances she and her husband exchanged. Benton's conduct, too, arrested my attention; for he had partly turned his back upon Gates, and seemed intent on reading the titles of the volumes on the shelves near him; and so the lawyer went on with his story:]

It was about this time (while Winterblossom was operating for honey) that Julius Bentley visited Blanktown. The old man received him with marked attention, and entertained him like a lord.

Hugh proved to be a very exacting host. He compelled his guest to accompany him on all his excursions, and made him a confidant in all the little hobbies and whims of his dwarfish brain. Of course Winterblossom's society and confidences must have been in the main detestable to a young man of Julius's make; but it was evident that he liked the appearance of Janette, and endeavored to tolerate her uncle for the time being in hopes of winning her in the end. For at least twenty times a day the old curmudgeon would slap his guest on the shoulder, and, with a conceited chuckle, exclaim:

"Yaas, yaas, Julius; she's a leetle offish now, 'cause she's young; but you jest keep up a good heart, my boy, and you'll come out all right by-'n'-by. I'll warrant that."

As Thornton feared, Winterblossom was not long in seeking out his last bee-tree. Regarding the half-decayed oak with covetous eyes for a moment or two, Hugh remarked to Bentley, who had accompanied him:

"Pretty close to my line, Julius. Not much chance for old Thornton to make a fuss if I chop it down; but guess we'll take it some day when he's away from home."

Such an opportunity occurred that very afternoon. Daniel passed on his way to mill with several sacks of grain. To ascertain how long he probably would be gone, old Hugh resorted to a little strategy. He hailed his neighbor with,

"Hallo, Thornton! take a grist for me?"

"Certainly," Daniel returned, reining up.

"'Spect to wait for your grists?"

"Yes, for we're nearly out of both flour and meal."

"Wa'al, do as you please 'bout waiting for mine," he added, as the hired man threw a couple of sacks into the farmer's wagon. "John can go for it to-morrow, if you don't bring it."

Reaching the mill, Daniel found the stones all taken up and the miller and his assistants engaged in picking them. So he left his load and returned immediately. As he neared the house he discovered a heavy smoke in the direction of his timber. Thinking all was not right, he stopped his horse and cut across lots in a great hurry.

Winterblossom and his hired man were engaged in burning a clearing adjoining Daniel's timber, and the wind was fast driving the flames toward his bee-tree. At a glance the farmer saw it was the old scamp's design to let the fire reach the trunk, burn it down (which would have been an inevitable result, as it was quite dry), and then he could secure the honey and leave the flames to complete their work. The affair would then have the appearance of an accident, while Thornton would have no positive proof that the saccharine contents of the old oak had been pilfered.

Thornton restrained his anger, and without

uttering a single word to his crafty neighbor, at once proceeded to head off the advancing element. This accomplished, he hastened to the house and soon returned with an axe and two pails. Felling the tree, he very leisurely gathered up the honey. Old Hugh approached and looked on with envious eyes while his neighbor skirmished with the bees.

"Quite a haul, friend Thornton," said the old sinner.

"Yes," Daniel returned, in a sarcastic tone; "but I shouldn't have been so much in a hurry about gathering it if I'd had honest neighbors. Bees will work for two weeks yet."

"If my fire had got into that tree 'twould 'a made quick work with your honey;" and the old fellow tried to look very funny.

Daniel had to bite his lips to keep from boiling over; but having already decided upon a plan for revenge, he resolved to have no altercation with the unreasonable man. So, after a pause, he said:

"Mr. Winterblossom, I found another tree yesterday, and from the appearance of things I should judge there was a hundred-weight of *stuff* in it."

"A hundred-weight o' honey in one tree! I declare, you do have the luck of it!" Hugh exclaimed in astonishment. "But where is it?"

"Oh, you want to let your fire run that way, don't you? But it's in the direction of the huckleberry swamp; and if you find it you're smarter than I take you to be."

Daniel carried his honey to the house, and then glided down toward the swamp. Winterblossom's eyes were upon him. Approaching a big, sound hemlock, upward of six feet in diameter, which stood on the land of a neighbor, the farmer pulled out his jack-knife and cut his initials on the trunk. Turning to retrace his steps, he caught a glimpse of Hugh dodging into a thicket. This was just what Daniel wanted. He was now satisfied that his tormentor would bite the bait set for him.

The next morning Daniel arose at five o'clock, and sat down to study on some machinery he was contriving, when he heard the sound of an axe on the still air of dawn. Listening, he heard it again and again. The sound came from the direction of the big hemlock. Giving utterance to a loud laugh, he seized his hat and hastened toward the spot. Crawling up as near as he could without being observed, he concealed himself behind the trunk of a tree, and recognized old Winterblossom and Julius Bentley, stripped to their shirts and pants, chopping away on the big hemlock as if for dear life. It was as much as Daniel could do to keep from laughing outright. They paused in their work, and our listening friend heard the following:

"Few more blows will fetch her, Julius; but it's been an all-night job with us, my boy;" and Winterblossom pulled out his old watch and scanned it by the advancing daylight. "Why, it's half past five—we've been at work over eight hours."

"It will be a dear job, too, if Wilson should prosecute us for felling this fine tree," was Bentley's reply.

"Prosecute us! Why, ain't old Thornton's name on it? and won't that be the strongest kind of evidence ag'inst him?"

Chip! chip! chip! went the axes again, and in a few minutes the tree fell with a fearful crash. But the choppers were so far from any house that they feared no disturbance at that early hour.

"Now for the honey!" said Winterblossom, in a triumphant tone, walking up the prostrate trunk to look for the supposed hollow that should contain the sweet compound.

A fifteen-minutes' closest scrutiny of all parts of the trunk and boughs proved the tree to be perfectly sound, affording not the slightest retreat for bees. It was then that Daniel realized the truth of the old adage, "Listeners hear no good of themselves," for curses both loud and deep fell upon his head alike from the lips of old Hugh and his victimized companion. For full five minutes they stormed away, until the surrounding trees seemed to bow their heads in horror. Then picking up their axes and the vessels designed to contain the honey, these amateur bee-hunters walked quickly away, for the east was already streaked with coming sunlight.

"Shall I help you carry your honey, Mr. Winterblossom?" asked Daniel, in a tone of the bitterest sarcasm, crossing their path and retreating toward his house.

Another volley of curses was all the response old Hugh made. Bentley's countenance fell.

"Now this 'll be known all over the neighborhood before night," muttered the chagrined Julius, who wished from the bottom of his heart he never had seen old Winterblossom.

"Let him tell it! There are two of us, and our words 'll go as fur in court or community as his'n, I guess. Let him tell it if he dare!"

As Winterblossom neared his mansion his sleepy eyes fell upon the figure of his spouse, standing upon the door-step with disheveled locks and troubled air. Evidently she was very much excited.

"Where've you been all night, you old fool? A pretty husband you are to steal off in this way!" she vehemently exclaimed, as soon as the old man came within hearing. "That poor Hoptown good-for-nothing has been here, and Janette's gone off with him to be married, I 'spect—and not a soul here to hender."

"Thunder and Mars!" vociferated Winterblossom, dropping axe and pail. "Where's John?"

"He wouldn't do a thing. Might have locked the sneaking scamp into the barn; but he said 'twas none of his affairs."

"The dog! I'll discharge him at once."

Winterblossom turned to appeal to his young companion for counsel, but he had suddenly disappeared. Bentley evidently thought his presence would prove any thing but agreeable

to his now troubled host and hostess, and wisely took himself away.

The honey affair, in connection with the elopement of Janette, soon leaked out, and before the lapse of a week the story was current all over town. Every body—from selectman down to the veriest ragged urchin—was rallying Winterblossom on the superiority of hemlock honey. Every body, also, was glad that his niece had run away, thereby defeating his plans; for her home with him had been any thing but a pleasant one.

I never learned the name of the young man with whom she eloped; but he was reported to have been in every way worthy of her. Although poor, he was a greater fortune to a loving, faithful girl like Janette than all the wealth of old Winterblossom. It was rumored that the conscientious Janette so far repented as to write her uncle, begging his forgiveness; but the old fellow was inexorable, declaring she never should enter his house again, nor receive a penny of his property.

The host, who throughout this recital had listened apparently with no deeper interest than myself, laughing immoderately now and then at the misfortunes of the hero, here jumped up and commenced pacing the room, while he gave way to frequent outbursts of humor that must have seriously threatened his sides and buttons. At length, fixing his twinkling eyes upon Gates, he, between half-suppressed cachinnations, said:

"The principal part of your narrative—especially the fun—is all new to me, although I previously had an inkling of the old man's character; but you will admit that I know more of the niece than yourself when I tell you *I am the 'Hoptown good-for-nothing' who married her!*"

"Heavens!" exclaimed the lawyer, coloring. "I beg your pardon, Sir—indeed I do. Why didn't you tell me I was assailing your own history, and perhaps doing violence to the feelings of your wife?"

"No apology, Sir—no apology whatever," Wilkinson replied, with another ringing laugh that put Gates entirely at his ease. "I never allow a good story to be spoiled for relations' sake; besides, I dare say, under the circumstances, I have enjoyed it even better than your fellow-travelers."

"Yes," interposed Benton, rising and squarely facing the lawyer the first time for the last half hour, while his countenance gave evidence of long-suppressed mirth; "you probably will be satisfied on that score when I tell you *I am Julius Bentley!* That is the name I gave when asked; but our host evidently misunderstood me, and thinking it immaterial, I did not correct him."

"Worse and worse!" said Gates, with a look of mock despair. "I never shall dare to tell another story until I learn the antecedents of my auditors."

"Oh, Sir, I assure you it has been no annoyance whatever to listen to this story—a treat, rather, for I've told it so many times myself that the version of another improves it decidedly—to my ears at least. I did feel a little uncomfortable when I recognized in our host (as I did as soon as the lights were brought in) my whilom and successful rival; but I now heartily give him my kindest congratulations. Besides, I have learned to despise old Hugh Winterblossom as deeply as any of his neighbors. I hope neither of you will think my feelings have been, in the least degree, assailed by any thing said to-night;" and Benton arose and warmly grasped first the hand of Wilkinson and then that of the lawyer.

"And, friend Gates," interposed our host, "that you may not take to yourself the credit of touching off all the fire-works to-night, I will add that I, perhaps, have given Mr. Winterblossom a worse snubbing than he ever received from any one else. Soon after I married his niece she indeed did feel a little conscience-stricken because she had left him so abruptly. Mind, she didn't care an iota for his gold, but she wanted to be reconciled to her uncle and aunt, because she was indebted to them for her education. So Janette, prompted by a sentiment of gratitude alone, wrote her uncle a letter; but it was quickly returned, simply indorsed with a few words of the bitterest comment. We then removed to this vicinity; fortune favored us, and now we have a competency.

"After a lapse of some eighteen or twenty years Mr. and Mrs. Winterblossom happened to hear how prosperous we had been—in fact, it was last summer, and we then were living in a smaller house near town. They came with honeyed words and made us a long visit. Of course we both treated them with the same hospitality and kindness that we should had nothing unpleasant ever occurred. Not a word was said in allusion to the past.

"The day before they were to leave us a town cart drove up to our gate with a complete outfit for a parlor and two bedchambers.

"'What does this mean?' I asked, as the teamer began to unload the goods and deposit them according to the directions of Winterblossom.

"'Oh, this is a present from us to your wife,' was the old man's reply, in a very obsequious tone. 'We didn't, 'cording to custom, make her any present when she was married, and we've decided to do it now—"better late 'n never," you know.'

"'Not in this case, Mr. Winterblossom,' I responded, decidedly—my wife was standing in the door beside me, looking fully as indignant as I felt. 'We can not accept those articles. I know our furniture is worn, but we can readily replace it whenever we choose. You are welcome to stay under our roof as long as you please, and you both shall be well treated; but not one cent's worth of any thing can you leave here. A gift of one-quarter the value of this would have been gratefully received once; but we do not wish it now.'

"So the furniture was at once returned to the dealers; and without any show of ill-nature (old Hugh has been snubbed so many times his pachydermatous sensibilities are proof against all ordinary manifestations of spite) the old couple bade us good-by the next day. We expect another visit from them next summer."

We had a mirthful time at the breakfast-table the next morning, in which Mrs. Wilkinson took as cheerful a part as any of us, referring, with much good-nature, to her visit to the library while the lawyer was so lost in his story, and humorously dwelling upon the difficulty she had to refrain from laughing outright at his unconscious allusions to herself.

The roads were now broken, and we travelers proceeded on our respective journeys; but I never shall forget that snow-storm, nor the remarkable circumstances which brought together, after a lapse of years, persons once so singularly related, to hear from the lips of a stranger a story concerning their own experiences.

TO AN EARLY SWALLOW.

My little bird of the air,
If thou dost know, then tell me the sweet reason
Thou comest alway, duly in thy season,
To build and pair!
For still we hear thee twittering round the eaves
Ere yet the attentive cloud of April lowers
Up from their darkened hearth to call the flowers,
Where all the rough, hard weather
They kept together
Under their low, brown roof of withered leaves.

And for a moment still
Thy ever tuneful bill,
And tell me, and I pray thee tell me true,
If any cruel care thy bosom frets
The while thou slittest, plow-like, through the air—
Thy wings so swift and slim,
Turned downward, darkly dim,
Like furrows on a ground of violets.

Nay, tell me not, my swallow,
But have thy pretty way,
And prosperously follow
The leading of the sunshine all the day.
Thy virtuous example
Maketh my foolish questions answer ample—
It is thy large delights keep open wide
Thy little mouth; thou hast no pain to hide:
And when thou leavest all the green-topped woods
Pining below, and with melodious floods
Flatterest the heavy clouds, it is, I know,
Because, my bird, thou canst not choose but go
Higher and ever higher
Into the purple fire
That lights the morning meadows with hearts'-ease,
And sticks the hill-sides full of primroses.

But tell me, my good bird,
If thou canst tune thy tongue to any word
Wherewith to answer—pray thee tell me this:
Where gottest thou thy song,
Still shrilling all day long,
Slivered to fragments by its very bliss!
Not, as I guess,
Of any whistling swain
With cheek as richly russet as the grain
Sown in his furrows; nor, I further guess,
Of any shepherdess,
Whose tender heart did drag
Through the dim hollows of her golden flag
After a faithless love—while far and near
The waterfalls, to hear,
Clung by their white arms to the cold, deaf rocks,
And all the unkept flocks
Strayed idly. Nay, I know,
If ever any love-lorn maid did blow
On such a pitiful pipe, thou didst not yet
In such sad wise thy heart to music set.

So, lower not down to me
From its high home thy ever-busy wing:
I know right well thy song was shaped for thee
By His unwearying power
Who makes the days about the Easter flower
Like gardens round the chamber of a king.

And whether, when the sobering year hath run
His brief course out, and thou away dost hie
To find thy pleasant summer company,
Or whether, my brown darling of the sun,
When first the South, to welcome up the May,
Hangs wide her saffron gate,
And thou, from the uprising of the day
Till eventide in shadow round thee closes,
Pourest thy joyance over field and wood,
As if thy very blood
Were drawn from out the young hearts of the roses—
'Tis all to celebrate
And all to praise
The careful kindness of His gracious ways
Who builds the golden weather
So tenderly about thy houseless brood—
Thy unfledged, houseless brood, and thee together.

Ah! these are the sweet reasons,
My little swimmer of the seas of air,
Thou comest, goest, duly in thy seasons;
And furthermore, that all men every where
May learn from thy enjoyment
That that which maketh life most good and fair
Is heavenly employment.

ALICE CARY.

THE RIGHTFUL HEIR.

In Five Acts.

BY EDWARD BULWER, LORD LYTTON.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LORD BEAUFORT, *Son to Lady Montreville.*
SIR GREY DE MALPAS, *the poor cousin, distantly connected to Lady Montreville, but next in succession to the earldom, on failure of the direct line.*
WRECKLYFFE, *a disinherited and ruined gentleman—who, after a vicious and lawless career on land, has turned pirate.*
SIR GODFREY SEYMOUR, *a justice of the peace.*
VYVYAN, *the captain of the* Dreadnought, *a privateer.*
FALKNER, *Vyvyan's first lieutenant and friend.*
HARDING, *Vyvyan's second lieutenant.*
MARSDEN, *seneschal to Lady Montreville.*
ALTON, *a village priest.*
A SUB-OFFICER on board the *Dreadnought.*
Servants, Sailors, Clerk, and Halberdiers attendant on Sir Godfrey.

LADY MONTREVILLE, *a countess in her own right.*
EVELINE, *her ward—distantly related to her, and betrothed to Vyvyan.*

NOTE.—"The Spanish Armada was ready in the beginning of May, but the moment it was preparing to sail, the Marquis of Santa Croce, the Admiral, was seized with a fever, of which he soon after died..... At last the Spanish fleet, full of hope and alacrity, set sail from Lisbon May 29th, but next day met with a violent tempest, which scattered the ships—sunk some of the smallest, and forced the rest to take shelter in the Groyne, where they waited till they could be re-fitted. When news of this event was carried to England, the Queen concluded that the design of an invasion was disappointed for the summer, and, being always ready to lay hold on every pretence for saving money, she made Walsingham write to the Admiral, directing him to lay up some of the larger ships, and to discharge the seamen. But Lord Effingham, who was not so sanguine in his hopes, used the freedom to disobey these orders, and he begged leave to retain all the ships in service, though it should be at his own expense.....Meanwhile, all the damages of the Armada were repaired, and the Spaniards, with fresh hopes, set out again to sea."—*Hume.*

ACT I.

SCENE 1. *In the foreground the house of* SIR GREY DE MALPAS, *small and decayed, the casements broken, &c. Ruins around, as if the present house were but the remains of some more stately edifice of great antiquity. In the background, a view of the sea. On a height at some little distance, the castle of Montreville, the sun full upon its turrets and gilded vanes.*

N.B. The scene to be so contrived that the grandeur of the castle and the meanness of the ruin be brought into conspicuous contrast.

SIR GREY *at work on a patch of neglected garden ground, throws down his spade and advances.*

Sir G. I cannot dig! Fie, what a helpless thing
Is the white hand of well-born poverty!
And yet between this squalor and that pomp
Stand but two lives, a woman's and a boy's—
But two frail lives. I may outlive them both.

Enter WRECKLYFFE.

Wreck. Ay, that's the house—the same; the master changed,
But less than I am. Winter creeps on him,
Lightning hath stricken me. Good day.
Sir G. Pass on.
No spendthrift hospitable fool spreads here
The board for strangers. Pass.
Wreck. Have years so dimmed
Eyes once so keen, De Malpas?
Sir G. (*after a pause.*) Ha! Thy hand.
What brings thee hither?
Wreck. 'Brings me?' say 'hurls back.'
First, yellow pestilence, whose ghastly wings
Guard, like the fabled griffin, India's gold;
Unequal battle next; then wolfish famine;
And lastly, storm (rough welcome home to England)
Swept decks from stern to stem: to shore was flung
A lonely pirate on a battered hulk!
One wreck rots stranded;—you behold the other.
Sir G. Penury hath still its crust and roof-tree—share them.
Time has dealt hardly with us both, since first
We two made friendship—thou straight-limbed, well-favoured,
Stern-hearted, disinherited dare-devil!
Wreck. And thou?——
Sir G. A stroke paints me. My lord's poor cousin.
How strong thou wert, yet I could twist and wind thee
Round these slight hands;—that is the use of brains!
Wreck. Still jokes and stings?
Sir G. Still a poor cousin's weapons.
Wreck. Boast brains, yet starve?
Sir G. Still a poor cousin's fate, sir.
Pardon my brains, since oft thy boasts they pardoned;
(Sad change since then), when rufflers aped thy swagger,
And village maidens sighed and, wondering, asked
Why heaven made men so wicked—and so comely.
Wreck. 'Sdeath! Wilt thou cease?
Sir G. That scar upon thy front
Bespeaks grim service.
Wreck. In thy cause, de Malpas;
The boy, whom at thine instance I allured
On board my bark, left me this brand of Cain.
Sir G. That boy——
Wreck. Is now a man—and on these shores.
This morn I peered from yonder rocks that hid me,
And saw his face. I whetted then this steel:
Need'st thou his death? In me behold Revenge!
Sir G. He lives!—he lives! There is a third between
The beggar and the earldom!
Wreck. Steps and voices!
When shall we meet alone? Hush, it is he!
Sir G. He with the plume?
Wreck. Ay.
Sir G. Quick; within.
Wreck. And thou?
Sir G. I dig the earth; see the grave-digger's tool.
[*Exit* WRECKLYFFE *within the house.*

Enter HARDING *and* Sailors.

Hard. Surely 'twas here the captain bade us meet him

While he went forth for news?
1st Sailor. He comes.

Enter VYVYAN.

Hard. Well, captain,
What tidings of the Spaniards' armament?
Vyv. Bad, for they say the fighting is put off,
And storm in Biscay driven back the Dons.
This is but rumour—we will learn the truth.
Harding, take horse and bear these lines to Drake—
If yet our country needs stout hearts to guard her,
He'll not forget the men on board the Dreadnought.
Thou canst be back ere sunset with his answer,
And find me in yon towers of Montreville.
[*Exit* HARDING.
Meanwhile make merry in the hostel, lads,
And drink me out these ducats in this toast:—
"No foes be tall eno' to wade the moat
Which girds the fort whose only walls are men."
[Sailors *cheer, and exeunt.*
Vyv. I never hailed reprieve from war till now.
Heaven grant but time to see mine Eveline,
And learn my birth from Alton.

Enter FALKNER.

Falk. Captain.
Vyv. Falkner!
So soon returned? Thy smile seems fresh from home.
All well there?
Falk. Just in time to make all well.
My poor old father!—bailiffs at his door;
He tills another's land, and crops had failed.
I poured mine Indian gold into his lap,
And cried, "O father, wilt thou now forgive
The son who went to sea against thy will?"
Vyv. And he forgave.—Now tell me of thy mother;
I never knew one, but I love to mark
The quiver of a strong man's bearded lip
When his voice lingers on the name of mother.
Thy mother bless'd thee——
Falk. Yes, I—— (*Falters and turns aside.*)
Pshaw! methought
Her joy was weeping on my breast again!
Vyv. I envy thee those tears.
Falk. Eno' of me!
Now for thyself. What news? Thy fair betrothed—
The maid we rescued from the turbaned corsair
With her brave father in the Indian seas—
Found and still faithful?
Vyv. Faithful, I will swear it;
But not yet found. Her sire is dead—the stranger
Sits at his hearth—and with her next of kin,
Hard by this spot—yea, in yon sunlit towers,
Mine Eveline dwells.
Falk. Thy foster father, Alton,
Hast thou seen him?
Vyv. Not yet. My Falkner, serve me.
His house is scarce a two hours' journey hence,
The nearest hamlet will afford a guide;
Seek him and break the news of my return,
Say I shall see him ere the day be sped.
And, hearken, friend (good men at home are apt
To judge us sailors harshly), tell him this—
On the far seas his foster son recalled
Prayers taught by age to childhood, and implored
Blessings on that grey head. Farewell! Now, Eveline.
[*Exeunt, severally,* VYVYAN *and* FALKNER.
Sir G. (*advancing.*) Thou seekest those towers—go.
I will meet thee there.
He must not see the priest—the hour is come
Absolving Alton's vow to guard the secret;
Since the boy left, two 'scutcheons moulder o'er
The dust of tombs from which his rights ascend;
He must not see the priest—but how forestall him?—
Within! For there dwells Want, Wit's counsellor,
Harbouring grim Force, which is Ambition's tool.
[*Exit* SIR GREY.

SCENE 2. *The gardens of the castle of Montreville, laid out in the formal style of the times. Parterres sunk deep in beds of arabesque design. The gardens are enclosed within an embattled wall, which sinks, here and there, into low ornamented parapets, over which the eye catches a glimpse of the sea, which is immediately below. A postern gate in the wall is open, through which descends a flight of steps, hewn out of the cliff.*

Enter LADY MONTREVILLE.

Lady M. This were his birthday, were he living still!
But the wide ocean is his winding sheet,
And his grave—here! (*Pressing her hand to her heart.*)
I dreamed of him last night!
Peace! with the dead, died shame and glozing slander;
In the son left me still, I clasp a world
Of blossoming hopes which flower beneath my love,
And take frank beauty from the flattering day.
And——but my Clarence!—in his princely smile
How the air brightens!

Enter LORD BEAUFORT, *speaking to* MARSDEN.

Lord B. Yes, my gallant roan,
And, stay—be sure the falcon, which my lord
Of Leicester sent me; we will try its metal.
Mars. Your eyes do bless him, madam, so do mine:
A gracious spring; Heaven grant we see its summer!
Forgive, dear lady, your old servant's freedom.
Lady M. Who loves him best, with me ranks highest, Marsden.
[*Exit* MARSDEN.
Clarence, you see me not.
Lord B. Dear mother, welcome.
Why do I miss my soft-eyed cousin here?
Lady M. It doth not please me, SON, that thou should'st haunt
Her steps, and witch with dulcet words her ear.
Eveline is fair, but not the mate for Beaufort.
Lord B. Mate! Awful word! Can youth not gaze on beauty
Save by the torch of Hymen? To be gallant,
Melt speech in sighs, or murder sense in sonnets;
Veer with each change in Fancy's April skies,
And o'er each sun-shower fling its fleeting rainbow.
All this——
Lady M. (*gloomily.*) Alas, is love.
Lord B. No! Love's light prologue,
The sportive opening to the serious drama;
The pastime practice of Dan Cupid's bow,
Against that solemn venture at the butts
At which fools make so many random shafts,
And rarely hit the white! Nay, smile, my mother;
How does this plume become me?
Lady M. Foolish boy!
It sweeps too loosely.
Lord B. Now-a-days, man's love
Is worn as loosely as I wear this plume—
A glancing feather stirred with every wind
Into new shadows o'er a giddy brain
Such as your son's. Let the plume play, sweet mother!
Lady M. Would I could chide thee!
Lord B. Hark, I hear my steed
Neighing impatience; and my falcon frets
Noon's lazy air with lively silver bells;
Now, madam, look to it—no smile from me
When next we meet,—no kiss of filial duty,
Unless my fair-faced cousin stand beside you,
Blushing 'Peccavi' for all former sins—
Shy looks, cold words, this last unnatural absence,
And taught how cousins should behave to cousins.
[*Exit* LORD BEAUFORT.
Lady M. Trifler! And yet the faults that quicken fear
Make us more fond—we parents love to pardon.

Enter EVELINE, *weaving flowers—not seeing* LADY MONTREVILLE.

Evel. (*Sings*)—

Bud from the blossom,
And leaf from the tree,
Guess why in weaving
I sing "Woe is me!"—

'Tis that I weave you
To drift on the sea,
And say, when ye find him,
Who sang "Woe is me!"—

[*Casts the flowers, woven into a garland, over the parapet, and advances.*
Lady M. A quaint but mournful rhyme.

Evel. You, madam!—pardon!
Lady M. What tells the song?
Evel. A simple village tale
Of a lost seaman, and a crazëd girl,
His plighted bride—good Marsden knew her well,
And oft-times marked her singing on the beach,
Then launch her flowers, and smile upon the sea.
I know not why—both rhyme and tale do haunt me.
Lady M. Sad thoughts haunt not young hearts, thou senseless child.
Evel. Is not the child an orphan?
Lady M. In those eyes
Is there no moisture softer than the tears
Which mourn a father? Roves thy glance for Beaufort?
Vain girl, beware! The flattery of the great
Is but the eagle's swoop upon the dove,
And, in descent, destroys.
Evel. Can you speak thus,
Yet bid me grieve not that I am an orphan?
[*Retires up the garden.*
Lady M. (*to herself.*) I have high dreams for Beaufort; bright desires!
Son of a race whose lives shine down on Time
From lofty tombs, like beacon-towers o'er ocean,
He stands amidst the darkness of my thought,
Radiant as Hope in some lone captive's cell.
Far from the gloom around, mine eyes, inspired,
Pierce to the future, when these bones are dust,
And see him loftiest of the lordly choirs
Whose swords and coronals blaze around the throne,
The guardian stars of the imperial isle—
Kings shall revere his mother.

Enter Sir Grey, *speaking to* Servant.

Sir G. What say'st thou?
Servant (*insolently.*) Sir Grey—ha! ha!—Lord Beaufort craves your pardon,
He shot your hound—its bark disturbed the deer.
Sir G. The only voice that welcomed me! A dog—
Grudges he that?
Servant. Oh sir, 'twas done in kindness
To you and him; the dog was wondrous lean, sir!
Sir G. I thank my lord.
[*Exit* Servant.
So, my poor Tray is killed!
And yet *that* dog but barked—can *this* not bite?
[*Approaches* Lady Montreville *vindictively, and in a whisper—*
He lives!
Lady M. He! who?
Sir G. The heir of Montreville!
Another, and an elder Beaufort, lives!
(*Aside.*) So—the fang fixes fast—good—good!
Lady M. Thou saidst
Ten years ago—"Thy first-born is no more—
Died in far seas."
Sir G. So swore my false informant.
But now, the deep that took the harmless boy
Casts from its breast the bold-eyed daring man.
Lady M. Clarence! My poor proud Clarence!
Sir G. Ay, *poor* Clarence!
True; since his father, by his former nuptials
Had other sons, if you, too, own an elder,
Clarence is poor—as poor as his poor cousin.
Ugh! but the air is keen, and Poverty
Is thinly clad; subject to rheums and agues (*shivers*),
Asthma and phthisis (*coughs*), pains in the loins and limbs,
And leans upon a crutch, like your poor cousin.
If Poverty begs, Law sets it in the stocks;
If it is ill, the doctors mangle it;
If it is dying, the priests scold at it;
And, when 'tis dead, rich kinsmen cry, "Thank heaven!"
Ah! if the elder prove his rights, dear lady,
Your younger son will know what's poverty!
Lady M. Malignant, peace! why dost thou torture me?
The priest who shares alone with us the secret
Hath sworn to guard it.
Sir G. Only while thy sire
And second lord survived. Yet, what avails
In law his tale, unbacked by thy confession?
Lady M. All! He hath proofs, clear proofs. Thrice woe to Clarence!
Sir G. Proofs—written proofs?
Lady M. Of marriage, and the birth!
Sir G. Wherefore so long was this concealed from me?
Lady M. Thou wert my father's agent, Grey de Malpas,
Not my familiar.
Sir G. Here, then, ends mine errand.
Lady M. Stay, sir—forgive my rash and eager temper;
Stay, stay, and counsel me. What! sullen still?
Needëst thou gold?—befriend, and find me grateful.
Sir G. Lady of Montreville, I once was young,
And pined for gold, to wed the maid I loved:
Your father said, "Poor cousins should not marry,"
And gave that sage advice in lieu of gold.
A few years later, and I grew ambitious,
And longed for wars and fame, and foolish honours:
Then I lacked gold, to join the knights, mine equals,
As might become a Malpas and your kinsman:
Your father said he had need of his poor cousin
At home, to be his huntsman, and his falconer!
Lady M. Forgetful! After my first fatal nuptials
And their sad fruit, count you as nought——
Sir G. My hire!
For service and for silence; not a gift.
Lady M. And spent in riot, waste, and wild debauch!
Sir G. True; in the pauper's grand inebriate wish
To know what wealth is,—tho' but for an hour.
Lady M. But blame you me or mine, if spendthrift wassail
Run to the dregs? Mine halls stand open to you;
My noble Beaufort hath not spurned your converse;
You have been welcomed——
Sir G. At your second table,
And as the butt of unchastisëd lackeys;
While your kind son, in pity of my want,
Hath this day killed the faithful dog that shared it.
'Tis well; you need my aid, as did your father,
And tempt, like him, with gold. I take the service;
And, when the task is done, will talk of payment.
Hist! the boughs rustle. Closer space were safer;
Vouchsafe your hand, let us confer within.
Lady M. Well might I dream last night! A fearful dream.
[*Exeunt* Lady Montreville *and* Sir Grey.

Re-enter Eveline.

Evel. O, for some fairy talisman to conjure
Up to these longing eyes the form they pine for!
And yet, in love, there's no such word as absence;
The loved one glides beside our steps for ever;
Its presence gave such beauty to the world,
That all things beautiful its tokens are,
And aught in sound most sweet, to sight most fair,
Breathes with its voice, and haunts us with its aspect.

Enter Vyvyan *through the postern gate.*

There spoke my fancy, not my heart! Where art thou,
My unforgotten Vyvyan?
Vyv. At thy feet!
Look up—look up!—these are the arms that sheltered
When the storm howled around; and these the lips
Where, till this hour, the sad and holy kiss
Of parting lingered, as the fragrance left
By angels, when they touch the earth and vanish.
Look up; night never hungered for the sun
As for thine eyes my soul!
Evel. Oh! joy, joy, joy!
Vyv. Yet weeping still, tho' leaning on my breast!
My sailor's bride, hast thou no voice but blushes?
Nay from those drooping roses let me steal
The coy reluctant sweetness!
Evel. And, methought
I had treasured words, 'twould take a life to utter
When we should meet again!
Vyv. Recall them later.

We shall have time eno', when life with life
Blends into one;—why dost thou start and tremble?
Evel. Methought I heard her slow and solemn foot-fall!
Vyv. Her! Why, thou speak'st of woman: the meek word
Which never chimes with terror.
Evel. You know not
The dame of Montreville.
Vyv. Is she so stern?
Evel. Not stern, but haughty; as if high-born virtue
Swept o'er the earth to scorn the faults it pardoned.
Vyv. Haughty to thee?
Evel. To all, ev'n when the kindest;
Nay, I do wrong her; never to her son;
And when those proud eyes moisten as they hail him,
Hearts lately stung, yearn to a heart so human!
Alas, that parent love! how in its loss
All life seems shelterless!
Vyv. Like thee, perchance,
Looking round earth for that same parent shelter,
I too may find but tombs. So, turn we both,
Orphans, to that lone parent of the lonely,
That doth like Sorrow ever upward gaze
On calm consoling stars—the mother Sea.
Evel. Call not the cruel sea by that mild name.
Vyv. She is not cruel if her breast swell high
Against the winds that thwart her loving aim
To link, by every raft whose course she speeds,
Man's common brotherhood from pole to pole;
Grant she hath danger—danger schools the brave,
And bravery leaves all cruel things to cowards.
Grant that she harden us to fear,—the hearts
Most proof to fear are easiest moved to love,
As on the oak whose roots defy the storm,
All the leaves tremble when the south-wind stirs.
Yet if the sea dismay thee, on the shores
Kissed by her waves, and far, as fairy isles
In poet dreams, from this grey care-worn world,
Blooms many a bower for the Sea Rover's bride.
I know a land where feathering palm-trees shade
To delicate twilight, suns benign as those
Whose dawning gilded Eden;—Nature, there,
Like a gay spendthrift in his flush of youth,
Flings her whole treasure on the lap of Time.
There, steeped in roseate hues, the lakelike sea
Heaves to an air whose breathing is ambrosia;
And, all the while, bright-winged and warbling birds,
Like happy souls released, melodious float
Thro' blissful light, and teach the ravished earth
How joy finds voice in Heaven. Come, rest we yonder,
And, side by side, forget that we are orphans!

[VYVYAN *and* EVELINE *retire up the stage.*

Enter LADY MONTREVILLE *and* SIR GREY.

Lady M. Yet still, if Alton sees——
Sir G. Without the proofs,
Why, Alton's story were but idle wind;
The man I send is swift and strong, and ere
This Vyvyan (who would have been here before me
But that I took the shorter path) depart
From your own threshold to the priest's abode,
Our agent gains the solitary dwelling,
And——
Lady M. But no violence!
Sir G. Nay, none but fear—
Fear will suffice to force from trembling age
Your safety, and preserve your Beaufort's birthright.
Lady M. Let me not hear the ignominious means;
Gain thou the end;—quick—quick!
Sir G. And if, meanwhile,
This sailor come, be nerved to meet—a stranger;
And to detain—a guest.
Lady M. My heart is wax,
But my will, iron—go.
Sir G. (*aside.*) To fear add force—
And this hand closes on the proofs, and welds
That iron to a tool.

[*Exit* SIR GREY.

Re-enter VYVYAN *and* EVELINE.

Evel. Nay, Vyvyan—nay,
Your guess can fathom not how proud her temper.
Vyv. Tut for her pride! a king upon the deck
Is every subject's equal in the hall.
I will advance. (*He uncovers.*)
Lady M. Avenging angels, spare me!
Vyv. Pardon the seeming boldness of my presence.
Evel. Our gallant countryman, of whom my father
So often spake—who from the Algerine
Rescued our lives and freedom.
Lady M. Ah! Your name, sir?
Vyv. The name I bear is Vyvyan, noble lady.
Lady M. Sir, you are welcome. Walk within, and hold
Our home your hostel, while it lists you.
Vyv. Madam,
I shall be prouder in all after time
For having been your guest.
Lady M. How love and dread
Make tempest here! I pray you follow me.

[*Exit* LADY MONTREVILLE.

Vyv. A most majestic lady—her fair face
Made my heart tremble, and called back old dreams:
Thou saidst she had a son?
Evel. Ah, yes.
Vyv. In truth
A happy man.
Evel. Yet he might envy thee:
Vyv. Most arch reprover, yes. As kings themselves
Might envy one whose arm entwines his all.

[*Exeunt* EVELINE *and* VYVYAN.

ACT II.

SCENE 1. *A Gothic chamber. On one side a huge hearth, over which an armorial scutcheon and an earl's coronet, boldly carved. The walls covered with old portraits—tall beaufets in recesses filled with goblets and other vessels of silver. An open door admits a view of a cloister, and the alleys in the courtyard without.*

A table spread with fruits and wines, at which are seated LADY MONTREVILLE, VYVYAN, *and* EVELINE.

Vyv. Ha! ha! In truth we made a scurvy figure
After our shipwreck.
Lady M. You jest merrily
On your misfortunes.
Vyv. 'Tis the way with sailors:
Still in extremes. I can be sad sometimes.
Lady M. That sigh, in truth, speaks sadness. Sir, if I
In aught could serve you, trust me.
Evel. Trust her, Vyvyan.
Methinks the mournful tale of thy young years
Would raise thee up a friend, wherever pity
Lives in the heart of woman.
Vyv. Gentle lady,
The key of some charmed music in your voice
Unlocks a haunted chamber in my soul;
And—would you listen to an outcast's tale,—
'Tis briefly told. Until my fifteenth year,
Beneath the roof of a poor village priest,
Not far from hence, my childhood wore away;
Then stirred within me restless thoughts and deep;—
Throughout the liberal and harmonious nature
Something seemed absent,—what, I scarcely knew,
Till one calm night, when over slumbering seas
Watched the still heaven, and down on every wave
Looked some soft lulling star—the instinctive want
Learned what it pined for; and I asked the priest
With a quick sigh—"Why I was motherless?"
Lady M. And he?—
Vyv. Replied that—I was nobly born,
And that the cloud which dimmed a dawning sun,
Oft but foretold its splendour at the noon.
As thus he spoke, faint memories struggling came—
Faint as the things some former life hath known.
Lady M. Of what?
Vyv. A face sweet with a stately sorrow,
And lips which breathed the words that mothers murmur.
Lady M. (*aside.*) Back, tell-tale tears!
Vyv. About that time, a stranger

Came to our hamlet; rough, yet, some said, well-born;
Roysterer, and comrade, such as youth delights in.
Sailor he called himself, and nought belied
The sailor's metal ringing in his talk
Of El Dorados, and Enchanted Isles,
Of hardy Raleigh, and of fearless Drake,
And great Columbus with prophetic eyes
Fixed on a dawning world. His legends fired me—
And, from the deep whose billows washed our walls,
The alluring wave called with a Siren's music,
And thus I left my home with that wild seaman.

Lady M. The priest, consenting, still divulged not more?

Vyv. No; nor rebuked mine ardour. "Go," he said,
"The noblest of all nobles are the men
In whom their country feels herself ennobled."

Lady M. (*aside.*) I breathe again. Well, thus you left these shores——

Vyv. Scarce had the brisker sea-wind filled our sails,
When the false traitor who had lured my trust
Cast me to chains and darkness. Days went by,
At length—one belt of desolate waters round,
And on the decks one scowl of swarthy brows,
(A hideous crew, the refuse of all shores)—
Under the flapping of his raven flag
The pirate stood revealed, and called his captive.
Grimly he heard my boyish loud upbraidings,
And grimly smiled in answering: "I, like thee,
Cast off, and disinherited, and desperate,
Had but one choice, death or the pirate's flag—
Choose *thou*—I am more gracious than thy kindred;
I proffer life; the gold *they* gave me paid
Thy grave in ocean!"

Lady M. Hold! The demon lied!

Vyv. Swift, as I answered so, his blade flashed forth;
But self-defence is swifter still than slaughter;
I plucked a sword from one who stood beside me,
And smote the slanderer to my feet. Then all
That human hell broke loose; oaths rang, steel lightened;
When in the death-swoon of the caitiff chief,
The pirate next in rank forced back the swarm,
And—in that superstition of the sea
Which makes the sole religion of its outlaws—
Forbade my doom by bloodshed—griped and bound me
To a slight plank; spread to the winds the sail,
And left me on the waves alone with God.

Evel. Pause. Let my hand take thine—feel its warm life,
And, shuddering less, thank Him whose eye was o'er thee.

Vyv. That day, and all that night, upon the seas
Tossed the frail barrier between life and death;
Heaven lulled the gales; and when the stars came forth,
All looked so bland and gentle that I wept,
Recalled that wretch's words, and murmured, "All,
Ev'n wave and wind, are kinder than my kindred!"
But—nay, sweet lady——

Lady M. Heed me not. Night passed——

Vyv. Day dawned; and, glittering in the sun, behold
A sail—a flag!

Evel. Well—well?

Vyv. Like Hope, it vanished!
Noon glaring came—with noon came thirst and famine,
And with parched lips I called on death, and sought
To wrench my limbs from the stiff cords that gnawed
Into the flesh, and drop into the deep:
And then—the clear wave trembled, and below
I saw a dark, swift-moving, shapeless thing,
With watchful, glassy eyes;—the ghastly shark
Swam hungering round its prey—then life once more
Grew sweet, and with a strained and horrent gaze
And lifted hair I floated on, till sense
Grew dim, and dimmer; and a terrible sleep
(In which still—still—those livid eyes met mine)
Fell on me—and——

Evel. Quick—quick!

Vyv. I woke, and heard
My native tongue! Kind looks were bent upon me.
I lay on deck—escaped the ravening death—
For God had watched the sleeper.

Evel. Oh, such memories
Make earth, for ever after, nearer heaven;
And each new hour an altar for thanksgiving.

Lady M. Break not the tale my ear yet strains to listen.

Vyv. True lion of the ocean was the chief
Of that good ship. Beneath his fostering eyes,
Nor all ungraced by Drake's illustrious praise,
And the frank clasp of Raleigh's kingly hand,
I fought my way to manhood. At his death
The veteran left me a more absolute throne
Than Cæsar filled—his war-ship; for my realm
Add to the ocean, hope—and measure it!
Nameless, I took his name. My tale is done—
And each past sorrow, like a wave on shore,
Dies on this golden hour. (*Turns to* Eveline.)

Lady M. (*observing them.*) He loves my ward,
Whom Clarence, too—that thought piles fear on fear;
Yet, hold—that very rivalship gives safety—
Affords pretext to urge the secret nuptials,
And the prompt parting, ere he meet with Alton.
I—but till Nature sobs itself to peace,
Here's that which chokes all reason. Will ye not
Taste summer air, cooled through yon shadowy alleys?
Anon I'll join you.

[*Exit* Lady Montreville.

Vyv. We will wait your leisure.
A most compassionate and courteous lady—
How couldst thou call her proud?

Evel. Nay, ever henceforth,
For the soft pity she hath shown to thee,
I'll love her as a mother.

Vyv. Thus I thank thee (*kissing her hand*).

[*Exeunt through the cloisters.*

Scene 2. *Exterior of the castle. On one side, a terrace, with a low embattled parapet, hangs over the rock on which the castle is built, and admits a glimpse of the scene below. On another side, the ground stretches away into avenues and alleys. The castle thus seen, takes the character of a strong fortified hold.*

N.B. The scene should present the space within a vast, but irregular embattled wall, large enough to enclose trees and undulating ground. The cloister, with the door leading to Lady Montreville's *apartment, will form part of the building, and a gate of great strength, with portcullis, &c., should form a side scene. Through this gate, as the principal portal, will enter* Lord Beaufort, *and, towards the end of the act,* Falkner.

Enter Sir Grey de Malpas *from the terrace.*

Lord B. (*speaking without.*) A noble falcon! Marsden, hood him gently.

Enter Lord Beaufort.

Good day, old knight, thou hast a lowering look,
As if still ruffled by some dire affray
With lawless mice, at riot in thy larder.

Sir G. Mice in my house! magnificent dreamer mice!
The last was found three years ago last Christmas,
Stretched out beside a bone; so lean and worn
With pious fast—'twas piteous to behold it;
I canonized its corpse in spirits of wine,
And set it in the porch—a solemn warning
To its—poor cousins! (*Aside*) Shall I be avenged?
He killed my dog too.

Enter Vyvyan *and* Eveline, *lingering in an alley in the background.*

Lord B. Knight, look there!—A stranger,
And whispering with my cousin.

Sir G. (*aside*) Jealous? Ha!
Something should come of this: Hail, green-eyed fiend!
(*Aloud*) Let us withdraw—tho' old I have been young;
The whispered talk of lovers should be sacred.

Lord B. Lovers!

Sir G. Ah! true! You know not, in your absence
Your mother hath received a welcome guest
In your fair cousin's wooer. Note him well,
A stalwart comely gallant.

Lord B. Art thou serious?
A wooer to my cousin—quick, his name!
Sir G. His name?—my memory doth begin to fail me—
Your mother will recall it. Seek—ask *her*——
Lord B. (*advancing*) Whom have we here? Familiar sir, excuse me,
I do not see the golden spurs of knighthood.
Vyv. Alack, we sailors have not so much gold
That we should waste it on our heels! The steeds
We ride to battle need no spurs, Sir Landsman;
Lord B. And overleap all laws; methinks thou art
One of those wild Sea Rovers who——
Vyv. Refuse
To yield to Spain's proud tyranny, her claim
To treat as thieves and pirates all who cross
The line Spain's finger draws across God's ocean.
We, the Sea Rovers, on our wandering decks
Carry our land, its language, laws, and freedom;
We wrest from Spain the sceptre of the seas,
And in the New World build up a new England.
For this high task, if we fulfil it duly,
The Old and New World both shall bless the names
Of Walter Raleigh and his bold Sea Rovers.
Lord B. Of those names thine is——
Vyv. Vyvyan.
Lord B. Master Vyvyan,
Our rank scarce fits us for a fair encounter
With the loud talk of blustering mariners.
We bar you not our hospitality;
Our converse, yes. Go, ask the Seneschal
To lodge you with your equals!
Vyv. Equals, stripling!
Mine equals truly should be bearded men,
Noble with titles carpet lords should bow to—
Memories of dangers dared, and service done,
And scars on bosoms that have bled for England!
Sir G. Nay, coz, he has thee there. (*withholding* Lord Beaufort.)
Thou shalt not, Clarence.
Strike *me*. I'm weak and safe—but *he* is dangerous.

Enter Lady Montreville *from the cloister as* Lord Beaufort *breaks from* Sir Grey *and draws his sword.*

Evel. Protect your guest from your rash son.
Lady M. Thy sword
Drawn on thy—— Back, boy! I command thee, back!
To you, sir guest, have I in aught so failed,
That in the son you would rebuke the mother?
Vyv. Madam, believe, my sole offence was this,
That rated as a serf, I spoke as man.
Lady M. Wherefore, Lord Beaufort, such unseemly humours?
Lord B. (*drawing her aside*) Wherefore?—and while we speak, his touch profanes her!
Who is this man? Dost thou approve his suit?
Beware!
Lady M. You would not threaten——Oh, my Clarence,
Hear me—you——
Lord B. Learned in childhood from my mother
To brook no rival—and to curb no passion.
Aid'st thou yon scatterling against thy son,
Where most his heart is set?
Lady M. Thy heart, perverse one?
Thou saidst it was not love.
Lord B. That was before
A rival made it love—nay, fear not, mother,
If you dismiss this insolent;—but, mark me,
Dismiss him straight, or, by mine honour, madam,
Blood will be shed.
Lady M. Thrice miserable boy!
Let the heavens hear thee not!
Lord B. (*whispering as he passes* Vyvyan) Again, and soon, sir!
[*Exit* Lord Beaufort.
Lady M. (*seeing* Sir Grey) Villain!—but no, I dare not yet upbraid——
(*Aloud*) After him, quick! Appease, soothe, humour him.
Sir G. Ay, madam, trust to your poor cousin.
[*Exit* Sir Grey.
Lady M. Eveline,
Thou lov'st this Vyvyan?
Evel. Lady—I—he saved
My life and honour.
Lady M. Leave us, gentle child,
I would confer with him. May both be happy!
Evel. (*to* Vyvyan) Hush! she consents; well mayst thou bid me love her.
[*Exit* Eveline.
Lady M. Sir, if I gather rightly from your speech,
You do not mean long sojourn on these shores?
Vyv. Lady, in sooth, mine errand here was two-fold.
First, to behold, and, if I dare assume
That you will ratify her father's promise,
To claim my long affianced; next, to learn
If Heaven vouchsafe me yet a parent's heart.
I gained these shores to hear of war and danger—
The long-suspended thunderbolt of Spain
Threatened the air. I have despatched an envoy
To mine old leader, Drake, to crave sure tidings;
I wait reply: If England be in peril,
Hers my first service; if, as rumour runs,
The cloud already melts without a storm,
Then, my bride gained, and my birth tracked, I sail
Back to the Indian seas, where wild adventure
Fulfils in life what boyhood dreamed in song.
Lady M. 'Tis frankly spoken—frankly I reply.
First—England's danger: Now, for five slow years
Have Spain's dull trumpets blared their braggart war,
And Rome's grey monk-craft muttered new crusades;
Well, we live still—and all this deluge dies
In harmless spray on England's scornful cliffs.
And, trust me, sir, if war beleaguer England,
Small need of one man's valour: lacked she soldiers,
Methinks a Mars would strike in childhood's arm,
And woman be Bellona!
Vyv. Stately matron,
So would our mother country speak and look,
Could she take visible image!
Lady M. Claim thy bride
With my assent, and joyous gratulation.
She shall not go undowried to your arms.
Nor deem me wanting to herself and you
If I adjure prompt nuptials and departure.
Beaufort—thou see'st how fiery is his mood—
In my ward's lover would avenge a rival:
Indulge the impatient terrors of a mother,
And quit these shores. Why not this night?
Vyv. This night?
With her—my bride?
Lady M. So from the nuptial altar
Pledge thou thy faith to part—to spread the sail
And put wide seas between my son and thee.
Vyv. This night, with Eveline!—dream of rapture! yet—
My birth untracked——
Lady M. Delay not for a doubt
Bliss when assured. And, heed me, I have wealth
To sharpen law, and power to strengthen justice;
I will explore the mazes of this mystery;
I—I will track your parents.
Vyv. Blessed lady;
My parents—find me one with eyes like thine,
And were she lowliest of the hamlet born,
I would not change with monarchs.
Lady M. (*aside*) Can I bear this?
Your Eveline well nigh is my daughter; you
Her plighted spouse; pray you this kiss—O, sweet!
[*He sinks on his knee as she kisses his forehead.*
Vyv. Ah, as I kneel, and as thou bendest o'er me,
Methinks an angel's hand lifts up the veil
Of Time, the great magician, and I see
Above mine infant couch, a face like thine.
Lady M. Mine, stranger!
Vyv. Pardon me; a vain wild thought
I know it is; but on my faith, I think
My mother was like thee.
Lady M. Peace, peace! We talk
And fool grave hours away. Inform thy bride;
Then to thy bark, and bid thy crew prepare;
Meanwhile, I give due orders to my chaplain.

Beside the altar we shall meet once more;—
And then—and then—Heaven's blessing and farewell!
[*Exit* LADY MONTREVILLE.

Vyv. Most feeling heart! its softness hath contagion,
And melts mine own! Her aspect wears a charm
That half divides my soul with Eveline's love!
Strange! while I muse, a chill and ominous awe
Creeps thro' my veins! Away, ye vague forebodings!
Eveline! At thy dear name the phantoms vanish,
And the glad future breaks like land on sea,
When rain-mists melt beneath the golden morn.

Enter FALKNER.

Falk. Ha! Vyvyan!
Vyv. Thou!
Falk. Breathless with speed to reach thee.
I guessed thee lingering here. Thy foster sire
Hath proofs that clear the shadow from thy birth.
Go—he awaits thee where yon cloud-capt rock
Jags air with barbëd peaks—St. Kinian's Cliff.
Vyv. My birth! My parents live?
Falk. I know no more.

Enter HARDING.

Hard. Captain, the rumour lied. I bring such news
As drums and clarions and resounding anvils
Fashioning the scythes of reapers into swords,
Shall ring from Thames to Tweed.
Vyv. The foeman comes!
Hard. (*giving letter.*) These lines will tell thee; Drake's own hand.
Vyv. (*reading.*) "The Armada
Has left the Groyne, and we are ranging battle.
Come! in the van I leave one gap for thee."
Poor Eveline! Shame on such unworthy weakness!
Falk. (*taking him aside.*) Time to see her and keep thy tryst with Alton.
Leave me to call the crews and arm the decks.
Not till the moon rise, in the second hour
After the sunset, will the deepening tide
Float us from harbour—ere that hour be past
Our ship shall wait thee by St. Kinian's Cliff.
Small need to pray thee not to miss the moment
Whose loss would lose thee honour.
Vyv. If I come not
Ere the waves reel to thy third signal gun,
Deem Death alone could so delay from duty,
And step into my post as o'er my corpse.
Falk. Justly, my captain, thou rebuk'st my warning,
And couldst thou fail us, I would hold the signal
As if thy funeral knell—crowd every sail,
And know thy soul——
Vyv. Was with my country still.
[*Shouts without.*

Enter Sub-officer, Sailors, Retainers, *and* Villagers, *confusedly.*

Sub-officer (*with broadsheet.*) Captain, look here. Just come!
Vyv. The Queen's Address
From her own lips to the armed lines at Tilbury.
Voices. Read it, sir, read it—
Vyv. Hush then (*reading*). "Loving people,
Let tyrants fear! I, under Heaven, have placed
In loyal hearts my chiefest strength and safeguard,
Being resolved in the midst and heat of the battle
To live and die amongst you all; content
To lay down for my God and for my people
My life blood even in the dust: I know
I have the body of a feeble woman,
But a King's heart, a King of England's too;
And think foul scorn that Parma, Spain, or Europe,
Dare to invade the borders of my realm!
Where England fights—with concord in the camp,
Trust in the chief, and valour in the field,
Swift be her victory over every foe
Threatening her crown, her altars and her people."

The noble Woman King! These words of fire
Will send warm blood through all the veins of Freedom
Till England is a dream! Uncover, lads!
God and St. George! Hurrah for England's Queen!

ACT III.

SCENE 1. *St. Kinian's Cliff, a wild and precipitous headland. In front the ground is broken with crags, here and there interspersed with stunted brushwood. The scene to be so contrived as to give some notion of the height of the cliff. Time, a little before sunset.*

ALTON *and* VYVYAN *seated.*

Alton. And I believed them when they said "He died
In the far seas." Ten years of desolate sorrow
Passed as one night—Now thy warm hand awakes me.
Vyv. Dear friend, the sun sets fast.
Alton. Alas! then listen.
There was a page, fair, gentle, brave, but low-born—
And in those years when, to young eyes, the world,
With all the rough disparities of fortune,
Floats level thro' the morning haze of fancy,
He loved the heiress of a lordly house:
She, scarce from childhood, listening, loved again,
And secret nuptials hallowed stolen meetings—
'Till one—I know not whom (perchance a kinsman,
Heir to that house—if childless died its daughter)
Spied—tracked the bridegroom to the bridal bower,
Aroused the sire, and said, "Thy child's dishonoured."
Snatching his sword, the father sought the chamber;
Burst the closed portal—but his lifted hand
Escaped the crime. Cold as a fallen statue,
Cast from its blessed pedestal for ever,
The bride lay senseless on the lonely floor
By the oped casement, from whose terrible height
The generous boy, to save her life or honour,
Had plunged into his own sure death below.
Vyv. A happy death, if it saved her he loved!
Alton. A midnight grave concealed the mangled clay,
And buried the bride's secret. Few nights after,
Darkly as life from him had passed away,
Life dawned on thee—and, from the unconscious mother,
Stern hands conveyed the pledge of fatal nuptials
To the poor priest, who to thy loftier kindred
Owed the mean roof that sheltered thee.
Vyv. Oh say
I have a mother still!
Alton. Yes, she survived—
Her vows, thy birth, by the blind world unguessed;
And, after years of woe and vain resistance,
Forced to a lordlier husband's arms.
Vyv. My soul
Ofttimes recalls a shadowy Mournfulness,
With woman's patient brow, and saddest tears
Dropped fast from woman's eyes;—they were my mother's.
Alton. In stealth a wife—in stealth a mother! yes,
Then did she love thee, *then* aspired to own
In coming times, and bade me hoard these proofs
For that blest day. But, ah! with the new ties
Came new affections—to the second nuptials
A second son was born; she loved him better,
Better than thee—than her own soul!
Vyv. Poor mother!
Alton. And haughtier thoughts on riper life arose,
And worldly greatness feared the world's dread shame,
And she forsook her visits to thy pillow,
And the sire threatened, and the kinsman prayed,
Till, over-urged by terror for thy safety,
I took reluctant vows to mask the truth
And hush thy rights while lived thy mother's sire,
And he, her second unsuspecting lord.
Thus thy youth, nameless, left my lonely roof.
The sire and husband died while thou wert absent.
Thou liv'st—thou hast returned; mine oath is freed;
These scrolls attest my tale and prove thy birthright—
Hail, Lord of Beaufort—Heir of Montreville!
Vyv. 'Tis she—'tis she! At the first glance I loved her!
And when I told my woes, she wept—she wept!
This is her writing. Look—look where she calls me
"Edmond and child." Old man, how thou hast wronged her!
Joy—joy! I fly to claim and find a Mother!
[*Exit* VYVYAN.

Alton. Just Power, propitiate Nature to that cry.
And, from the hardened rock, let living streams
Gush as in Horeb! Ah, how faintly flags,
Strained by unwonted action, weary age!
I'll seek the neighbouring hamlet—rest and pray.
[*Exit* ALTON.

SCENE 2. *The exterior of the castle, as in* Sc. 2d, Act II. *Sunset. The twilight creeps on during the scene.*

Enter SIR GREY *and* WRECKLYFFE.

Sir G. The priest had left his home?
Wreck. The hour I reached it.
Sir G. With but one man? Didst thou not hound the foot-track?
Wreck. I did.
Sir G. Thou didst—and yet the prey escaped!
I have done. I gave thee thy soul's wish, revenge,
Revenge on Vyvyan—and thou leav'st his way
Clear to a height as high from thy revenge
As is yon watch-tower from a pirate's gibbet.
Wreck. Silence! thou——
Sir G. (*haughtily.*) Sir!
Wreck. (*subdued and cowed.*) Along the moors I track'd them,
But only came in sight and reach of spring
Just as they gained the broad and thronging road,
Aloud with eager strides, and clamorous voices—
A surge of tumult, wave to wave rebooming
How all the might of Parma and of Spain
Hurried its thunders on.
Sir G. Dolt, what to us
Parma and Spain? The beggar has no country!
Wreck. But deeds like that which thou dost urge me to
Are not risked madly in the populous day.
I come to thy sharp wit for safer orders.
Sir G. My wit is dulled by time, and must be ground
Into an edge by thought. Hist!—the door jars,
She comes. Skulk yonder—hide thee—but in call!
A moment sometimes makes or marreth fortune,
Just as the fiend Occasion springs to hand—
Be *thou* that fiend!
[WRECKLYFFE *passes among the trees, and exit.*

Enter LADY MONTREVILLE *from the cloister.*

Lady M. Look on me! What, nor tremble?
Couldst thou have deemed my father's gold a bribe
For my son's murder? Sold to pirates! Cast
On the wild seas!
Sir G. How! I knew nought of this.
If such the truth, peace to thy father's sins,
For of those sins is this. Let the past sleep,
Meet present ills—the priest hath left his home
With Vyvyan's comrade, and our scheme is foiled.
Lady M. I will, myself, see Alton on the morrow—
Edmond can scarce forestall me; for this night
Fear sails with him to the far Indian main.
Sir G. Let me do homage to thy genius. Sorceress,
What was thy magic?
Lady M. Terror for my Clarence,
And Edmond's love for Eveline.
Sir G. (*aside.*) I see!
Bribed by the prize of which she robs his rival!—
This night—so soon?—this night——
Lady M. I save my Clarence!
Till then, keep close, close to his side. Thou hast soothed him?
Sir G. Fear not—these sudden tidings of the foe
With larger fires have paled receding love—
But where is Vyvyan?
Lady M. Doubtless with his crew,
Preparing for departure.
Lord B. (*without.*) This way, Marsden.

Enter LORD BEAUFORT, *with* MARSDEN *and armed* Attendants.

Lord B. Repair yon broken parapets at dawn;
Yonder the culverins;—delve down more sharply
That bank;—clear out the moat. Those trees—eh, Marsden,—
Should fall? They'd serve to screen the foe! Ah, mother,
Make me a scarf to wear above the armour
In which thy father, 'mid the shouts of kings,
Shivered French lances at the Cloth of Gold.
Mars. Nay, my young lord, too vast for you that armour.
Lord B. No; you forget that the breast swells in danger,
And honour adds a cubit to the stature.
Lady M. Embrace me, Clarence, I myself will arm thee.
Look at him, Marsden—yet they say I spoil him!
Sir G. (*who has been leaning over the low parapet, advances, draws aside* LADY MONTREVILLE *and whispers.*)
I mark i' the distance, swift disordered strides,
And the light bound of an impatient spirit;
Vyvyan speeds hither, and the speed seems joy.
He sought his crew—Alton might there await him.
Lady M. His speed is to a bride.
Sir G. Ay, true—old age
Forgets that Love's as eager as Ambition;
Yet hold thyself prepared.
Lady M. (*to herself.*) And if it were so!
Come, I will sound the depths of Beaufort's heart;
And, as that answers, hush or yield to conscience.
Lead off these men.
[*Exeunt* SIR GREY *and* Attendants.
(*To* MARSDEN.) Go, meet my this day's guest,
And see he enter through the garden postern.
[*Exit* MARSDEN.
Clarence, come back.
Lord B. (*peevishly.*) What now?
Lady M. Speak kindly, Clarence.
Alas, thou'lt know not till the grave close o'er me,
How I did need thy kindness!
Lord B. Pardon, mother,
My blunt speech now, and froward heat this morning.
Lady M. Be all such follies of the past, as leaves
Shed from the petals of the bursting flower.
Think thy soul slept, till honour's sudden dawn
Flashed, and the soil bloomed with one hero more!
Ah, Clarence, had I, too, an elder-born,
As had thy father by his former nuptials!—
Could thy sword carve out fortune?
Lord B. Ay, my mother!
Lady M. Well the bold answer rushes from thy lips!
Yet, tell me frankly, dost thou not, in truth,
Prize over much the outward show of things;
And couldst thou—rich with valour, health and beauty,
And hope—the priceless treasure of the young—
Couldst thou endure descent from that vain height
Where pride builds towers the heart inhabits not;
To live less gorgeously, and curb thy wants
Within the state, not of the heir to earls,
But of a simple gentleman?
Lord B. If reared to it,
Perchance contented so; but *now*—no, never!
Such as I am, thy lofty self hath made me;
Ambitious, haughty, prodigal; and pomp
A part of my very life. If I could fall
From my high state, it were as Romans fell,
On their swords' point! Why is your cheek so hueless?
Why daunt yourself with airiest fantasies?
Who can deprive me of mine heritage—
The titles borne at Palestine and Crecy?
The seignory, ancient as the throne it guards,
That will be mine in trust for sons unborn,
When time—from this day may the date be far!—
Transfers the circlet on thy stately brows
(Forgive the boast!) to no unworthy heir.
Lady M. (*aside.*) My proud soul speaks in his, and stills remorse;
I'll know no other son! Now go, Lord Beaufort.
Lord B. So formal—fie!—has Clarence then offended?
Lady M. Offended?—thou! Resume thy noble duties,
Sole heir of Montreville!
[*Exit* LORD BEAUFORT.
My choice is made.
As one who holds a fortress for his king,

I guard this heart for Clarence, and I close
Its gates against the stranger. Let him come.
[*Exit.*

Enter VYVYAN *and* EVELINE. *Twilight, but still clear; a few stars come out gradually.*

Evel. I would not bid thee stay, thy country calls thee—
But thou hast stunned my heart i' the midst of joy
With this dread sudden word—part—part!
Vyv. Live not
In the brief present. Go forth to the future!
Wouldst thou not see me worthier of thy love?
Evel. Thou canst not be so.
Vyv. Sweet one, I am now
Obscure and nameless. What, if at thy feet
I could lay rank and fortune?
Evel. These could give
To me no bliss save as they blest thyself.
Into the life of him she loves, the life
Of woman flows, and nevermore reflects
Sunshine or shadow on a separate wave.
Be his lot great, for his sake she loves greatness;
Humble—a cot with *him* is Arcady!
Thou art ambitious; thou wouldst arm for fame,
Fame then fires me too, and without a tear,
I bid thee go where fame is won—as now:
Win it and I rejoice; but fail to win,
Were it not joy to think I could console?
Vyv. O that I could give vent to this full heart!
Time rushes on, each glimmering star rebukes me—
Is that the Countess yonder? This way—come.
[*Retire up the stage.*

Enter LORD BEAUFORT *and* SIR GREY.

Lord B. Leave England, say'st thou—and with her?
Sir G. Thou hast wrung
The secret from me. Mark—I have thy promise
Not to betray me to thy mother.
Lord B. Ah!
Thought she to dupe me with that pomp of words,
And blind ambition while she beggar'd life?
No, by yon heavens, she shall not so befool me!
Sir G. Be patient. Had I guessed how this had galled,
I had been dumb.
Lord B. Stand from the light! Distraction!
She hangs upon his breast!
[*Hurries to* VYVYAN, *and then uncovering with an attempt at courtesy, draws him to the front of the stage.*
[WRECKLYFFE, *who, at the first entrance of* VYVYAN, *has looked forth and glided after him, as if not to lose sight of his revenge, now creeps through the foliage, within hearing.*
Lord B. Sir, one word with you.
This day such looks and converse passed between us
As men who wear these vouchers for esteem,
Cancel with deeds.
Vyv. (*aside.*) The brave boy! How I love him!
Lord B. What saidst thou, sir?
Evel. (*approaching.*) Oh, Clarence.
Lord B. Fear not, cousin.
I do but make excuses for my rudeness
At noon, to this fair cavalier.
Sir G. If so,
Let us not mar such courteous purpose, lady.
Evel. But—
Sir G. Nay, you are too timid!
[*Draws* EVELINE *away.*
Lord B. Be we brief, sir.
You quit these parts to-night. This place beseems not
The only conference we should hold. I pray you
Name spot and hour in which to meet again,
Unwitnessed save by the broad early moon.
Vyv. Meet thee again—oh yes!
Lord B. There speaks a soldier,
And now I own an equal. Hour and place?
Vyv. Wait here till I have—
Lord B. No, sir, on thy road.
Here we are spied.
Vyv. So be it, on my road.
(*Aside.*) [There where I learned that heaven had given a brother,
There the embrace.] Within the hour I pass
St. Kinian's Cliff.
Lord B. Alone?
Vyv. Alone.
Lord B. Farewell!
Sir G. (*catching at* LORD BEAUFORT *as he goes out.*)
I heard St. Kinian's Cliff. I'll warn the Countess.
Lord B. Do it, and famish!
Sir G. Well, thy fence is skilful.
Lord B. And my hand firm.
Sir G. But when?
Lord B. Within the hour!
[*Exit* LORD BEAUFORT.
Evel. I do conjure thee on thine honour, Vyvyan,
Hath he not——
Vyv. What?
Evel. Forced quarrel on thee?
Vyv. Quarrel!
That were beyond his power. Upon mine honour,
No, and thrice no!
Evel. I scarce dare yet believe thee.
Vyv. Why then, I thus defy thee still to tremble.
Away this weapon (*throwing down his sword*). If I meet thy cousin,
Both must be safe, for one will be unarmed.
Evel. Mine own frank hero-lover, pardon me;
Yet, need'st thou not——
Vyv. Oh, as against the Spaniard,
There will be swords enow in Vyvyan's war-ship—
But art thou sure his heart is touched so lightly?
Evel. Jealous, and now!
Vyv. No, the fair boy, 'tis pity!

Enter MARSDEN.

Mars. My lady, sir, invites you to her presence;
Pray you, this way.
Evel. Remember—O, remember,
One word again, before we part; but one!
Vyv. One word. Heaven make it joyous.
Evel. Joyous!
Vyv. Soft, let me take that echo from thy lips
As a good omen. How my loud heart beats! (*aside*).
Friend, to your lady.
[*Exeunt* VYVYAN *and* MARSDEN *within the castle.*
Evel. Gone! The twilight world
Hath its stars still—but mine! Ah, woe is me!
[*Exit* EVELINE.
Sir G. Why take the challenge, yet cast off the weapon?
Perchance, if, gentle, he forbears the boy;
Perchance, if worldly wise, he fears the noble;
Or hath he, in his absence, chanced with Alton?
It matters not. Like some dark necromancer,
I raise the storm, then rule it thro' the fiend!
Where waits this man without a hope?
Wreck. (*advancing.*) Save vengeance!
Sir G. Wert thou as near when Beaufort spoke with Vyvyan?
Wreck. Shall I repeat what Vyvyan said to Beaufort?
Sir G. Thou know'st——
Wreck. I know, that to St. Kinian's Cliff
Will come the man whose hand wrote "felon" here.
Sir G. Mark, what I ask is harder than to strike;
'Tis to forbear—but 'tis revenge with safety.
Let Vyvyan first meet Beaufort; watch what pass,
And if the boy, whose hand obeys all passion,
Should slay thy foeman, and forestall thy vengeance,
Upon thy life (thou know'st, of old, Grey Malpas)
Prevent not, nor assist.
Wreck. That boy slay Vyvyan!
Sir G. For Vyvyan is unarmed.
Wreck. Law calls that—murder!
Sir G. Which by thy witness, not unbacked by proof,
Would give the murderer to the headsman's axe,
And leave Grey Malpas heir of Montreville,
And thee the richest squire in all his train.
Wreck. I do conceive the scheme. But if the youth
Fail or relent——
Sir G. I balk not thy revenge.
And, if the corpse of Beaufort's rival be
Found on the spot where armed Beaufort met him,

To whom would justice track the death blow?—Beaufort!

Wreck. No further words. Or his, or mine the hand,
Count one life less on earth; and weave thy scheme—
As doth the worm its coils—around the dead.

Exit WRECKLYFFE.

Sir G. One death avails as three, since for the mother
Conscience and shame were sharper than the steel.
So, I o'erleap the gulf, nor gaze below.
On this side, desolate ruin; bread begrudged;
And ribald scorn on impotent grey hairs;
The base poor cousin Boyhood threats with famine—
Whose very dog is butchered if it bark:—
On that side bended knees and fawning smiles,
Ho! ho! there—Room for my lord's knights and pages!
Room at the Court—room there, beside the throne!
Ah, the new Earl of Montreville! His lands
Cover two shires. Such men should rule the state—
A gracious lord—the envious call him old;
Not so—the coronet conceals grey hairs.
He limp'd, they say, when he wore hose of serge.
Tut, the slow march becomes the robes of ermine.
Back, Conscience, back! Go scowl on boors and beggars—
Room, smiling flatterers, room for the new Earl!

[*Exit* SIR GREY.

ACT IV.

SCENE 1. LADY MONTREVILLE'S *apartment as in* Sc. 1st, Act II. *Lights. During the scene the moon rises, seen through the casement.* LADY MONTREVILLE *seated.*

Enter VYVYAN.

Lady M. Thou com'st already to demand thy bride?

Vyv. Alas! such nuptials are deferred. This night
The invader summons me—my sole bride, Honour,
And my sole altar—England! (*Aside.*) How to break it?

Lady M. My Clarence on the land, and thou on sea,
Both for their country armed! Heaven shield ye both!

Vyv. Say you that?—*Both?*—You, who so love your son?

Lady M. Better than life, I love him!

Vyv. (*aside.*) I must rush
Into the thick. Time goads me! (*Aloud.*) Had you not
Another son? A first-born?

Lady M. Sir!

Vyv. A son,
On whom those eyes dwelt first—whose infant cry
Broke first on that divine and holiest chord
In the deep heart of woman, which awakes
All Nature's tenderest music? Turn not from me!
I know the mystery of thy mournful life.
Will it displease thee—will it—to believe
That son is living still?

Lady M. Sir—sir—such license
Expels your listener (*rises*).

Vyv. No, thou wilt not leave me?
I say, thou wilt not leave me—on my knees
I say, thou *shalt* not leave me!

Lady M. Loose thine hold!

Vyv. I am thy son—thine Edmond—thine own child!
Saved from the steel, the deep, the storm, the battle;
Rising from death to thee—the source of life!
Flung by kind heaven once more upon thy breast,
Kissing thy robe, and clinging to thy knees.
Dost thou reject thy son?

Lady M. I have no son,
Save Clarence Beaufort.

Vyv. Do not—do not hear her,
Thou who, enthroned amid the pomp of stars,
Dost take no holier name than that of Father!
Thou hast no other son? O, cruel one!
Look—look—these letters to the priest who reared him—
See where thou call'st him "Edmond"—"child"—"life's all!"—
Can the words be so fresh on this frail record,
Yet fade, obliterate from the undying soul?
By these—by these—by all the solemn past,
By thy youth's lover—by his secret grave—
By every kiss upon thine infant's cheek—
By every tear that wept his fancied death—
Grieve not that still a first-born calls thee "Mother!"

Lady M. Rise. If these prove that such a son once lived,
Where are your proofs that still he lives in you?

Vyv. There! in thine heart!—thine eyes that dare not face me!
Thy trembling limbs, each power, each pulse of being,
That vibrates at my voice! Let pride encase thee
With nine-fold adamant, it rends asunder
At the great spell of Nature—Nature calls;
Parent, come forth!

Lady M. (*aside.*) Resolve gives way! Lost Clarence!
What! "Fall as Romans fell, on their swords' point?"
No, Clarence, no! (*turning fiercely.*) Impostor! If thy craft
Hath, by suborning most unworthy spies,
Sought in the ruins of a mourner's life
Some base whereon to pile this laboured falsehood,
Let law laugh down the fable—Quit my presence.

Vyv. No. I will not.

Lady M. Will not! Ho!

Vyv. Call your hirelings,
And let them hear me (*striding to the hearth*). Lo, beneath thy roof,
And on the sacred hearth of sires to both,
Under their 'scutcheon, and before their forms
Which from the ghostly canvas I invoke
To hail their son—I take my dauntless stand,
Armed with my rights; now bid your menials thrust
From his own hearth the heir of Montreville!

Enter Servants.

Lady M. Seize on—— (*Clasping her hands before her face.*)
Out—out! His father stands before me
In the son's image. No, I dare not!

Servant. Madam,
Did you not summon us?

Vyv. They wait your mandate,
Lady of Montreville.

Lady M. I called not. Go!

[*Exeunt* Servants.

Art thou my son? If so, have mercy, Edmond!
Let Heaven attest with what remorseful soul
I yielded to my ruthless father's will,
And with cold lips profaned a second vow.
I *had* a child—I was a parent, true;
But exiled from the parent's paradise,
Not mine the frank joy in the face of day,
The pride, the boast, the triumph, and the rapture;
Thy couch was sought as with a felon's step,
And whispering nature shuddered at detection.
Oh, couldst thou guess what hell to loftier minds
It is to live in one eternal lie!
Yet, spite of all, how dear thou *wert!*

Vyv. I was?
Is the time past for ever? What my sin?

Lady M. I loved thee till another son was born,
A blossom 'mid the snows. Thou wert afar,
Seen rarely—alien—on a stranger's breast
Leaning for life. But this thrice-blessëd one
Smiled in mine eyes, took being from my breast,
Slept in mine arms; here love asked no concealment—
Here the tear shamed not—here the kiss was glory—
Here I put on my royalty of woman—
The guardian, the protector; food, health, life—
It clung to me for all. Mother and child,
Each was the all to each.

Vyv. O, prodigal,
Such wealth to him, yet nought to spare to me!

Lady M. My boy grew up, my Clarence. Looking on him
Men prized his mother more—so fair and stately,
And the world deemed to such high state the heir!
Years went; they told me that by Nature's death
Thou hadst in boyhood passed away to heaven.

I wept thy fate; and long ere tears were dried,
The thought that danger, too, expired for Clarence,
Did make thy memory gentle.
Vyv. Do you wish
That I were still what once you wept to deem me?
Lady M. I did rejoice when my lip kissed thy brow;
I did rejoice to give thy heart its bride;
I would have drained my coffers for her dowry;
But wouldst thou ask me if I can rejoice
That a life rises from the grave abrupt
To doom the life I cradled, reared, and wrapt
From every breeze, to desolation?—No!
Vyv. What would you have me do?
Lady M. Accept the dowry,
And, blest with Eveline's love, renounce thy mother.
Vyv. Renounce thee! No—*these* lips belie not Nature!
Never!
Lady M. Eno'—I can be mean no more,
Ev'n in the prayer that asked his life. Go, slay it.
Vyv. Why must my life slay his?
Lady M. Since his was shaped
To soar to power—not grovel to dependence—
And I do seal his death-writ when I say,
"Down to the dust, Usurper; bow the knee
And sue for alms to the true Lord of Beaufort."
Those words shall not be said—I'll find some nobler.
Thy rights are clear. The law might long defer them—
I do forestall the law. These lands be thine.
Wait not my death to lord it in my hall:
Thus I say not to Clarence, "Be dependent"—
But I *can* say, "Share poverty with me."
I go to seek him; at his side depart;
He spurns thine alms: I wronged thee—take thy vengeance!
Vyv. Merciless—hold, and hear me—I—alms!—vengeance!—
True—true, this heart a mother never cradled,
Or she had known it better.
Lady M. Edmond!
Vyv. Hush!
Call me that name no more—it dies for ever!
Nay, I renounce thee not, for that were treason
On the child's lip. Parent, renounce thy child!
As for these nothings (*giving the papers*), take them; if you dread
To find words, once too fond, they're blurr'd already—
You'll see but tears: tears of such sweetness, madam.
I did not think of lands and halls, pale Countess,
I did but think—these arms shall clasp a mother.
Now they are worthless—take them. Never guess
How covetous I was—how hearts, cast off,
Pine for their rights—rights not of parchment, lady.
Part we, then, thus? No, put thine arms around me;
Let me remember in the years to come,
That I have lived to say, a mother blessed me!
Lady M. Oh, Edmond, Edmond, thou hast conquered, Edmond!
Thy father's voice!—his eyes! Look down from heaven,
Bridegroom, and pardon me; I bless thy child!
Vyv. Hark! she has blessed her son! It mounts to heaven,
The blessing of the mother on her child!
Mother, and mother;—how the word thrills thro' me!
Mother, again dear mother! Place thy hand
Here—on my heart. Now thou hast felt it beat,
Wilt thou misjudge it more? Recoil'st thou still?
Lady M. (*breaking from him.*) What have I done?—betrayed, condemned my Clarence!
Vyv. Condemned thy Clarence! By thy blessing, No!
That blessing was my birthright. I have won
That which I claimed. Give Clarence all the rest.
Silent, as sacred, be the memory
Of this atoning hour. Look, evermore (*kissing her*)
Thus—thus I seal the secret of thy first-born!
Now, only Clarence lives! Heaven guard thy Clarence!
Now deem me dead to thee. Farewell, farewell!
[*Exit* Vyvyan.

Lady M. (*rushing after him.*) Hold, hold—too generous, hold! Come back, my son!
[*Exit* Lady Monteeville.

Scene 2. *St. Kinian's Cliff. The ship on the sea.* Wrecklyffe *standing in the shadow of a broken rock.*

Enter Lord Beaufort.

Lord B. And still not here! The hour has long since passed.
I'll climb yon tallest peak, and strain mine eyes
Down the sole path between the cliff and ocean.
[*Exit* Lord Beaufort.
Wreck. (*advancing*). The boors first grinned, then paled, and crept away;
The tavern-keeper slunk, and muttered "Hangdog!"
And the she-drudge whose rough hand served the drink,
Stifled her shriek, and let the tankard fall!
It was not so in the old merry days:
Then the scarred hangdog was "fair gentleman."
And—but the reckoning waits. Why tarries he?
[*Signal gun from the ship.*
A signal! Ha!
Vyv. (*without*). I come! I come!
Wreck. (*grasping his knife, but receding as he sees* Beaufort, *who appears above*). Hot lordling!
I had well nigh forestalled thee. Patience!
[*Creeps under the shadow of the rock, and thence steals out of sight in the background.*

Enter Lord Beaufort.

Lord B. Good!
From crag to crag he bounds—my doubts belied him;
His haste is eager as my own.

Enter Vyvyan.

Sir, welcome.
Vyv. Stay me not, stay me not! Thou hast all else
But honour—rob me not of that! Unhand me!
Lord B. Unhand thee? yes—to take thy ground and draw.
Vyv. Thou know'st not what thou sayest. Let me go!
Lord B. Thyself didst name the place and hour:
Vyv. For here
I thought to clasp—(*aside*) I have no brother now!
Lord B. He thought to clasp his Eveline. Death and madness!
Vyv. Eveline! Thou lov'st not Eveline. Be consoled.
Thou hast not known affliction—hast not stood
Without the porch of the sweet home of men;
Thou hast leaned upon no reed that pierced the heart;
Thou hast not known what it is, when in the desert
The hopeless find the fountain: happy boy,
Thou hast not loved. Leave love to man and sorrow!
Lord B. Dost thou presume upon my years? Dull scoffer!
The brave is man betimes—the coward never.
Boy if I be, my playmates have been veterans;
My toy a sword, and my first lesson valour.
And, had I taken challenge as thou hast,
And on the ground replied to bold defiance
With random words implying dastard taunts,
With folded arms, pale lip, and haggard brow,
I'd never live to call myself a man.
Thus says the boy, since manhood is so sluggard,
Soldier and captain. Do not let me strike thee!
Vyv. Do it,—and tell thy mother, when thy hand
Outraged my cheek, I pardoned thee, and pitied.
Lord B. Measureless insult! Pitied!
[*Second gun.*
Vyv. There, again!
And still so far! Out of my path, insane one!
Were there nought else, thy youth, thy mother's love
Should make thee sacred to a warrior's arm—
Out of my path. Thus, then (*suddenly lifts, and puts him aside*)
Oh, England—England!
Do not reject me too!—I come! I come!
[*Exit up the cliff.*

Lord B. Thrust from his pathway—every vein runs fire!
Thou shalt not thus escape me—Stand or die! (*rushes after him.*)

[VYVYAN *retreats to the edge of the cliff, and grasps for support at the bough of a tree.*

Vyv. Forbear, forbear!
Lord B. Thy blood on thine own head!

[*Third gun.*

[*As* BEAUFORT *lifts his sword and strikes,* VYVYAN *retreats—the bough breaks, and* VYVYAN *falls down the precipice.*

Wreck. (*who has followed part of the way, peering down the precipice.*)
Is the deed done? If not, this steel completes it.

[*Descends the cliff, and disappears.*

[LORD BEAUFORT *sinks on his knee in horror. The ship sails on as the scene closes slowly.*

ACT V.

SCENE 1. *St. Kinian's Cliff. A year is supposed to have passed since the date of* Act IV.

Enter SIR GREY DE MALPAS.

Sir G. A year—and Wrecklyffe still is mute and absent,
Even as Vyvyan is! Most clear! He saw,
And haply shared, the murderous deed of Beaufort;
And Beaufort's wealth hath bribed him to desert
Penury and me. That Clarence slew his brother
I cannot doubt. He shuts me from his presence;
But I have watched him, wandering, lone, yet haunted—
Marked the white lip and glassy eyes of one
For whom the grave has ghosts, and silence, horror.
His mother, on vague pretext of mistrust
That I did sell her first-born to the pirate,
Excludes me from her sight, but sends me alms
Lest the world cry, "See, her poor cousin starves!"
Can she guess Beaufort's guilt? Nay! For she lives!
I know that deed, which, told unto the world,
Would make me heir of Montreville. O, mockery!
For how proceed?—no proof! How charge?—no witness!
How cry, "Lo! murder!" yet produce no corpse!

Enter ALTON.

Alton. Sir Grey de Malpas! I was on my way
To your own house.
Sir G. Good Alton—can I serve you?
Alton. The boy I took from thee, returned a man
Twelve months ago: mine oath absolved.
Sir G. 'Tis true.
Alton. Here did I hail the rightful lord of Montreville,
And from these arms he rushed to claim his birthright.
Sir G. (*aside*) She never told me this.
Alton. That night, his war-ship
Sailed to our fleet. I deemed him with the battle.
Time went; Heaven's breath had scattered the Armada.
I sate at my porch to welcome him—he came not.
I said, "His mother has abjured her offspring,
And law detains him while he arms for justice."
Hope sustained patience till to-day.
Sir G. To-day?
Alton. The very friend who had led me to his breast
Returns, and——
Sir G. (*soothingly.*) Well?
Alton. He fought not with his country.
Sir G. And this cold friend lets question sleep a year?
Alton. His bark too rashly chased the flying foe;
Was wrecked on hostile shores; and he a prisoner.
Sir G. Lean on my arm, thou'rt faint.
Alton. Oh, Grey de Malpas,
Can men so vanish—save in murderous graves?
You turn away.
Sir G. What murder without motive?
And who had motive here?
Alton. Unnatural kindred.
Sir G. Kindred! Ensnare me not! Mine, too, that kindred.
Old man, beware how thou asperse Lord Beaufort!
Alton. Beaufort! Oh, horror! How the instinctive truth
Starts from thy lips!
Sir G. From mine—priest!
Alton. Not of man
Ask pardon, if accomplice——
Sir G. I accomplice!
Nay, since 'tis my good name thou sulliest now—
This is mine answer: Probe; examine; search;
And call on justice to belie thy slander.
Go, seek the aid of stout Sir Godfrey Seymour;
A dauntless magistrate; strict, upright, honest:
(*Aside.*) At heart a Puritan, and hates a Lord,
With other slides that fit into my grooves.
Alton. He bears with all the righteous name thou giv'st him,
Thy zeal acquits thyself.
Sir G. And charges none.
Alton. Heaven reads the heart. Man can but track the deed.
My task is stern.

[*Exit* ALTON.

Sir G. Scent lies—suspicion dogs—
And with hot breath pants on the flight of conscience.
Ah! who comes here? Sharp wit, round all occasion!

Enter FALKNER *with* Sailors.

Falk. Learn all you can—when latest seen, and where—
Meanwhile I seek yon towers.

[*Exeunt* Sailors.

Sir G. Doubtless, fair sir,
I speak to Vyvyan's friend. My name is Malpas—
Can it be true, as Alton doth inform me,
That you suspect your comrade died by murder?
Falk. Murder!
Sir G. And by a rival's hand? Amazed!
Yet surely so I did conceive the priest.
Falk. Murder!—a rival!—true, he loved a maiden!
Sir G. In yonder halls!
Falk. Despair! Am I too late
For all but vengeance! Speak, sir—who this rival?
Sir G. Vengeance!—fie—seek those towers, and learn compassion.
Sad change indeed, since here, at silent night,
Your Vyvyan met the challenge of Lord Beaufort.
Falk. A challenge?—here?—at night?
Sir G. Yes, this the place.
How sheer the edge! crag, cave, and chasm below!
If the foot slipped,—nay, let us think slipped heedless,—
Or some weak wounded man were headlong plunged,
What burial place more secret?
Falk. Hither, look!
Look where, far down the horrible descent,
Through some fresh cleft rush subterranean waves,
How wheel and circle ghastly swooping wings!
Sir G. The sea-gulls ere a storm.
Falk. No! Heaven is clear!
The storm they tell, speeds lightning towards the guilty.
So have I seen the foul birds in lone creeks
Sporting around the shipwrecked seaman's bones.
Guide me, ye spectral harbingers!

[*Descends the cliff.*

Sir G. From bough
To bough he swings—from peak to slippery peak
I see him dwindling down;—the loose stones rattle;
He falls—he falls—but 'lights on yonder ledge,
And from the glaring sun turns stedfast eyes
Where still the sea-gulls wheel; now crawls, now leaps;
Crags close around him—not a glimpse nor sound!
O, diver for the dead,—bring up but bones,
And round the skull I'll wreathe my coronet.

[*Scene closes on* SIR GREY *seated.*

SCENE 2. *A room in the castle of Montreville—with casement opening on a balcony that overhangs the sea.*

Enter LADY MONTREVILLE *and* MARSDEN.

Lady M. Will he nor hunt nor hawk? This constant gloom!
Canst thou not guess the cause? He *was* so joyous!

Mars. Young plants need air and sun; man's youth the world.
Young men should pine for action. Comfort, madam,
The cause is clear, if you recall the date.
Lady M. Thou hast marked the date?
Mars. Since that bold seaman's visit.
Lady M. Thy tongue runs riot, man. How should that stranger,—
I say a stranger, strike dismay in Beaufort?
Mars. Dismay! Not that, but emulation!
Lady M. Ay!
You speak my thoughts, and I have prayed our Queen
To rank your young lord with her chivalry;
This day mine envoy should return.
Mars. This day?
Let me ride forth and meet him!
Lady M. Go!
[*Exit* Marsden.
'Tis true!
Such was the date. Hath Clarence guessed the secret—
Guessed that a first-born lives? I dread to question!
Yet sure the wronged was faithful, and the wrong
Is my heart's canker-worm and gnaws unseen.
Where wanderest thou, sad Edmond? Not one word
To say thou liv'st—thy very bride forsaken,
As if love, frozen at the parent well-spring,
Left every channel dry! What hollow tread,
Heavy and weary falls? Is that the step
Which touched the mean earth with a lightsome scorn,
As if the air its element?

Enter Beaufort—*his dress neglected—wrapped in a loose mantle of fur.*

Lord B. Cold! cold!
And yet I saw the beggar doff his frieze,
Warm in his rags. I shiver under ermine.
For me 'tis never summer—never—never!
Lady M. How fares my precious one?
Lord B. Well;—but so cold.
Ho! there! without!

Enter Servant.

Wine—wine!
[*Exit* Servant.
Lady M. Alas! alas!
Why, this is fever—thy hand burns.
Lord B. That hand!
Ay, *that* hand always burns.

Re-enter Servant *with wine, and a goblet of rich workmanship, set in jewels.*

Look you—the cup
The wondrous Tuscan jeweller, Cellini,
Made for a king! A king's gift to thy father!
What? Serve such gauds to me!
Lady M. Thyself so ordered
In the proud whims thy light heart made so graceful.
Lord B. Was I proud once? Ha! ha! What's this? —not wine?
Servant. The Malvoisie your lordship's friends, last year,
Esteemed your rarest.
Lord B. How one little year
Hath soured it into nausea! Faugh—'tis rank.
Lady M. (*to servant.*) Send for the leech—quick—go.
[*Exit* Servant.
Oh, Clarence! Clarence!
Is this the body's sickness, or the soul's?
Is it life's youngest sorrow, love misplaced?
Thou dost not still love Eveline?
Lord B. Did I love her?
Lady M. Or one whose birth might more offend my pride?
Well, I *am* proud. But I would hail as daughter
The meanest maiden from whose smile thy lip
Caught smiles again. Thy smile is day to me.
Lord B. Poor mother, fear not. Never hermit-monk,
Gazing on skulls in lone sepulchral cells,
Had heart as proof to woman's smile as mine.
Lady M. The court—the camp—ambition—

Enter Marsden *with a letter.*

Mars. From the Queen!
(*While the* Countess *reads,* Marsden, *turning to* Lord Beaufort,)
My dear young lord, be gay! The noblest knight
In all the land, Lord Essex, on his road
From conquered Cadiz, with the armëd suite
That won his laurels, sends before to greet you,
And prays you will receive him in your halls.
Lord B. The flower of England's gentry, spotless Essex!
Sully him not, old man, bid him pass on.
Lady M. Joy, Beaufort, joy! August Elizabeth
Owns thee her knight, and bids thee wear her colours,
And break thy maiden lance for England's lady.
Lord B. I will not go. Barbed steeds and knightly banners—
Baubles and gewgaws!
Mars. Glorious to the young.
Lord B. Ay—to the young! Oh, when did poet-dreams
Ever shape forth such fairy land as youth!
Gossamer hopes, pearled with the dews of morn,
Gay valour, bounding light on welcome peril,—
Errors themselves, the sparkling overflow,
Of life as headlong, but as pure as streams
That rush from sunniest hill-tops kissing heaven,—
Lo! *that* is youth. Look on my soul, old man,
Well—is it not more grey than those blanched hairs?
Lady M. He raves—heed not his words. Go, speed the leech!
[*Exit* Marsden.
Lady M. (*aside.*) I know these signs—by mine own soul I know them;
This is nor love, nor honour's sigh for action,
Nor Nature's milder suffering. This is guilt!
Clarence—now, side by side, I sit with thee!
Put thine arms round me, lean upon my breast—
It is a mother's breast. So, that is well;
Now—whisper low—what is thy crime?
Lord B. (*bursting into tears.*) O, mother!
Would thou hadst never borne me!
Lady M. Ah, ungrateful!
Lord B. No—for thy sake I speak. Thou—justly proud,
For thou art pure; thou, on whose whitest name
Detraction spies no soil—dost thou say "crime"
Unto thy son; and is his answer tears?

Enter Eveline, *weaving flowers as in first act.*

Evel.—

Blossoms, I weave ye
To drift on the sea,
Say when ye find him
Who sang "Woe is me!"—

(*Approaching* Beaufort.) Have you no news?
Lord B. Of whom?
Evel. Of Vyvyan?
Lord B. That name! Her reason wanders; and O, mother,
When that name's uttered—so doth mine—hush, hush it.
[Eveline *goes to the balcony, and throws the garland into the sea.*
Lady M. Kill me at once—or when I ask again,
What is thy crime?—reply, 'No harm to Vyvyan!'
Lord B. (*breaking away.*) Unhand me! Let me go!
[*Exit* Lord Beaufort.
Lady M. This pulse beats still!
Nature rejects me!
Evel. (*from the balcony.*) Come, come—see the garland,
It dances on the waves so merrily.

Enter Marsden.

Mars. (*drawing aside* Lady M.) Forgive this haste.
Amid St. Kinian's cliffs
Where, once an age, on glassy peaks may glide
The shadow of a man, a stranger venturing
Hath found bleached human bones, and to your hall,
Nearest at hand, and ever famed for justice,
Leads on the crowd, and saith the dead was Vyvyan.

Evel. Ha! who named Vyvyan? Has he then come back?
Mars. Fair mistress, no.
Lady M. If on this terrible earth
Pity lives still—lead her away. Be tender.
Evel. (*approaching* Lady M.) I promised him to love you as a mother.
Kiss me, and trust in Heaven! He will return!
[*Exeunt* Eveline *and* Marsden.
Lady M. These horrors are unreal.

Enter a Servant.

Servant. Noble mistress,
Sir Godfrey Seymour, summoned here in haste,
Craves your high presence in the Justice Hall.
Lady M. Mine—Mine? Where goëst thou?
Servant. Sir Godfrey bade me
Seek my young lord.
Lady M. Stir not. My son is ill.
Thyself canst witness how the fever—(*hurrying to the side scene*) Marsden!

Enter Marsden.

My stricken Clarence!—In his state, a rumour
Of—of what passes here, might blast life—reason:
Go, lure him hence—if he resist, use force
As to a maniac.—Good old man, thou lov'st him;
His innocent childhood played around thy knees—
I know I can trust *thee*—Quick—speak not:—Save!
[*Exit* Marsden.
(*to* Servant.) Announce my coming.
[*Exit* Servant.
This day, life to shield
The living son:—Death, with the dead, to-morrow!
[*Exit* Lady Montreville.

Scene 3. *A vast feudal hall in the castle. At the extreme end, the carved screen work of later date, supporting the minstrels' gallery (similar to that in Hampton Court). The opening in the screen is made the principal entry on the scene. In another part of the hall a high Gothic casement forms a recess, over which a curtain is drawn aside. In the recess a tressel, serving as a bier for the remains of the dead, which are covered with a cloth. At each side of the screen entry, a halberdier in the service of* Sir Godfrey Seymour, *officiating as constable.* Alton *kneeling before the tressel in the recess.*

In front of the stage, a table, before which Sir Godfrey Seymour *seated. A* Clerk *employed in writing.* Sir Grey de Malpas *standing near* Sir Godfrey. Falkner *a little apart.*

Sir Godf. (*to* Falkner.) Be patient, sir, and give us ampler proof
To deem yon undistinguishable bones
The relics of your friend.
Falk. That gentleman
Can back my oath, that these, the plume, the gem
Which Vyvyan wore—I found them on the cliff.
Sir Godf. Verily, is it so?
Sir Grey. (*with assumed reluctance.*) Sith law compel me—
Yes, I must vouch it.

Enter Servant.

Servant. (*placing a chair of state.*) Sir, my lady comes.
Sir Godf. Let not that sight appal her,
Sir Grey. And her son.
[Servant *draws the curtain round the recess, leaving* Alton *still kneeling within, and exit.*

Enter Lady Montreville, *and seats herself.*

Sir Godf. You pardon, madam, mine imperious duties,
And know my dismal task——
Lady M. Pray you be brief, sir.
Sir Godf. Was, this time year, the captain of a warship,
Vyvyan his name, your guest?
Lady M. But one short day—
To see my ward, whom he had saved from pirates.
Sir Godf. I pray you, madam, in his converse with you
Spoke he of any foe, concealed or open,
Whom he had cause to fear?
Lady M. Of none!
Sir Godf. Nor know you
Of any such?
Lady M. (*after a pause.*) I do not.
Sir Godf. (*aside to* Falkner.) Would you farther
Question this lady, sir?
Falk. No, she is woman,
And mother; let her go. I wait Lord Beaufort.
Sir Godf. Madam, no longer will we task your presence.

Enter Lord Beaufort, *breaking from* Marsden, *and other* Attendants.

Lord B. Off, dotard, off! Guests in our hall!
Lady M. He is ill.
Sore ill—fierce fever—I will lead him forth.
Come, Clarence; darling, come!
Lord B. Who is this man?
Falk. The friend of Vyvyan, whose pale bones plead yonder.
Lord B. I—I will go. Let's steal away, my mother.
[Sir Grey *intercepts the retreat of* Beaufort, *and, with bye play intimating remonstrance and encouragement, urges him forward.*
Falk. Lost friend, in war, how oft thy word was 'spare.'—
Methinks I hear thee now. (*drawing aside* Lord Beaufort.)
Young lord, I came
Into these halls, demanding blood for blood—
But thy remorse (this *is* remorse) disarms me.
Speak; do but say—(look, I am young myself,
And know how hot is youth;) speak—do but say,
After warm words, struck out from jealous frenzy,
Quick swords were drawn: Man's open strife with man—
Passion, not murder: Say this, and may law
Pardon thee, as a soldier does!
Sir Grey (*to* Marsden.) Call Eveline,
She can attest our young lord's innocence.
[*Exit* Marsden
Falk. He will not speak, sir, let my charge proceed.
Lady M. (*aside.*) Whate'er the truth—of that—of that hereafter,
Now but remember, child, thy birth, thy name;—
Thy mother's heart, it beats beside thee—take
Strength from its pulses.
Lord B. Keep close, and for thy sake
I will not cry—''Twas passion, yet still, murder!'
Sir Godf. (*who has been conversing aside with* Sir Grey.)
Then jealous love the motive? Likelier that
Than Alton's wilder story.

Enter Eveline *and* Marsden.

Sweet young madam,
If I be blunt, forgive me; we are met
On solemn matters which relate to one
Who, it is said, was your betrothed:
Evel. To Vyvyan!
Sir Godf. 'Tis also said, Lord Beaufort crossed his suit,
And your betrothed resented.
Evel. No! forgave.
Sir Grey. Yes, when you feared some challenge from Lord Beaufort,
Did Vyvyan not cast down his sword and say,
'Both will be safe, for one will be unarmed?'
(*Great sensation through the hall.* Falkner *and* Sir Godfrey *both.*) Unarmed!
Evel. His very words!
Falk. Oh, vile assassin!
Sir Godf. Accuser, peace! This is most grave. Lord Beaufort,
Upon such tokens, with your own strange bearing,
As ask appeal to more august tribunal,
You stand accused of purposed felon murder
On one named Vyvyan, Captain of the *Dreadnought*—
Wouldst thou say aught against this solemn charge?
Evel. Murdered!—he—Vyvyan! Thou his murderer, Clarence,
In whose rash heat my hero loved frank valour?
Lo! I, to whom his life is as the sun

Is to the world—with my calm trust in Heaven
Mantle thee thus.
Lady M. (*aside.*) Be firm—deny, and live.
Lord B. (*with a vacillating attempt at his former haughtiness.*)
You call my bearing "strange"—what marvel, sir?
Stunned by such charges, of a crime so dread.
What proof against me?
Lady M. (*whilst* Lady M. *speaks,* Sir Grey *steals behind the curtain.*) Words deposed by whom?
A man unknown;—a girl's vague fear of quarrel—
His motive what? A jealous anger! Phantoms!
Is not my son mine all?—And yet this maid
I plighted to another. Had I done so
If loved by him, and at the risk of life?
Again, I ask all present what the motive?
Alton. (*advancing from the recess with* Sir Grey.)
Rank, fortune, birthright. Miserable woman!
Lady M. Whence com'st thou, pale accuser?
Alton. From the dead!
Which of ye two will take the post I leave?
Which of ye two will draw aside that veil,
Look on the bones behind, and cry, "I'm guiltless?"
Hast thou conspired with him to slay thy first-born,
Or knows he not that Vyvyan was his brother?
[Lady Montreville *swoons. Till now* Eveline *has held to* Beaufort—*now she rushes to* Lady Montreville.
Lord B. My brother! No! no! no! (*clutching hold of* Sir Grey.)
Kinsman, he lies!
Sir Grey. Alas!
Lord B. Wake, mother, wake. I ask not speech.
Lift but thy brow—one flash of thy proud eye
Would strike these liars dumb!
Alton. Read but those looks
To learn that thou art——
Lord B. Cain! (*grasping* Falkner.) Out with thy sword—
Hew off this hand. Thou calledst me "Assassin!"
Too mild—say "Fratricide!" Cain, Cain, thy brother!
[*Falls.*
Evel. It cannot be so! No. Thou wondrous Mercy,
That, from the pirate's knife, the funeral seas
And all their shapes of death, didst save the lone one,
To prove to earth how vainly man despairs
While God is in the heavens—I cling to thee,
As Faith unto its anchor! (*To* Sir Grey.) Back, false kinsman!
I tell thee Vyvyan lives—the boy is guiltless!
Falk. Poor, noble maid! How my heart bleeds for her!
Lady M. (*starting up.*) Sentence us both! or, stay,—would law condemn
A child so young, if I had urged him to it?
Sir Godf. Unnatural mother, hush! Sir Grey, to you,
Perchance ere long, by lives too justly forfeit,
Raised to this earldom, I entrust these—prisoners.
[*Motions to the halberdiers, who advance to arrest* Beaufort *and* Lady Montreville.
Mars. O, day of woe!
Sir Grey. Woe—yes! Make way for us.
[*Trumpet.*

Enter Servant.

Servant. My lord of Essex just hath passed the gates;
But an armed knight who rode beside the Earl,
After brief question to the crowd without,
Sprang from his steed, and forces here his way!

Enter Knight *in half armour—wrapped in his horseman's cloak, his vizor three parts down.*
Knight. Forgiveness of all present!
Sir Godf. Who art thou?
Knight. A soldier, knighted by the hand of Essex
Upon the breach of Cadiz.
Sir Godf. What thy business?
Knight. To speak the truth. Who is the man accused
Of Vyvyan's murder?
Sir Grey. You behold him yonder.
Knight. 'Tis false.
Sir Grey. His own lips have confessed his crime.
Knight. (*throwing down his gauntlet.*)
This to the man whose crushing lie bows down
Upon the mother's bosom that young head!
Say you "confess'd!" O tender, tender conscience!
Vyvyan, rough sailor, galled him and provoked;
He raised his hand. To the sharp verge of the cliff
Vyvyan recoiled, backed by an outstretched bough.
The bough gave way—he fell, but not to perish;
Saved by a bush-grown ledge that broke his fall;
Long stunned he lay; when opening dizzy eyes,
On a grey crag between him and the abyss
He saw the face of an old pirate foe;
Saw the steel lifted, saw it flash and vanish,
As a dark mass rushed thro' the moonlit air
Dumb into deeps below—the indignant soil
Had slid like glass beneath the murderer's feet,
And his own death-spring whirled him to his doom.
Then Vyvyan rose, and, crawling down the rock,
Stood by the foe, who, stung to late remorse
By hastening death, gasped forth a dread confession.
The bones ye find are those of Murder's agent—
Murder's arch-schemer—Who?—Ho! Grey de Malpas,
Stand forth! Thou art the man!
Sir Grey. Hemm'd round with toils,
Soul, crouch no more! Base hireling, doff thy mask,
And my sword writes the lie upon thy front.
By Beaufort's hand died Vyvyan—
Knight. As the spell
Shatters the sorcerer when his fiends desert him,
Let thine own words bring doom upon thyself!
Now face the front on which to write the lie.
[*Casts off his helmet.*
[Sir Grey *drops his sword and staggers back into the arms of the retainers.*
Evel. Thou liv'st, thou liv'st—
Vyv. (*kneeling to her.*) Is life worth something still?
Sir Grey. Air, air—my staff—some chord seems broken here. [*Pressing his heart.*
Marsden, your lord shot his poor cousin's dog;
In the dog's grave—mark!—bury the poor cousin.
[*Sinks exhausted, and is borne out.*
Vyv. Mine all on earth, if I may call thee mine.
Evel. Thine, thine, thro' life, thro' death—one heart, one grave!
I knew thou wouldst return, for I have lived
In thee so utterly, thou couldst not die
And I live still.—The dial needs the sun;
But love reflects the image of the loved,
Tho' every beam be absent!—Thine, all thine!
Lady M. My place is forfeit on thy breast, not his.
[*Pointing to* Beaufort.
Clarence, embrace thy brother, and my first-born.
His rights are clear—my love for thee suppressed them—
He may forgive me yet—wilt *thou?*
Beau. Forgive thee!
Oh mother, what is rank to him who hath stood
Banished from out the social pale of men,
Bowed like a slave, and trembling as a felon?
Heaven gives me back mine ermine, innocence;
And my lost dignity of manhood, honour.
I miss nought else.—Room there for me, my brother!
Vyv. Mother, come first!—love is as large as heaven!
Falk. But why so long——
Vyv. What! could I face thee, friend,
Or claim my bride, till I had won back honour?
The fleet had sailed—the foeman was defeated—
And on the earth I laid me down to die.
The prince of England's youth, frank-hearted Essex,
Passed by—— But later I will tell you how
Pity woke question; soldier felt for soldier.
Essex then, nobly envying Drake's renown,
Conceived a scheme, kept secret till our clarions,
Startling the towers of Spain, told earth and time
How England answers the invader. Clarence,
Look—I have won the golden spurs of knighthood!

For worldly gifts, we'll share them—hush, my brother;
Love me, and thy gift is as large as mine.
Fortune stints gold to some; impartial Nature
Shames her in proffering more than gold to all—
Joy in the sunshine, beauty on the earth,
And love reflected in the glass of conscience:
Are these so mean? Place grief and guilt beside them,
Decked in a sultan's splendour, and compare!
The world's most royal heritage is his
Who most enjoys, most loves, and most forgives.

Editor's Easy Chair.

IN the very height of the Presidential campaign one bright autumn morning was hailed, in the pleasant town of Ithaca, in New York, with ringing bells and thundering cannon, but for no political celebration whatever. Had the little town, dreaming upon the shore of the lake so long, suddenly resolved that it would justify the classic name with which Surveyor-General De Witt blessed its beginning, and as old Ithaca produced a wise man so the new should produce wise men? The Surveyor who so liberally diffused so Greek and Roman a system of names through the hapless wilderness of Central New York half a century ago, would have smiled with delight to see the town decorated through all its broad and cheerful streets with the yellow and red of autumn, and ringing its bells of joy because a university was to open its gates that day. But old Paris, Salamanca and Bologna, Salerno and Padua, Göttingen and Oxford and Cambridge would surely have failed to recognize a sister could they have looked into Ithaca. Indeed they would have felt plucked by the beard, and yet they would have seen only their fair, legitimate descendant.

The hotels and the streets and the private houses were evidently full of strangers. Around the solid brick building, over the entrance of which was written "The Cornell Library," there was a moving crowd, and a throng of young men poured in and out at the door, and loitered, vaguely expectant, upon the steps. By ten o'clock in the morning there were two or three hundred young men answering to a roll-call at a side door, and the hall above was filled with the citizens. Presently the young men pressed in, and a procession entered the hall and ascended the platform. Prayer and music followed, and then a tall man, spare, yet of a rugged frame and slightly stooping, his whole aspect marking an indomitable will, stood up and read a brief, simple, clear, and noble address. It said modestly that this was but the beginning of an institution of learning for those upon whom fortune had omitted to smile; an institution in which any person could acquire any instruction in any branch of knowledge, and in which every branch should be equally honorable. Every word hit the mark, and the long and sincere applause that followed the close of the little speech showed how fully every word had been weighed and how truly interpreted. But the face and voice of the speaker were unchanged throughout. Those who best knew what he had done and what he was doing, knew with what sublime but wholly silent enthusiasm he had devoted his life and all his powers to the work. But the stranger saw only a sad, reserved earnestness, and gazed with interest at a man whose story will long be told with gratitude and admiration.

After a graceful and felicitous speech from the Lieutenant-Governor of the State, an ex-officio trustee, the President of the new university arose to deliver his inaugural address. Of a most winning presence, modest, candid, refined, he proceeded to sketch the whole design and hope of the University with an intelligence and fervor that were captivating. It was the discourse of a practical thinker, of a man remarkably gifted for his responsible and difficult duty, who plainly saw the demand of the country and of the time in education, and who with sincere reverence for the fathers was still wise enough to know that wisdom did not die with them. But when he came to speak to the man who had begun the work and who had just spoken, when he paused to deny the false charges that had been busily and widely made, the pause was long, the heart could not stay for the measured delay of words, and the eloquent emotion consumed the slander as a white heat touches a withered leaf. It was a noble culmination to a noble discourse; and again those who were most familiar with the men and the facts, knew best how peculiarly fitted to each other and to their common work the two men were.

Ithaca had devoted this day to the opening festival of her University, and after dinner, through a warm and boisterous southerly gale, the whole town seemed to pour out and climb the bold high hill that overhangs it. The autumn haze was so thick that nothing distant could be seen. Only the edge of the lake was visible, and the houses and brilliant trees in the streets. Upon the hill there is one large building, and another rapidly rising. At a little distance from the finished building was a temporary tower, against which a platform was built. In front of the platform was gathered a great multitude, and in the tower hung a chime of bells. The wild wind blew, but the presiding officer made a pleasant speech of welcome, and then the chime of bells was presented to the University in an address of great beauty and fitness. After a few words of reception from the Lieutenant-Governor, the chimes rang out Old Hundred far over the silent lake and among the autumn hills. For the first time that strange and exquisite music was heard by the little town, "Ring out wild bells to the wild sky," and the heavy gale caught the sound and whirled it away. "Ring in the valiant man and free," and the wind was whist, and the heart of the multitude unconsciously responded Amen. Then Professor Agassiz — Louis, the well-beloved—fresh from the Rocky Mountains, magnetized the crowd with his presence and his wise and hearty words; and with two or three more addresses, and another peal of the chimes, the Cornell University was formally dedicated. The sun was sinking, a fire-ball in the haze, as the people dispersed. The hour and the occasion were alike solemn; and with meditative feet, his fancy peering into the future, the latest loiterer descended.

Mr. Cornell gives five hundred thousand dollars, a farm, libraries, and museums; he takes the nine hundred and ninety thousand acres of land granted by Congress to the State of New York at a fixed price; he devotes all his sagacity, experience, business skill, and enthusiasm to making the largest profit upon his purchase—and all for the University. Already its books and apparatus and models are worthy of the best schools, and the last experiment in science of London or Paris may be verified at Ithaca. Its chief is a man of ten thousand, and his body of professors are young men the most approved in their departments, with their names to make,

and with the intention, the opportunity, and the ability to make them. The seat of the University is secluded and beautiful. At the head of Cayuga Lake, Ithaca is but thirty miles from Owego, and is reached from the Erie Railroad at that point by connecting trains, or by steamer across the lake from the Central Railroad at Cayuga Bridge. It lies in an interval between the lake and the circling hills, and is but six or eight miles north of the water-shed. From a little spring at the side of the railroad the water runs north into the sea by the St. Lawrence, and south by the Susquehanna. As you go toward Ithaca you reach the top of the hill-range, and far below lies the happy town. Is that also a spring among the hills long hidden, and now about to flow with the living water of knowledge both toward the north and the south?

Even the quietest observer must be interested in the spectacle which the country has offered for the last few weeks. It has been thoroughly aroused and excited by the Presidential canvass, and the circumstances were such that even more than excitement was apprehended. But there have been many more "rousing campaigns" than this, and its interest for an Easy Chair is the illustration it affords of the national character and the vindication of our general system.

Here, for instance, is a question of indescribable importance submitted to a vote of millions of people. The arguments upon both sides for many weeks are the most forcible and kindling that can be presented. The country fairly rocks with the blast and counter-blast. Liberty itself is declared by all sides to hang upon the issue. The hour of peaceful decision arrives. It is made and accepted without convulsion. The victory is inconceivably greater than that of a party, for it is a triumph of the instinct of order, which is the indispensable element of civilization. There is nothing so assuring to faith in a steady progress and development of human society as the spectacle of millions of people submitting to a test which they have imposed upon themselves. Hundreds of thousands of votes are cast, and the decision of a majority of a few thousands or of a few hundreds is respected so sincerely that there is no more apprehension of trouble than if the result had been ten to one.

This is the rule, and the great exception of eight years ago merely served to show that great as political progress had been something was yet wanting. But the result of that exception will make the operation of the rule still more universal. Indeed all the conditions of our national life are adverse to disorder. There is plenty of elbow-room upon the continent; the climate is temperate, the temperament of the people is that of what is called the Anglo-Saxon; there is a very general education and intelligence; there is the long habit of order, and there is a constantly increasing perception of the truth of the old sailor's observation that God has somehow so fixed the world that a man can afford to do about right.

All this may be allowed without extravagant expectations of the Millennium at the end of next week. Ambition and passion here are what they are every where. An American citizen or an American party will, as we have seen, upon occasion weigh the chances of the last resort. We are not speaking of the perfect fruit; we are merely remarking the growth of the tree. Indeed some of the most curious blunders have arisen from confounding the blossom with the fruit. Thus, on the 22d of February, 1861, as Senator Seward was walking along Pennsylvania Avenue toward the Capitol, he saw the flag flying from a hundred houses, and that sight, with the long habit of a life associating profound peace with the national standard, acting upon the hopeful temperament of a doctrinaire, caused him to say to his companion, "Look there! How extraordinary that any body should believe there is any serious hostility to the Union, when even here the flag is unrolled in the old, hearty, patriotic manner. There may be discontent, but there is no disaffection." In the speech which he delivered in the Senate a few weeks later the same inability to believe that there can be any thing so un-American as forcible resistance to the Union reappears. It was the incredulity of an optimist. Yet how general this feeling was! How hard it was to believe that the tradition of order was to be rudely broken! How black the cloud that settled upon the future when it was broken!

Now that the disorder has passed it is not likely to be immediately renewed. Events show that whatever may be the dreams of some, the heart of the whole is fixed upon order and the peaceful solution of all difficulties. Indeed, the ideal of a popular government is that every body shall freely urge his view and vote without fear. Then the decision really represents not only the will of the people, but the power to enforce it. Every body who honestly believes in such a government, therefore, favors in every way both the free argument and the unbiased vote. Whoever opposes or confuses either is the deadly foe of free government and betrays his neighbors.

These are truths which an Easy Chair can fairly assert, because they belong to patriotism, and not to party. And there is one other which concerns party, yet which may be fairly urged here. It is that parties represent tendencies and principles, and not policies merely; the policies spring from the principles. Party leaders may often see that their party is doomed to defeat, and yet be powerless to help it. The watcher on the mountain-top sees that the sun is risen, but the multitude in the valley do not see it nor believe it. The watcher is powerless, and the multitude follow their own faith. The attempt suddenly and radically to change the policy of a great party is impracticable. A popular leader may do it in an assembly, but no leader nor body of leaders can do it in a country. A few gentlemen in a parlor may see that it is the condition of success; but that condition is itself conditioned upon what they can not effect. In England Mr. Disraeli imposes upon the Tory party in Parliament a Liberal measure, but the Tory party is not a Liberal party; and when the surprise and confusion are passed the party will resume its ancient course.

In choosing a party, therefore, men must look at tendencies and necessities much more than at men or the special measure of to-day. When Mr. Clay was the Whig candidate for President, and Mr. Polk the Democratic candidate, the tariff was an important element in the struggle, and Pennsylvania, as usual, a most important State! But it was supposed that Pennsylvania must of

necessity be a tariff State, and counting upon a certain slowness of apprehension among the Dutch citizens of the remoter districts, the opponents of Mr. Clay raised the cry of "Polk, Dallas, and the tariff of 1842," which was a Whig measure. The State voted against Mr. Clay, but whether the Dutchmen obtained a continuation of the tariff of '42 they discovered before many months. But if a perplexed voter who wished to vote for a protective policy and for Mr. Polk had asked himself, "Do the principles and measures and tendency of Mr. Polk's party lead to a good rousing tariff or to free trade?" and had then satisfied himself by investigation, he would have seen that he must choose between Mr. Polk and the tariff, and that it was impossible both to eat his cake and have it.

A great party can not change front in the face of the enemy, although theoretically it is the only method of success. The attempt can only disorganize the line and ruin it. Let no man, therefore, expect that the party of his choice will outwit the other. If its tendencies and principles seem to him noble, and wise, and humane, let him act with it, and try to make all its measures conform. Blind obedience is never necessary. If a party nominates improper candidates, don't vote for them. For when that is the habit of a party, its tendency is to corruption and decay, whatever its argument may originally have been. Of course, pushed to the wall, we must all choose between evils. But practically that is seldom the case. We may be pushed upon a certain candidate — in which case, brethren, scratch him! But when the character of the candidates is no security for the principles they profess, how can those principles gain by the candidates coming into power?

A FRIEND was lately kind enough to urge the Easy Chair to protest against the increasing extravagance of life and manners in this pretty Babylon. "You remember the days of your youth," quoth the kind friend, "when you were a neat little stool, and the straight high-backed chairs of our ancestors, which, if they were not the identical chairs that came over in the *Mayflower*, were their legitimate descendants, had not yet disappeared. But I assure you they are now wholly gone. The last one was destroyed—and it was the chief curiosity—in the burning of Barnum's Museum. Possibly in some remote and secluded vale among the country hills an arm or a leg of some of the old chairs survives, but the race has wholly perished. There is nothing left but luxurious lounges and grotesque seats of inconceivable costliness. We are all gone off in a whirlpool and a whirlwind of stupid and reckless and perilous extravagance."

The tone was lamentable. The Easy Chair, however, perceived that under this remarkable metaphor of old-fashioned straight-backed chairs and modern soft seats, the kind friend alluded to the enormous extravagance which is now the grave consideration "to those about to marry." And while the words were still warm from the warm heart of the speaker the Easy Chair proceeded upon its daily meditative stroll up Broadway to behold Babylon with eyes anointed by that urgent entreaty. And indeed it was immediately evident that those straight-backed chairs were indeed gone. The first female figure could certainly not be described by the epithet straight-backed. No venerable piece of furniture, indeed, like this can undertake to say what the figure was or was not, what it had on or had not on. There was a mass of festooned furbelows, and broad knots, and flyers, and fringes, and bulges, and bands; a general impression of a frame tortured by corsets and hanging helplessly forward, with hands and arms superfluous, and pawing or patting the air—of a vast and awkwardly concealed load behind, and of feet cruelly set in shoes of heels so high that there could be no secure stepping. This was the cruel and confusing spectacle. Chinese women are lovely by contrast, and graceful and winning. Patter, patter, patter, went these figures along the pavement, and "the superior sex" turned and smiled as the more extraordinary specimens passed, and perhaps respected the "gentler sex" more highly—and perhaps not.

To the loitering pedestrian taking his pleasure in Babylon it is all a pretty spectacle. And he says to any sober friend who would fain moralize a little: "Fudge! don't generalize from the fools. These women are not so bad as they seem, and all women are not like these. Let us look at the entertainment provided, my dear Easy Chair, and enjoy ourselves and rest and be thankful."

If the Easy Chair ventures to suggest that certain traces show the existence of gold and certain symptoms reveal disease, and that a wise parent may be alarmed by the lustre of his daughter's eye or the deep hue of her cheek, the pedestrian who is enjoying the entertainment changes his seat or his companion that he may be in a pleasanter neighborhood. But is it not still true, and worth thinking about? When we were all bidden the other day to that prodigious feast, and sat down to the wilderness of the rarest flowers and the most dazzling golden service; when even the stoutest and most experienced of us in such matters was fairly confounded by the splendid extravagance, it was not indeed a rule, but was it not a symptom? Little Eins drives only a single bay in his wagon, while Zwanzig urges a four-in-hand. But a quart is practically as much too much for a pint pot as a gallon. It is more ruinous for little Eins to drive his bay than for Zwanzig to urge forty instead of four-in-hand.

Besides, all this gold and glass and porcelain was wholly undigested; not that the Easy Chair is so venerable that it seriously expects to eat the plates and dishes, but that it likes to see some kind of due relation and proportion between men and things. We all flock to Zwanzig's superb feasts, for instance, but we might as well flock into the coin vault of a bank. Zwanzig has, indeed, changed or digested a certain amount of coin into table service and house furniture such as Marie Antoinette might have sighed for, and over which her *garde* might well have sung, "O, Richard! O, mon roi!" But the process has stopped there. Is it any pleasure to drink Lagrima Christi out of old Murano glass with a man who talks bad grammar or utters bad sentiments, or is merely passively vulgar? Is there no "keeping" in human life? Fine things imply fine people. If the host is essentially vulgar and the guests are of the same kind, the magnificent service merely emphasizes the fact. When

we go into a cellar in Fulton Street or elsewhere and partake of lager, cheese, and bread with Zwanzig, it is not exactly pleasant, for he is not a pleasant personage; but it is not out of keeping. But when we meet him over engraved glass and golden spoon, it is, at least, bewildering.

Protest a little, quoth the kind friend. Well, there has been a pretty steady protest for many a year and in many a country, and it shall be continued. But there is no tyranny so inexorable, no slavery so abject as that of this kind of extravagance. What seems easier than to spend only two thousand dollars a year if you have but two thousand a year? But what is actually harder? Little Eins says that he is as good as any body; that he has Zero blood in his veins; that his associates are of a certain kind; that he can not be at home with certain other people; that he must live in a certain quarter and in a certain way. There is no end to the certainties which little Eins enumerates. Let us grant it all, and then what? If you can not live "in a certain way" without ending in disgrace and the State prison, wouldn't it suit the Zero blood better to live in a certain other way? Wouldn't Mrs. Eins's friends come to see her if she and her husband lived within their means? And if not, dear Eins, couldn't you spare their visits?

Don't misunderstand. It is *not* pleasant to be poor; but, if you *are* poor, the best thing is to make the best of it. There are fifty clerks in the city of Babylon who will read these lines and who are living beyond their incomes, eking them out by money not their own, which they mean fully to replace, of whose use nobody is ever to know, and which they would die rather than steal. That is the way it seems to you, for instance, Mr. Jones, who are already beyond your depth. You are as infatuated as the drunkard who is going to leave off drinking day after to-morrow. There is one way for him and one for you—stop now. If Zwanzig won't recognize you when you live in a second-rate boarding-house, what will he do when you live at Sing Sing?

But Jones's situation, and his fearful skimming along that thin ice which is sure to break presently, merely shows, brethren, what we said in the opening of our discourse; it shows that this extravagance is a symptom. If it ended with Zwanzig—if only those who could afford to pay the bill indulged in this delirious orgy—it would not be so bad. But their motion makes a vortex, and it sucks in all the lighter craft and the waifs of every kind. Poor Eins! Poor Jones! They can not help themselves; can we do any thing to help them? There is a very pat proverb which you may quote, that the gods only help those who help themselves. But we are not the gods, we are only pedestrians and Easy Chairs. And if we only showed such Einses and Joneses as we know that, although we do happen to have lots of money, we don't make it the test of our society; and, although we are not only rich as Crœsus, but have nothing but the bluest blood coursing through our veins, yet that we like ladies and gentlemen in second-rate boarding-houses more than we like Zwanzig and Company with all their gold services and magnificent upholstery, then we should protest to some purpose.

The dollar is almighty upon one condition only—that we permit it to be so. Jones! square up those accounts at once. Eins! sell that ridiculous bay. Don't put Zwanzig's ring through your nose, and he will treat you like a man, not like a toady. It was a pleasant old book that we used to read, "Philosophy in Common Things;" and why should we not study a little the value of heroism in little things? How many men, for instance, are brave enough to be truthful in all the details of life? Mrs. Opie tilted at White Lies. How many did the charming lady tell herself? Indeed where is that vanishing line where truth ends and white lying begins? Did those straight-backed *Mayflower* chairs themselves swerve a little? If they did, let us be all the more careful that we do not.

The interest in polar adventure is inexhaustible. We read the accounts in the papers to-day as we used to read the stories of Parry long ago. It is indeed a fascination of terror, for it is impossible not to shudder as the simple narrative proceeds. Dr. Kane described the Arctic silence as sometimes almost dreadful. And one day after dinner when he was fresh from his travels and was telling his adventures to a party of friends, Thackeray, who was of the company and sat quietly smoking, said to the host when Kane had finished, "Do you think he would let me kiss his boots?" The genuine heroism of the traveler impressed Thackeray's imagination, and when Kane said that one day, in the coldest and sharpest season, he saw a sailor intent upon a book, and going up and looking over his shoulder saw that it was "Pendennis"—when he said this, Thackeray's bluff face was suffused with the softest emotion, and he did not try to speak but quietly smoked and looked at Kane like a lover.

Captain Hall is likely to have "good fame" among the arctic explorers. His book, published a few years since, is one of the most graphic and interesting of its kind, and a kind of invincible simplicity of character seems to promise for his efforts the best results. The theory of his exploration is undoubtedly the true one; but it is only to be put into practice by an arctic fanatic. Captain Hall thinks that if any thing is to be ascertained of previous explorers, and of the best methods of exploration, there must be some kind of intelligent relation established with the natives. They know something of their own country, and they have traditions and reports when they do not know; and familiarity with them will teach the explorer what he could not otherwise learn. This is the plan which Captain Hall has pursued. He has domesticated himself among the polar bears and seals and the other natives, and is quietly waiting to go to the open Polar Sea in the swiftest and most comfortable manner.

The last news from him is in August, 1867. He was then at Repulse Bay, and had obtained several relics of the survivors of Franklin's party, which the gentleman who brings the news had himself seen. Captain Hall had heard of Captain Crozier, one of Franklin's officers, and indeed the relics which he has were Crozier's; but the poor Captain has disappeared, and Hall says that "the opinion most entertained is that the natives killed him." Hall hears of a cairn, or rude vault of stones, built by the last six survivors

of the Franklin Expedition, in which they had deposited documents and relics. This cairn is described as about four hundred and fifty miles northward from Repulse Bay, in the country of a certain King William, with whom the people of Repulse Bay are not upon friendly terms. Last February or March Captain Hall intended to start to find this cairn. His party was to consist of five Caucasians besides himself, and a force of King Alfred's men of Repulse Bay. King William's army is two hundred strong, and can all be assembled in a month's time. If this formidable host should attempt to oppose Captain Hall, he will raise the battle-cry of "Alfred, the documents, and victory!"

It is pleasant to know that Joe and Hannah will accompany the Captain. They are the Esquimaux who were in this country with him, and were educated here. They are now his interpreters, and being faithfully attached to him, their service is inestimable. The expedition was to proceed by dogs and sleds; and if it were successful, and the forces of King William remained merely an army of observation, Captain Hall hoped and meant to push on to the open sea, and return, perhaps, by Behring Strait. If, however, he were delayed, he expected to return in September of this year, and winter again at Repulse Bay. Where is he now? Has he met and routed King William? Is he sailing upon the open Polar Sea? Has he joined Franklin and Crozier? Let us hope the best for the brave explorer, and look speedily to welcome him heartily home!

Editor's Book Table.

THE book-receiver is like the ancient gate-keeper of the city, against whom, for his want of faith, the prophet denounced the penalty that he should with his eyes behold the plenty of the land but not partake of it. Our table groans beneath the superincumbent weight of the autumn fruits. And yet, though when this page meets the reader's eye the season will be far advanced, now, as we are penning it, only the early fruits of the summer's ripening have fallen, and the boughs hang full above our heads with others, that in a few weeks will drop from the publishers' shelves into our emptied autumn baskets. Of these fruits of the mind, like those of the orchard, there are various sorts. Some books there are which, however valuable in their day, are as evanescent as the daily paper. They are good only when fresh. Others are winter fruit and live a season. A few will bear preserving, and go to stock the libraries of the future, outliving the generation which called them forth. We rarely have occasion to notice in these pages other than the latter two classes. Some books are like autumn leaves—brilliant indeed, but sure to perish speedily—and we are too busy with the living to pronounce even a panegyric over dead books.

NOVELS.

ONE can not altogether divest himself of a certain feeling of gallantry in approaching, even with a critic's pen, such a book as Miss DICKINSON's *What Answer?** The authoress is an old acquaintance. She has been deservedly admired, not less for her courage and patriotism than her pleasing voice and her often powerful sentences. A certain romantic interest has surrounded her, like that with which we delight to invest the heroines of history, Joan of Arc, or Florence Nightingale. By assuming a public position she subjects herself, it is true, to public criticism. But one would, notwithstanding, treat a lady with courtesy, no less on the platform than in the parlor. This feeling is intensified by the conviction that in "What Answer?" Miss Dickinson has exhibited the same moral qualities which have given her her prestige as a lecturer. It is, we are told, a *brave* book. But so was Don Quixote's attack upon the wind-mill a brave act. The avowed object of her novel is to break down the prejudice between the white and black. Its plot turns upon love between an Anglo-Saxon hero and a quadroon heroine. But the story is only a shepherd's sling to cast a stone at the giant whom she thinks to be defying the armies of Israel. One honors the bravery of the young David, and we all the more regret that her shot is so ineffective; but it is quite clear she has never practiced with this weapon, and that she shares the very common but very egregious error of supposing that any one who can tell a story to an audience in a speech can construct a novel that shall secure a place in literature. It will take a much more skillful aim to bring this Goliath down—if, indeed, he be a Goliath at all. For, warmly as we sympathize with this honest endeavor to break down the inveterate prejudice which has been so sedulously fomented against the negro, we are heretical enough to doubt the conclusion to which she would conduct us—the intermarriage of white and black. We are quite sure, at all events, that it is not such advocacy of which the negro is now most in need. Liberty in fact as well as in name, the rights and prerogatives of citizenship, open avenues to all avocations, fair remuneration for work done, an open field and no favors—this the African has a right to claim; less than this a republic founded on the equality of all men before the law can not consistently or justly award. This awarded, the marriage question may be left to solve itself. If legal barriers be broken down man will not be able to keep apart hearts that God marries. If, on the other hand, that almost universal sentiment of aversion which tends to restrain the intermarriage of different races be a law of nature, no romance will be able to weaken its power.

"ONLY a love story" is thought to be the most contemptuous condemnation of a novel. Pray why? What experience is more sublime than that of love? He who can write the story of a heart has done far more than he who writes the story of a life. A true novel is truer than a his-

* What Answer? By ANNA E. DICKINSON. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

tory. And he who has taught the heart how truly, wisely, and well to love has taught it the best of all lessons. *Mildred** and *The Woman's Kingdom*† are both love stories, though of a very different sort. The former is a sensational novel. No one can doubt its power. It is a book of great fascination. But we can not think it healthful. The strong passion which it portrays is not the best and highest form of love. It may be a real experience; we are sure it is not a healthful one. A well-born gambler, over whom is thrown a glamour of romance, a high-spirited, noble-hearted, but headstrong young lady, and a weak old father, constitute the main figures in this drama of life. Our sympathies are all with the maiden; but, after all, our judgment is with the father. However it may be in romance, in real life professional gamblers are not desirable matches for maidens, even though they possess some noble characteristics; and it is never safe to marry a doubtful character in the hope of reforming him.

Woman's Kingdom is a very different sort of book. Two twin sisters—Letty and Edna Kenderdine — schoolmistresses, and of course not rich, meet "by chance, the usual way," two brothers — William and Julius Stedman — at a watering-place, whither sickness has brought both parties, out of the season. William, the doctor, is drawn to Edna by her noble heart, and yields himself willingly to a love which, strong though it be, is always self-restrained. Julius, warm-hearted but fitful of purpose, captivated by the fair face of Letty, who has all the beauty of the family, is carried captive away by an uncontrollable passion. Edna returns the doctor's love, marries him, and shares with him the quiet of his poor and unpretending home. Letty, flattered, vain, her heart spoiled by many flirtations and deepened by no true love, replies coquettishly to Julius's suit. She will have him only when he has acquired a competence to give to her. He abandons his profession—Art—enters mercantile life, and finally accepts a mission to India, not really for the purpose of acquiring a fortune, save as it enables him to acquire her. And this first act of the drama closes with Letty starting out on an East India merchantman to join her intended.

Fifteen years pass away. Letty's strong ambition has conquered her weak love. She has accepted a wealthier lover on her journey out, and has returned to England with her husband and her only child, a daughter about twelve years old; followed, though she does not know it, by the wreck of her former lover, ruined by her falsity to him. He haunts her like a ghost; pursues her wherever she goes as her own shadow; contrives furtive interviews with her daughter, Gertrude; tells the daughter the story of his wrong without disclosing his name; awakens her indignation against the unknown woman who has ruined him; gradually arouses the suspicions of the mother as to his true character; taken sick, is discovered by his brother William through the interposition of Gertrude, despite the efforts of the mother; and finally is taken to his brother's home, where the book leaves him, recovering in body, but never to recover the real health of a strong soul again; while Mrs. Vanderdecken "still lives at Holywell Hall in great honor and undiminished wealth, flourishing like a green bay-tree, except that—poor woman!—she can not fairly be likened to the wicked. She is not wicked, only weak."

The story is very simple. There is no intricate plot to be unraveled. There is but one hair-breadth escape. There are no passages in which you turn the pages in haste to see what new catastrophe will follow next. It is a quiet story of heart life, but a story of great power. With marvelous art-touches Miss Mulock (by which name the literary world still best knows her) has preserved the characteristics yet noted the changes in her characters. You see the hair grow gray. Letty Kenderdine and Mrs. Vanderdecken, Julius the young impetuous lover, Julius the old broken-down soldier—the same, yet how different! Beneath these disguises of the outer you read the life of the inner. You see for yourself their identity. The moral of the story is as simple as its plot, but, like that of real life, inwrought into the fibre of the story, it is not easy to be separated therefrom. The book is one worthy to be put into every young woman's hands; sure to enkindle in all true hearts a noble womanly ambition. It is a better sermon than any mere didactic one could be; its moral, more powerful because it imbues the story, is not appended to it. Woman's kingdom is love. Her noblest ambition is a queenly supremacy in the heart. She who abdicates this true throne to grasp at any other sceptre dethrones herself. It is better to love and suffer than not to love and be happy—if an unloving heart can ever be called happy. For love is the highest life. This is the meaning of this last and perhaps best story from the pen of one who combines a careful study of life with a rare genius in depicting its real experiences, and who renders charming even a very simple story of actual life by the glow of a warm and loving heart with which she transfuses it.

THE remaining stories that lie on our table must make room for new books with no other word than a mere mention. SOL SMITH's Reminiscences* do not occupy a very exalted place in literature. But he who provokes a hearty laugh does humanity real good; and no one can read these *disjecta membra* without a good many hearty laughs.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE† is, it is hardly too much to say, one of the best short story writers in America. His Exaggerations are told with such a charming naïveté, and his Impossibilities are so exceedingly natural, and he utters, in a word, the most absurd fictions with so grave a face, that it is no wonder he deceives the very elect. Since De Foe's famous Plague of London there has been no fiction which has secured such universal credence as his "Man without a Country."

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* Mildred. A Novel. By GEORGIANA M. CRAIK. New York: Harper and Brothers.

† The Woman's Kingdom. A Love Story. By the *Author of* JOHN HALIFAX, etc. New York: Harper and Brothers.

* Theatrical Management in the West and South for Thirty Years. Interspersed with anecdotical Sketches. Autobiographically given by SOL SMITH, retired Actor. New York: Harper and Brothers.

† Of, Yes, and Perhaps. Four Possibilities and Six Exaggerations, with some Bits of Fact. By EDWARD E. HALE. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

POETRY.

While Mr. Longfellow is enjoying himself among the mountains of Switzerland, or in the excitements of Paris life, his latest poem* is simultaneously published in London, Leipsic, Paris, and Boston—a curious illustration of the unity of the Republic of Letters and its superiority to all national lines. To our fancy Mr. Longfellow's Pegasus drives best out of harness. His power is that of reading the subtle likeness of things to common eyes unlike, and that of a heart which knows how to utter the subtlest and deepest experiences. But he has never developed remarkable genius in the analysis of character, or the portrayal of those great struggles which run the plow-share through the community roughly and turn up its roots. In selecting, therefore, New England life in the days of the Pilgrims he has chosen a theme not peculiarly adapted to his genius, though his genius renders attractive any theme. We doubt whether he understands either the furnace heats in which these men of steel were tempered, or the war that made it necessary that the blade should be so unyielding and so keen. The characteristic of the Puritan was conscience. His defects—and they were great—were those of a conscience untempered by love. The key-note to Mr. Longfellow's character as a poet is a refined taste, and a tender and sympathizing heart that revolts against the roughness and the cruelty of rough and cruel times. His imagination, too, is restive under the restraints of such a theme. It will not, indeed, be restrained; and puts into the mouths of John Endicott and old Simon Kempthorne and Edith the Quakeress similes which are all the more incongruous for their very beauty. It is as if he should put pearls upon the Quaker's bosom and a diamond ring upon the Puritan's finger. And yet we read the book with a consciousness that he has attired both much more plainly than his luxuriant imagination would choose to do. We can not think, on the whole, that he has really lifted the veil that hides the past, or let us into the secrets of Puritan life, or disclosed by a poet's sympathy its true experiences. This work he is not the one to do. But, if he has not done this, he has made his simple story a thread for the utterance of thoughts as healthful as they are beautiful; and as a testimony to the worth of mercy and of love, in contrast with mere conscience, we welcome this book to a high place in Christian literature.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

History is in these latter days made so fast that it is quite impossible to keep pace with it. The invasion of the Crimea† has been erased from the public mind by events of so much greater moment that it has already been almost forgotten. The noise of this far-off battle on the shores of the Black Sea is drowned by the cannon of Magenta and Solferino, and they in turn by the fiercer conflicts of our own civil war. The history of such a campaign can not, however, be truly written while it rages. The muddy waters must be allowed to settle before the truth can be discerned, reflected upon their face. Mr. Kinglake has undertaken to incorporate in a standard and permanent history the events of the Crimean War, heretofore to be obtained only from evanescent literature and in unreliable forms. Whoever desires to understand modern European politics must know something of this campaign; and prior to this book his search for knowledge would have been conducted, it must be confessed, under serious difficulties.

History trenches on biography, and it is never easy to draw the line between them. Abbott's *Life of Napoleon III.** is in reality a history of Europe for the last quarter century. For, whatever may be thought of the nephew of his uncle, there is no doubt that he is by far the most prominent if not the most influential man in European politics; and there is scarcely a single problem on the political chess-board during the present era that he has not aided either to solve or to complicate. Mr. Abbott is a Frenchman—not by blood, but by nature. He is a man of warm sympathies, of ardent impulses, capable of intense admiration and of intense loathing. For years he has made French history and French character his peculiar study. He has twice visited France during the last sixteen years, and personally examined the workings of the French Government. His previous Life of Napoleon I. gave him an admirable introduction to Napoleon III., and the reception which was awarded to him intensified his already intense admiration of the family. The result is a thoroughly Frenchman's history of the Emperor. The author joins heartily in the cry, *Vive l'Empereur!* Doubtless there are spots on the sun, but he is not concerned in observing them. On the whole he is assured that "the empire is peace;" that it is the Napoleons who have given France her stability and prosperity; that the overthrow of the Emperor would reinstate anarchy; and that, whatever minor defects of administration may exist, France possesses on the whole an admirable government, not exactly republican indeed, but one far better fitted to the character and condition of her people. To the advocacy of this view he brings all the results of twenty-five years' acquaintance with French history and literature, and four years of special investigation of the career of Napoleon III., fused and magnetized by one of the most eloquent pens which any American historian wields. No man can doubt the eloquence, the ability, the power, or the honesty of the advocate. He will materially modify, we fancy, the judgment of the impartial reader concerning the subject of his biography. But he will not secure the judgment for which he pleads.

Theodore Irving† and Arthur Helps‡ cover somewhat the same period of history.

* The New England Tragedies. By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

† The Invasion of the Crimea. Its Origin and an Account of its Progress Down to the Death of Lord Raglan. By Alexander William Kinglake. Vols. I. and II. New York: Harper and Brothers.

* The History of Napoleon III., Emperor of the French. Including a brief Narrative of all the most important Events which have occurred in Europe since the Fall of Napoleon I. to the present Time. By John S. C. Abbott. Boston: B. B. Russell.

† The Conquest of Florida by Hernando de Soto. By Theodore Irving. New York: George P. Putnam and Son.

‡ The Spanish Conquest in America, and its Relation to the History of Slavery and to the Government of Colonies. By Arthur Helps. New York: Harper and Brothers.

The latter, in the fourth volume, now before us, finishes what must be regarded as the standard history of an era of which hitherto little or nothing has been known. The contrast between the civilization of North and South America, between the Republic of the United States and that of Mexico, can only be understood by him who traces their history back to the days of their founders. The strong purpose to be impartial has led Mr. Helps to dignify some very bad men and some very infamous deeds with very honorable titles. But the temptation to excess in the other direction was very strong, and was very wisely resisted.

Many circumstances have conspired to invest the life of General Grant with peculiar interest: the romance of his career who from so humble a birth has risen to so exalted a station; the personal enthusiasm which a naturally military nation feels for its great military chieftain; the peculiar affection which an immense though now disbanded army feels for the leader who gave to it its victories; the patriotic regard which Americans possess for one whom they esteem in some measure the restorer of the Republic; and the general desire of every man to know something of the silent actor who is to be the Republic's Chief Executive for the next four years, and to whom so many look in hope for a policy that shall heal the wounds of war, already kept open too long; all these considerations conspire to whet the public appetite for lives of General Grant. From the score or so of biographies which have been issued in compliance with the universal demand we select two as likely to be measurably permanent, and as valuable because they represent two different phases of his life and character.

Badeau's Life* is, as its title indicates, a purely *military* history. In this aspect it is not only the best, it may be almost said to be the only one. The author, the aid-de-camp of General Grant, and his constant companion, having free access not only to all his official reports, but also to much of his private correspondence; knowing, by the necessity of his position, the nature of the General's plans and purposes more intimately than any other person; generally witnessing with his own eye the movements which he has described; and subsequently obtaining, through the War Department, free access to the Confederate reports; has not only enjoyed remarkable facilities for his work, but appears to have faithfully availed himself of them. His Life introduces General Grant a brigadier-general. It drops the curtain, or proposes so to do, at the surrender of General Lee at Appomattox Court House. It thus affords what is not a complete, but is by far the most authoritative, history of the rebellion in its military aspects. The book is finely issued, and the maps and plans are of immeasurably greater value for a real understanding of the military movements than the absurd melange of soldiers, cannon, and horses, in all manner of inconceivable melodramatic attitudes, which usually disfigure, under the poor pretense of illustrating, military biographies.

But the life of General Grant is more than the record of a military career. It is a magnificent illustration of the power and worth of the substantial but unshowy qualities of earnest purpose, decision, and independence of character, and patient and invincible perseverance. Impetuous Americans need such a lesson. Young men, anxious to leap into success without earning it, grumbling at a world that does not appreciate them, dazzled by the show of a false and quickly fading greatness, can not read the life of this quiet doer of great deeds without feeling the inspiration of a new and a nobler ambition. It is the most healthful of stories to read; the best possible antidote to the miserable spirit of romancing which sets the young to searching for some Aladdin's lamp that shall raise them a palace in a night, instead of stimulating them to dig with their own hands its foundations and rear with patient and persevering labor its walls. This aspect of General Grant's life has been seized and well presented by Mr. Richardson,* the war correspondent of the New York *Tribune;* much of the time with General Grant, more on the look-out for incidents and anecdotes, which are always read with avidity, than for great plans and policies, which, if known, could not be disclosed. Mr. Richardson, by the vividness of his descriptions, takes us with him into the campaign and permits us to share the hospitalities of his hero's tent. He does something toward lifting the veil that hides every public man from the real knowledge of the public, and if he gives us little new information concerning Grant's campaigns, gives us a good deal that is new concerning Grant himself. His book, written in the easy but not always elegant style of a newspaper correspondent, is always readable, though rarely eloquent. He rightly terms it a personal history, and well maintains his right to the title. Those who wish to know accurately what General Grant has done will do well to obtain Badeau's Military History. Those who desire to know what General Grant *is* will find an admirable portraiture in that of Mr. Richardson's.

THEOLOGICAL AND RELIGIOUS.

The year 1868 opens almost a new era in American history. In certain quarters an outcry against the increasing immigration to our shores has been popular. Men forget that our multiplied railroads are largely due to the Irish, and a considerable proportion of our cultivated Western farms to the German. Hitherto, however, it must be confessed that immigration has added chiefly to our material resources. Yet ever since the advent of Jenny Lind America has been permitted to welcome the ablest musical artists of the Old World, and it now begins to receive accretions to its literary circles. One of the most popular preachers of New York city is an Irish immigrant from Dublin—Dr. John Hall. The lecturer-elect on history in the Cornell University is an English immigrant from Oxford—Professor Goldwin Smith. And the newly-installed President of Princeton College is a freshly-arrived immigrant from Belfast. His coming is fittingly accompanied by a new

* Military History of Ulysses S. Grant. From April, 1861, to April, 1865. By Adam Badeau, Colonel and Aid-de-Camp to the General-in-Chief. Vol. I. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

* A Personal History of Ulysses S. Grant. Illustrated. With a Portrait and Sketch of Schuyler Colfax. By Albert D. Richardson. Hartford: American Publishing Company.

American edition of his works.* Themselves the fruit of hard study and intense thought, they require intense thought and hard study to master them. But they are well worth it. They form an admirable introduction to America of one whom we are rejoiced to welcome as henceforth an American; while we return to the mother country our hearty thanks for sending us in him one of the ablest modern representatives of the so-called evangelical school of philosophic theology.

The growing controversy between Protestant and Roman Catholic lends peculiar interest to Moehler's *Symbolism.*† To the reader unversed in theological lore it may be necessary to say that Symbol is the theologic phrase for creed or confession of faith, and Moehler's Symbolism is neither a treatise on Ritualism nor on Scripture types, but by far the ablest, as it is by far the fairest, Roman Catholic exposition of the doctrinal differences between these two great Churches. Those who will be least ready to accept his conclusions will be most ready to acknowledge the value of his contribution to theological literature, and to honor the Christian spirit in which he has written.

Mr. Albert Barnes‡ is, if not the most scholarly, certainly the most successful commentator on the Scriptures. There is no man of ancient or modern times who has done so much to interpret the Scriptures to the popular mind. His own mental characteristics fit him peculiarly for this which has been his life-work. His moderate views in theology give offense to none but extremists; and his interpretations of Scripture, free for the most part from party prejudice or from pet theories of his own, may be aptly characterized by the term common-sense. No man has rivaled him in his peculiar department. And to those who esteem the Bible the Word of God the elucidation and practical application to daily life of its meaning will appear to be one of the best services which a Christian scholar can render to his fellow-men. It is said that already half a million of volumes of his commentaries have been issued in this country, and as many more in Great Britain; while portions of them have been translated into Welsh, French, Chinese, and the languages of India. We hope for this work—the first volume of which only is yet issued—a success as marked and a welcome as warm as that which has been accorded to its predecessors.

There can be no question that Henry Ward Beecher is the greatest of living American orators.§ For over twenty years his church in Brooklyn has been crowded to excess every Sabbath. His prayer-meeting audiences would awaken the envy of any ordinary clergyman. His sermons have been eagerly caught up and repeated by the daily press. His services are always in demand on the platform. Henry Ward Beecher is "a card" that always draws. His political utterances are looked for with an interest only second to that which attaches to his speech on ethical subjects. His power is cosmopolitan. His orations in Great Britain did more than any other one thing to revolutionize public sentiment there. His pen is only less powerful than his voice. For a few months, assuming editorial charge of a politico-religious newspaper, his editorials proved him a giant in the editorial as in the ministerial desk. His humorous dashes in the *New York Ledger* run the round of the daily press. He writes a novel, and all America watches curious to see what he will make of "Norwood." And alike as editor of an agricultural paper in Indiana, and of a religious paper in New York, alike on the platform and in the press, alike in politics, art, and religion, in philosophy, theology, ethics, and romance, he proves himself among the most popular of writers and speakers in America.

But it is not doubtful that Mr. Beecher's final reputation will be built upon his voice rather than upon his pen, upon his sermons rather than upon his humorous effusions or his political efforts. To see him at his best one must hear him in his own pulpit and among his own people. He is never greatest on great occasions. He always does best what he does without effort. All that he says and writes is really sermon. "Did you ever hear me preach?" said Coleridge. "I n–n–never heard you d–d–do any thing else," replied stuttering Lamb. We might almost say the same thing of Mr. Beecher. His humor is not broader in the *Ledger* than it is in his own pulpit. His lectures are sermons with life for a text. His political addresses always discuss the moral aspects of the canvass, and address themselves chiefly to the moral sense. His novel is a slender thread of story on which to hang a very beautiful array of moralizing pearls. And we venture to predict that his promised "Life of Christ" will be far more a development of the philosophy of Christianity than a dramatic or even historic narrative of the earthly life of its Author. The sermons of Mr. Beecher constitute his best work. By them posterity will judge him.

It is Mr. Beecher's misfortune to hate literary labor. He is never painstaking. There is not a busier man in America. But he is constitutionally opposed to *hard* work. He works, but because to his abounding life it is easy to work, hard only to be idle. He does every thing extemporaneously. He writes his sermons always at a white heat; almost always at a single sitting; writes, not as most ministers, that he may be sure he has something so to say, but that he may guard against the danger of having too much. He never stops to pick up mistakes. He dreads to revise, recast, correct. If he has not done the right thing yesterday, he prefers to do some other right thing to-morrow. This is admirable philosophy. But the consequence is that until now he has never issued any thing from the press worthy of his name. Some admirers have caught

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* The Divine Government. Typical Forms and Special Ends in Creation. The Intuitions of the Mind. Defense of Fundamental Truth. By James M'Cosh, D.D. Four vols. New York: Robert Carter and Brothers.

† Symbolism, or Exposition of the Doctrinal Differences between Catholics and Protestants. By John Adam Moehler, D.D. New York: The Catholic Publication House.

‡ Notes, Critical, Explanatory, and Practical, on the Book of Psalms. By Albert Barnes. In three vols. Vol. I. New York: Harper and Brothers.

§ Sermons by Henry Ward Beecher, Plymouth Church, Brooklyn. Selected from published and unpublished Discourses, and revised by their Author. In two volumes. New York: Harper and Brothers.

up pungent sayings and given them to the public in "Life Thoughts" and similar fragmentary publications. His sermons have been taken down by short-hand and given forth without revision or correction—with all the imperfections of heated discourse, and none of that interpretation which his inimitable voice and manner afford. Meantime there was danger that his influence would die with him, and that his name would remain, like that of Whitefield, the name of a brilliant rocket shot across the sky and then gone out forever. Mr. Beecher has at length, however, yielded to the importunities of his friends. Kept to his work, we know not by what assiduous endeavors, and aided in it by a friend who acknowledges his appreciation and personal indebtedness to Mr. Beecher in an introductory note, he has at length given to the public and to posterity, in the two handsome volumes which lie before us, forty-six characteristic sermons, which he has carefully revised, and by which he is willing to be judged. They constitute the only official and authoritative exposition of his philosophy and his methods.

These sermons are selected from over five hundred published and unpublished discourses. Some of them have never before been printed. Others are substantially rewritten. Others are materially modified. They are not theological, though there are theological discussions among them. They give a fair portraiture of the author's preaching; illustrate his most common and most popular methods; appeal, as he does, with almost equal power to every faculty; address in turn the reason, the imagination, the fancy, and the affections; and always, though by different routes, reach the heart. They will interpret to many a young minister the secret of true success; not only because in one or two autobiographical discourses Mr. Beecher uncovers his heart and lets us look therein, but because in them all he displays the customary methods of the most popular modern preachers. They will be esteemed by every student of theological philosophy as the authentic exposition of the views of one who has done more to modify modern theology—at least in his own denomination—than any other man since the days of Edwards. For Mr. Beecher is essentially a metaphysician. He believes, with Rufus Choate, that "it's a great mistake to think any thing too profound or rich for a popular audience." The profoundest problems of modern philosophy form the topics of his most popular and powerful sermons; but always presented, as Jesus always presented the like topics, in "anecdote, or sparkling truism, or telling illustration, or stinging epithet; always in some concrete form, never in a logical, abstract, syllogistic shape." Above all, these sermons will be warmly esteemed by many a Christian who will find in these pages the wants of his heart appreciated by an exquisite sympathy and fed by one whose unrecognized wealth of heart is greater even than his recognized genius. The richest of these sermons, the richest of all Mr. Beecher's sermons—as all will agree who have been attendants on his ministry—are not those that deal with the problems of the intellect, but those that deal with the subtler problems of the heart. And while no student can rise from the perusal of such discourses as that on "The Divinity of Christ," "The Second Incarnation of Christ," or "The State of Christianity To-day," without a profound admiration for the philosophic breadth and insight they display, no man can rise from reading such sermons as those on "The Sepulchre in the Garden," "The Blind Restored to Sight," "The Lilies of the Field," "The Ministration of Suffering," or "A Conversation about Christ," without profound affection for the one whose warm heart pulsates through these disclosures of Christian experience, and profound gratitude to him for the inspiration they afford. For this, after all, is the power of Mr. Beecher, that no one ever goes from his church empty away. This must be the power of any pulpit. Not by the symmetry with which the table is set, not by the flowers that garnish it, but by the food that is upon it, the meal must be judged. We predict for these volumes not only a present extensive popularity, but a permanent place in American literature.

Rev. W. H. Furness is always a suggestive writer, and his little book,* whose title is too long for its size, follows out a new line of thought, and is not less valuable for its indirect influence in leading the reader to a better appreciation of Scripture than for its direct influence in meeting some of the skeptical tendencies of the age. The same may be said of Dr. Kip's book,† which draws attention to facts and events in Scripture which the cursory reading it generally receives fails to observe. George Jones's larger work,‡ companion to a previous volume of like character on the New Testament, is better in design than in execution. He endeavors to take Bible scenes and Bible characters out of that mystic land in which our reverential fancy places them; but his learning is ill-digested, and he constantly carries his readers away from the thread of his narrative by quotations which should be confined to notes or an appendix, and by digressions from which they return to the main road with difficulty.

Mr. Greeley's *Recollections of a Busy Life* (Ford and Co., Hartford) are already familiar to the public, not only through the columns of the *New York Ledger*, but through those of other journals, into which many of his chapters were copied. He is the accredited author of the saying that "No man can succeed in New York who is not able and willing to do two days' work in one." His Recollections are a sufficient attestation that he has practiced on his own motto.

The Eminent Women of the Age (S. M. Betts and Co., Hartford) is a remarkable book chiefly for the method of its composition. It is a sort of mutual admiration gallery, in which a number of eminent men and women have combined to paint the portraits of their friends, so that each one has sat for her portrait to an appreciative artist. Such photograph albums, where a great company of outline profiles are gathered in a single volume, are increasingly popular.

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* The Unconscious Truth of the Four Gospels. By W. H. Furness. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott and Co.

† The Unnoticed Things of Scripture. By the Right Rev. William Kip, D.D., Bishop of California. New York and San Francisco: A. Roman and Co.

‡ Life Scenes from the Old Testament. By Rev. George Jones, M.A. Philadelphia: J. C. Garrigues and Co.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

OUR Record closes on the 29th of October, four days previous to the Presidential election, the canvass for which has to a great extent occupied the public mind during the month. Long before these pages are read the result of the election will be decided.

It was conceded on both sides that the issue of the State elections to be held on the 13th of October in Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, and Nebraska would give important indications of the vote for the Presidency. Each party professed perfect confidence in its ability to carry at least three of these four States. The Republicans succeeded in all, though by small majorities. In *Pennsylvania* General Hartranft, the Republican candidate for Auditor-General, the leading office now voted for, received a majority of not quite 10,000, in a total vote of about 653,000. The Legislature is Republican by a decided majority in both Houses, which insures a United States Senator of that party in place of Mr. Buckalew, whose term of office will soon close. There are one or two seats in the House which will be contested; but the Democrats will probably gain three or four members.—In *Indiana* the contest was still more close. Mr. Baker, the Republican candidate for Governor, having only about 1000 majority over Mr. Hendricks, now United States Senator from that State.—In *Ohio* the Republican majority was a little more than 17,000. In *Nebraska* the Republican majority was about 2500. Last year Pennsylvania and Ohio were carried by the Democrats by very small majorities. The Republicans this year carry them by majorities greatly less than those which they received in 1864.—In *West Virginia* the election took place on the 22d of October. The official returns are not complete, but the Republicans have probably a majority of about 5000.—In all these States each party charges that enormous frauds were committed by the other. It is certain that the number of persons naturalized in view of the coming election is large beyond all precedent. In the city of New York alone the number naturalized within a few weeks is nearly 30,000; and it is clear that in some of the Courts certificates of naturalization were granted without due investigation. It appears that many of these certificates, duly signed and sealed, were made out, leaving blanks for the names of the applicant and his voucher; and that these papers were sold in beer cellars for a mere nominal sum to any one who applied, upon assurance that they should be used for the Democratic party. One agent, who has been arrested, boasted that he had disposed of 5000 of these fraudulent certificates. It is understood upon all hands that a very large majority of the newly-naturalized citizens will cast their votes for the Democratic candidates.

The immediate effect of the elections of October 13 was a general conviction that the defeat of Seymour and Blair was inevitable. A strong effort was made to induce them to withdraw, in order that other names might be substituted. It was said that Mr. Blair's Brodhead letter had done great injury to the cause. The intent evidently was to present Chief-Justice Chase as the candidate for the Presidency. Brief reflection, however, convinced the leaders of the party that any change of candidates at so late a day would insure inevitable defeat.

Mr. Seymour was induced to enter personally into the canvass, especially in those Western States which are considered at all doubtful, and upon whose vote the result of the election will depend. His speeches at different points were essentially the same. In form and manner they were courteous and dignified. The leading point in all was one entirely new in the canvass. It was an attack upon the financial policy of the Republican party, so far as it is embodied in the National Banking Law. He affirmed, in substance, that this system, wrong in itself, and to which he had interposed his veto as Governor of the State of New York, was also unfairly carried out to the great advantage of the East and the great detriment of the West. He said: "The people of New York had a great many bonds; New England had many bonds. The East made a great deal of money out of the war. You made some, but not as much. When this privilege" [that of issuing currency upon the security of national bonds] "was given out, they should have said, 'Here are all the great States of the West, which want currency because they do business with it, and they shall have it according to the rule of proportion." If this rule was departed from, according to Mr. Seymour, it should have been in favor of the West, because there business is done with currency, whereas at the East it is conducted mainly by means of checks. Illinois needed more currency than Massachusetts in proportion to population; but in fact Massachusetts had $57,000,000, while Illinois, with twice the population, had only $10,000,000. The result was that the people of the West had to borrow from the East at a heavy rate of interest, and thus the West has "to pay 10 or 12 per cent. interest, when in New York it is 5 or 6 per cent." Other topics were introduced into the several speeches of Mr. Seymour. The Reconstruction measures were declared to be wholly wrong in principle, and ineffectual in practice. The introduction of Senators in Congress from Southern States who did not fairly represent any constituency was a wrong, for, by way of example, "Two men sitting in the Senate of the United States from the State of Florida—one who went from the State of New York an unknown man, the other from some quarter who does not represent the white people of that State—not represent the negroes, because they do not know that there is a Senate—cast the same vote as the Senators from the great central States."—In one of his earlier speeches, by way of answering the objections raised against Mr. Blair's Brodhead letter, Mr. Seymour said that there could be no ground of alarm, since if he and Mr. Blair were elected, they would really be wholly devoid of power, the Republicans having a majority in Congress and the control of the army.

Mr. Blair also has made several speeches, the general tone of which is widely different from

those of Mr. Seymour. Perhaps the most significant of these was delivered at New York on the 28th of October. He said that the "Radical fanatics had devised infinitely worse treatment for the South than the British oppressors of Ireland had ever invented.....they had put the people of the South under the heel of their negroes." He reaffirmed what he had elsewhere said, that the Reconstruction Acts were unconstitutional, and therefore null and void. The Constitution gave no authority to establish military despotisms to take the place of civil Governments at the South. The gist of these Acts was to disfranchise 300,000 white men of the South, and confer the right of suffrage upon the negroes, "thus giving to the negroes the entire control of the Southern States." This disfranchisement, Mr. Blair averred, was of the nature of a bill of attainder, and could only be made after a fair legal trial. He illustrated the point by a reference to the case of the late Vice-President of the Confederacy. Mr. Stephens, in the Georgia Convention, made the most able speech ever delivered in favor of the Union. But the Convention was overawed by men armed with weapons seized by permission of the Government from the arsenals of the United States. Government failed to protect Mr. Stephens, and consequently had no claim to his allegiance; and therefore no jury could ever convict him of treason against the United States. Mr. Blair was quite willing that the Government should prosecute, and, if found guilty, punish, any man who was dangerous to the Republic. There was one man whose prosecution he would like to undertake. That man was Mr. Stanton, late Secretary of War. He, as Mr. Blair affirmed, encouraged Mr. A. G. Brown, then Senator from Mississippi, to go home and make war upon the Union. "After the war was ended," continued Mr. Blair, "Alexander H. Stephens fell into the hands of our forces, and was delivered over by Mr. Stanton, and was by him thrust into Fort Warren in Boston Harbor; and I would like to have a verdict of a jury to show on which side of the door stood the traitor when Stanton turned the key on Stephens." Mr. Blair then went on to speak of the affirmation which had been made that General Grant "had no policy." "I know him a heap better than that," said Mr. Blair; "he has a policy. His policy is to reach supreme dictatorial power in this country. If you think he has no policy you are dreadfully mistaken about him. It is mighty bad policy on our part to think he has no policy," and so on, the purport of all being that General Grant, if elected, would never leave the Presidential Chair so long as he lived, but would establish a permanent military despotism.—This speech, of which we have given mere abstracts of some of the leading points, was delivered within Tammany Hall, Mr. Blair closing it rather abruptly for the reason that he had of late over-exerted himself in speaking in the open air. He soon appeared at a stand out of doors, in order, as he said, to supply an omission in the speech which he had just made. This omission related to a charge of "Know-Nothingism" which had been made against him. This he denied most absolutely. "Every time that he had been a candidate it had been his good fortune to beat a Know Nothing, and he should have to beat a Know Nothing this time." He then charged his immediate opponent with being a Know Nothing. He said, "The whole history of Schuyler Colfax is that he was vomited out of the stomach of a Know Nothing lodge into politics. .....If I wanted to set a trap to catch him with, I would bait it with a secret political society, and I would have him as sure as any old rat that was ever caught in a trap with a piece of roast cheese.....He is the very dad of the Know Nothing ticket, and I have a right to charge him with that crime."

Mr. Colfax has entered somewhat into the canvass; but General Grant has sedulously refrained from taking any part. After his letter accepting the nomination he put forth no statement of his views and proposed line of policy.

The general condition of the South remains very much disturbed. Outrages have rather increased in frequency during the month, and have assumed a graver character. Thus in *North Carolina* Governor Holden, October 7, wrote to General Miles, commanding in that district, that large quantities of arms had been received at various places, and distributed among the members of a political organization, these arms being Enfield rifles, and other weapons of a purely military character, and that there was every reason to believe that they were to be used for purposes hostile to the General Government and the peace of society. In case of a conflict, the civil authorities, after exhausting their power to preserve the peace, would call upon the Federal military, and he requests that these may be so posted as to afford the greatest practicable aid to the authorities.—General Miles replied that he had received reports, legally substantiated, to the same purport, and that he would lay the whole matter before General Meade, the Commander of the Department. General Meade subsequently issued an order directing that the United States forces should aid the civil authorities in preserving the peace.

In *Louisiana*, especially in New Orleans and its vicinity, serious disturbances have taken place. On the 26th of October Governor Warmouth telegraphed to the Secretary of War that the civil authorities were unable to preserve the peace in the parishes of Orleans, Jefferson, and St. Bernard. He, therefore, desired that the forces of the National Government should be employed for that purpose. The Secretary thereupon directed General Rousseau, commanding in that Department, to take such action as might be necessary to preserve the peace. On the 28th General Rousseau issued a proclamation stating these facts, and urging all good citizens to abstain from assembling in large bodies in the streets, and for the present prohibiting political processions and patrolling the streets by armed men. General Steedman was appointed temporary chief of police, with the assurance that in case of need the police would be supported by the military.

In *California*, on the 21st of October, several earthquake shocks of considerable violence were experienced. Much damage was done, especially in the neighborhood of San Francisco.

Editor's Drawer.

AND after him came next the chill December;
Yet he, through merry feasting which he made,
And great bonfires, did not the cold remember;
His Saviour's birth so much his mind did glad.
Upon a shaggy bearded goat he rode,
The same wherewith Dan Jove in tender years,
They say, was nourisht by the Idaen mayd;
And in his hand a broad deepe bowle he beares,
Of which he freely drinks an health to all his peers.

So wrote glorious old Edmund Spenser, two hundred and sixty years ago; and in his words doth the Drawer "freely drink an health to all his readers," and commend to them the pleasant things strung together for the Christmas month.

In the recent debate in the House of Lords on the bill to disestablish the Irish Church, the speech of the Bishop of Oxford is acknowledged to have been the best delivered, having in largest measure the qualities of warmth, fervor, readiness, and spontaneity—if not, indeed, of wit and humor. Among his unepiscopal functions the Bishop possesses a rare talent for mimicry, and in quoting Lord Grenville imitated his ingenious and coaxing tones so exactly that even the noble earl joined in the laughter. "The unction," says the London *Review*, "with which he related the sardonic Dean of St. Patrick's theory about the Irish bishops was irresistible. The Bishop did not read the quotation, but gave it from memory—how that in Dean Swift's time the English Minister used to select the best possible man for an Irish bishop. Unhappily for poor Ireland the holy man, after his consecration, always set out in his chariot to travel down to the west coast. But as, by the laws of geography, he had to pass over Hounslow Heath, the highwaymen beset his cattle, murdered his servants, and pitched the bishop into a ditch. 'The captain of the highwaymen' (added the caustic Dean) 'then puts on his small-clothes and goes over to Ireland, where he acts as bishop in his stead.' It is true that the wit was the Dean's and not the Bishop's, but the loud and prolonged laughter was due in great part to the felicitous way in which the Bishop gave the apologue. The Conservative peers may have preferred the speech of Lord Derby, or Lord Salisbury, or the Lord Chancellor, but the favorite orator of the Peeresses' Gallery was certainly the Bishop of Oxford." The point will be better understood by the readers of the Drawer when told that the Bishop of Oxford's side is that which appointed "the best possible man for bishop," and that the "highwayman" is the man whom Gladstone would send over to fill the episcopal office.

The anecdotes of General Houston published in late Numbers of the Drawer are attracting the attention of his friends. We are favored with several original ones, more or less amusing, from which we select the following:

During the first summer of the late war there lived in one of the sea-port towns of Texas a merchant named Stubbs, originally from the North, but for many years a resident of the Lone Star State. Anxious to appear entirely Southern, he allowed his heart to ignite early in the conflict, and became well known as a leading secessionist. When it became certain that a blockading fleet would soon be off the town, several merchants, Stubbs included, prudently removed their goods to Houston for safety. After the first important battle of the war a negro belonging to Stubbs asked permission to make a brief visit to San Jacinto, which was granted, on condition that he should call on General Houston, and ask what he thought of the battle of Bull Run. The condition was accepted; the visit made. Before returning the man and brother approached the General and, with much bow and scrape, said: "If you please, Sah, massa Stubbs, Sah, wanted me to ax you, Sah, what you thought of de battle of Bull Run?" Old Sam slowly raised his eyes, and said: "He wants to know what I think of the battle of Bull Run? Tell him I think a good many Yankees were killed there, and a good many mean Yankees ran away, but I don't think any of them were as mean as he is, nor could run so fast, nor *knew when to start* as well as he does!" The negro delivered the answer, which was received standing and in silence. Old Sam, however, not satisfied with his message, added to it a conundrum, which rapidly circulated throughout the surrounding country: "Why is Stubbs like Washington?—Because he is first in war, first in peace, *and first in the heart of the country!*"

On a certain occasion Hon. Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia, was engaged in a political discussion with Hon. Benjamin F. Hill of that State, when the latter charged him with saying that he (Stephens) could eat Judge Cone for breakfast, himself (Mr. Hill) for dinner, and Governor Cobb for supper. To which Mr. Stephens quietly replied: "I never said it; but if I had, the arrangement of the meals would have been somewhat different. I should not have taken Mr. Hill at dinner, where he has placed himself, that being the heartiest meal of the day. In fact, I should prefer him for supper, in accordance with that wise rule of medicine which prescribes a *light diet* to sleep on!"

At another time Mr. A. R. Wright, of Georgia, is said to have drawn the fire of the "great Georgian" in the following way. Mr. Stephens, at the time of the great Know-Nothing conflict in the South, was accompanied by a favorite dog named *Rio*, and the intelligent animal was almost as well known on the hustings as the statesman.

Mr. Wright, at the close of a political speech, turned to Mr. Stephens and said: "Sir, I demand a list of your appointments. I intend that the people shall have information. I want to know when and where you are to speak, for I intend to *dog* you all around this Congressional district."

"Then," retorted Mr. Stephens, pointing his long thin finger to his dog sleeping on the stand at his feet, and lifting his fife-like voice to its highest note—"then I shall send Rio home. One *dog at a time* is enough!"

Among the thousands who have read the speech of Vice-President Stephens of Georgia against secession, made November 14, 1860, there are probably few who have heard of an

amusing incident that followed it. At the close of the speech the leader of the Opposition party, Hon. Robert Toombs, arose, and after complimenting Mr. Stephens as one of the purest of patriots, moved that the meeting give three cheers for him and adjourn, which was done. Governor Herschel V. Johnson, who was present, met Mr. Toombs on their return to the hotel, and said to him, in substance: "Sir, your action to-night, coming from so prominent a secessionist, deserves all praise, and I for one can not forbear to congratulate you upon such handsome conduct and admirable behavior."

Toombs put on that droll look which always precedes his best hits, and said, dryly, "Yes, I always behave myself at a funeral."

The following incident occurred in Charleston, South Carolina: A little girl had lost her brother, and on going to school the next day a little playmate noticed her grief, and asked the cause. This was soon told, with the addition that little Willie had gone to heaven, and she could not see him. Her little friend asked if she was certain he was gone to heaven, and was assured that there could be no doubt of that, for mamma said so. "Then," was the instant rejoinder, "I know where heaven is, for I saw where they put him, and know the way." The little mourner had seen the place too, and not knowing the way she started with her guide as soon as the infant-school was dismissed. It was late at night, and the earth was wet with those angel tears, the dew drops, when the two friends were found crying at the grave—because, as the sister said, "They had come to the door of heaven, and Willie would not let them in, nor even answer."

Dr. Montgomery, of the Harrodsburg (Kentucky) Presbyterian Church, had a little boy as pretty as he was intelligent. His mother, like all mothers, was proud enough of her little prodigy in short dresses, and liked to show off his acquirements before visitors. On one occasion he was up for inspection before some lady callers, and his mother put the usual Catechism question, "Who made you?" Reverently little Jimmy folded his hands as at prayer, and raised his eyes as birds do when "saying grace" after drinking; and then the answer came, "Dod makes and p'eserves us;" and instantly added, "Dood Dod to make p'eserves for us; ain't he, mamma?" Children understand sweetmeats sooner than they do the Catechism.

Is there extant a boy—be he boy of fifty or boy of ten—who will not appreciate the grim humor of the following advertisement, which, under the head of "Instruction," we copy from the New York Daily *Times* of August 10:

FLUSHING INSTITUTE.

DEAR BOYS,—TROUBLE BEGINS SEPT. 15.
E. A. Fairchild.

Ah! *didn't* it?

When Miss Logan, the charming actress, was in the South, her manager happened to be a veritable cockney, with a chronic habit of omitting his *h's* where they should be, and inserting them where they should not be, as "art" for "heart," "hedge" for "edge," and the like. On arriving one evening at a new place Miss Logan was indignant at finding that no room had been prepared for her, and said as much. Whereupon the manager bawled out at the top of his voice: "Miss Logan's room is hell! Here, boy, make a fire in hell, and put Miss Logan in there!" The good-humor of the lady was at once restored; for she knew that he referred to the room marked on the door with a capital "L."

An overgrown political opponent once undertook to sneer at the diminutive size of Mr. A. H. Stephens, and said, "I could put a little salad oil on you, and swallow you whole." To which Mr. Stephens at once replied, "And if you did you would have more brains in your bowels than you ever had in your head."

The etiquette of the bar-room in Colorado may be inferred from the following notice, posted in a saloon in that Territory, and forwarded by a correspondent for Eastern enlightenment:

"Notice.—No one is allowed to remain in the hall longer than five minutes without taking a drink, or in the sitting-room ten minutes without doing likewise. Any one refusing to drink will be kicked out. No gentlemen are expected to eat the lemon-peel in their cocktails, and those who do so will not have any more in future, and will *not* be considered gentlemen."

Bankers must have their little jocularities as well as other people. Some years ago the President of one of the oldest banking institutions of Western New York was called upon to discount a note signed by Mr. G——, a member of the Universalist church, and Mr. M——, of the Presbyterian church. The note was handed to the President, who, after scanning it closely, passed it to the cashier, saying, "Signed by Universal Salvation and Universal Damnation: I reckon *that's* safe enough; we'll take it."

The gigantic failure of the Marquis of Hastings on the English turf, and the disgusting immoralities of the racing men of England, have been capitally hit off by *Punch* in the following

WAIL BY A SMALL "BOOKMAKER."

I ain't a member of Tattersall's,
  But I ventured my pound or so
At a bookmaker's 'ouse in the Boro',
  As gentility might term low.
I lost my pound, and the gent
  Was took afore the beak;
To prison of course he's sent
  For four-and-twenty week.

It's wrong for to venture small,
  It's right for to venture large:
It seems all square for the rich and sich
  What never gets given in charge.
You may book the bet of a Bart or Duke,
  Not of cads and snobs and tykes;
For there's one lor for the Hearl of Fluke,
  And another for Villiam Sykes.

This of Tom Corwin by a Columbus correspondent: Some one asked Mr. Corwin if he had heard a certain story of Lewis D. Campbell's.

"Was it about himself?" inquired Corwin.

"No, I believe not."

"Well, then, I never heard it," said Mr. C., gravely.

The pardonable aversion to bomb-shells entertained by fond mothers who, through the papers, were made acquainted with their awfully

destructive explosions, was strongly felt by a good woman at a place called Lewis's Island, in Maine, who, seeing a huge object moving rapidly high in mid air, cried out to her brood of little responsibles, "Come in, children, for Heaven's sake; come in *quick!* there's an awful big bomb-shell coming from the South!" It was Professor Wise, who in his mammoth balloon had made an ascension from Bangor on the ever-memorable Fourth.

Boston is celebrated for its monument to the lamented Mr. Bunker Hill, Providence for Roger Williams, Philadelphia for its butter and Quakers, New York for its curiously constructed "rings," and Hartford, as we now learn from the excellent Mr. Twain (Mark), for its Charter Oak. Mr. T. has visited Hartford. He saw the Oak. Likewise heard it spoken of. He says:

I went all over Hartford with a citizen whose ancestors came over with the Pilgrims in the *Quaker City*—in the *Mayflower* I should say—and he showed me all the historic relics of Hartford. He showed me a beautiful carved chair in the Senate chamber, where the bewigged and awfully homely old-time governors of the Commonwealth frown from their canvas overhead. "Made from Charter Oak," he said. I gazed upon it with inexpressible solitude. He showed me another carved chair in the House. "Charter Oak," he said. I gazed again with interest. Then he looked at the rusty, stained, and famous old Charter, and presently I turned to move away. But he solemnly drew me back and pointed to the frame. "Charter Oak," said he. I worshiped. We went down to Wadsworth's Athenæum, and I wanted to look at the pictures; but he conveyed me silently to a corner, and pointed to a log rudely shaped somewhat like a chair, and whispered "Charter Oak." I exhibited the accustomed reverence. He showed me a walking-stick, needle-case, a dog-collar, a three-legged stool, a boot-jack, a dinner-table, a ten-pin alley, a tooth-picker—

I interrupted him and said, "Never mind—we'll bunch the whole lumber-yard, and call it—"

"Charter Oak," he said.

"Well," I said, "now let us go and see some Charter Oak for a change."

I meant that for a joke; but how was he to know that, being a stranger? He took me around and showed me Charter Oak enough to build a plank-road from here to Great Salt Lake City. It is a shame to confess it, but I began to get a little weary of Charter Oak finally: and when he invited me to go home with him to tea, it filled me with a blessed sense of relief. He introduced me to his wife, and they left me alone a moment to amuse myself with their little boy. I said, in a grave, paternal way,

"My son, what is your name?"

And he said, "Charter Oak Johnson."

This was sufficient for a sensitive nature like mine. I departed out of that mansion without another word.

A correspondent at Galveston, Texas, in alluding to our inquiry as to the authorship of the saying, "Much may be done with a Scotchman if he be caught young," remarks that it was said of Lord Mansfield by Doctor Johnson, and adds: The connection in which it is told may be worth repeating. Lord Mansfield, having received his education in England, always considered himself an Englishman; but his Scotch origin was once referred to with great effect. General Sabine, Governor of Gibraltar, failing in extorting money from a Jew, sent him back by force to Tetuan, in Barbary, from whence he had come to Gibraltar. The Jew afterward came to England, and sued the Governor for damages. Murray (not yet Lord Mansfield) was counsel for the Governor, and said in his defense before the jury:

"True, the Jew was banished; but to where? Why, to the place of his nativity. Where is the cruelty, where the hardship, where the injustice of banishing a man to his own country?"

Mr. Norvell, who appeared for the Jew, retorted: "Since my learned friend thinks so lightly of this matter, I would just ask him to suppose the case his own: would *he* like to be banished to *his* native land?"

The court rang with peals of laughter, in which Murray himself joined.

Doctor Johnson would never allow that Scotland derived any credit from Lord Mansfield, as he was educated in England, and then added what has passed into a historical witticism—"Much may be done with a Scotchman if he be caught young."

Apropos to Lord Mansfield's banishment. In early Texas legal history, a Mrs. M—— was convicted of forgery, and sentenced to death—then the legal penalty for that crime. There was at once a general feeling of repugnance at the capital punishment of a woman, especially for such an offense; but there was also a general desire to rid the country of the convict, who was a very notorious character; and President Lamar offered her a pardon provided she would go back to Arkansas, from which State she had removed, and never return to Texas. She peremptorily refused, and is said to have answered, "H—— itself before Arkansas!" The President was obliged to pardon her unconditionally.

Mr. E. Hannaford, of Cincinnati, has recently published on the subscription plan a clever book, in which is narrated the services performed during the war by the Sixth Ohio Regiment. It contains here and there an anecdote, hitherto unpublished, showing the humorous side of war. We reproduce four:

Mr. E. A. Pollard, in his "Lost Cause," when speaking of the Confederate defeat at Missionary Ridge in November, 1863, quotes a humorous repartee of a Confederate soldier. "A brigade," says Mr. Pollard, "in the centre gave way, and in a few moments what had been a regular and vigorous battle became a disgraceful panic and an unmitigated rout. Never was victory plucked so easily from a position so strong.....General Bragg attempted to rally the broken troops; he advanced into the fire, and exclaimed, 'Here is your commander!' but was answered with the derisive shouts of an absurd catch-phrase in the army, 'Here's your mule!'"

In the olden time, when planters were less thoughtful for the spiritual than for the corporeal health of their slaves, Colonel Ramsey saw his "boy" Dan (aged forty) going one morning, Bible in hand, to church. Knowing that Dan

was not a person with strong literary proclivities, the Colonel said: "What are you doing with that Bible, Dan?—you can't read it?"

"No, massa, can't zack'ly read 'em, but I c'n spell 'em out a little."

"What's the use of spelling it out? You can't understand it, any way. The Bible, for instance, says that 'the very hairs of our head are numbered.' Now you haven't any hair on your head—nothing but wool. What do you say to that?"

"Yes, massa, I 'spect dat's so; but I spell out little verse w'ich say dat on las' day de sheep dey will go one side and de goats on de todder. Now de *sheep* has de *wool*, but de *goats* dey got *ha'r*, *jus' like white folks*, and I 'spect dey ain't gwine to be saved—dat's w'at I 'spect!"

During the march of the Sixth Ohio Regiment from Cripple Creek to the Chickamauga the soldiers were compelled to sleep in that most uncomfortable of all shelters, a "dog tent"—so called from its capacity to hold about one ordinary dog. The successes of Rosecrans were bringing the campaign to a conclusion. In the Confederate army there seemed to be a growing dissatisfaction and consciousness of weakness—such, in fact, as induced many hundreds of Tennesseeans to desert and return to their former homes. The mistake was not unnatural, therefore, when Rosecrans's men pronounced the war in Tennessee "about played out;" or, as a staff-officer in the Sixth Ohio expressed it, by a pun of unmitigated atrocity, it was "about ended to all *in-tents* and *purp-houses!*"

Apropos of the terrible earthquakes in South America, we have to tell a story which will serve to illustrate the comic features of even so terrible a scene:

Just before the departure of the Hon. Anson Burlinghame for China, some years ago, he was closeted with Mr. Van Valkenburg, Minister to Japan (the same who has since distinguished himself in maintaining foreign foothold in Osaca); Colonel Buckley, Chief Engineer of the Siberian Telegraph Company (the same who has since given us a correct estimate of the value of Alaska); and Colonel Thomas M. Knox (the same who has since given the readers of this Magazine an entertaining account of his travels on the Amoor and through Siberia, and who is still to tell his story of a thirty-six hundred mile sleigh-ride through *White* Russia), engaged in a game of "High, low, Jack, and the game." Fred Macrellish and Will Woodward, proprietors of the *Alta Californian* (since and *always* distinguished as "jolly good fellows), were engaged in watching the game. Knox had been indulging Macrellish, during the intervals of the game, with an account of his horror of earthquakes, and his fear that if one should happen (eight or ten visit San Francisco every year) his two hundred pounds would be the first to suffer. Macrellish endeavored to quiet his fears by hoping that he would have an opportunity of enjoying one before he sailed. Shortly after the pictures and looking-glasses hanging on the wall began to shake and rattle; the glass and the pitcher of ice-water on the card-table jingled together, and "those who were seated" felt the floor moving beneath them in a most intoxicating manner.

"There!" said Macrellish, "there, Tom—there's one of those infernal earthquakes. Play the ace! play the ace, Tom! catch Jack sure."

And sure enough "Jack" was caught in spite of bad playing and earthquakes too.

John Savage, Esquire, has spoken in glowing terms of the appearance of Alexander H. Stephens before the Commercial Convention at Charleston, South Carolina, in the year 1839; but there is an incident of that visit to the "city between the rivers" which he does not give. Mr. Stephens was accompanied by two merchants (Mr. Thomas Chafin and Dr. John M. Anthony), who were his personal friends, and together they sought the hotel kept by a kind but very energetic woman. Mr. Stephens was then, as always, of feeble health, and being fatigued, availed himself of a comfortable sofa or lounge to make the situation as easy as possible. Just then the landlady came in, and found the two merchants still standing, while some one, whom she took for a country boy, occupied the easy lounge. Her manner was perfectly kind, and somewhat patronizing, as she said to him, "My son, you must let the *gentlemen* have this seat."

The "gentlemen" were amused, and the good lady somewhat troubled when she afterward found that her "son" was the important personage of her house, and the lion of the whole city.

Many good things have been published as the sayings of Judge Dooly, of Georgia, but the following is, so far as we know, new to the types.

His residence was approached by a long lane, some mile and a quarter in length, leading through the plantation, and far from comfortable on the burning August day of the incident. A neighbor, possessed of more lungs than brain, rode down this lane, and without dismounting at the yard gate, some five hundred feet from the dwelling, he began to call aloud and wave his hat, as if a house was on fire. Judge Dooly came out in great haste to learn the cause of the noise, and was saluted with, "I say, you haven't seen Mr. Williams about here to-day, have you?"

"No," said the Judge.

"Well, that's all I wanted," said the fellow, as he rode off.

Dooly waited until he was nearly out of sight up the long lane, and then commenced to blow a horn which hung in the porch; and when the horseman turned to see what it was the Judge in turn began to beckon with his arms, and shout for him to return, which he did at full speed. Arriving again at the yard gate, Dooly called out to him, "Come up here, I want to speak to you!" So the man dismounted, and came up to the porch. The Judge paused in his walk, and said, fiercely:

"No, Sir! I have not seen Mr. Williams, and hang me if I want to see him! That's all, Sir: you can go now."

Hon. Garnett Andrews, of Georgia, tells of another occasion in which he was the victim of Dooly's wit.

It seems that Judge Dooly had conceived the idea that young Andrews, then only an attorney, was quite too *slow* for a business man. At one of the County Court sessions some of the bar, including the Judge, were congregated to eat watermelons. When the supply on hand was exhaust-

ed, without satisfying the general desire for the ice-cold fruit, Mr. Andrews volunteered to go across the square and get another one.

"No, don't go," piped the Judge in his shrillest tones; "don't go; it would be *dead ripe* before you got back."

Judge Andrews also tells of another occasion when, to use a Southern phrase, he was "taken down" by one of his audience during a political address. He was a candidate for Governor of his State, and was explaining to the large crowd how his friends had pressed him to be a candidate, and that the office was seeking him, and that he was not seeking the office.

"In fact," exclaimed he, "the office of Governor has been *following* me for the last ten years!"

Just then a tall countryman in the audience arose and shouted, "But here's yer consolation, Judge: you're gainin' on it all the time, and it will never catch you!"

The prophecy was literally fulfilled.

Our Southern friend to whom we are indebted for the anecdotes of Alexander H. Stephens sends us the following epitaph, copied from a grave-stone in Union District, South Carolina:

"Here lies the body of Robert Gordin;
Mouth almighty and teeth accordin:
Stranger, tread lightly over this wonder;
If he opens his mouth, you're gone, by thunder!"

This reference to the upper part of Robert's body reminds us of an epitaph on a good woman whose death was caused by ailment lower down:

"Here lies the body of Betty Bowden,
Who would live longer, but she couden;
Sorrow and grief made her decay,
Till her bad leg carr'd her away."

How will this do on a disreputable subject of the British crown?

"Here lies William Smith; and what is somewhat rarish,
He was born, bred, and hanged in this here parish."

Or this, on a Mr. Bywater? (By-the-way, we think all these are entirely new to readers of the Drawer.)

"Here lies the remains of his relatives' pride:
Bywater he lived, and by water he died;
Though by water he fell, yet by water he'll rise,
By water baptismal attaining the skies."

Or this, which is commendably exact as to the age of the parties?

"Here lies Donald and his wife,
Janet Mac Fee:
Aged 40 hee,
And 30 shee."

Or yet this, which being upon an editor, is especially commended for "copy" to the brethren who propose to notice this Number of the Magazine?

"Here *lies* an Editor!
Snooks if you will;
In mercy, kind Providence,
Let him *lie still*
He *lied* for his living: so
He lived while he *lied;*
When he could not *lie longer*,
He *lied* down and died."

On a certain occasion Judge Underwood (not Hon. J. W. H. Underwood, but his father) was engaged to defend some lawsuit in Upper Alabama; and the point of this story lies in the fact that Georgia had just removed the *savage tribes* of the Cherokee Indians from her mountain counties.

At an early stage of the case the Georgia Judge saw a weak place in the pleadings, and by a few appropriate words so opened it that it was soon evident to the presiding Justice and the most of the bar that his point was fatal to the suit. It so happened that a young Alabama lawyer, who was the opposing counsel, did not see the point, nor appreciate its power. Therefore, in his reply, instead of endeavoring to weaken it or overthrow it, he attempted to make sport of what he termed "the Georgia lawyer." His intended severity was closed by the recommendation that the *Georgia lawyer* had best reserve such points as that to make before his own home courts, but not attempt to play Georgia tricks before an Alabama bar.

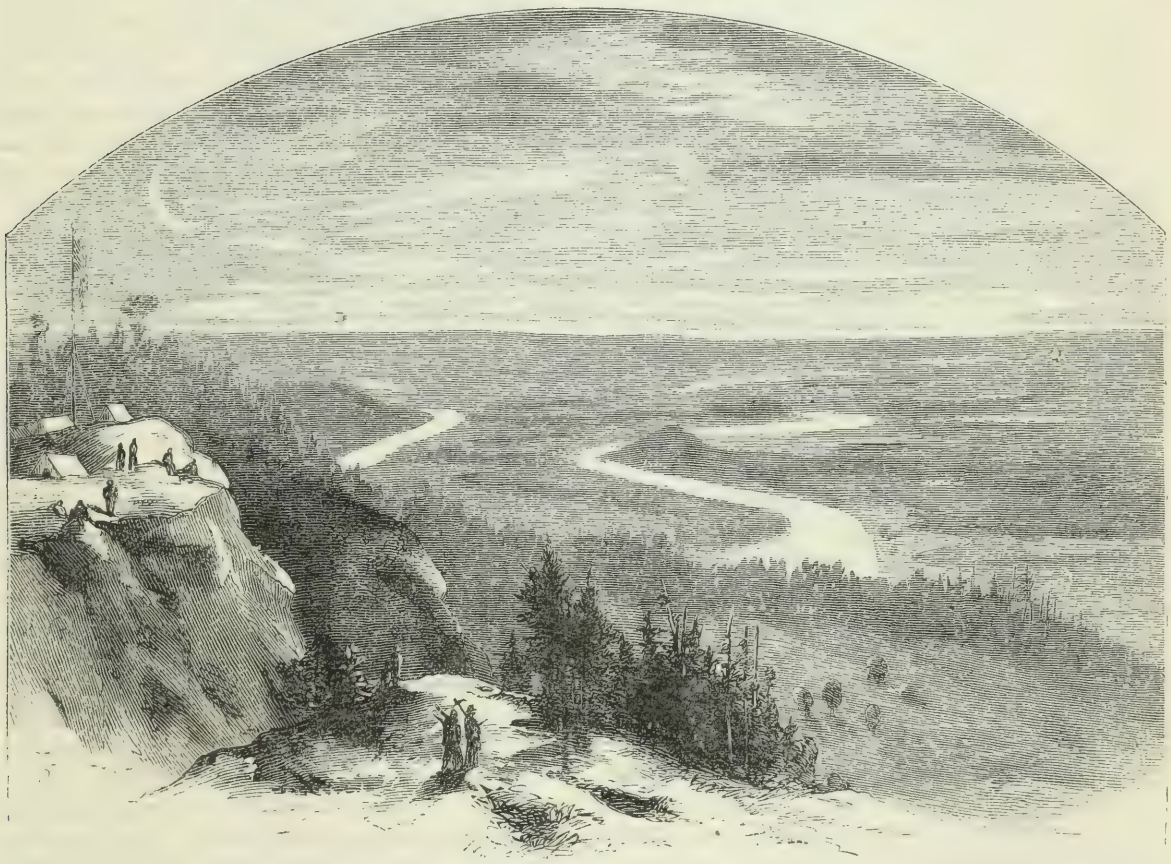
Judge Underwood then arose, and after quietly restating his point in a few words, turned suddenly on the young man with this retort: "And as for my very *young* friend, who advises me to keep my Georgia law at home, I would simply remark, for his information, that Georgia ultimately extends her jurisdiction over all *neighboring savage tribes.*"

Sydney Smith, in his celebrated Peter Plymley letters, affords a notable illustration of the powers of rhetoric in written eloquence. As instance this passage, *apropos* of the English Embargo Act—by which, among other things, drugs were for the moment excluded from France: "Such a project is well worthy the statesman who would bring the French to reason by keeping them without rhubarb, and exhibit to mankind the awful spectacle of a nation deprived of neutral salts. This is not the dream of a wild apothecary indulging in his own opium; this is not the distempered fancy of a pounder of drugs, delirious from smallness of profits; but it is the sober, deliberate, and systematic scheme of a man to whom the public safety is intrusted, and whose appointment is considered by many as a master-piece of political sagacity. What a sublime thought, that no purge can now be taken between the Weser and the Garonne; that the bustling pestle is still, the canorous mortar mute; and the bowels of mankind locked up for fourteen degrees of latitude! When, I should be curious to know, were all the powers of crudity and flatulence fully explained to his Majesty's Ministers? At what period was this great plan of conquest and constipation fully developed? In whose mind was the idea of destroying the pride and the plasters of France first engendered? Without castor-oil they might for some months, to be sure, have carried on a lingering war; but can they do without bark? Will the people live under a government where antimonial powders can not be procured? Will they bear the loss of mercury? There's the rub! Depend upon it, the absence of the materia medica will soon bring them to their senses, and the cry of *Bourbon and bolus* burst from the Baltic to the Mediterranean!"

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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CHATTANOOGA, AND HOW WE HELD IT.



CHATTANOOGA VALLEY, FROM LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.

MANY of the most beautiful localities in the Southwest to which the late war lent new interest are still known by the Indian names given them by the three principal tribes of Cherokees, Creeks, and Chickasaws, which inhabited the southern country immediately east of the Mississippi River. In Alabama and Georgia, the original homes of the Creeks and Cherokees, many of these names are most musical in sound and poetical in significance, in spite of a certain degree of corruption to which they have been subjected in transmission to us through the legends of the early settlers and pioneers of our race. Thus Jackson's first battle-field on the Tallassie-Hatchie has been called Tallassee, and the full title has been given as a compound name to another and totally distinct stream fifty miles distant from the field of battle; and to make matters worse, some map-maker, ignorant that *Hatchie* signifies "creek" or "run," has called it "Tallassee-Hatchie Creek." We call *Emuckfaw* by the more practical name which the Creek title is supposed to signify, "Horse-Shoe Bend." We have conquered the "Holy Ground" of the Creek Indians (the peninsula formed by the junction of the Coosa and Tallapoosa rivers), and have lost the Indian title in our haste and anxiety to call it "Hickory Ground," after its conqueror, "Old Hickory." We have conquered and reconquered the Chattahatchie—the "Crows Creek" of the Cherokees—and have called it *Chattahooche*, which signifies nothing. Some of the other Cherokee names have been more fortunate. *Allatoona*, "Mountain-Top," has been spared; and in telling how, during a battle there, General John M. Corse signaled from that height over the heads of the enemy to Sherman, on the top of Kenesaw, thirty miles away, that though wounded he remained unconquered, the historians have preserved the correct orthography.

Oostanaula has not fared so well, and has

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by Harper and Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

been doubly corrupted, in orthography and application. The proper orthography is *Estanaula*, signifying the "Place of Overtaking," and was originally applied to an Indian town which, in the first part of the year 1793, stood where Rome, Georgia, stood in the first part of the year 1864. In the first-named year General Servier, of East Tennessee, "overtook" at this place a force of Indians under their chief, "King-Fisher," whom he had been pursuing, and burned their town of Estanaula. The name was subsequently misapplied to a river, and became corrupted into "Oostanaula." General Sherman, however, retained for it its significance. In May, 1864, he "overtook" the retreating Confederates under Joe Johnston on the banks of this stream, and subsequently burned a good portion of the city of "Rome," which had arisen from the ashes of the Indian town of Estanaula, and which has, I believe, since arisen out of its own.

Chickamauga has nothing to complain of. Its new possessors have not only preserved its orthography correctly, but have added to its significance, and made it indeed the "River of Death."

The name of the last great chief of the Cherokee nation, John Ross, is preserved in connection with the town of "Rossville" and the battles fought there; and his ancient house still stands as the centre of the village, while "Ross's Spring" still flows with undiminished force though three great armies have slaked their thirst at it. And though the many half-breed Cherokees who remain in the vicinity do not recall the Indian name of "Lookout Mountain," they will insist on telling you that we have retained in that title the significance of the original; though how they know the one and not the other is a mystery to every one who believes that the half-breeds are a strictly truthful race.

The orthography and significance of *Chattanooga* have also been preserved. The backwoodsmen of Tennessee habitually call the valley of Chattanooga a "cove;" the military engineers describe it as a "gorge;" Rosecrans officially calls it a "pass." The Cherokee Indian with less practical but more poetical imagination has described it by *chatta*—"crow"—and *nooga*—"nest." Grant, Thomas, Hooker, and Sherman have, with proper poetic license and patriotism, translated *chatta* into "eagle," and have made the town and valley in reality the "Nest of the Eagle."

It is a great pity that we know so little that is reliable of the early history of this country. Chattanooga Valley was a favorite haunt of the Cherokee Indians as late as 1838; and it was only after a vigorous enforcement by arms that they were then compelled to obey the stipulations of their treaty, and, leaving their country to the whites, emigrate beyond the Mississippi. They were a numerous and powerful tribe, occupying up to 1837 the entire northwestern part of Georgia, which has ever since been known as "Cherokee Georgia," and the "Cherokee Gold Region." Neither the half-breeds, the full-blooded Cherokees, nor the early white settlers appear to have had any high regard for the preservation of either facts or legends concerning the tribe. When John Howard Payne, the author of "Home, sweet Home," made a tour through the Cherokee nation and collected its history and legends, a company of the Georgia militia arrested him and sent him to the Governor. A Colonel William N. Bishop, commanding the Georgia Guards, in forwarding the prisoner represented to the Governor that Payne's papers of legendary lore were of a highly treasonable character; and though the Governor discharged Payne, and the Georgia General Assembly censured Colonel Bishop, poor Payne lost his papers, the Cherokees lost a champion, and we lost valuable records of the early settlement of the country. Still later (1831) the Governor of Georgia, Wilson Lumpkin, arrested and imprisoned for four years at hard labor two of the missionaries to the Cherokees, Reverend Doctors S. A. Worcester and Elizur Butler, on charges of "illegal residence" among the Indians and of "giving them improper information." This opposition to the spread of information among the Cherokees seems to have become a chronic passion with the Georgians. From 1820 to 1835 they warred with the Cherokees to prevent the spread of knowledge among them; from 1861 to 1865 they warred with the United States with something of the same purpose with regard to the education of the "poor whites" and negroes. The suppression of free schools and the spread of knowledge may have been a minor consideration, yet it was nevertheless a part and parcel of the cause for which the rebels fought.

When I first visited Chattanooga — at the time the siege began in 1863—I found one who was fortunately able to supply a few of the lost legends of the tribe, besides a great many facts regarding the settlement of Chattanooga Valley, which are much more to my present purpose. This friend in need was a half-breed, familiarly known as Jim Wilson, but who delighted in the title of "Hanging Bird;" by which name the Cherokees had dignified him, in commemoration of his virtues as a gymnast. He was a man of sixty, tall, thin, active, and wiry, and possessed of much natural commonsense, to which his long and varied experience with men had added a matured judgment. He was not only far superior to the generality of the half-breeds, but also to the full-blooded whites of the valley. He had the smattering of a good common education, obtained from the Roman Catholic missionaries, who at one time had their schools on Mission Ridge; could read and write, though his English orthography would doubtless have better satisfied the Phœnicians and their modern imitators, the Phonographers, than Worcester or Webster. Wilson claimed, indeed, to have aided John Ridge, whom he described as an old half-breed chief and a rival of John Ross and the elder Boudinot, in the



"HANGING BIRD" OF THE CHEROKEES.

formation of the Cherokee alphabet, and the construction of the Cherokee written language. This tongue Hanging Bird spoke fluently, and, as pronounced by him, it abounded in vowels and gutturals with but few labials. The written language was not arranged until 1824, by which time the tribe had lost nearly all its purity of blood; and the original *Tsalakee*, as the Cherokee tongue was once called, had, in a great measure, been dropped for the impure English of the backwoodsman. Wilson was held in great esteem by the Union men of Chattanooga; he was the constant companion of Mr. Crutchfield, the leading Unionist of the place; and it was generally understood that these two had furnished Rosecrans with a great deal of valuable information regarding Bragg's army and the defenses of the town anterior to its capture in September, 1863. Wilson, too, had been a guide in the mountains of Middle and East Tennessee, and it was estimated by the Provost Marshal of the army that he had led not less than five hundred deserters from Bragg's army through the mountains to our lines.

Of the very early history of Chattanooga Valley "the Hanging Bird" stated that the tribe had as late as 1793 four settlements or towns in the valley, known as Chickamauga, Lookout, the Missions, and Chattanooga. The Chickamauga town was built at the mouth of Chickamauga River, and was about a mile in length, filling up the whole point of the peninsula formed by the Chickamauga and Tennessee rivers. The town was composed of large wigwams, or log-huts, which as early as 1780 the Cherokees built in imitation of the whites, who had then settled in Frankland, as East Tennessee was originally called. These huts somewhat resembled the log-huts in common use in the South and West at the present time; but were not so large, and presented more the appearance of the winter-quarters or huts of our late armies. This town was destroyed by Governor John Sevier of Frankland in 1793. Lookout Town was located south of Lookout Creek and at the eastern base of the mountain, and was built by the survivors of the Chickamauga massacre. It ceased to exist when the more important town of Chattanooga began to be the principal port of the Cherokee nation, though traces of the Indian huts were still visible in 1863, the town then being a suburb of Chattanooga and known as "Buzzard Roost"—a decidedly descriptive if not euphonious title. The Mission Town of the Indians is now known as Rossville. In 1800 it consisted of a large log-house, then as now known as John Ross's House, and a number of huts built under its protecting presence by the Roman Catholic missionary priests, who early penetrated from Southern or Spanish Georgia and Florida to the Cherokee country. These priests here established their schools, which were called "the Missions," and which name has since been given



JOHN ROSS'S HOUSE.

to the ridge of hills sometimes called Missionary, but more generally known as Mission, Ridge. The Roman Catholic form of religion is the most prevalent to this day among the inhabitants of Chattanooga Valley, who have at Chattanooga a neat though not large cathedral. When Rosecrans, who is a devout Catholic, occupied Chattanooga (September 10, 1863), he repaired, before going to any other more generally interesting point, to the cathedral to hear a mass celebrated by Bishop Purcell of Cincinnati. The Mission Town, or Rossville, was the residence of John Ross, who for many years was Chief of the Cherokee nation. Ross's House is still standing, a relic and landmark of the country, and is about all that is left of Rossville. The attraction which induced the Indian Chief to make this his head-quarters was an unfailing spring of water of the finest character. Polk's corps of Bragg's army, Granger's corps of Rosecrans's army, Logan's corps of Sherman's army, and various other detachments of troops, have at different times made this spring the centre of their camps; while Ross's House has been used as the head-quarters of various Generals, and as a hospital in two great battles. The Union forces under Rosecrans occupied it as a hospital during the battle of Chickamauga, abandoning it to the enemy when the siege of Chattanooga began. The Confederates under Bragg occupied it for the same purpose during the battles of Chattanooga, when it was captured by General Hooker. Ross's House is said to be nearly one hundred years old; but this admits of some doubt, though its peculiar style of architecture and general appearance show that it is much the oldest building in the valley. Chattanooga is known to have existed as an Indian town as early as 1830, and was even then of considerable importance. At that date a considerable amount of commerce was carried on in various articles of clothing, guns, trinkets, etc., between the white settlements in East Tennessee and the Cherokee nation. Chattanooga was the principal Indian "port of entry" for the numerous barges, canoes, flat-boats, etc., which plied up and down the Tennessee. From this fact the town was sometimes called by the whites "Ross's Landing;" but fortunately the more poetical name of Chattanooga prevailed, or the country might have had its sensibilities shocked by having the great battles at Chattanooga recorded, like that of Shiloh or Pittsburg Landing, under a disgustingly unromantic and inappropriate name. "Hanging Bird" describes the town as it existed in 1838, when it was ceded to the United States and the Cherokees emigrated to Arkansas, as by no means imposing in appearance, the buildings being principally small wigwams, only a few log-cabins existing.

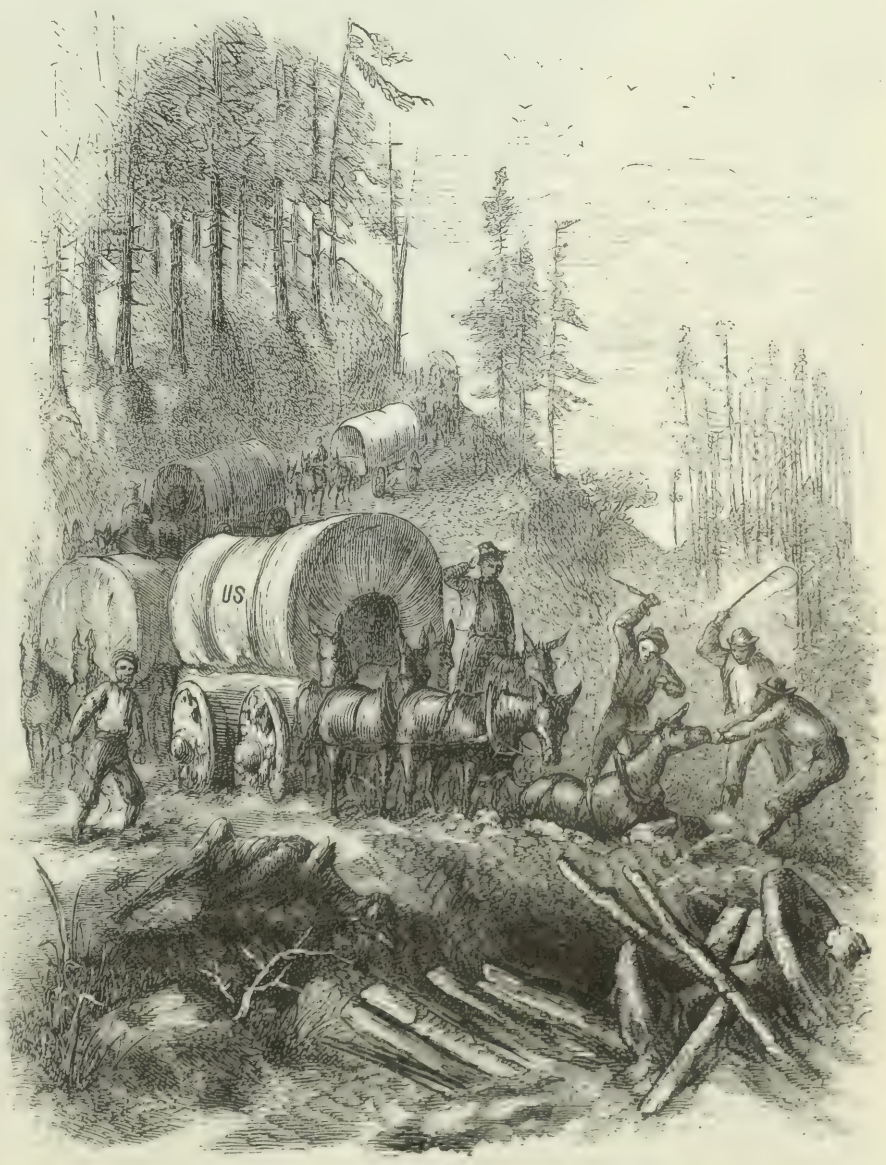
Chattanooga was taken by the United States army under General William S. Rosecrans. The series of strategic operations which resulted in this bloodless and important victory were brilliantly planned and skillfully executed in the face of natural difficulties and dangers not easily estimated or described. No other of the armies of the Union operated, during the entire war, in so mountainous a country, or against such serious natural obstacles and barriers; and as far as the purely strategical operations are concerned Rosecrans undeniably deserves great credit. The fatal errors which he made, and which eventuated in the defeat of his army at Chickamauga and the subsequent siege at Chattanooga, were committed after the successful

issue of the marches. Rosecrans allowed his "vaulting ambition to o'erleap itself," and in his nervous excitement over his success in capturing the rebel strong-hold pushed forward without a plan in the effort to destroy the rebel army instead of securing what he had gained.

The campaign was begun on August 16, 1863, after careful preparation for the march. Rosecrans's scouts and spies had thoroughly informed him of the nature of the country, and his army was what the commander called "stripped to the waist." The "Sibley tents" were thrown away for shelter tents, and each man was required to carry one of these latter on his back as part of his knapsack: pack mules were substituted as far as possible for wagons; each wagon absolutely necessary was furnished with an extra wheel as are artillery caissons; each battery of guns was accompanied by an extra set or team of fresh horses; and all the *impedimenta* of soldiers and trains, such as were not in the course of nature or the stubborn nature of the animals, were removed. I am bound to admit that, in spite of all precautions, obstacles of these sorts were daily encountered. I remember one morning encountering General Wood at the head of his column, while ascending the Cumberland Mountains, engaged with his own hands, and assisted by his staff and orderlies, in building a bridge across a small chasm in the road caused by a single night's rain and the falling away of a large stone. Very frequently perpendicular ascents would be encountered, up which the trains had literally to be carried in fragments. The mountain roads were very narrow and precipitous, wagons could not pass each other, and necessarily when one was stopped entire trains for miles in the rear had to be halted. I have seen the leading mule of a train, frightened at the dead carcass of a former companion, start back, refuse to proceed, lie down in the road, and in his stubbornness submit to an hour's lashing from practiced whips before he could be persuaded to proceed—all the while the trains in the rear necessarily dammed, and the teamsters unnecessarily damning. As the roads for miles were strewn with dead bodies these scenes were of frequent occurrence; and an enterprising reporter, with a little perseverance, could have easily collected a vocabulary of teamsters', not soldiers', oaths unparalleled for force and originality—"good mouth-filling oaths," that would have satisfied even the importunings of Harry Hotspur when demanding of his wife that she should swear "like a lady." It was the teamsters of the army who chiefly gave it its reputation for profanity: they seemed to be entirely of Hudibras's mind, and believed that

> "He that imposes an oath makes it,
> Not he that for *convenience* takes it."

The lines of this march ran through some of the roughest country in America. General Rosecrans was very anxious that the people at home should understand the natural difficulties in his way; and, as I was standing near him one evening at the entrance to his quarters at Stevenson, Alabama, he remarked to me that the correspondents (of whom I was one) could do



IMPEDIMENTA

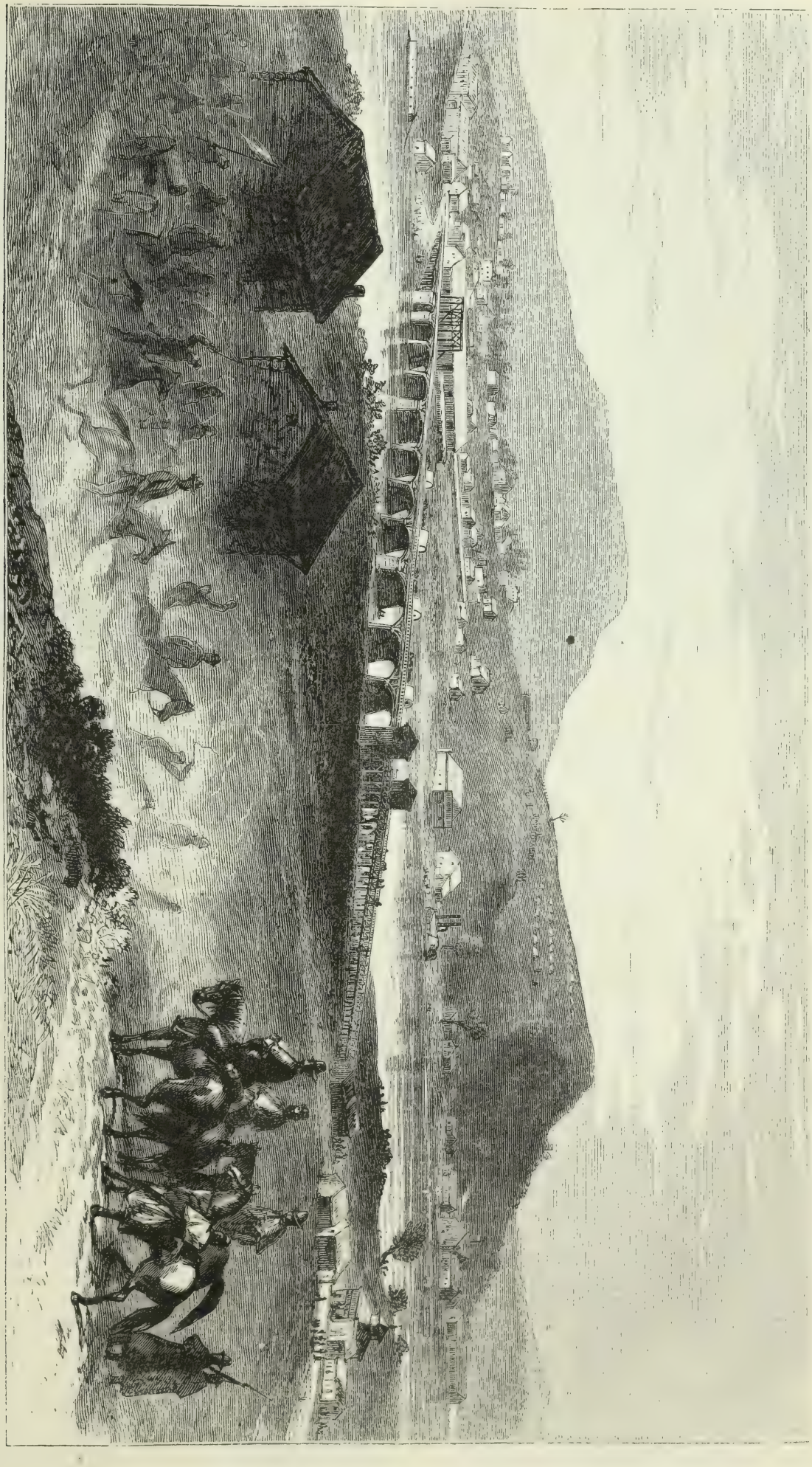
the army a service by explaining the nature of the obstacles which lay before it.

"Napoleon's passage of the Alps," he said, "was not more difficult. He had a higher mountain range to cross, it is true, but he had only one, while we have to cross three distinct and separate ranges, the last of which is as difficult of ascent as any part of the Alps. Napoleon had no rivers to cross: we have the wide and rapid Tennessee; he had good Macadamized roads, almost as ancient as the Alps themselves; we have to build our roads as we go. And when he had crossed the Alps Napoleon had a wide, rich valley route to Rome. When we shall have passed Lookout Mountain our route to Rome will be through as rugged and broken and barren mountains as these we have just passed."

In those days the "correspondents' fever"—as General James S. Negley once called the eternal itching for news which characterized the "gentlemen of the Press" who followed the armies—was upon me, and I am afraid that I laid greater stress on this plain intimation of the destination of the army (Rome, Georgia) than I did on the rest of Rosecrans's speech.

The great fault of this admirable march was that it was made by divergent routes; but this was unavoidable. The nature of the country left Rosecrans no other alternative; and when he had passed his chief mountain barrier, Lookout, his three corps were separated by at least twenty-five miles between each, the two wings were at least fifty-five miles apart, and a great mountain range lay between them. It was at this time, with his army thus separated, that Rosecrans, flushed with success, nervous with the ambition to destroy the (as he supposed) flying rebels, made his great mistake of pushing forward on the same divergent lines, and, instead of concentrating, still further separating his corps. So far, indeed, did he separate them, that, when General Thomas, on perceiving the error of his chief, assumed, in his temporary absence at Chattanooga, the responsibility of ordering the concentration of the army, it was too late. Bragg and Longstreet struck and nearly overwhelmed the army of Rosecrans at Chickamauga before it could be fairly got together; General Thomas merely managed, by the superhuman efforts of his men and his own superior skill and generalship, to cover the disastrous retreat to Chattanooga. This retirement occurred on September 20, 1863; Bragg immediately followed; and then began the siege which I am attempting to describe. The siege, like the march of Chattanooga, was a novelty in our war—the only operations of their kind which occurred. The siege of Chattanooga was the only one which any one of the Union armies suffered or sustained. It is a singular fact, worthy of mention just here, that the troops of the Union never abandoned a siege once begun, nor surrendered a position regularly besieged; and that, on the contrary, the rebels never carried a position regularly invested, and were compelled to surrender all those fortresses in which they were besieged. The Union armies invested and finally captured Yorktown, Fort Donelson, Corinth, Vicksburg, Island No. 10, Port Hudson, Petersburg, Atlanta, Mobile, Savannah, Charleston, Fort Fisher, Wilmington, and many other points of lesser importance and held by mere detachments, not, like those mentioned, garrisoned by entire armies. The rebels besieged Nashville, Knoxville, Chattanooga, and other minor positions held by fragments of armies and failed in all. They came nearest to success at Chattanooga.

When the defeated Rosecrans had entered the town which he had thus captured, and in which he anticipated that he was to become beleaguered, he rode hastily to the slight eminence on which Fort Wood now stands, and, with the eye of an engineer, looked up at the valley. "Up at it" is the proper term, although applied to a valley; for as one gazes from this elevation, which commands the town and is the key of the position, the valley, a mile or two southward, is above the level of the stand-point, and continues to rise at a rapid grade until it comes to be on a level with, in fact a part of, the mountain, and narrows into nothing as Mission and Lookout ridges meet. It is at all parts a narrow valley, not more than a mile and a half in width at the widest point, and is only about ten miles in length. The soil is very rich, being annually renewed by the "washings" of the mountains on either side, and is black as the famous soil of the Western prairies. I have seen our soldiers, digging on the works during the siege, fill their former blacking-boxes with the black mud, and express the packages home, possibly as samples of the soil for which they were fighting, but most probably as a quiet practical joke on "the loved ones at home." Chattanooga Valley is not an isolated one in this respect of richness; it is but one of hundreds of similarly rich nooks in East Tennessee—a country generally, but very erroneously, supposed to be as barren as it is mountainous. It is really one of the most productive districts in the South; and nowhere did the army find more plentiful supplies or better filled granaries than in East Tennessee. When Rosecrans came into possession of it the valley was found to be one immense corn-field, in which the quarter-masters reveled for a fortnight with their characteristic delight. Bragg, in evacuating town and valley in order to fight Rosecrans at Chickamauga, felt so confident of defeating him, perhaps destroying him and reoccupying both town and valley, that he destroyed nothing. Had it not been for the stubbornness of Thomas at Chickamauga Bragg would have succeeded in this well-laid plan that finally went awry. The valley boasts but one stream—narrow, shallow, and noisy—which is called Chattanooga Creek. It rises where the two ranges of mountains, Lookout and Mission ridges, meet, runs rapidly northward until within less than a mile of the town, when, suddenly encountering a number of iso-



CHATTANOOGA, FROM THE NORTH.

lated, and, though small, yet commanding hills, it is turned abruptly to the left-about, and running through a narrow gorge empties into the Tennessee at the foot of Lookout Mountain. These hills, which change the course of the stream, look insignificant beside their grander neighbors; yet they are the natural defenses of Chattanooga, for it is among them that the town lies, or, more properly, looking at it with the poetic imagination of the Cherokees, it is here that the town *nestles*.

When the siege began Chattanooga had hardly begun its existence as a civilized city. It was neither of the most imposing character nor handsome appearance. Located half on the mole hills before indicated, and half in the little gorges between them, it lay almost hidden from view, unless one looked down upon it from the more prominent hills which surround it. Not more than a dozen dwellings were built with any pretensions to elegance or magnitude. On Cameron Hill, or Bell Mountain, as the sugar-loaf hill which rises in the western part of the town is called, and on two or three other hills less prominent, were large residences which soon fell before the inexorable necessities of the engineers, and gave place to huge bastions and imposing lunettes. For the most part the houses, except on the principal or rather the only business street, were frames constructed on a cheap and diminutive scale. Each house was generally the centre of a greensward of a quarter or half an acre. The portion in front of the house served as a flower-garden, while the rear plat was devoted to vegetables; each resident of the town thus becoming in a measure his own gardener and fruiterer. This system resulted in scattering the town over every part of the valley and giving it a generally "loose appearance."

If there was little of beauty or elegance in the place when our troops retreated into it from Chickamauga, there was a great deal less a fortnight subsequently. Like many another Southern town Chattanooga grew suddenly old; one might say it turned gray during the brief but dark night of the siege. General Saint Clair Morton, the chief of Rosecrans's engineers, had no mercy; he had no idea of economy either. As one of his fellow-officers once said of him, "if Morton needed a certain quantity of earth for a fort, the fact that it was a gold mine would make no difference to him; he would only say, 'Gold dust will resist artillery—it will do.'" So laying out his line of works Morton budged from his course not an inch to spare the town. Residences were turned into block-houses; black bastions sprang up in former vineyards; rifle-pits were run through the grave-yards; and soon a long line of works stretched from the river above to the river below the city, bending crescent-like around it, as if it were a huge bow of iron, and rendering it impregnable. For a fortnight the whole army worked on the fortifications, and it became literally a walled city.

Not alone from the fact that it was shut in by the mud walls of these impregnable fortifications was the town an intrenched camp, and the engineers alone did not despoil Chattanooga of its small modicum of beauty. The winter-quarters of the troops, composed of small dog-kennel-shaped huts, built of boards and roofed over with the shelter-tents with which the soldiers were provided, were scattered all over the town in valley and on hill-side, and it was not difficult to imagine it again the little Indian town of huts and wigwams which Hanging Bird had described. The camps of the soldiers were not cantonments in the proper sense of the term. The immediate presence and threatening proximity of the enemy rendered it necessary to safety and discipline that the troops should encamp in the regular order of regiments and brigades, so as to be prepared to form at the sound of alarm, ready to repulse or to make an attack. Instead, therefore, of camping indiscriminately in houses as they stood, the men tore down the houses and fences, and of the frame-work built their huts, and of the bricks their chimneys and fire-places. The veteran soldier is very ingenious, and makes himself happy on very little; and the quarters of those at Chattanooga during the siege possessed all the "modern improvements." They had curious modes of making themselves comfortable. The rebels used to call our men, when working on forts, rifle-pits, etc., "beavers in blue." The veteran was a regular beaver when building his house. He would buy, beg, or steal from the quarter-master (a species of theft recognized by the camp code of morals as entirely justifiable) the only tool he needed, an axe. With this he would cut, hew, dig, drive—any thing you like, in fact. With his axe he would cut the logs for his cabin—miniature logs, two inches in diameter—trim them to the proper length, and drive the necessary piles. With his axe he would cut the brushwood or the evergreen, and thatch his roof or cover it with his shelter-tent. With his axe he would dig a mud-hole in which to make his plaster for filling the crevices of the logs, and thus shut out the cold. Doors, chimneys, benches, chairs, tables, all the furniture of his commodious house, he would make with the same instrument. When all was finished he would sit down to enjoy himself, sleeping on good clean straw, dining off a wooden table, drinking from glassware made from the empty ale or porter bottles from the suttler's tent, combing his whiskers before a framed looking-glass on a pine-board mantle-shelf, and looking with the air and contentedness of a millionaire on the camped world around him. These huts of the veterans were not perhaps so large and picturesque as the wigwams of the Cherokees. They really resembled more in size and appearance the huts of the beaver or prairie-dogs, and this comparison did not seem so foreign or forced as it may appear to the reader when, on the occasional bright days of the bleak siege, the gallant



THE VETERAN AT HOME.

"war dogs" were to be seen issuing forth to bay a deep-mouthed welcome to the enterprising news-boy or faithful postman, who had run the gauntlet of rebel sharp-shooters or the embargo of mud to furnish the news from home.

Life in Chattanooga during the two months of the siege was dreary enough. There was no fighting to do; the enemy daily threw a few shells from the top of Lookout Mountain into our camps, but they were too wise to attack with infantry the works which soon encircled the city. Bragg preferred to rely for the final reduction of the garrison upon his ally Famine, and a very formidable antagonist did our men find him in the end. Bragg held the railroad line from Bridgeport to Chattanooga, thereby preventing its use by Rosecrans as a line of supplies, and compelling him to haul his provisions in wagon trains from Stevenson across the Cumberland Mountains. Every exertion of the quarter-masters failed to fully supply the army by this route, the only practicable one while the siege lasted. The animals of the army were overworked and ill-fed, and thousands died from exhaustion. It was almost impossible to obtain forage for those in Chattanooga, and the quarter-masters reported that ten thousand horses and mules died of actual starvation during the siege. Thousands were turned loose in the mountains and perished. I passed over the route from Chattanooga to Stevenson during the siege, and was never out of sight of these dead or dying "heroes whose names were never mentioned." They would frequently gather in groups around a small pool at which they could quench the thirst that consumed them, and lie down to die. Finding it impossible to obtain forage for an animal which I had in Chattanooga, and which had been latterly subsisting on the pine-board fence to which his halter was attached, I turned the poor animal loose to graze near a small stream in the town. He was too exhausted to stray away from it; lying down he picked the few blades of grass within his reach, stretched his neck to the pool for the few drops of water which it gave, and at length gave up the ghost.

The other heroes in the beleaguered town hardly suffered less. Famine became a familiar fiend; they laughed in his face, as crowds will laugh in the face of great dangers and disasters, but it was a very forced laugh. The trains of supplies for the army were frequently twenty days on the route from Stevenson, only sixty miles distant, and as the trains were not numerous naturally the supplies in the town did not increase. And many of these trains frequently came in *empty*. They could not carry full loads across the mountains with skeletons for horses; each train had to be guarded, and the guards had to be supplied from the train whose safety they secured. Most of these guards were men from the besieged city, they had been on quarter rations of fat bacon and mouldy hard bread for weeks, and they did not lose the opportunity to satisfy the cravings of their appetites when guarding the trains. It was all nonsense for quarter-masters in charge

to tell them they ought to remember their starving comrades in the besieged city, to appeal to their patriotism, and to talk about discipline; if there are any periods when discipline, patriotism, and sympathy are entirely sunk in a soldier's breast they are when he is thoroughly demoralized by defeat or reckless from hunger. So it frequently happened that the guards of a train eat it *in transitu*. After the third week of the siege the men were put on quarter rations, and only two or three articles were supplied in this meagre quantity. The only meat to be had was bacon, "side bacon" or "middling," I think it is called, and a slice about the size of the three larger fingers of a man's hand, sandwiched between the two halves of a "Lincoln Platform," as the four inches square cake of "hard bread" was called, and washed down by a pint of coffee, served for a meal. Men can not dig fortifications and fight very long on such rations; and the whole army was half famished. I have often seen hundreds of soldiers following behind the wagon trains which had just arrived, picking out of the mud the crumbs of bread, coffee, rice, etc., which were wasted from the boxes and sacks by the rattling of the wagons over the stones. Nothing was wasted in those days, and though the inspectors would frequently condemn whole wagon loads of provisions as spoiled by exposure during the trip, and order the contents to be thrown away, the soldiers or citizens always found some use for it. The hundreds of citizens who were confined in the town at the same time suffered even more than the men. They were forced to huddle together in the centre of the town as best they could, and many of the houses occupied by them during the siege surpassed in filth, point of numbers of occupants, and general destitution, the worst tenement-house in New York city.

Early in the siege I was enabled, with a couple of artist friends, to find comfortable quarters in the vacated head-quarters of the rebel Governor of Tennessee, who had fled at the approach of the Union army. "Bohemian Head-quarters," as they were subsequently called, consisted of a single bedroom, ten by fifteen, with a single window opening on a distant view of Missionary Ridge, and furnished with a double bed and single cot, three chairs, an empty candle-box for a stool, and a small table; *sans* carpet, *sans* curtains, *sans* mirrors, *sans* all that gives elegance, and nearly all of that which Ruskin declares gives "life to a room." Our artists painted an enlivening picture or two, and we easily provided the other Ruskinian necessary to "life" by kindling a few pine-knots. "Bohemian Head-quarters" were not the most extensive quarters in the dilapidated town, but several weeks' experience revealed the fact that they were little inferior in appointments and conveniences to those of half the General and



THE BOHEMIAN CLUB.

Staff officers on duty. Here the "Bohemian Club" daily and nightly met, and when the spirits flagged it discussed the military situation or recounted adventures; the "Special of the *Weekly*" told the story of Vicksburg and siege experiences on the outside of the lines; the "*Herald* Historian" explained to his own satisfaction why Rosecrans had been whipped at Chickamauga; "our artist" told the story of "that little affair at Chapultepec," which he had painted and the Government had hung in the Capitol at Washington; or all joined in discussing the peculiarities and good qualities of "our colored friends." The Bohemians were radicals, but not abolitionists in this respect, and their colored recruits from the commissary department were the subject, or object, of endless discussion, in which no member ever failed to take a part (or a pull). A neighboring "boarding-house" furnished the Club with a simple mess not likely to result either in starvation or indigestion. The landlady, who presided over the mess arrangements, was a tall, gaunt negress, who, without being at all handsome—in fact, not in the slightest degree prepossessing—was tidy in appearance, and had a certain rude dignity and grace, which was probably the result of many years of careful imitation of some former mistress. No landlady could have been more attentive to the wants of her guests, and, according to the "*Herald* Historian," "her table during the siege groaned with all the delicacies of the season *of the siege*." Large tin mugs, courteously denominated goblets, steamed with black coffee thrice a day before each tin platter. Huge cakes of corn-bread, called by the landlady "corn-pones," and small slices of ham of a very dubious character, though evidently from the commissary department, represented bread and meat. Sugar of a black and brown tannish color sweetened the coffee; and molasses, of a thickness that suggested that it had once been sugar, buttered the bread—literally, "hard bread." Occasionally this feast was varied by the addition of such delicacies as "fresh fish," commonly called sardines, and pickled herrings, and rarebits of Welsh descent, made of the hardest "hard bread" and the most ancient and venerable cheese. Contentment and self-denial were among the great virtues of the "Club," and as long as there was news to be had and sketches to be made the "Bohemians" did not grumble at their fare, nor wish themselves safely back again in Broadway. Why should they? Were they not of the *élite* of Chattanooga, and was it at all probable that they would ever belong to that of New York? Not that they thought, with Lucifer, that it was "better to reign in hell than serve in heaven," but simply that the life, rough as it was, and that Chattanooga, desolated as it was, had their attractions. They were established in the fashionable avenue of the city, where were to be seen all the traces of high life during the siege. Around the attractive quarters of General Rosecrans's Judge Advocate General congregated all the wit and gallantry (there was no beauty) of Chattanooga society. The "Judge Advocate's Soirée" was



THE LANDLADY.

the weekly sensation in the higher circles, while the announcements of his occasional feasts created the most extraordinary excitement throughout the camp. The Judge Advocate General had always been a popular young man on account of his musical and cribbage propensities. It was remembered that when he was rescued from captivity on a previous occasion he had been found in a farm-house near the scene of the fight engaged in playing "Vive l'Amerique!" to a band of scowling rebel women. Wherever the army halted the Judge Advocate managed to find quarters in a room containing a piano. Thus, when our army occupied Chattanooga, he was in possession of the only piano which was not used for firewood or camp cots. But the secret of his unbounded popularity during the siege was not owing to his musical abilities, but to the fact that he was among the very fortunate few who happened to have full larders when the siege began; and the attraction which drew such admiring crowds to hear his songs circulated in a demijohn.

The siege which was thus conducted was raised by strategy—the strategy of the same man who had captured the city, though he did not execute the movements. The enemy which was in reality investing the town was Famine: the way to defeat him was to find a shorter line of supplies by which the besieged army might be fed. A close study of the map had shown to Rosecrans that if Bragg could be driven from a small peninsula of land near Chattanooga, and on the south side of the Tennessee River, a very short route could be opened by the river to Bridgeport, and that by means of a couple of boats which the soldiers had built the army could be fed. Hooker's corps from the Army of the Potomac had arrived at Bridgeport on Oct. 20, and with this force the



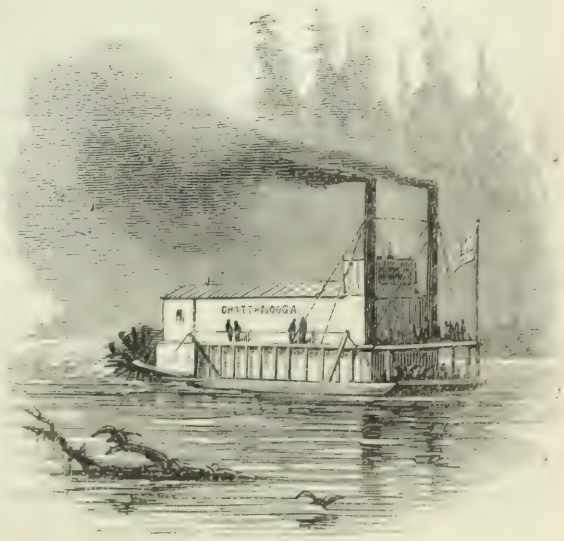
THE JUDGE ADVOCATE'S SOIREE.

peninsula could be seized. But before he could get ready for the movement Rosecrans was relieved of the command, and General Thomas assumed control, with General Grant in chief command. In the mean time the troops in Chattanooga were on the eve of starvation. "We are issuing," said General Gordon Granger, "quarter rations for breakfast only." But Thomas, on assuming command, and being urged by Grant to hold on to the strong-hold at all hazards, had telegraphed in reply, "I will hold the town until we starve;" and the men cheerfully agreed to starve a while longer.

On the arrival of General Grant the movements which Rosecrans had planned were begun. Two columns to seize the peninsula started simultaneously—the one from Bridgeport under General Hooker, the other from Chattanooga under General W. F. Smith. Hooker moved overland along the railroad and seized upon Wauhatchie and three small hills near the mouth of Lookout Creek. Smith, with his command in pontoon boats, on the night of October 26, 1863, dropped down the Tennessee River, running past the rebel batteries to Brown's Ferry, where a prominent and commanding peak of hills on the peninsula was seized, and the boats were soon transformed into a pontoon bridge across the river at that point. General Hooker's position, which was only won after two very desperate engagements, one of which was fought at midnight, covered a road to Kelley's Ferry, a landing-place on the west side of the all-important peninsula; and the result of the whole operation was that a short and good road, only seven miles in length, was obtained from Chattanooga by way of Brown's Ferry to Kelley's Ferry; at which latter place the steamboats built by the troops landed supplies from Bridgeport. Supplies by this route could be very easily carried through in a day, and the army was very soon on full rations again.

The success of these movements virtually raised the siege of Chattanooga, though Bragg did not immediately abandon his position before the town, and Grant was then too weak to attempt to force him to do so. But soon General Sherman's command from Memphis came to his assistance; and on November 24, 25, and 26, Grant moved out of the town, and, in a series of battles, whose tactics were not less brilliant in conception and successful in execution than the strategic operations which had gained and saved us the town, drove Bragg from every position which he had held, and captured nearly all his artillery and several thousand prisoners. An account of these grand battles does not, however, properly belong to the story of the Siege of Chattanooga.

It is easy to imagine that there was little of beauty left to Chattanooga when the siege was ended. And little of its beauty would have returned to it with prosperity if it had depended upon the former citizens. But circumstances had turned Chattanooga into a great fortress, and when the siege was ended the engineers and quarter-masters of the army became the city's architects. They became indeed the "city fathers" of Chattanooga, and, unlike a great many other "city fathers," they had the city's good at heart. They may have been wanting in taste for the beautiful, but they had a full appreciation of the useful. They had a bad habit of forcing what might be well turned into a park to the base uses of the worn-out army animals, and stables and store-houses sprung up at their bidding in painful proximity to the handsomest residences. The rebel works on Cameron Hill were transformed into a reservoir; a confiscated flour-mill at the foot of that hill and on the bank of the Tennessee was forced to do duty in filling the reservoir with water, and thus Chattanooga boasts her waterworks. Into every Government work-shop and store-house, into every fort of the long line of works which encircle and protect the city the water-pipes were run, and the garrison if again besieged can never want for water. And the Tennessee, that "river in our rear," which in the dark days of the siege looked fearfully wide to the men when the pontoons were broken or a retreat was calculated, has been bridged by the energy of Quarter-Master-General Meigs with a handsome structure that robs the river of its terrors. Fire-engines too are among the public improvements introduced by the army, while private enterprise established hotels where guests provide their own blankets, billiard-rooms where an unengaged table was never to be had without waiting days for it, and a theatre where bad singers caricatured the negro to noisy audiences of the rougher sex only. Beyond the line of works the plow-share has sunk in the soil nobler and more beautiful furrows than the rifle-pits of the rebels; where but yesterday the contending armies clashed the peaceful rows of corn are massed in solid phalanx; the mountains have already been turned into vineyards, and the poor fellows in the hospitals on Lookout Mountain drink to their country in native wine.



STEAMER BUILT BY SOLDIERS.

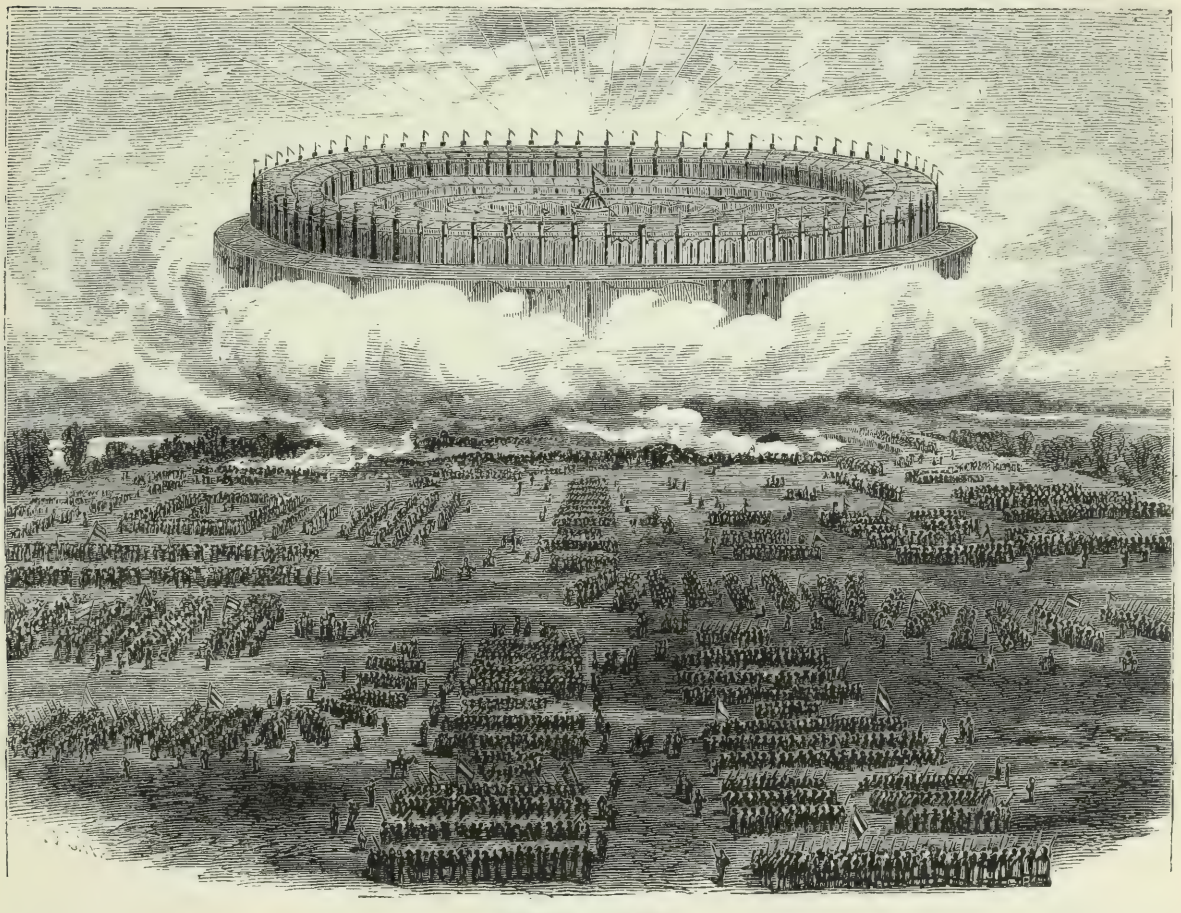
UNRETURNING.

Now all the flowers that ornament the grass,
Wherever meadows are and placid brooks,
Must fall—the "glory of the grass" must fall.
Year after year I see them sprout and spread—
The golden, glossy, tossing butter-cups,
The tall, straight daisies and red clover globes,
The swinging bell-wort and the blue-eyed blade,
With nameless plants as perfect in their hues—
Perfect in root and branch, their plan of life,
As if the intention of a soul were there:
I see them flourish as I see them fall!

But he, who once was growing with the grass,
And blooming with the flowers, my little son,
Fell, withered—dead, nor has revived again!
Perfect and lovely, needful to my sight,
Why comes he not to ornament my days?
The barren fields forget their barrenness,
The soulless earth mates with these soulless things,
Why should I not obtain *my* recompense?
The budding spring should bring, or summer's prime,
At least a vision of the vanished child,
And let his heart commune with mine again,
Though in a dream—his life was but a dream:
Then might I wait with patient cheerfulness—
That cheerfulness which keeps one's tears unshed
And blinds the eyes with pain—the passage slow
Of other seasons, and be still and cold
As the earth is when shrouded in the snow,
Or passive, like it, when the boughs are stripped
In autumn, and the leaves roll every where.

And he should go again; for winter's snows,
And autumn's melancholy voice, in winds,
In waters, and in woods, belong to me—
To me—a faded soul; for, as I said,
The sense of all his beauty—sweetness comes
When blossoms are the sweetest; when the sea,
Sparkling and blue, cries to the sun in joy,
Or, silent, pale, and misty waits the night,
Till the moon, pushing through the veiling cloud,
Hangs naked in its heaving solitude:
When feathery pines wave up and down the shore,
And the vast deep above holds gentle stars,
And the vast world beneath hides him from me!

THE CAFES OF THE PARIS EXHIBITION.



CHAMP DE MARS.

CARLYLE, the dyspeptic, in one of his talks with Mr. Milburn, the Blind Preacher, tells how it happened that he came into "the direful persuasion that he was the miserable owner of a diabolical apparatus called a Stomach." Years before he had, in a rather notable essay entitled "Characteristics," propounded the idea that the sum of human well-being, physically considered, consisted in the fact that one did not know from sensation that he was the owner of any such "diabolical apparatus." Whether the stomach, meaning thereby the whole digestive apparatus, is the fountain of all our woes, as all dyspeptics will aver with the Chelsea philosopher, may be a matter of doubt. But it is quite certain that the gustatory apparatus, that which consists of palate, tongue-tip, and some others, stands on a quite different footing. To get a good dinner has been the great study of ages. Cooks have been the great experimenters. How from the raw materials which made up an old-time feast they have come to be able to serve up a Delmonico dinner would furnish a curious chapter in the history of civilization.

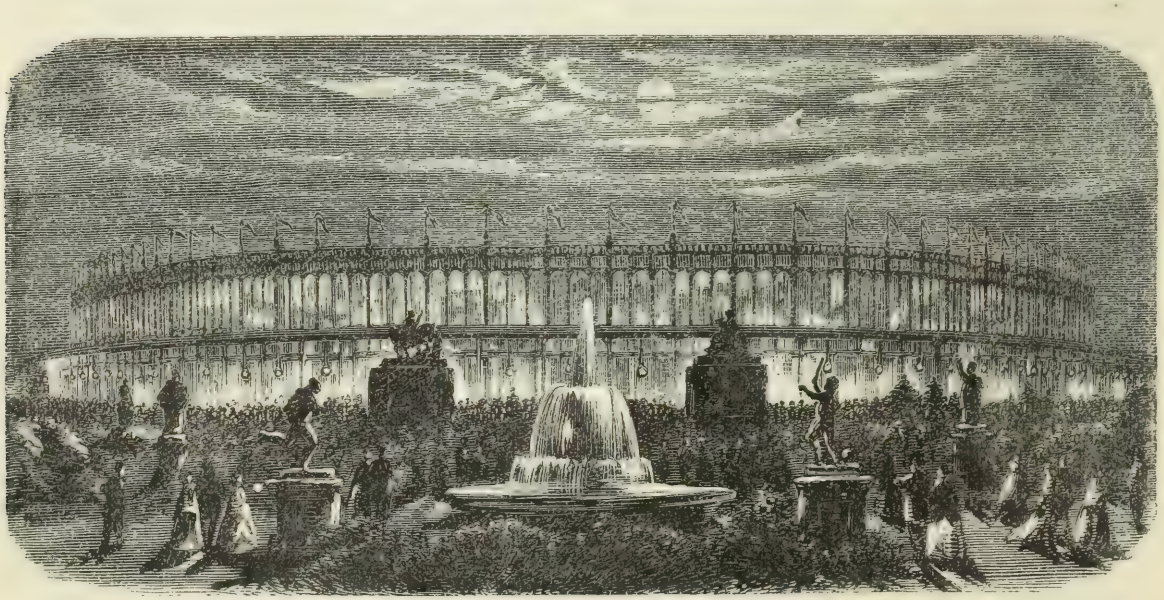
Could one now have the best possible bill of fare for a dinner, say at any time from 500 to 3000 years ago, he would be astonished at its meagreness. The great eaters of whom Homer speaks had nothing better than a bit of lamb, kid, or calf roasted on a spit; or, by way of change, boiled in a huge pot over the fire. Kid, lamb, fatted calf, or tolerable veal are the only delicacies named in early Greek, Roman, or Hebrew history. Bread of some sort was of early invention; but the Oriental bread was what we now call Johnny-cake—meal mixed up with water and baked in thin cakes. It took the Romans many a generation to get even as far as this. It was a long time before they got beyond *puls*, a thick pap made by boiling their meal or grain. This, say the dictionaries, "was the primitive food of the Romans before they became acquainted with bread." After a while the Roman cooks began to try strange experiments to satisfy the appetites of their patrons. The record of not a few of their dishes has come down to us. An odd thing was a "big feed" in the days of the Decline and Fall of Rome. During the French Revolution, we are told, some savant got up a regular Roman dinner; but the guests could barely swallow, and could no way keep down, the fare which Apicius and Lucullus had found dainties.

Great men lived before Agamemnon, and doubtless there were geniuses among the cooks of the later days of Rome. But only think how few were the materials at their command. They had good meat, fair poultry, and not a bad assortment of fish. In vegetables they were woefully deficient. They had never heard of a potato or a tomato. Then as for pastry, they

had no sugar. For every thing saccharine they had to depend upon honey and the "jams" of various fruits. It is funny indeed to read what old writers of good repute record about a certain sweet substance of which they had vaguely heard as existing in India or some other far-away region. Strabo tells doubtingly, being very careful to give as his authority Nearchus, the admiral who commanded the fleet of Alexander of Macedon in his invasion of India, that in this country "there are reeds which yield honey without bees." Seneca speaks of sugar in a way that shows how little he knew about it. "They say," he writes, "that among the Indians honey is found in the leaves of reeds, which either the dew of that climate or some humor of the reed itself makes sweet and luscious." The word which we have rendered "luscious" is *pinguior*, which should perhaps be rendered "thick" or "fatty." In which case we must suppose that the reed-honey of which the Roman philosopher had heard was most likely nothing but molasses. Pliny comes a little nearer in describing sugar. "Arabia, and more especially India," he says, "produce *saccharum*. This is honey gathered from reeds; it is a kind of white gum, brittle between the teeth, the largest pieces as big as a hazel-nut; only used in medicine." One would imagine from this that some bits of sugar-candy, or more likely medicated lozenges, had by this time found their way into Europe.

The ancient diners had doubtless some very good fruits, but only in scanty variety. When there was little commerce no one could have fruits which were not the produce of his own immediate locality. Grapes were widely spread and exceedingly good. We find apples mentioned as coming last in a Roman dinner. *Ab ovo usque ad mala*—"from egg to apples"—took in the whole of a repast; and hence, by metaphor, the beginning and the end of any important matter. But it must be borne in mind that under the word *malum*, which we render "apple," the Romans described any kind of fruit having a fleshy pulp outside and a kernel or seeds within; thus distinguished from "nuts." Thus apples, oranges, peaches, pomegranates, etc., were all *mala*—"apples;" and most of them would seem to have been of such a quality that they were fairly described as *mala*—"bad." Thus peaches, like the tomato among us, were long thought to be poisonous. Pliny records, though he doubts the story, that it was reported that the Persian kings used to send this fruit to Egypt to poison the natives. He, however, thought it very harmless, having more juice and less smell than any fruit in the world, and yet caused thirst in those who ate it. They had, he says, long tried to raise it in Italy, but with indifferent success; nor was it common in Greece or Natolia. Figs and dates were good, but their range was very limited. Olives were abundant, but these are hardly to be regarded as fruits. Apart from their oil, which went largely into cookery, they were used chiefly as pickles and relishes. When we have named salt, onions, leeks, garlic, and mustard we have about gone through the list of condiments at the disposal of an ancient cook. These worthies, indeed, tried hard to get up toothsome dishes, and resorted to some of the oddest means. Thus, it is said that eels feasted upon human flesh gained great delicacy of flavor, and so the great Romans used to chop up a slave now and then and throw the fragments into their eel-ponds. We trust that this story is fabulous. A farrow sow was beaten to death with her brood within her. The whole mass, including "trail," as woodcock fanciers of our day would say, was then roasted, and reckoned a great delicacy. A great dish at a great dinner was a peacock roasted whole. Now the flesh of this bird of the starry tail is about as savory as so much roasted corn-shucks would be. When the lordly fowl was served up there was little that had ever belonged to him except his brilliant feathers and exuberant tail. All the rest was stuffing and forcemeat.

As for potables the ancients were even worse



CAFES ILLUMINATED.



RESTAURANT DE LA VILLE DE PARIS.

off than for eatables. They indeed had wine; but what wine? The best wine known to the famous bibbers whom Mæcenas gathered around his hospitable board was just grape cider, and nothing more. It was drunk before it had time to "turn." Hard cider, though pressed from the best of grapes, had not yet come into vogue. Some species of wine contained sufficient native alcohol to keep them for a considerable while, and so they doubtless improved by age. Among these was the famous Falernian, the best of which we judge to have been very like a tolerable Madeira. Other sorts, which would not keep, were boiled down into a jam, flavored with sundry drugs and spices, and when drunk were diluted with water. So frequent are the incidental notices of mixing wine with water that people have jumped to the conclusion that the Greeks and Romans were predeterminately temperate. In our view all this rests upon sheer misconception. We think their wine and water was just grape jelly diluted with water so as to be drinkable. What the imbibers of Imperial Tokay, rare old Madeira, Port, Burgundy, or Champagne—to say nothing of such rare things as Johannisberg, a dozen bottles of which is a fit present for an emperor to receive or bestow—would say to the rarest wines known to the ancients we will not venture to imagine.



MEXICAN CHOCOLATE.

Of the whole class of fermented drinks we do not propose to speak at length. Suffice it to say, that while beverages of this class have been known for centuries, the man is now living whose father or father's father never drank a fair glass of ale, porter, stout, or lager. Nor do we propose to speak of the odd fermented drinks of uncivilized nations: the fermented



THE AUSTRIAN SALOON.

mare's milk of the Tartars; the *ava* of the South Seas, to produce which all otherwise unoccupied jaws (females of all ages, and males too young to fight) are employed in grinding up roots and grains: the fermenting mass, more or less cleared and clarified, or rather strained, getting into a potable form. Somehow some millions of people manage to get exhilarated upon such primitive beverages.

Of the infused drinks—tea, coffee, chocolate, maté, and the like—we merely state that they are all new—that is, belonging to the last two centuries—to the civilized world, or are wholly unknown thereto. Who, for example, ever sucked a glass of maté outside of Chili or the region watered by the river Plata?

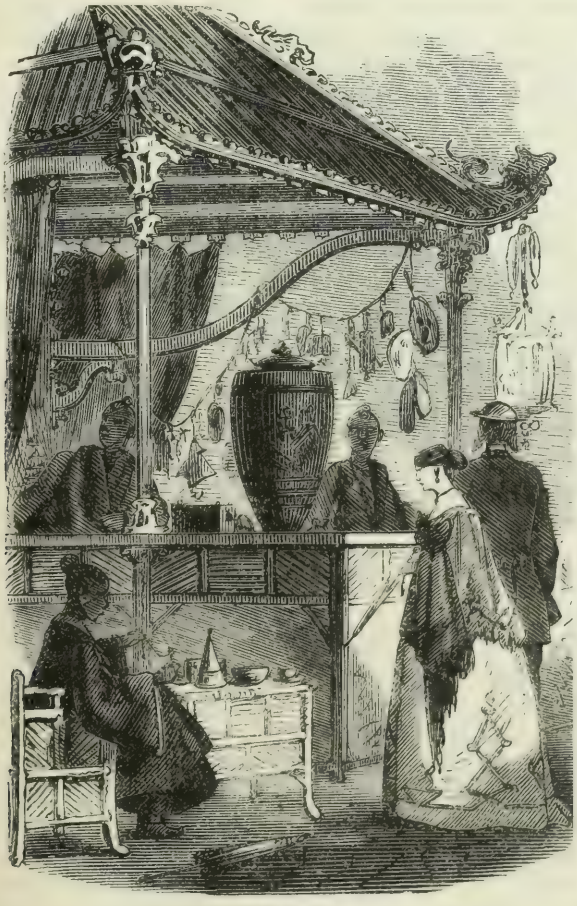
It has been said that the art of printing was only delayed because there was nothing upon which to print. Parchment and papyrus were too costly. The invention of paper, we are told, produced printing. Be this as it may, it is quite sure that it was only when the world got itself tied together by commerce that a really good dinner was achievable; for only then could the cook of the most sublime genius gather the necessary ingredients for a meal such as a man of fair means can get at an hour's notice at any good restaurant in the civilized world. Adam and Eve, in their costume of fig-leaves or skins, differed not less widely in dress from their descendants, arrayed in all the glory of tailor and milliner, than they do in the meals wherewith they respectively regale themselves.

In the great "Exposition of the Industry of all Nations" cooks and purveyors could not fail to claim a share, and the cafés wherein they continually set forth their achievements were really among the most universally-attractive parts of the show. They indeed were addressed to the capacity and wants of every visitor. Only a few really care much for machinery and manufactures, for pictures and statues; but every body cares for a dinner. The success of the cafés was decided on the opening day, and they bore thereafter undisputed sovereignty over the attractions of the Exposition. Encircling that huge gasometer, they struck on the eyes of all visitors with the most beautiful effect, and a glance into the interior was more than enough to captivate the beholders. When the heights of Trocodero, overlooking the Champ de Mars and all the avenues leading to the principal entrance gate, facing the Pont de Jena, through which the Emperor, with all the imposing adjuncts of royalty, was to pass, were crowded with large and small bourgeoisie; and when the Champs Elysées, the most magnificent street in the world, was flooded with wealth, fashion, and beauty, the cafés were in the most eager request, and carried off the laurels of the occasion. From the banks of the Seine, from the Ecole Militaire—in fact, from every place, including even the Palace of the Tuileries, a mighty rush was made for the cafés; for the news of their admirable arrangements and beautiful attendants got instant circulation, and it is possible that all the soldiery of the Empire



THE ENGLISH SALOON.

would have been insufficient to restrain the progress of the surging, heterogeneous masses that gathered in the various saloons.



THE JAPANESE SALOON.

The pilgrims of old rushing to the shrine of the holy temple could not have formed a more motley collection, nor have been more eager in their anxiety and haste. Representatives of all creeds and races—Turks, Japanese, Italians, Prussians, Arabs, Germans, Moors, Persians, Tunisians, Chinese, Spaniards, Ethiopians, English, and Americans—mingled together, all actuated by one sentiment and seeking one goal. It was a strange display of universal homogeneity, a mighty proof that "human nature is the same all the world over;" and when on the approach of the Emperor the cheers of the English, the *vivas* of the Spanish and French, the *evivas* of the Italians, the *eljins* of the Hungarians, and the different plaudits of other nationalities filled the air, the varied expressions were but the echoes of one sentiment, and sprang from one and the same impulse.

There was no end to the odd sights presented in the cafés. For instance, can any spectacle be more laughter-stirring than the sight of an Arab attempting to swallow a glass of Bass's stout or Guinness's ale, or lager bier? Unhappily the top froth is like gall and wormwood to his taste: it is unknown to him, and a stranger to the vocabulary of his country. Yet he is a man, and "would do all that may become a man." He is thirsty, and after a while pantomimes for something to drink similar to what a gentleman—an Englishman probably—is taking at his side. The beautiful young waitress parts her cherry lips into a bewitching smile, and with a look of the most perfect intelligence



THE RUSSIAN CAFE

proceeds to pour out the beverage for the enraptured Arab. But the beverage—what is it? Stifling for a while the ecstatic feelings of his breast, he critically examines the glass with his eye, so as, if possible, to ascertain the nature of its contents. With a manly effort he places the tempting goblet to his lips and tastes the froth! Of all the agonized contortions that ever disfigured human features nothing can be compared to the unfortunate Arab's face. Making the most ridiculous grimaces, he points to the offensive froth, which is speedily removed by a spoon, and then two or three determined gulps afford an introduction to the Christian's beverage.

Each nationality had a separate café and restaurant, though all fraternized, and every peculiarity of taste was consulted. Irrespective of the many hand-bills and printed notices in all the languages of the world, which were exposed for reference and guidance, each refreshment-counter afforded unmistakable evidence indicating its representative character. Thus, without verbal inquiry, every individual visitor was able to discover the café of his own country. Nor were these the only convincing features. What cockney would hesitate to address in English the presiding nymph of roast beef and plum-pudding? What Frenchman would not *parler Français* where he found omelet and claret? Would not sausage and Vienna beer inspire the Teuton with the guttural German accent? What more would be necessary than the sight of macaroni to satisfy the Italian that his language would be understood? As to the American, were there not three-inch-square napkins, blunt plated knives, handleless cups, and buckwheat-cakes? Well, all these characteristic features prevailed in the cafés of the Exposition, and it was often amusing to see a bewildered foreigner in search of his own traditional dish, and to notice the joy he evinced when at last it met his gaze.

The meetings at some of the refreshment-counters were at times of the most interesting nature. Notwithstanding the distinctive nationality of the cafés, the fairest waitresses constituted a cynosure irresistible to all ranks and ages; and it may be observed that the English salon was universally acknowledged to contain the richest gems of female beauty, and it was here where incidents at once ludicrous and significant were of hourly occurrence. Attracted by the bright glances of the charming creatures, Italian, Spaniard, Turk, Russian, and Greek would meet on a common level, and signalize their respective wishes. The antics of speech often became grotesque in the extreme, and the bewilderment and confusion that prevailed in seeking to understand each other baffle description.

What a pity that France should be perpetually knocking her head against Luxemburg, Schleswig, the Treaty of Prague, or some other political obstacle; and that the official *Moniteur* should be such a fire-brand to the peace of Europe! It was thought during the palmy days of the Exposition, when so many Frenchmen,



ARAB CAFE

Prussians, and Germans were observed walking arm in arm down the grand vestibule, conversing with gushing familiarity before the Emperor's pavilion, and drinking Champagne or sherry cobblers together in the cafés, that the kindest feelings were alone entertained. Let us hope so still. At any rate many a calumet of peace was smoked between them at that time; and the olive branches of courtesy and good-fellowship then exchanged should perpetuate kindly sentiments and concord. Instead of provoking hostilities, how much better for Prussia to turn her ambition in a peaceful direction, and seek to eclipse the Paris Exposition in all that promotes civilization and industrial progress, not forgetting the chief attractions of cafés!



THE SWISS CHALET.

How very amiable human nature appears in a café! Did any one ever know a man show anger while sipping iced claret punch handed him by the fairy hand of a smiling waitress? Would not some naturally kind-tempered wives, made almost Xantippes by the quarrelsomeness of brutal husbands, be subject to unfeigned surprise if they were to observe the well-pleased urbanity their spouses are wont to display toward beautiful bar-girls? Many an American Benedict, who left any thing but kind memories behind him, might have been seen in daily attendance at the Exposition cafés, Chesterfields of grace and politeness. Is it too much to hope that the affability they there practiced has proved adhesive, and rendered them kinder husbands and more indulgent parents? A gentleman on his way to the Paris Exposition was met by a friend, who observed, "You had your wife with you in '62, when you visited the Lon-



IN FRONT OF THE TUNISIAN CAFE.

don Exhibition. Does she not accompany you to Paris?" "Oh no," was the reply, given with a self-satisfied smile. "I left her in New York, having decided on this as a pleasure-trip." That man was wise in his generation, and it is superfluous to add that he was seen at the cafés every day.

The cafés contained every attribute of comfort and elegance, and the habits and tastes of every class of mortals were carefully provided for. The Turkish Divan, the Swiss Châlet, the Chinese Pagoda, and almost every other traditional appliance contributed to the ease and enjoyment of the visitors. Nothing existing calculated to please the palate or promote personal comfort was wanting; and Epicurean, indeed, must have been the taste that remained unsatisfied amidst the variety and abundance that prevailed. No wonder, then, that the frequenters of the cafés were extremely numerous, and that when once they invaded the sanctity of the place they were indisposed to leave. It must be confessed, too, that the regimen they practiced agreed with them wonderfully, and in some cases did not fail to make a show on their corporeal proportions. It is known for a fact that some of the Dutch and Germans, who were seldom or never absent from the enchanting influence of the English café, so gorged themselves with roast beef and ale that they expanded like blown bladders, and had to rush off to tailors.

Dickens, in his "Bleak House," writes in an explanatory way on the subject of spontaneous combustion. It is not necessary to enter into particulars here, however instructive such a discussion might prove. Let it suffice that many a practical illustration is supposed to have taken place in Paris during the rage of the cafés. For instance, it was given out one morning that a heap of tattered male garments and oily dust was discovered near the Hôtel de Ville, and had been conveyed in a barrel to the Morgue; but that, as the pockets contained nothing but a pawn-ticket in blank for a silver watch, and five franc-pieces, and as no other means of identification existed, the whole, with the exception of the francs, had been thrown into the Seine. This much, however, is known—that a greasy German, who had attended the cafés every day since the opening ceremony, and who had become notorious for his insatiable appetite, eating and drinking without any intermission from morning till night, was never seen afterward, and it became at last the general belief that the discovery in question appertained to the unfortunate German, who had evidently undergone the process of spontaneous combustion.

As has already been stated, some of the displays in the cafés were vastly entertaining and instructive. Every order of humanity was represented, "from Greenland's icy mountains to India's coral strand," and the same may be said of every grade of society. There were the polished nobleman and the uncouth peasant, the man of virtues and the man of vices, the *savant* and the ignoramus, the ornaments of *haut ton* and the roués of *demi-mode;* the heads of gov-

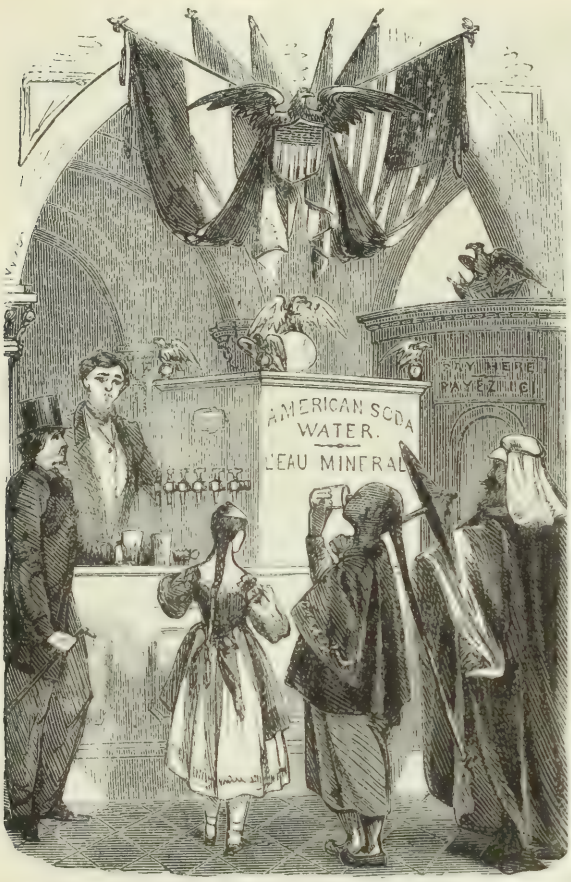


THE AMERICAN CAFE.

ernments, the heads of churches, and the heads of gambling-salons; wits, rakes, and parsons: in fact, all classes, creeds, and distinctions mingled together at their own sweet will.

Very amusing was the study of deportmental differences. The man of the world and high-breeding would enter with the most polished *nonchalance*, and speak out his orders with courteous boldness. The John Bull squire would pass in with brusque confidence, and use an authoritative voice. The young man from the country would appear with shuffling gait and a hesitating tongue, looking as green as were the fields he had wandered from. The dandy would twirl his mustache and stare with consummate boldness into every female face, smiling with well-satisfied assurance. The young spendthrift would lounge toward the counter and seek to engage some pretty waitress in talking while he sipped his Champagne. The hard-up fop would strut along with seedy swagger, and pay in conceit what he lacked in money. The heavy-hoofed country gentleman would tread on dandy boots and shuffle away in confusion. As to the miscellaneous foreigners, any attempt to describe their peculiarities and eccentricities would be useless. Their efforts to make themselves understood, their difficulty in getting what they required, their strange *patois* and dumb show, their own and the attendants' mutual bewilderment, the shouts of laughter and Babel of sounds, their delight at making themselves intelligible, and their despair at being perpetually misunderstood—all these collectively form a subject demanding in its treatment a capacity to which the present writer can lay no claim.

The American café, under the management of two Bostonians, formed a scene of great interest and curiosity to immense numbers of visitors, chiefly on account of the waiters being "of the colored persuasion"—"God's image carved in ebony," as Fuller has it. Another feature of attraction that characterized the American café was the magnificent white marble soda-water fountain, a perfect Briareus of taps, emblazoned with the national flag and eagle, and pouring forth unceasingly the foaming nectar of the Union. The people of all nations greatly relished the refreshing beverage; and as the weather, with short intervals, was fearfully hot, the consumption was not stinted. Other well-known preparations also found great favor. Brandy smashes, mint juleps, and such like drinks were in perpetual demand, and seemed to please the most fastidious tastes. The appointments of the interior combined the costliness and good taste of American supervision, with alternating touches of Eastern luxuriance. It is gratifying to be able to state here that no want of courtesy or attention was observable on the part of any one connected with the café; and it must frankly be owned that the negro-waiters were unwearying in their endeavors to promote the comfort and happiness of every class of visitors. This is as it should be; and it can only be regretted that the like language can not be employed in reference to every place in New York.



SODA WATER.

Many amusing incidents occurred at the American café of the Exposition, which illustrate the reflective aspirations of the negro mind. The following may be taken as a fair example of the whole:

"Well, William, you have been in Paris now for some weeks; what do you think of the place—do you like it?" inquired a gentleman one day of the sable waiter who tended him.

"Yes, Sare, I likes de place berry much," was the prompt reply of William, whose large mouth opened wide with a smile of well-pleased satisfaction; "and, Sare," continued he, as his eyes glistened with intelligent hope, "I tink to like it bettar *when I hab larnt de language* dey speaks."

The Arab café had many picturesque specialties, which perhaps could only belong to Oriental arrangements. The tasseled turbans and bronzed features of the attendants, the fantastic dress and appearance of the patrons, the long-handled coffee-servers, the endless variety of chibouks and narghillas, the walls ornamented with mirrors and embroidered drapery, and the soft, cushioned seats with beautifully carved backs in blue, white, and gold—all formed a collection most truly grand. Luxury and extravagance were the ruling features of the place, giving beauty and effect to every minutiæ. This café sought not only to please the taste but also to charm the ear. A body of some half dozen musicians, with strangely-eccentric string instruments and one or two curious samples of drums, would accompany the symphony of strings with vocal noises of a monotonous twang, very like the inharmonious musical medley that contributes to the attractions of a Chinese Joss House. Yet, discordant as was the noise, its peculiar novelty drew vast crowds of people to the performance, which continued every day with scarcely any intermission from the opening to the close of the Exposition, and must in consequence have added immensely to the receipts of the café. The Arab is unique in every thing; and the insight into his habits and mode of life which the café afforded, not only proved interesting for the time but will probably form the subject of many hours' conversation by thousands of people for years to come.

One of the most attractive spots of the whole Exposition was doubtless that on which stood the Turkish Bazar. Indeed, for gorgeous splendor this bazar was perhaps, without exception, the finest sight in the series of cafés. Picture a magnificent divan, elaborately ornamented with crimson and gold in the richest Oriental fashion, with all the appliances of luxuriant gratification and comfort that the liveliest fancy can conceive. Picture the choicest assortment of fragrant tobaccos and costly chibouks, the latter being here in greater splendor than in the Tunisian cafés; and then add ripe and luscious tropical fruit of every variety in picturesque baskets, and coffee of the most delicious flavor served in vessels of amber and gold; and, lastly, form some conception of a miscellaneous assortment of ornamental and other articles representing every possible phase of fanciful utility and romantic beauty, and no



THE TURKISH BAZAR.

astonishment will be expressed at this bazar having been the chief object of admiration and wonder to the inhabitants of Christian nations in the whole area of the Champ de Mars. Nor is this all. Gothic arches of beautiful palm leaves extended in every direction, which received a truly picturesque effect from fantastic lamps of great magnificence depending from every curve and angle. Lounges and stools of downy softness stood in shady recesses, inviting to repose; and Turks, gorgeously attired, were seated around, tailor-fashion, smoking chibouks or drinking coffee. The whole scene was literally one of Oriental grandeur and elegance enough to dazzle the strongest eye and surprise the wildest romancer, and truly the like of it may never be seen again.

Evening was unquestionably the time when the cafés showed to the greatest advantage, and produced the most favorable impression on human feelings. For once the brightest visions of the enthusiast were more than realized, and the poetry of dream-land lost the eloquence of language. Realistic achievements more than eclipsed the shadowy glories of romance, and gave "a local habitation and a name" to all that is beautiful in nature and art. Externally the vast building of the Exposition consisted of one circle of dazzling radiance, leading the astronomic mind to hazard comparisons with the belts of Saturn. Viewed from the Observatory or the Elevator, the mighty structure appeared like a little fairy globe, brilliantly illuminated and dispensing light, warmth, and joy to the scenes around. The interior, however, produced the greatest astonishment and delight. The intermingling blaze of chandeliers, the gorgeous reflections of various-colored decanters and glasses, the interminable vistas of phantasmagoric vagaries extending through numberless mirrors, the endless variety of costumes and manners that gave a brilliant dramatic effect to the checkered scene, the radiant charms of personal loveliness in both the seekers and dispensers of refreshments, enhanced by the blending of rays and the phantasms of beauty, the magical tendencies of glances and smiles unfolding graces unsurpassed in the seraglios of the Sultan or the palaces of Christendom, the lounges, the vases, and the fountains—all constituted a display at once so magnificent and romantic as to bewilder admiration, and turn to naught the powers of description.

The magnificence of the Second Empire is beyond dispute. Paris is the unchallenged queen of cities, and Napoleon III. has abundant reason to congratulate himself on the success that has attended his efforts to eclipse the world in making his capital the temporary emporium of all that is useful and lovely in the civilized world. It may be truthfully said that no monarch and nation in existence, excepting Napoleon and France, could have afforded the same universal satisfaction in so vast an enterprise as has been so successfully consummated in Paris. Memory carries us back to the London Exhibition of '62; and though we are bound to ascribe a due quantum of praise to the grandeur and substantial benefits which characterized the endeavors of the English nation under the leadership of that amiable and richly-endowed prince apostrophized by Tennyson in his Opening Ode as the "silent father of our kings to be," yet we are constrained to confess that the Paris Exposition of '67 was immeasurably in advance of every effort of the sort in the history of the world. Yet it is only giving language to the universal opinion to say that were it not for the cafés this unqualified success would never have been realized.

HOLOCAUST.

The sweet last hours of the year are waning;
Already has the white-robed priest, the Frost,
The temple entered, its high altar staining
For Summer's holocaust.

While every where amid the mellow shimmer
Of brightening air, the jeweled trees arise
In crimson and in gold, like lamps that glimmer
To light the sacrifice.

And over all the solemn stillness reigneth;
Such blissful calm as may death's pain beguile;
That "peace of God" which heavenly love ordaineth
To suff'ring ones who smile.

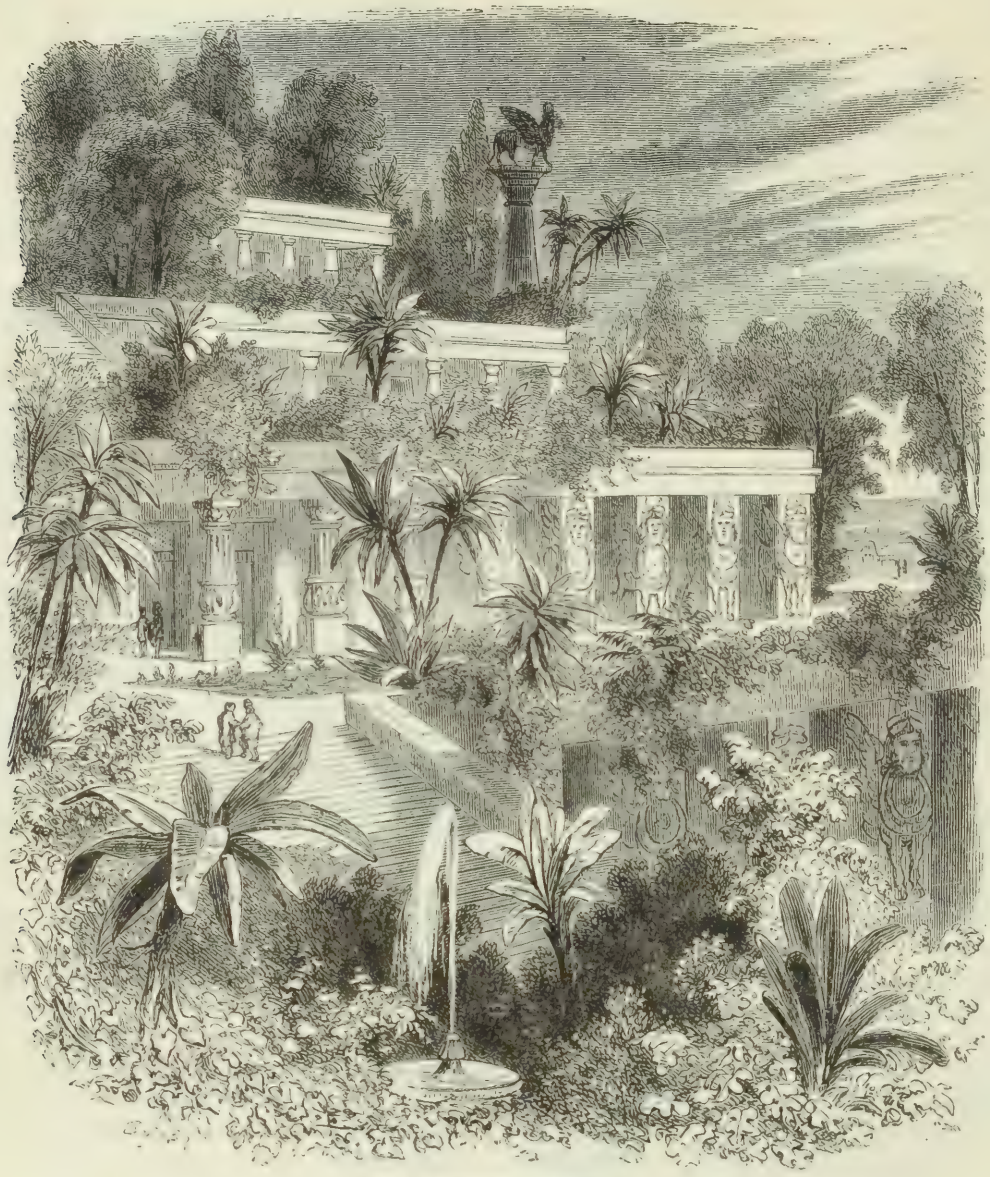
Oh, human heart that wanders mid this glory,
Dost Nature's lesson still so vainly read
That every year reiterates the story
With thee anew to plead?

Thou know'st the earnest word divinely written
By one of Nature's mitred priests of song,
"Sublime a thing it is" for hearts when smitten
"To suffer and be strong."

But Nature teaches how the great Refiner
Bids Beauty blossom at the touch of Pain,
And lifts the spirit to a height diviner
In times of loss than gain.

Look wheresoe'er thou wilt in adoration
Of soul or feature most supremely fair,
And thou wilt find, with subtle re-creation,
Has Sorrow's touch been there.

Then why behold with sense of gloom or grieving
This bloomful fading of each verdant thing,
Or mourn life's fleeting, varied charms, believing
This is but ripening.



THE HANGING GARDENS.

MEMOIR OF BABYLON.

BY JACOB ABBOTT.

THE city of Babylon stood on the banks of the Tigris, about three hundred miles below Nineveh. The whole region through which the Tigris and Euphrates flow consists chiefly of broad and beautiful plains, forming together a tract of country as rich and fertile as any in the world. In many places, and especially in the vicinity of Babylon, the rivers meander among luxuriant intervales and meadows, which are raised but little above the ordinary surface of the streams, so that in times of inundation they are overflowed. The lands, being thus fertilized by the deposit which they receive from the water, are of inexhaustible richness, and from the very earliest periods to which the records or even the traditions of the human race extend they have given employment and subsistence to a very numerous population, of which Nineveh was, from the remotest ages, one of the chief centres in the northern portion of the country, and Babylon in the southern.

The first establishment of both these seats of population and power took place at a period so remote that there is no authentic history going back to the origin of either of them.

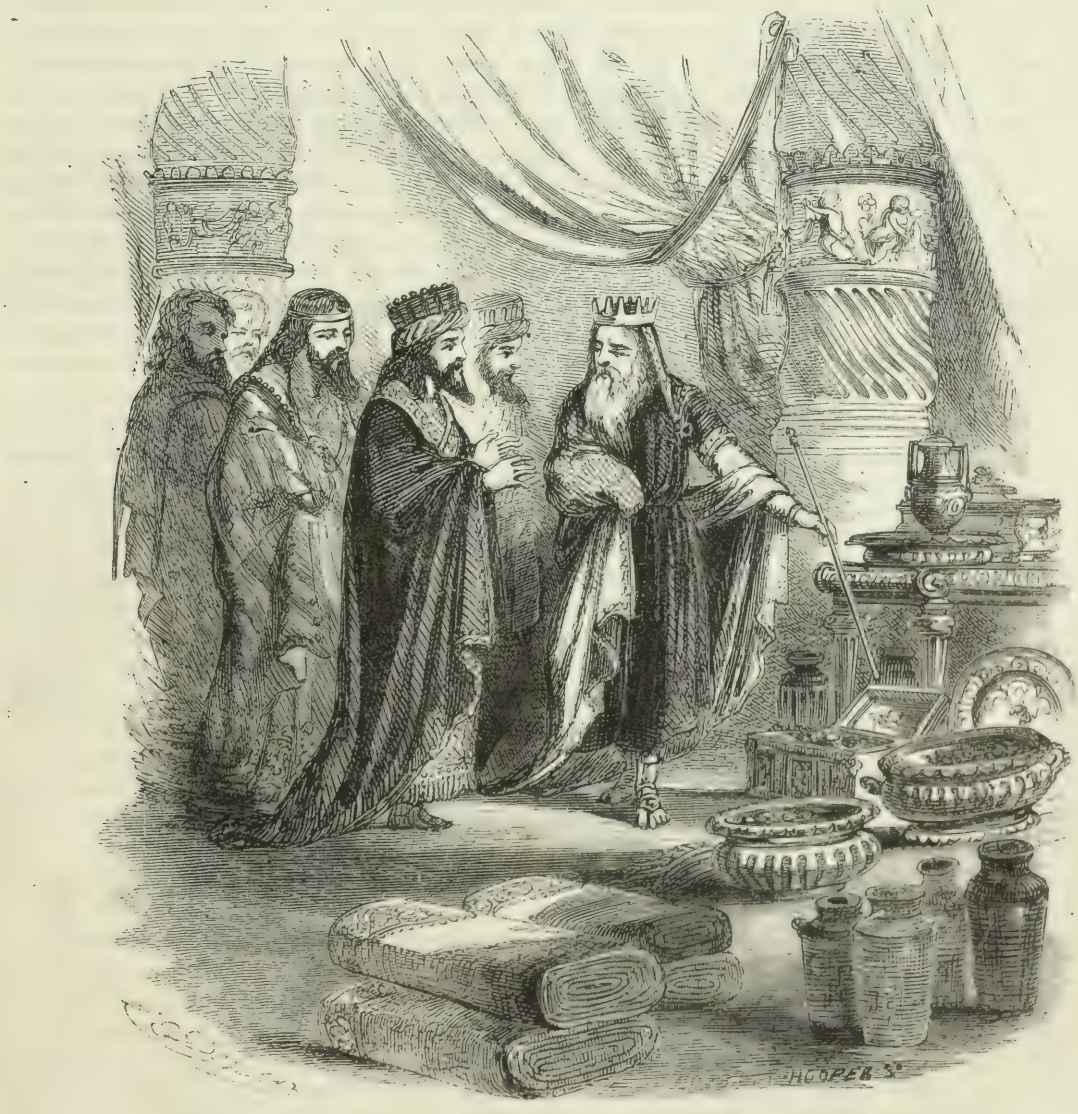
There are a few incidental allusions to Babylon and the Babylonians in the earlier books of the Scripture history, but the first instance in which any direct intercourse is recorded as having taken place between the kings of Judea and of Babylon occurs in the reign of Hezekiah, when a formal embassage was sent by the king of Babylon to Jerusalem to congratulate Hezekiah on his recovery from a dangerous sickness, and to express in general the friendly feelings which the Babylonian monarch was disposed to entertain toward his Hebrew brother.

At the time when the embassy was sent Hezekiah had surmounted or passed by all his difficulties and troubles, and his condition and prospects were extremely favorable. He had been engaged in various conflicts with the sur-

rounding nations, and had come off victorious from them all. He had managed his finances, too, in a most successful manner, so that he had amassed during his reign an immense treasure. His capital was rich and populous, and was embellished with public and private edifices of a most imposing character. He had been dangerously sick, it is true, but he had now entirely recovered from his disease. Thus his position at this time, both in respect to the present possession of wealth and power and to the prospect of the future continuance of it, was higher than ever before. The king of Babylon, accordingly, acting in the spirit which in all ages of the world and in every land marks and regulates the intercourse of the rich and the great, thought that it would be good policy to pay him a compliment. He accordingly sent a grand embassy to Jerusalem, accompanied by an imposing retinue and provided with many gifts, to congratulate Hezekiah on his recovery from sickness, and to assure him of the high and honorable regard in which he was held by the government of Babylon.

Hezekiah felt greatly honored by this embassage. The position of the Babylonian kingdom at this time, in respect not only to actual wealth and power, but in relation also to social rank among the other nations of the earth, was very high. There was perhaps no other power from whom a complimentary embassage of this kind would have been more gratifying to a Jewish king. Hezekiah received the embassadors, therefore, in a very cordial manner. He bestowed upon them every possible attention and honor. He made a great display before them of the wealth and resources of his kingdom. He showed them all his precious things, his costly furniture, his cabinets of gold and silver utensils, his stores of spices, of precious ointments, and of rich perfumes, his magazines of corn, wine, and oil, his stables and stalls, containing all manner of beasts, his armories, filled with beautiful and costly weapons of war, and his wardrobes, stored with vast supplies of expensive stuffs and materials of every kind, and of garments richly adorned with embroidery and gold. Hezekiah felt a great degree of pride and exultation in showing these things, and he exhibited them to the embassadors in a spirit of ostentation and display.

In consequence of the state of mind on the part of Hezekiah which this trial developed and brought to view the prophet Isaiah was



THE BABYLONIAN EMBASSADORS.



ACHAN'S TENT.

sent to denounce the judgment of God upon him and upon his kingdom. "Behold the days come," said he, "that all that is in thine house, and that which thy fathers have laid up in store until this day, shall be carried to Babylon. Nothing shall be left, saith the Lord. And of thy sons that shall issue from thee shall they take away, and they shall be eunuchs in the palace of the king of Babylon." This prediction was afterward, as we shall presently see, signally fulfilled.

The name of the Babylonian monarch who sent this embassage to Hezekiah is given in the Book of Kings as Berodac-Baladan. But in the Book of Isaiah, in which these transactions are also briefly referred to, the name is Merodac-Baladan, the letter B having become changed in some way or other for its cognate M—a change which is very frequently found to occur in the orthography of names recorded in ancient annals. In certain tables of the names of the Babylonian kings which have come down from ancient times in the pages of secular history this prince is styled in one Mardoc-Empadus, and in the other Mardoc-Empadocus. His name stands in these tables as the fifth in the line.

It is very evident from the account of the embassage referred to that the king of Babylon had attained at that time to a very considerable degree of wealth and power, though we have very few authentic accounts, previous to that period, of the history or the condition of the city. There are, however, a few incidental allusions to it in the earlier books of the Old Testament, which are somewhat interesting.

It is said, for example, that among the articles which Achan rescued from the spoils which were taken at Jericho at the time when Joshua first invaded the land of Canaan there was "a goodly Babylonish garment," as it is called, which must have been considered an object of great value, since Achan classed it, in his enumeration of his spoils, with such treasures as a bag of silver of two hundred shekels and a wedge of gold of fifty shekels. This seems to show that the manufacturing arts had, even at that early period, made great progress in Babylon; and the commercial relations of the city with the surrounding countries must have been, as one would suppose, considerably advanced, or such an article as is here referred to would not have found its way to so distant a region as the land of Canaan.

In an account, too, contained in the Book of Kings, of certain idols made by the people of different countries that were at that time residing as foreigners in Samaria and in other parts of Canaan, the men of Babylon are enumerated as an important class, implying that a considerable number of the people of that kingdom had found their way into the Jewish territories. "Howbeit," says a sacred writer, "every nation made gods of their own, and put them in the houses of the high places which the Samaritans had made, every nation in their cities wherein they dwelt. And the men of Babylon made Succoth Benoth, and the men of Cuth made Nergal," etc.

These allusions, and many others similar to these which are found in secular history, show that even at this early period of the world Babylon was a powerful and prosperous kingdom, and that the inhabitants of it had made very considerable progress in the arts and refinements of life, and had established commercial communications, more or less intimate, with many of the surrounding nations.

From the similarity of the name and from other circumstances it has been generally supposed that Babylon was built upon the site of the Tower of Babel. This idea has been thought to be corroborated in some degree by the fact that in later times, when Babylon was in the height of its prosperity and power, there was a great and celebrated tower standing in the city, which was described by many ancient historians and geographers as a wonder of the world. This tower was called the Tower of Belus, a monarch of that name having been reputed to have laid the original foundations of it. However this may be, the tower was a very ancient structure, having existed, in one form or another, from a very remote period. It nevertheless attracted comparatively little notice until the days of Nebuchadnezzar, by whom it was very greatly enlarged, if not entirely rebuilt, and adorned also in the most magnificent manner. It was only then that the structure began to acquire its great renown. Its history can not be traced back very far, but many reasons have been alleged for believing that the Tower of Babel referred to in the Book of Genesis was the actual origin of it. We shall have occasion in the sequel to give some account of this edifice, as described by travelers and geographers who lived subsequently to Nebuchadnezzar's day.

In addition to the incidental allusions to the early history and condition of Babylon contained in the sacred Scriptures which we have already referred to, there are many legends and tales and detached statements of facts, and architectural or geographical descriptions, and other incomplete and fragmentary accounts, appearing here and there incidentally in the works that have come down to us from the Greeks and Romans, all of which have been examined and compared with great diligence by modern scholars, with the view of forming from them a connected and authentic history of this extraordinary kingdom. One of the most curious of these tales is the story of Belesis, who became king of Babylon after the fall of Nineveh, and who accomplished so much in building up and aggrandizing the city and in strengthening the power of the kingdom that he has been sometimes considered as the founder of the true Babylonian dynasty. Sardanapalus was king of Nineveh, against whom Arbaces and Belesis raised an insurrection. Arbaces was a general of high rank and great military skill; Belesis was a priest. It was agreed between the two leaders that, in case the revolt should be successful and Sardanapalus should be overthrown, Arbaces should succeed him as king of Assyria, while Belesis should be viceroy of Babylon.

The revolt was successful. Sardanapalus, shutting himself up in his capital, defended himself for some time, until at length an inundation of the river undermined and carried away a considerable portion of the wall, and laid the city open to the besiegers. It was then that Sardanapalus, in a frenzy of recklessness and despair, formed the resolve of burning himself, his family, and all his treasure in one immense pile, which he reared in the midst of the parks and gardens of his palaces.

It seems that while the great fire was burning —and the conflagration continued for several days—Arbaces and his army, though then within the city, did not know what it was. The space included within the city was immensely large, very extensive portions being occupied by gardens, parks, public grounds, reservoirs of water, cultivated fields, and other similar inclosures, such as were common in the Asiatic cities of those days. The parks and gardens within which the fire was built were inclosed, as it would seem, by strong walls, which served to defend the palace and its appurtenances, and to give to the whole inclosure somewhat the character of a citadel. Arbaces, being occupied with the work of establishing himself in possession of the rest of the city, postponed for a little time the work of reducing this fortress; and though he observed the smoke of Sardanapalus's fire rising from the centre of it, and saw that it continued to ascend for several days, he paid no special attention to it, supposing that it was some accidental conflagration.

When at length the true state of the case was known, Arbaces, the general—his mind being preoccupied with other pressing duties—was satisfied with learning that Sardanapalus had made the fire for the purpose of destroying himself in the flames, and that he had accomplished his end; but Belesis, more sagacious and wily, took pains to ascertain all the particulars of the transaction. He learned from some servants of Sardanapalus, who survived the fire, that an immense amount of treasure was destroyed in the conflagration. Now the treasures which eastern monarchs were accustomed to amass in those days consisted in a great measure of property which would be entirely destroyed by fire, such as garments woven at great cost from wool or silk, and expensively adorned with embroidery and gold, beautiful weapons, with highly-wrought and ornamental mountings, stores of costly spices, ointments, and perfumes, and other similar things. But besides such perishable articles as these the royal treasuries of those days contained immense quantities of gold and silver, some of it in the form of utensils and works of art, and the rest in ingots and bars, or in coin. Belesis concluded, after making secret and careful inquiry into the facts, that there must be a large amount of precious metal in the smouldering heap that remained after the fire, and he began to revolve the question in his mind by what means he could get possession of this treasure.

He finally devised a scheme. It was as follows: He went to Arbaces and told him that during the progress of some conflict which had taken place within the city, while the fire in the palace was burning, he had made a vow, that if the god Belus, the deity then chiefly worshiped at Babylon, would grant victory to their arms

he would cause all the ashes of the fire to be conveyed to Babylon, and deposit them there in a temple which he would build to receive them, thus consecrating them as a sacred relic and trophy to the god who had granted them the victory.

Arbaces on hearing this statement assented to the proposal of Belesis, and gave him permission to convey the ashes to Babylon, in fulfillment of his vow, and the plan was accordingly carried into effect. The remains of the fire were carefully taken up and conveyed to Babylon, and there Belesis at his leisure extracted from them the gold and silver which they contained. He procured in this way an immense treasure, all which he appropriated to himself, concealing carefully from Arbaces what he had done.

His treachery was eventually in some way or other discovered, not by Arbaces himself, but by some of the other leaders who had been associated with Arbaces and Belesis in the revolution, and who of course considered themselves as entitled to their share of the spoils. As soon as they learned the facts in respect to the stratagem of Belesis they made complaint to Arbaces, and demanded that Belesis should be brought to trial and punished. Arbaces accordingly called a council of chiefs and brought Belesis before them for trial. Belesis confessed his crime, and the council condemned him to be beheaded. Arbaces, however, who felt a strong sense of obligation to the criminal for the efficient aid that he had rendered in the revolution, would not allow this sentence to be executed. "He may be guilty," said he, "but if he is so the services which he has rendered to our cause ought to be allowed to cover and conceal his crime." So he pardoned him, and restored him to his vice-royalty in Babylon. And what is more remarkable still, he allowed him to keep the treasure.

Subsequently to these events a transaction occurred under the government of Belesis which illustrates curiously enough the corrupt effeminacy which prevailed at the courts of the Asiatic sovereigns in those days. Belesis, though he commenced the administration of his government in Babylon in a tolerably successful manner, soon began to lead an idle and dissipated life, shutting himself up in his palace with his women, and devoting all his time to music, dancing, carousing, and to every species of voluptuous indulgence. He of course soon ceased to be an object of respect to those around him, but was regarded every where by the other officers of the empire with contempt or detestation.

Of course to learn what opinion was entertained of him by others would irritate and vex such a man instead of humbling him. It is human nature, universally, to be displeased with those who condemn us for any wrong which we have done, instead of with ourselves for doing it. Belesis was made one day excessively angry by hearing that a chief named Parsondas, an officer in the court of the emperor, had denounced him to the emperor for his dissoluteness and effeminacy, and had urged the monarch to dethrone him, as a man who had proved himself wholly unworthy of the post which he occupied. The emperor to whom this Parsondas applied was not Arbaces, but the successor of Arbaces—Arbaces himself having died before this time. If Arbaces had been living it is probable that Parsondas would not have preferred his charge against Belesis, as Arbaces was too much the friend of the viceroy to be willing to listen to such an accusation.

When Belesis learned what Parsondas had done he was filled with rage, and he immediately offered a large reward to his officers and attendants if they would contrive any way to seize and abduct Parsondas, and bring him a prisoner to Babylon. Several of them immediately set themselves at work to devise some plan to accomplish this object, in order to gain the promised reward.

Not long after this the emperor, with Parsondas in his train, came on a hunting excursion to a forest not far from the king of Babylon. The servants of Belesis determined to avail themselves of this opportunity to get Parsondas into their power. They accordingly arranged their plans, and in the course of the afternoon and evening carried them successfully into effect. Parsondas in the course of his hunting strayed away from his party, and being weary and thirsty, he was easily induced by some of the men who were plotting against him to go with them to the house of one of Belesis's purveyors to ask for a draught of wine. The purveyor was in league with the conspirators, and he invited Parsondas to come in and take other refreshments with his wine. This Parsondas was easily persuaded to do. The purveyor provided quite an entertainment for his guests, and as an additional means of enticement they brought four beautiful singing and dancing women in, to join and entertain the company. Parsondas readily yielded himself to these temptations. He was charmed by the fascinations with which his enemies had surrounded him. He surrendered himself to them, in fact, without reserve; and before midnight he was wholly overcome by the intoxicating effects of the wine which he had drunk, and by the exhaustion which naturally followed the various and long-continued excitements of such a carousal. In this helpless state his enemies found it of course a very easy task to seize and bind him, and to convey him secretly to the palace of Belesis in Babylon.

Belesis adopted a very extraordinary mode of revenging himself on his enemy when he thus found him in his power. He first called him into his presence and demanded why he had accused him to the emperor.

"You have denounced me," said he, "as unfit to reign, and have solicited the emperor to depose me."



PARSONDAS AT THE COTTAGE.

"Yes," said Parsondas, boldly. "I have done so. I wish him to make me the king of Babylon in your stead. I thought myself much better qualified for the station than such an indolent and effeminate prince as you."

Belesis on hearing these words was greatly enraged. "Effeminate!" he exclaimed. "I will soon put you in a condition not to accuse people of effeminacy."

Belesis immediately placed Parsondas under the charge of eunuchs, with instructions that they should literally, as far as possible, make a woman of him. They were to take him to the part of the palace appropriated to the singing and dancing girls who were kept for the entertainment of the court, and shutting him up there, they were to treat him and train him precisely as if he were one of them.

The eunuchs accordingly took Parsondas in charge, and obeyed the instructions of Belesis in their treatment of him to the full. They shaved off his beard, and dressed his hair in imitation of the fashion of the girls; they transformed the complexion of his face by means of cosmetics; they clothed him in the robes and adorned him with the ornaments of woman; and they compelled him to learn to dance and to sing, and to play the lute, and to imitate all the arts of allurement practiced by his new companions. In a word, so far as regarded his dress and appearance and position, they metamorphosed him completely into a woman.

Belesis watched the progress of this change with exultation and delight, and plied the victim of it, as he saw him from time to time, with taunts and derision. "Who," said he, "do you think is effeminate now?"

In the mean time the emperor, wondering at the sudden disappearance of his friend at the hunting-ground, offered large rewards if any one would discover what had become of him. But so well had Belesis kept the secret, and so closely had he confined Parsondas among the dancing and singing girls, that all the emperor's efforts to solve the mystery were unavailing.

Seven years passed away and Parsondas still remained a prisoner; and with so much art and skill had the eunuchs performed their work that the transformation was to all outward appearance complete. At length one of the servants in that part of the palace, having received a severe punishment for some alleged offense, escaped from the palace, and in a fit of resentment and anger made his way to the emperor's court, and there informed the emperor himself where Parsondas was concealed. The emperor immediately sent one of his officers to Babylon to demand that Belesis should give up his prisoner.

When this messenger came and informed Belesis that the emperor had learned that Parsondas was in his palace, and had sent to demand him, he denied at first that there was any such person there. When this answer was reported to the emperor he sent the officer back to Babylon with orders to demand Parsondas once more, and then, if he was not immediately surrendered, to seize Belesis and behead him. Belesis, on hearing this, acknowledged that Parsondas was there, and offered to release him. In order, however, first to make his triumph over his rival complete, he ordered an entertainment to be served, and then, as was

customary on such occasions, brought in a large number of the singing women to sing and play to the company, Parsondas among them. The women played and sang by turns, and after the performances Belesis asked the officer which of all the women was most accomplished and attractive; and so perfect, according to the story, had the transformation been that the officer actually singled out Parsondas himself as the most perfect woman of them all. Belesis then fell into an immoderate fit of laughter, and calling Parsondas forward, delivered him up to the officer, telling him that that was the great general that he had come to Babylon to reclaim.

Parsondas on being restored to his liberty went back to the emperor, his whole soul burning with rage and revenge. He determined that the most severe punishment should be inflicted upon Belesis for the outrage which he had perpetrated upon him. The emperor himself was extremely indignant on learning what had occurred. He marched a strong force to Babylon, deposed Belesis, and sent him to prison, saying that in ten days he would pronounce sentence upon him for his crime. During the interval, however, Belesis contrived, by means of bribes, to gain over to his side a eunuch of high standing and influence in the emperor's court, and through the intercession of this eunuch the emperor finally consented to be satisfied with imposing upon the criminal a heavy fine, and thus the difficulty ended.

We give this story as a specimen of the detached and disconnected legends in respect to the Babylonian history which have come down to modern times, through various and widely-separated ancient channels. And although not the least reliance can be placed on the historical truth of such tales, they must not be wholly set aside and disregarded, as the particulars involved in such narratives throw not a little light on the manners and customs of the times, on the nature of the government, and on the ideas which then prevailed in respect to relative rights and duties of sovereigns and subjects.

After Belesis, if indeed such a monarch ever reigned, the ancient chronicles record the names —with but little else, however, beside the names —of a line or dynasty of sovereigns that followed each other in regular succession down to the days of Berodac-Baladan, who sent the friendly message to Hezekiah in the manner we have already described.

The peace and harmony and mutual goodwill which prevailed between the kingdoms of Judah and Babylon at the time when Berodac-Baladan sent his message to Hezekiah was subsequently changed to the most inveterate and bitter hostility—a hostility which led to the repeated invasion, and finally to the total conquest, of Judea by the government of Babylon. These invasions and conquests took place under king Nebuchadnezzar, who is called also Nabocollassar. A considerable interval elapsed, however—probably about one hundred and twenty years—between the friendly embassy from Berodac-Baladan and the first invasion under Nebuchadnezzar. The origin of the quarrel which led to the invasion was this:

It seems that there had been a slumbering contest of long standing between the kingdoms of Babylon and Egypt, and at length, shortly before the commencement of the reign of Nebuchadnezzar, Pharaoh Necho, king of Egypt, took advantage of a war in which the Babylonians had become involved with the Scythians to march an army in the direction of the Euphrates, and capture a town called Carchemish, which had long been a subject of dispute between the two kingdoms. In this quarrel Josiah, who was then king of Judah, took sides with the Babylonians. He raised an army and went forth toward Carchemish, in order to prevent Pharaoh Necho from taking the town. A battle was fought at Megiddo. The Egyptians were victorious. Josiah was slain. His body, however, did not fall into the hands of the enemy. It was brought off from the field of battle and conveyed to Jerusalem, where it was properly entombed, and Jehoahaz, the son of Josiah, was made king in his father's place by the people of Jerusalem.

But Pharaoh Necho was not satisfied with the defeat and death of Josiah. So unwarrantable an interference, as he deemed it, between him and his enemy merited some ulterior measures. He accordingly marched to Jerusalem, deposed Jehoahaz, who, as the chosen successor of Josiah, would, as he probably supposed, adopt and continue his father's policy, and placed Eliakim—whose name he changed to Jehoiakim—king in his stead. As an additional punishment Pharaoh exacted a large sum of money of the Jewish government, and he required also that an annual tribute should be paid to him, which tribute Jehoiakim was to collect from the people by a tax. In all other respects, too, Jehoiakim, since he held his power through the intervention of Pharaoh, was expected to conduct the government in subserviency to the interests of Egypt. These occurrences are narrated in the Second Book of Kings, xxiii. 29-35.

Thus, by the revolution which Pharaoh effected, the kingdom of Judah was entirely brought over from the position of friendship and alliance with the Babylonians which Josiah had assumed to that of an auxiliary and tributary of their greatest enemy. This was of course a state of things well calculated to arouse the ire of the government of Babylon. The king who was reigning at that time, who was the father of Nebuchadnezzar, was old and infirm; he consequently committed the charge of the war to Nebuchadnezzar his son. Nebuchadnezzar marched against Jerusalem, and a series of hostilities commenced which continued for many years, leading to repeated invasions of the Hebrew territories and plunderings of Jerusalem, until at length the kingdom of Judah was entirely subverted, and the royal



ZEDEKIAH SENT TO BABYLON.

family and all the higher classes of the population were carried in captivity to Babylon.

The extreme severities which the Babylonians inflicted upon the Jews were occasioned in part by the obstinate resistance which the Jews themselves made against their enemies, and the repeated rebellions against the Babylonians which were continually breaking out at Jerusalem. At first Nebuchadnezzar took only a portion of the treasures which he found in the temple and in the palaces at Jerusalem; and, instead of entirely subverting the Jewish government, he contented himself with deposing the reigning king and placing some other Jewish prince upon the throne, with an understanding that he was to hold the country as a dependent and tributary to the king of Babylon. But, whenever such an arrangement was made, the new king, as soon as the Babylonian armies were withdrawn, was very prone to rebel. This would bring Nebuchadnezzar back for a new invasion, and in a state of exasperation greater than before. At last, in the reign of Zedekiah, he became so greatly enraged against the Jews, on account of a revolt against him which then took place, that he advanced to the gates of Jerusalem breathing threatenings and vengeance against the king and the city.

Zedekiah shut himself up within the walls of his capital, and bid his enemy defiance. Nebuchadnezzar commenced the siege and prosecuted it in the most effective manner. The siege was continued for two years, and at the end of that time the population was reduced to the most dreadful extremities, in consequence of the breaking up of the defenses of the city and the sufferings of the people through famine and despair.

At length Zedekiah, with a remnant of the men of war that still were left to him, contrived to make his escape from the city in the dead of night, and to get through the camp of the enemy. The party fled to the northward. Nebuchadnezzar sent a force in pursuit of them. This force overtook Zedekiah and his company in the plains of Jericho. The unhappy fugitive was by this time almost defenseless—his attendants and followers having successively separated from him in the course of his flight. Very few remained with him except his sons and a small number of devoted personal attendants. These all, together with the king himself, were captured, and were brought back prisoners to Nebuchadnezzar at Jerusalem.

Nebuchadnezzar ordered Zedekiah to be arraigned before him, and passed sentence upon him as follows: First his sons were to be brought forward and slain, one by one, in the presence of their father. Then, to make this dreadful spectacle the last one which the wretched king should ever behold, his eyes were to be immediately put out, and in that condition the bereaved and mutilated victim was to be sent in chains to Babylon. This sentence was immediately executed in the most merciless manner.

Not satisfied with this personal retribution inflicted on the king and his family, Nebuchadnezzar resolved to put it out of the power of the Jews to give him any farther trouble with their rebellions. The city of Jerusalem was ordered to be entirely dismantled and destroyed. The walls and defenses were broken down. The temple, and the palace, and all the other principal edifices of the city, both public and private, were burned, and all that remained, both of the population and of public

and private treasure, was carried to Babylon. The captives themselves who were thus taken away never returned; though their grandchildren, seventy years afterward, when Babylon was taken by Cyrus, were released from their bondage, and allowed to go back under Ezra and Nehemiah, and rebuild and reoccupy the city of their fathers.

Nebuchadnezzar undoubtedly supposed that the great object of attraction and interest which mankind would see in his grand exploit of carrying all Jerusalem captive to Babylon would be the spectacle of military glory which he himself displayed in achieving such a victory over so strongly intrenched and obstinate a foe; but it was really the lustre of a very different kind of glory, that was displayed in the character of one of his unfortunate captives, which ultimately furnished the highest and most lasting of the impressions which these transactions have produced upon the human race. The mighty conqueror imagined that he was making a grand exhibition of himself to the admiration of men, but it proved in the end that he was only erecting a theatre for the development and display of a moral dignity and grandeur of soul in one of his prisoners which, in the end, should entirely eclipse all his own martial renown. In fact, the whole story of the Jewish captivity in Babylon would probably have long since passed into darkness and oblivion if it had not been saved from that fate by the influence of the mild and gentle, but permanent and increasing, illumination which has beamed upon the scene from the life and character of the prophet Daniel.

Daniel was a young Jewish prince, who was conveyed to Babylon by Nebuchadnezzar in one of the first companies of captives which he carried away. He was then a little more than twenty years of age. From the party of captives to which Daniel pertained a small number were selected of those most eminent for their rank, and for their mental and personal accomplishments, to be trained for the immediate service of the king. Daniel was prominent among the number thus chosen, and he seems first to have attracted attention by a request that he made that he himself, and a few of his associates, might be excused from partaking of the high-seasoned food and drinking the wine which was prepared for them, and be provided instead with a plain diet of pulse and water. The chief of the eunuchs, who had the young princes in charge, showed by his reply that Daniel had already made a very favorable impression upon his mind, by the dignified and noble, though unostentatious and conciliating demeanor which afterward gave him so great an influence at Babylon. This officer received the proposal favorably, and seemed to entertain himself no objection to granting it; but he was afraid, he said, of his lord the king, who had directed what the meat and drink of the young men should be. By disobeying the instructions which he had received he should be in danger, he added, of losing his head.

Daniel did not press the matter farther with the chief, but applied next to a subordinate officer named Melzar, who had the immediate charge of the tables where the young men in training were served. He proposed to Melzar to make an experiment for ten days of giving to himself and to three others whom he named the simple food to which they had been accustomed, instead of the rich and high-seasoned delicacies that had been prescribed for them. Melzar immediately acceded to this proposal. The readiness with which he did so is another proof of the great ascendency which the native nobleness of Daniel's character seems to have enabled him to acquire over all around him. The result of the experiment was entirely satisfactory, and the diet of the princes was permanently changed. In due time, when the training of the young men was complete, they were brought into the palace of the king and assigned their various duties in the royal presence. These duties were of a very elevated character, for, having all been very highly educated in their native land, they were prized chiefly in the court of Nebuchadnezzar for the mental endowments and accomplishments which they had acquired, and in which it seemed to Nebuchadnezzar that they excelled all the native princes of his own realm. They were accordingly made secretaries, and counselors, and officers of state, and served continually in the presence of the king.

Daniel continued in the service of King Nebuchadnezzar, and of Belshazzar his son, for many years; and such was the impression produced by his talents, his attainments, his practical wisdom, and the grace and dignity of his demeanor, that he very rapidly gained the confidence and respect of all who knew him, and rose to stations of public trust and responsibility of the highest character. In the exalted position which he thus occupied he was brought into very near and intimate relations to the king, and was often called to act suddenly, in emergencies of very imminent difficulty and danger. In all these cases he evinced a courage and self-possession which, though perfectly modest and unpretending in manner, seemed to rise superior to every emergency, and amounted sometimes to a heroism truly sublime. In a word, he displayed, whenever the occasion required it, a certain dignity and grandeur of spirit, which raised him at once not only above all the ordinary incidents and influences of rank and power that presented themselves in such imposing forms in the court of Nebuchadnezzar, but placed him in many instances in a position of complete and manifest superiority to the mighty monarch himself, whose captive and servitor he was. The great Nebuchadnezzar would often, at such times, though seated on his throne and surrounded by his nobles and by all the gorgeous pomp and pageantry of his court, find his captive and slave looking down upon him, as it were, from a moral elevation far above that of his own outward grandeur, and fearlessly offer-

ing him counsels and instruction in the tone and manner which a teacher would assume toward a pupil or a parent toward a child.

The calm and quiet self-possession which characterized the conduct and demeanor of Daniel in the most exciting emergencies is strikingly illustrated in the case of the sudden decree ordering all the astrologers and wise men of the city to be put to death, on account of the failure of those who had been consulted on the subject to interpret Nebuchadnezzar's celebrated dream. The first announcement which Daniel had of this decree—by which he himself, with the rest, was condemned to immediate death—was the actual coming of a party of the guard to take him out to execution. In such an exigency as this most persons would have been entirely unmanned. Some would have fainted with terror; some would vainly have attempted to move the hearts of the executioners with prayers and entreaties, or piteous cries; and others still, with too much pride to manifest any open emotion, would have been dumb with stupefaction and horror, and would have been equally incapable with the rest of adopting any rational measures to escape their impending fate. Daniel, however, seems to have heard the tidings totally unmoved.

"Why is the decree so hasty from the king?" said he.

It was as if the announcement that he was immediately to die awakened in him no concern on his own account, but only a gentle solicitude lest the king his master should act in an ill-advised or inconsiderate manner.

"Why is the decree so hasty? It may prove right and proper that we should all be put to death, but there is no necessity for any rash or precipitate action in the case. Let me go and see the king."

So saying he led the way to the king's presence, and addressed him with the air and bearing of a counselor and friend, who wished to save him from acting, hastily, and under the influence of excitement, in a manner which he would afterward regret, rather than like a condemned prisoner, begging a respite of the sentence by which he had been himself condemned to die.

"There is no occasion for haste," said he, "Give me time and I will explain both the dream and the interpretation."

This very reasonable request was accorded, and the sequel is known.

It was the same in all the other emergencies —some of them of the most exciting and critical character—in which the great prophet was called upon to act in the court of the king of Babylon. He was always calm, always firm, always fearless; and in every case where the principle of fidelity to the cause of God was concerned, or to the dictates of duty, he showed himself insensible to every other consideration, and rose superior to all the influences of rank and pomp and power, by which men in similar circumstances are so often overawed. In fine, the effect of his example in encouraging men to take a bold and decided stand in vindicating the right, and to maintain themselves firmly at the post of duty in times when rank and wealth and power are endeavoring to entice or to terrify them from their ground, has extended itself throughout the Christian world, and has exerted a vast and indescribable influence upon the hundred generations which have risen in succession since his day and read the story of his life. In fact, for the grandeur of the thought and action which it portrays, the magnificence of the language, and the dramatic interest of the incidents narrated, the story of the prophet Daniel is unsurpassed by any writings, sacred or profane.

The captive Jews, while they remained in Babylon, mourned incessantly their forced and unhappy detention from their native land. The contrast between the picturesque and mountainous beauty of Judea and the low and level monotony of the Babylonian plains was but a type of the melancholy change which had taken place in their moral and social condition. From cultivating the vine and the olive on the sunny hills, or in the green and secluded valleys about Jerusalem, as independent proprietors of the soil, they were now compelled to labor as slaves on the banks of the canals and water-courses and river-branches of the Euphrates, among reeds and willows and sedgy grass, building dykes, or repairing excavations, or bearing burdens of bricks or slime to forward the construction of the gigantic works undertaken by their mighty conqueror. At evening, when their work was done, they were compelled to gratify the idle curiosity of their despised and hated masters by narrating the history, describing the customs, or singing the songs of their native land. The overwhelming sense of humiliation and sorrow which the unhappy captives experienced in submitting to these indignities, and the bitter resentment which the infliction of these woes upon them by their cruel conquerors awakened in their breasts, are most graphically described in the celebrated song of the Babylonian captives, given in Psalm cxxxvii. It is not know by whom this song was written.

The reign of Nebuchadnezzar was signalized not merely by the success of his military campaigns against the surrounding nations, but also by the gigantic enterprises which he undertook for the enlargement and embellishment of his capital. In fact, nearly all of those vast structures for which the city was so greatly renowned are attributed to him. Before, however, entering upon a description of these colossal works we must pause a moment to consider the peculiar circumstances under which they were built, as it is in these circumstances that we find in a great measure the true explanation of their very peculiar character.

Most of the other great cities of ancient times are situated in localities where abundant supplies of stone for building materials could



BY THE RIVERS OF BABYLON.

easily be obtained; as, for example, in Greece marble, and in Egypt granite or porphyry. To quarry these stones, to shape them for the purposes intended, and to transport them where they were to be used, required of course great labor, and it was the amount and necessity of this labor that limited the size of the edifices reared. In Babylon, however, the case was different. The city lay in the midst of a vast alluvial region, within which no stone was to be found. The only way by which such a material could be procured was by transporting it on rafts or floats from a great distance up the river. On the other hand, the soil of the plain consisted every where of a soft and clayey alluvion, which required only to be cut out in blocks and dried in the sun to make a very sufficient and easily-managed material for all sorts of architectural constructions. Thus, while the builders of other cities were obliged to expend great time and labor in procuring their materials and shaping them for the purposes of building and transporting them to the spot, the Babylonians found theirs ready at hand, wherever the edifice might be which they undertook to rear. The granite or the marble used by other nations required to be split and hewn with great labor, by means of wedges, hammers, and chisels; while the Babylonian brick could be cut to its shape by the very spade with which it was taken from the ground. The stone was heavy too; the brick comparatively light. The stone in being fitted to its place was refractory and unyielding; the brick could easily be shaped to any angle or curve required. The cement, moreover, that was required for the stone was produced at comparatively great expense both of time and labor; whereas that required for the blocks of dried earth used in the Babylonian architecture consisted of a bituminous slime found every where ready at hand in the localities in which it was to be used. The consequence of all this was, that while the builders of other cities reared permanent and substantial, but comparatively small, structures of granite or marble, the Babylonians piled up enormous constructions of indurated clay, which, though comparatively frail in respect to strength and durability, were of such prodigious magnitude and extent as to have filled the world while they existed with their fame. On the other hand, while the walls, the columns, the arches, and the sculptures of the Greek and Roman architecture still stand, the enormous masses of the Babylonian masonry have long since crumbled back to earth again, and exist now only as grass-covered mounds and ridges, which the traveler might easily pass by without suspecting their artificial origin.

The foregoing considerations must be kept in mind, and allowed to have their proper weight in modifying in some degree the incredulity with which we should otherwise receive the marvelous accounts which ancient writers have given us of the extent and magnitude of the city. The descriptions, in fact, with which the writings of the ancient geographers and historians are filled, in respect to the extent and the architectural magnificence of Babylon, are scarcely less wonderful than the legendary tales relating to its origin. The extent of the city within the walls was, as these writers have stated, almost incredibly great; for they say that the sides of it were fifteen miles in length, which would make the space included more than two hundred square miles. It is true

that in all the Oriental cities of those times vast portions of the ground inclosed within the walls were appropriated to parks, gardens, reservoirs of water, and fields for cultivation—inclosed for the purpose of aiding in securing supplies of food for the population in case of siege; but still, after giving all possible weight to this suggestion, the dimensions above given must be considered as greatly exaggerated.

The city was perfectly symmetrical and regular in its form and in its plan, the smooth and level character of the ground greatly favoring such symmetry in the construction of it. There were twenty-five streets traversing it from east to west, at equal distances from each other, and twenty-five more from north to south. These streets of course crossed each other at right angles, and there was a gate at the termination of each of them in the wall on either side. Thus there were twenty-five gates in each of the four walls, making the whole number one hundred.

The accounts given us of the thickness and height of the walls are somewhat various, but the lowest statement makes them of enormous, if not incredible, dimensions. The considerations, however, which we have already adduced in respect to the facilities which the Babylonians enjoyed for giving a colossal magnitude to their structures apply with peculiar force to the walls of the city, for the material of which they were composed was taken from the ground directly without them, the excavation thus made forming the ditch or trench necessary to complete the defenses. Thus the labor required for rearing the walls was effective in digging the ditches at the same time. The sides of the ditches were lined with masonry, formed, like the walls of the city, of bricks and bitumen; and as the breadth and depth of the trenches must have been proportional to the height and thickness of the walls —since all the materials for the walls were taken from them—the whole work formed a system of defense which rendered the city almost impregnable.

The twenty-five streets crossing each other at right angles divided the city into six hundred and twenty-five squares. These squares must have been of course immensely larger than those formed by the intersection of streets in the modern cities both of Europe and Asia. For since the length and breadth of the city was fifteen miles, and the number of streets dividing this space was twenty-five, it follows that the squares must have been nearly three-fourths of a mile in extent both in length and breadth. The houses and other edifices of the city, moreover, were built, it was said, only on the margins of these squares toward the street, leaving a very large space in the centre for gardens, parks, lawns, pleasure-grounds, and fields for cultivation.

The river Euphrates passed through the city, flowing from north to south, and dividing it into two equal parts. There were two royal palaces, one on each side of the river. These palaces were connected together by a bridge. The palace on the east side of the river was the ancient palace of the kings of Babylon, that on the west side was built at a later period by Nebuchadnezzar. The space inclosed for the buildings and grounds of the old palace was two miles square, while that of Nebuchadnezzar was four miles square. Of course such of the streets already described as would naturally have intersected these inclosures were cut off, in order that the grounds pertaining to the royal residences might remain entire. The banks of the river within the city, and for two or three miles above and below, were walled in by lines of the most substantial masonry, in order to confine the water, in times of inundation, within its proper bed. These walls were carried up above the level of the bank, so as to form a defense to the city not only against floods, but against any possible attack of enemies approaching from the river. In these walls, opposite to each street, was a brazen gate, which, being kept open by day, afforded the people access to the river for the purposes of navigation or for other uses of the water.

The vast structure built by Nebuchadnezzar which has been celebrated in all ages as one of the wonders of the world, under the name of the Hanging Gardens of Babylon, was really an artificial mountain—or meant to be such. It was built to gratify the desire of a wife of Nebuchadnezzar named Amytis, who, having been a native of a mountainous country toward the north, soon grew tired when she came to Babylon of the level monotony of the country there, and, as young brides on the Western prairies of America often do at the present day, when they remember the green declivities and summits, and the secluded and romantic dells of their native New England, she said to her husband that she longed for the sight of a hill. Her husband therefore undertook to build her one.

The structure consisted of a series of platforms or terraces supported on arches of masonry, placed one above the other, and raised so high that the upper one was above the walls of the city, so that the spectator standing upon it could not only look down upon all the streets and squares and palaces and gardens of the town, but could also extend his view beyond the walls, and survey the whole surrounding country. The several terraces were supported on immense arches of masonry. The lateral thrust of these arches was resisted by a solid wall twenty-two feet thick, which bounded and inclosed the structure on every side. The platforms covering the arches, and forming the terraces, were constructed of immense flat blocks of stone, cemented at the joints with bitumen. Above this pavement was a layer of reeds, and then another of bitumen, upon which, at the top of all, was a flooring of brick, which formed the upper surface of the platform. On this foundation was laid a thick stratum of garden-mold, deep enough to afford support and nourishment

for the largest trees. The gardens made upon these terraces were laid out in the most costly and elegant manner, and were provided with statues and fountains, and with the choicest fruits, and the rarest and most beautiful shrubs and trees, and parterres of brilliant flowers, and seats, and bowers, and ornamental arbors—with every thing, in short, which the horticulturists of the day could devise to complete the attractiveness of the scene. The ascent from each of these terraces to the one above it was by a broad and beautiful flight of steps, and visitors who ascended from one to the other found on each successive platform new and ever-changing beauties, in the varied arrangement of walks and trees and beds of flowers, and in the new views of the surrounding country, which became of course wider and more commanding the higher they ascended.

There were spacious and airy apartments built among the arches below, which opened out upon the successive terraces. These apartments commanded very beautiful views, both of the gardens before them and of the country beyond. The interior of them was splendidly decorated, and they were fitted with all necessary conveniences for serving refreshments to guests, and for furnishing them with amusements and entertainments of every kind. On the upper platform was a reservoir of water, supplied by vast engines concealed within the structure. Pipes and other hydraulic machinery conducted this water to all the lower terraces, in order to supply the various fountains and to irrigate the ground. In fact, so vast was the extent and so magnificent the decorations of this artificial hill, that as long as it endured it was considered, by common consent, as one of the wonders of the world.

Another celebrated edifice of Babylon, which Nebuchadnezzar either built or greatly enlarged, was the Temple of Belus. It has been very generally supposed that this temple stood on the site originally occupied by the Tower of Babel, and that that ancient tower was in fact the origin of the later building. That is, it has been thought that the work which the builders of Babel abandoned, as described in the Book of Genesis, was afterward resumed by some king of Babylon and finished as a temple, and that the edifice thus reared was afterward successively repaired and enlarged, and even perhaps in some cases essentially rebuilt, and thus preserved until Nebuchadnezzar's day. As described by the geographers who saw or heard of it subsequently to that time, it consisted of a vast tower eight stories high, each upper story being smaller in its dimensions than the one below. There was a winding staircase on the outside to furnish the means of ascent to the various stories.

The upper platform—the one above the upper story—was used as a religious observatory, and was fitted up with the appliances necessary for performing the astrological rites and ceremonies which in those days were connected with the study of the stars. Beneath this platform, in the several stories of the edifice below, were many large and magnificent apartments, with altars, images, utensils of gold and silver without number, and all the other paraphernalia of the Babylonian worship. One vast and splendidly-decorated apartment contained an immense image of the god, made of gold, with an altar and a table of gold before it. In fact, all the furniture of this apartment was of this precious material.

The magnitude which the ancient writers ascribe to this temple, like that of all the other public edifices of Babylon, was enormous. The lower tower was said to be about six hundred feet square upon the ground, those above it being successively smaller. Each story was seventy-five feet high, making the height of the whole six hundred feet. So that the edifice, if these dimensions are correct, was larger than the greatest Egyptian pyramid. The treasures which were contained in it, too, were almost incalculable. The gold and silver vessels which were brought by Nebuchadnezzar from Jerusalem were stored here. In fact, it was the general place of deposit for all that was most highly valued for intrinsic worth, or held most sacred from religious associations. The edifice itself, with all that it contained, was consecrated to the god Bel or Baal, the great divinity of the Babylonians.

A still more stupendous, though perhaps somewhat less imposing, work than either of those already described was said to have been executed at Babylon. This work was an immense reservoir excavated in the neighborhood of the river at some distance above the city, for the purpose of receiving the surplus waters of the river in times of inundation, with a view of distributing them again over the land when, subsequently, in midsummer, the streams had become low and the land was dry. This reservoir was said to be forty miles square, and according to one authority thirty-five, and to another seventy-five feet deep. That such a reservoir as this could have been wholly made by artificial excavation is of course incredible. The story will be sufficiently marvelous if we suppose that some natural hollow or group of hollows, formed perhaps by old deserted channels of the river, were enlarged and thrown into one, and then surrounded by dikes and embankments, so as to form a very large, but only partly artificial, receptacle for the waters of the river. It would not be necessary, in fact, that the bottom of such a reservoir should be much below the ordinary surface of the water in the river. For the rise and fall of such streams as the Euphrates being very great, a reservoir elevated almost wholly above the ordinary flow of it would be filled to a great depth at the highest floods. But to retain the water thus raised a system of embankments, dikes, and gateways of the most massive and substantial character would be required, as well as locks and sluices and canals of the most complicated and costly construction,

to distribute the supply thus laid up in store over the country again in the season of drought.

Thus, while Nebuchadnezzar undertook and executed the most gigantic works for the embellishment and defense of the capital, he adopted very efficient measures, and carried them into effect on a very extended scale, for increasing the fruitfulness of the country around and the facilities for the profitable cultivation of it, knowing full well that it was only from the products of these agricultural labors that the magnificence and grandeur which he had imparted to the city could be long sustained. He built embankments along the margins of the rivers wherever there were low lands which were liable to be overflowed in times of inundation. He intersected the country with a perfect net-work of canals, some of which were designed for the purposes of commerce, others for draining or irrigation. The largest of these canals were made to connect the Tigris with the Euphrates, so that merchants might pass freely from one river to the other, and the various products of the vast countries watered by both streams might be brought to the capital. Others were for the purpose of conveying away the surplus waters of the river in inundations; others still served as drains for marshes and low lands, being kept closed by locks in times of flood, and opened again when the river channels were low, to allow of the egress of the water which had accumulated on the lands during the continuance of the rainy season. By these and similar means the river, which, if it had been left to itself, would have been continually impeding the success of the husbandman, or contracting the limits of his field of labor, was not only deprived of its power to do injury, but made the means of developing to an enormous extent the natural resources of the land.

All these works have long since gone entirely to decay. The embankments are undermined and broken down, the canals are choked up, the locks and dams are all in ruins. The river has regained full possession of the country, and no longer confining itself to its proper bed, spreads lawlessly over the land at every overflow; and even when afterward it subsides and returns again to its own natural channels, it leaves vast surfaces submerged, converting them into morasses and fens from which man is excluded, and where only the worst of wild beasts and of venomous reptiles can find a habitation.

Yet Nebuchadnezzar, while he lived, kept this vast hydraulic system—the greatest, probably, that human engineers have ever planned—in perfect repair, and the whole country was transformed by it into a garden. He reigned forty-five years—more than half the whole period of the Jewish captivity. It was during the latter part of his reign that, under the judgment of God, he suffered that extraordinary fit of sickness or insanity, the circumstances of which are detailed in the fourth chapter of Daniel, when "he was driven from men, and did eat grass as oxen, and his body was wet with the dew of heaven, till his hairs were grown like eagles' feathers, and his nails like birds' claws."—*Daniel*, iv. 33. Not long after his recovery from this sickness he died, and his son Evil-Merodach reigned in his stead.

There were two Hebrew kings captive in Babylon during the reign of Nebuchadnezzar—Jehoiachin and Zedekiah. Jehoiachin was taken captive first, as we have already related. The event occurred in the eighth year of Nebuchadnezzar's reign. Afterward Zedekiah, whom Nebuchadnezzar had made king of Jerusalem in the place of Jehoiachin, having rebelled, he was attacked and conquered in his turn, as we have also already related, and having been condemned to have his sons killed in his presence, and then to have his eyes put out, he was sent in that condition in chains to Babylon, to be confined there in a dungeon—a dungeon very probably of the same prison where his predecessor was lying.

We have no account of the ultimate fate of Zedekiah. He doubtless died in his prison, and probably during the lifetime of Nebuchadnezzar. His fate was predicted by Ezekiel, in a prophecy which is considered as a remarkable example of the minute particularity with which even the most extraordinary details of future events were sometimes foretold by the Hebrew prophets:

"I will bring him to Babylon, to the land of the Chaldeans. Yet he shall not see it, though he shall die there."

The lot of Jehoiachin was less unhappy than that of his uncle Zedekiah. It is true he remained in captivity till the end of the reign of Nebuchadnezzar, but he was released immediately afterward. The story is that during the time of Nebuchadnezzar's sickness Evil-Merodach acted as regent in the government of the kingdom, and that he greatly abused the power thus intrusted to him. Nebuchadnezzar, accordingly, when he recovered and resumed the throne, was so much displeased with what Evil-Merodach had done that he ordered him to be seized and shut up in prison, and that while thus confined Evil-Merodach became acquainted with the Hebrew king and formed a strong attachment for him. Accordingly, when he subsequently recovered his liberty, and on the death of Nebuchadnezzar succeeded to the throne, he remembered his fellow-captive, and ordered him not only to be immediately released, but to be treated afterward with distinguished consideration and honor. The fact that Evil-Merodach thus released and honored Jehoiachin is stated in sacred history in the following words:

"And it came to pass in the seven-and-thirtieth year of the captivity of Jehoiachin king of Judah, in the twelfth month, on the seven-and-twentieth day of the month, that Evil-Merodach king of Babylon in the year that he began to reign did lift up the head of Jehoiachin king of Judah out of prison; and he spake kindly to him, and set his throne above the throne of the kings that were with him in Babylon;



ZEDEKIAH IN PRISON.

and changed his prison-garments; and he did eat bread continually before him all the days of his life. And his allowance was a continual allowance given him of the king, a daily rate for every day, all the days of his life."— 2 *Kings*, xxv. 27–30.

The Hebrews were finally released from their captivity in Babylon in consequence of the conquest of that city by Cyrus the king of Persia.

Perhaps the two most memorable events in the history of Babylon, so far as records of its history remain, are the sieges which it suffered successively, first from Cyrus and afterward from Darius, kings of Persia. The siege and capture of the city by Cyrus took place toward the close of the period of the Hebrew captivity. It was, in fact, in consequence of the political changes which resulted from the fall of the city into Cyrus's hands that the Hebrew captives were released and allowed to return to their native land.

The last of the Babylonian kings—that is, the one during whose reign the city was taken by Cyrus—is called in the Scriptures Belshazzar. The secular historians speak of the last Babylonian king under the name of Nabonadius. Nabonadius and Belshazzar are therefore supposed to be the same.*

A very important circumstance is stated by the ancient historians in respect to Nabonadius, which corresponds in a peculiar and striking manner with one of the incidents related in the Scriptures in reference to Belshazzar, and thus corroborates and confirms the truth of the Scripture narrative. Nabonadius, it is said, was a very weak-minded and effeminate man, and was accustomed to neglect the affairs of his government altogether, leaving them entirely in the hands of the queen Nitocris, his mother, who was of a masculine spirit, and as wise and energetic in her character as her son was indolent and weak. While Cyrus was gradually extending his conquests over all other parts of Asia, and threatening to attack Babylon in the end, the work of completing the defenses of the city and preparing it to resist such an enemy was left altogether in the hands of Nitocris. She set herself energetically at work to carry out to full completeness and perfection the great constructions which Nebuchadnezzar had begun, and to put them all in perfect order for defense. In doing this it was necessary to turn the course of the river where it flowed through the city, which was done by means of vast canals opened in such directions as to lead the water away to other channels. The bed of the river, where it passed through the city, was thus laid nearly dry, and this enabled the laborers to work more conveniently at the foundations of the walls which lined the banks of it, and to strengthen them wherever any additional security was required. Nitocris took advantage, too, of this state of the river to excavate a passage below the bed of it, from one side of it to the other, in order to form a subterranean, or rather a subaqueous, gallery to connect the two royal palaces, which, being on opposite sides of the river, had before been precluded from all means of communication except by the bridge. This passage, after the excavation was completed, was arched over, and then the waters of the river, when they were at length admitted,

* Nothing is more common than such a diversity as this in the names by which the writers of different ages and nations in ancient times designated the same great personages. This last king of the Babylonians is called by different authorities Nabonadius, Nabonidochus, Naboandelus, etc. Josephus states distinctly that he was the same with Belshazzar.

flowed over it. To prevent the possibility of the water's percolating through the masonry of the arch, under the immense pressure to which it would be subjected, Nitocris covered the arch, it was said, with a stratum of bituminous cement six feet thick.

Of course when these and the various other works which Nitocris undertook on the banks and in the bed of the river, where it flowed through the city, were finally completed, the canals by means of which the water had been drawn away while the constructions were in progress were closed, and the stream returned to its original channel.

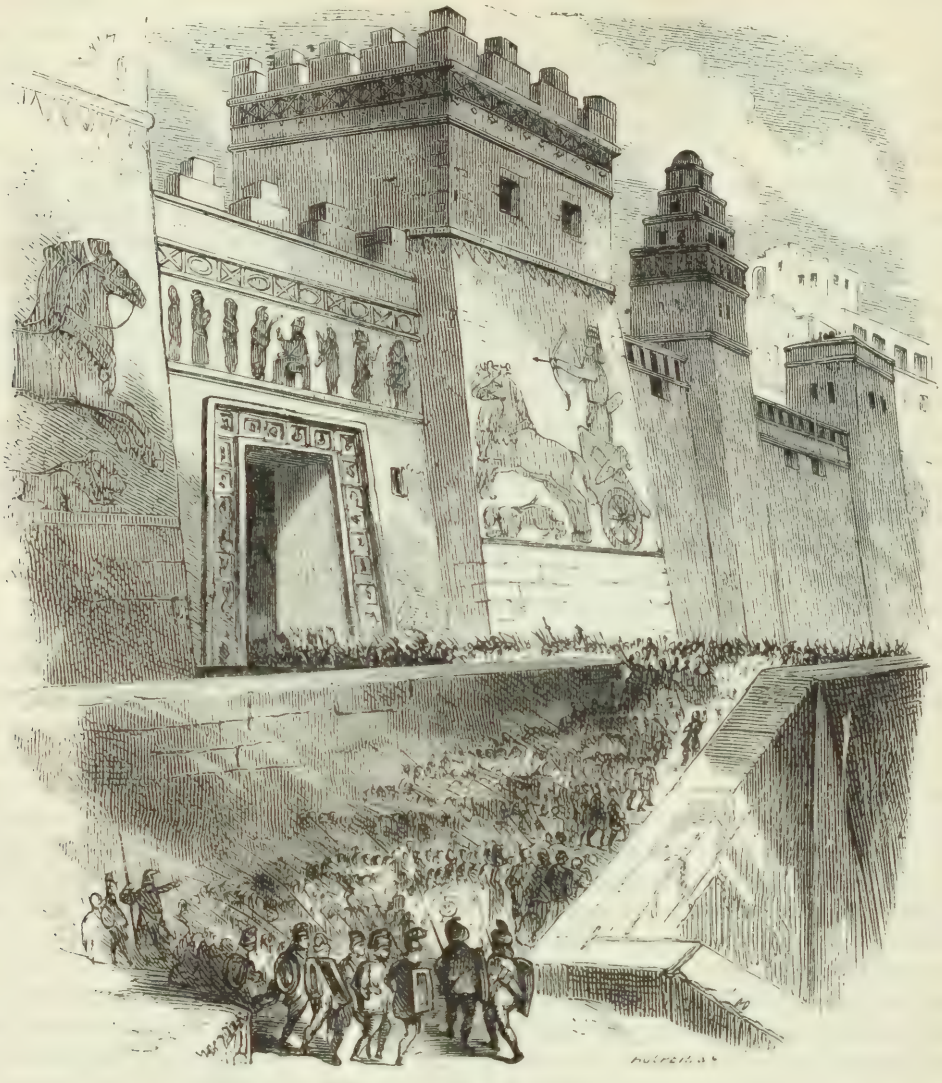
Nitocris continued to have the chief charge of the government of Babylon until the time when Cyrus came to besiege it, and she, as is supposed, was the queen who is referred to in the Book of Daniel as having come into the banquet-room and recommended the sending for Daniel to interpret the writing on the wall, on the night that Babylon was taken and Belshazzar slain.

The manner in which Cyrus gained entrance to the city is well known. He turned away the water of the river, and marched his troops in, in the night, along the bed of the stream. It was not, however, until the end of two years after the commencement of the siege that he resorted to this manœuvre. When at the commencement of the war he first advanced against Babylon Belshazzar went out to meet him. A battle was fought and Belshazzar was defeated. Of course, after such a defeat, nothing remained for him but to retreat to the city and shut himself up within the walls. Here he felt very secure—for the walls, if they approached in any degree to the extent which the ancient writers attributed to them, must have comprised so large a tract of country that Belshazzar must have considered it quite a little kingdom, rather than merely a city, which was included within their circuit; and the defenses, as Nebuchadnezzar had commenced and Nitocris had finished them, were of such enormous magnitude and strength as to be justly deemed almost impregnable. The walls were very thick and very high. They were surrounded with ditches very deep and wide, and filled with water. The stores of provisions laid up in anticipation of a siege were sufficient to supply the population for many years; and then, besides all this, the extent of land included within the line of the fortifications was so great that the tillage of what was unoccupied by buildings would greatly add to the resources of the city for food. In a word, Belshazzar despised the idea of danger, and gave himself up to feasting and pleasure, while surrounded and shut in by the Persian armies, just as he would have done in any ordinary time of peace and prosperity.

Cyrus continued his siege for two years without apparently making any progress whatever toward gaining his end. He at one time attempted to out-top the walls of the city by means of very lofty wooden towers which he erected near them, in order that his archers might have a commanding position for shooting at the men on the ramparts, and also, perhaps, to shelter and protect the men employed to work the battering-rams. The timber which he used for these towers was obtained from groves of palm-trees, which trees grew, it was said, in that country, at that time, to the height of a hundred feet. All these constructions were, however, of no avail. The Babylonians on the ramparts could not be reached effectively by missiles from the towers, and no engines could be constructed of sufficient power to make—at the distance at which it was necessary to work them—any considerable impression on the masonry. In fact, the Babylonian soldiers from the top of the walls ridiculed and scoffed at their enemies while they were engaged in these futile efforts, and felt no fear.

At length the idea was conceived by some of Cyrus's engineers of getting into the city by the bed of the river—the water to be first, in a great measure, drawn off from the channel. To effect this all that was necessary was to employ the old canals again which Nebuchadnezzar and Nitocris had used in their operations. They had laid the bed of the river dry to enable them to construct works for keeping a besieging enemy out; and now the very apparatus which they had prepared for this end the besieging enemy himself was to use for the purpose of laying the bed of the river dry in order to get in.

This plan was carried successfully into execution. After making all the necessary preparations beforehand in a very secret manner, so as not to call the attention of the Babylonians to their designs, and stationing a sufficient number of men at all the points where the operations of closing up the channels leading to the city, and opening others to convey the water away, were to be performed, the signal for commencing the work was given at the appointed time. The night was the time chosen for the execution of the plan, and the work was commenced in the evening as soon as it was sufficiently dark to conceal the movements of the men. The measure was perfectly successful. The water was diverted so completely into the new passages that were opened for it that before midnight the water had subsided sufficiently in the river to allow the troops to march down along its bed. Cyrus did not wait for the water to subside entirely, but gave the order to march in as soon as it was low enough to be fordable. A part of his army entered at the lower side of the city, and a part at the upper side. The troops ascended from the river into the streets by means of the river-side gates, which, it is said, had been left unguarded, and thus gained possession of the city. Both detachments advanced toward the royal palaces, which were situated in the centre of the city, and soon met there. The guards were surprised, and made no attempt at resistance. The palaces were taken by assault. The king was



CYRUS ENTERING BABYLON.

slain in the midst of his carousals, and the city gave itself up without any conditions or reserve wholly to the conqueror.

Such is the account which the ancient historian has given us of the siege and taking of Babylon by Cyrus. That the account should be literally true—the dimensions of the city being such as they represent them—appears very difficult to believe. A single night would not seem to afford time enough for such a series of operations in the case of a city of such enormous magnitude. From the place where the water was turned off down to the lower side of the city, where one detachment of Cyrus's army is alleged to have entered, could not have been less than twenty miles, and three or four hours would scarcely seem sufficient for allowing the water to flow off so as to produce the necessary subsidence throughout so long a portion of the channel, even if we suppose the work of opening the side-trenches and closing up the main channel of the river to have been performed at once. But this work could not but have required a considerable time. Then the distance from the openings in the walls where the river entered and where it left the city to the palace gates must have been at least five miles; and to traverse this distance, a considerable portion of which was to be passed by wading through the mud and water which remained in the bed of the stream, must have occupied, one would suppose, many hours. On the whole, we must conclude that the dimensions of the city, and of the hydraulic works which surrounded it, must have been greatly exaggerated in the descriptions which these ancient writers have given of them, if the story which they relate of its capture is strictly and literally true.

Soon after Cyrus had gained possession of Babylon he issued a decree liberating the Jews from their bondage, and allowing them to return to their native country, and to rebuild their ancient capital, which Nebuchadnezzar had destroyed. In consequence of this decree the Jews assembled to the number of about fifty thousand from all the country about Babylon, and putting themselves under the charge of Zerubbabel, the grandson of Jehoiachin, the former king, and Joshua the high-priest, they returned, a vast body of emancipated slaves, to their proper home. Cyrus at the same time issued a decree authorizing and promoting the rebuilding of the temple at Jerusalem, and restoring all the sacred vessels and utensils which had been taken thence. Thus the injury which had been done to the Hebrew people by their forci-

ble abduction and their long captivity was as far as possible repaired. Babylon itself, however, did not rise again to its former grandeur. Cyrus did not restore the dykes and embankments which he had broken down in order to draw away the water from the river. The consequence was that vast tracts of land were overflowed and converted into morasses and fens, and the inhabitants in consequence driven away from them. The walls, too, of the city, and of the magnificent edifices within it, which had been greatly injured during the siege and at the assault, were not rebuilt again. In fact, Babylon had received a blow from which it never recovered.

About a quarter of a century after the subjection of Babylon by Cyrus to the Persian dominion the people of the city planned a revolt, which in the end was the means of overwhelming them with new and very terrible calamities. This revolt took place during the reign of Darius the Great. The Babylonians, in thus attempting to free themselves from the Persian dominion, took advantage of a time when the government was unsettled, and the attention of the reigning sovereign was engaged by certain difficulties in which he was involved at Susa, his capital, which they thought would deprive him of the power of acting efficiently against them.

They went to work very deliberately, it seems, in forming their plans. They employed four years in collecting and laying up stores of provisions in the city. They repaired the defenses, so far as it was possible for them to do it; they made extensive arrangements for bringing all the tillable land in the city into the highest state of cultivation, so as to increase as much as possible the means of adding to their supplies of sustenance from that source when the city should be invested; in a word, they made the most extensive and complete preparations in their power, and provided themselves, as they supposed, with the means of maintaining the whole population of the city for a great number of years.

When all was ready they made an open revolt, and bid the Persian government defiance.

Darius immediately hastened the settlement of his difficulties at Susa, and marched against the rebels with an immense army. He invested the city closely on every side. He made various assaults upon the fortifications, but without success. The walls were too thick and high, the ditches were too deep, and the gates were too strong. He found that he could accomplish nothing by force, and the arrangements which the garrison had made for sustaining a long siege were so extensive and complete that it is very probable that he would have been finally compelled to abandon the attempt to reduce the city altogether, had he not finally succeeded in gaining admission for his troops by means of the very extraordinary stratagem of Zopyrus.

Zopyrus was one of Darius's generals. When at length, after the siege had continued for nearly two years without any progress whatever having been made toward the reduction of the city, he conceived and executed a very extraordinary stratagem for delivering it into Darius's hands.

First, taking a sword, he cut and mutilated himself in a manner too shocking to be particularly described, and then, bursting away from the camp of the Persians on the side toward the city, he ran across the vacant space which separated the camp from the walls, followed for a little way by pretended pursuers. When he reached the gate he begged for admission. The soldiers opened the gate and let him come in. His face was horribly mutilated, and the other parts of his body were covered with wounds, which were profusely bleeding. His dress and demeanor, however, showed him to be a man of high rank in the Persian army, and he was accordingly at once taken to the head-quarters of the Babylonian commander.

He stated here that he was one of Darius's generals, and had held a very high command in the besieging army, but that in consequence of some wholly unjust accusation he had been severely scourged, and then barbarously mutilated, by the orders of Darius. He considered his allegiance to Darius as forever terminated by his having been made to suffer such indignities, and he was ready to enter at once into the service of the Babylonians, and to place all his military skill and his knowledge of Darius's arrangements and plans entirely at their disposal.

The Babylonians gladly accepted this offer, and gave him a command. In the exercise of this command he evinced so much zeal and ability, and he was so successful, too, in the numerous subordinate conflicts which he planned and executed by sallies from the walls, that he soon acquired great influence and ascendency in the Babylonian camp. These conflicts had indeed all been previously concerted between him and Darius, and exposed points were left purposely unguarded, in order to insure the success of them. But to the Babylonians the success which Zopyrus met with seemed due wholly to his military skill, his local knowledge of Darius's camp, and his burning thirst for revenge. In a word, the Babylonian leaders soon began to place their chief reliance upon Zopyrus, and to raise him to higher and higher posts of duty. At length, when he had got the power fully into his hands, he opened the gates one night to a large detachment of the Persian army that had been stationed near it for the purpose, and the city was taken.

Darius employed his troops for some time after Babylon fell into his hands in demolishing the fortifications. He broke down the gates, filled up the ditches, and made extensive breaches in the walls, in order to prevent the possibility of the Babylonians defending themselves in the case of another revolt. Thus the result of this disastrous rebellion was to carry the doomed city forward a long way on its road to ruin.

The downward progress of the city, however, was not without its alternations of revival and

hope. On one occasion there seemed to be, for a brief period, quite a bright prospect that Babylon was to rise from its ruins, and resume once more its ancient power and splendor. This was on the occasion of the visit of Alexander the Great, king of Macedon, to the city, in the midst of his conquests in Asia. He resolved to make Babylon his capital, and thus constitute it the metropolis of the world. In fulfillment of this design he made enormous preparations for repairing the mischiefs which time and the devastations of war had worked upon the great constructions of Nebuchadnezzar. He went himself personally up the river to inspect the canals and the other hydraulic machinery for regulating the supply of water for the surrounding country. Seeing that these works might be repaired, and that vast tracts of country which had been converted into bogs and morasses by the derangement of them might be reclaimed by repairing them, he immediately made arrangements for putting an enormous number of laborers upon the work. He also formed extensive plans for repairing the great edifices within the city. The Temple of Belus had been destroyed by Xerxes, some years before, in an attempt which he made to change the religion of the Babylonians. Alexander determined to rebuild it. The magnitude of this structure is strikingly shown by the fact that the first thing which Alexander did, in attempting its restoration, was to set ten thousand men at work to remove the débris and the ruins which Xerxes had made in his attempt to demolish it, in order that what remained might be cleared from rubbish and brought to view, and the work of rebuilding be commenced upon it. These men had worked two months without making any very perceptible progress, when the operation was suddenly suspended, and with it all the other plans of the youthful conqueror, by his sudden death. By this event all hope that the mighty city would be restored to her pristine grandeur was forever blasted, and thenceforth in wealth and population and power she slowly wasted away, without any interruption to the steady progress of her decline, for a thousand years.

During this period we have no accounts of the condition of the city except the brief notices given at distant intervals by such travelers from the Western world as chanced, in their Eastern roamings, to visit the spot. These travelers sometimes in their narratives made brief allusions to the condition of the decaying city at the periods when they severally visited it, and by means of these memorials we are enabled to trace, in some degree, the gradual progress of the change. There was one time when—the vast space inclosed within the walls having nearly lost its inhabitants, while yet the walls themselves had not entirely fallen into decay—the site of the city was converted into a royal park and hunting-ground. For this purpose the breaches in the walls were closed so far as was necessary to confine the wild beasts with which the ground was to be stocked, and groves and forests were planted to serve them for places of retreat and concealment. Thus the prediction of Isaiah that Babylon should become the habitation of beasts was most strikingly fulfilled:

"Wild beasts of the desert shall lie there; and their houses shall be full of doleful creatures; and owls shall dwell there, and satyrs shall dance there. And the wild beasts of the islands shall cry in their desolate houses, and dragons in their pleasant palaces: and her time is near to come, and her days shall not be prolonged."—*Isaiah*, xiii. 21, 22.

At length, after the lapse of ten or fifteen centuries, the time arrived when modern travelers began to penetrate the vast deserts which environ the ancient Babylonian and Assyrian domains, expressly for the purpose of seeking out the spot where the vast metropolis stood, and of exploring the ruins. Within the last two or three hundred years many such tourists have visited the site, and several of them have minutely described all that now remains there. These descriptions are substantially the same.

In descending the river from the region of Nineveh the traveler usually makes a voyage upon a raft. These rafts are constructed of inflated skins. They are covered with a platform of reeds, upon which, as upon a floor, a small tent is erected to shelter the passengers from the sun and the rain. These rafts are brought down the rivers mainly by the force of the current, being guided in their course, and also in some degree propelled, by the oars of the boatmen. They are never navigated back against the stream, but are taken to pieces when the downward voyage is ended, and the skins—the air being first pressed out of them—are loaded upon the backs of camels or mules, and taken up the stream again along the shore.

Most persons, however, in visiting Babylon approach it by land from Bagdad, which city lies directly north of it upon the Tigris. In these land-journeys the tourist, dressed in the Arab costume, rides upon a camel, which kneels upon the ground to receive him. The country is level and monotonous, though intersected in every direction by the remains of ancient canals, and rendered impassable in many places by the morasses which are formed by the waters that are conveyed through the ancient sluiceways into the surrounding country. Here and there is seen a small village, a grove of palms, an Arab encampment, or a khan; but the whole region wears in general a desolate and forsaken air.

At length, on drawing near to the site of the ancient city, the attention of the traveler is attracted to a lofty mound, which is seen rising from the plain at the distance of two or three miles from the observer, and appearing at first like a natural hill. On approaching it nearer, however, its flat, table-like top, and the appearance here and there of angles and perpendicular sides, indicate its artificial character. On

drawing nearer to it the ruins of great embankments are seen around it, and the remains of ancient walls and canals. This is the famous mound of Babel, or Mujelibé as it is now called. It is supposed to be the remains of the great Temple of Belus. Its sides are furrowed with ravines formed by the rains, and various openings have been made into it at different periods, some by Arab workmen in search of building materials for modern dwellings, and others by the direction of travelers, with a view of ascertaining the constituency of the mighty mass. These excavations bring to view immense quantities of bricks and fragments of pottery, with here and there long lines of walls and passages leading to subterranean chambers, which have been used in modern times for places of sepulture.

But to describe at length the various articles which have been exhumed from the ruins of Babylon would extend the paper to an unwarrantable length. Mr. Layard, in his admirable works on this subject, has furnished all that can be desired. Our purpose has been to describe the rise and growth and fall and decline of one of the greatest capitals of antiquity.

FANCY.

Oh, sweet Fancy, let me know
If by any rhyme or reason
I can woo you, that you blow
In my garden every season!
Tell me what the soil you need,
What cool showers, what April weather;
If like any common seed
You put up a pale green feather?
Though a hundred years are vaunted
To perfect the aloë flower,
You, dear Fancy, most undaunted,
Bloom a hundred times an hour.
And though bay-leaves crown the brave
While the myrtle's for the poet,
Plant immortal, I would crave
Seed of thee that I might sow it
Broadcast, round my wicket-gate,
Till—wide-spreading, multiplying,
Ingress to dull care denying—
I might sit the world defying,
Though my mood, my state belying,
Learning gayly how to wait.

Hark! through all the crystal pauses
Breaks the treble of thy leaves;
Silverest of silvery noises,
Tapping at my cottage eaves,
When the wandering winds are tired—
Till one more than half believes,
Sighs some weary-hearted Dryad
Whom the daily sun deceives.
Yet when morn is just beginning
To foretell its grand surprise,
Through thy boughs what chorus ringing,
What chatoyant splendors winging—
Splendors caught from sunrise skies,
Wedded with celestial singing—
Singing birds of Paradise.

For me, never, never lonely
Days nor nights, if thou wilt only
Not delay thy spring-tide budding,
Nor forget the June-day flooding
Of my ways with subtlest fragrance,
Calling home the wingéd vagrants
That from memory vanished quite
Out of hearing, out of sight,
Losing in the uncertain distance
Claim to true shape or existence.
Through thy tendrils, sky-aspiring,
Leaving little for desiring,
Let me hear the tempest's choiring,
Mellowed to the flute's respiring:
Let the sunbeam's warm embrace
With thy being interlace,
Leading by a shining clew
Heavenward to the quiet blue:
Let the rainbow's bridge of sighs,
Which the earth to heaven allies,
Touch thee into a disguise
Radiant as the dragon-fly's.

Can it be that storms may splinter
All thy strength some cruel winter?
That some wild and bleak New Year
Bring thee but a frozen tear;
So when little May winds shiver
Thou wilt make no answering quiver?

Oh, be ever green and growing,
No repulse thy spirit knowing!
Like the noble Banyan tree
Tenant of the soil, but free!
With thy magic seed shed wide
On laden west-wind, laden tide,
Each ripe harvest loosely cast
And borne upon each flying blast,
Daily journey every where
That the great heroic dare.
Wandering now to further Greenland
And the coasts of the Unseen land;
Into chilliest regions going—
Regions of perpetual snowing;
Striking latitudes that smile
Into summer all the while,
Blown across the open sea
Of a vast humanity.

Where no other plant will flourish
Thou thy rarest blossoms nourish!
By the merest thread of bliss,
By a whisper, by a kiss,
Bid thy folded leaves expand,
Beautifying all the land.
In thy shade, that sunshine is,
Let me taste of happiness;
Oh, dear Fancy, let me be
Evermore at home with thee!

MY BROTHER-IN-LAW.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

WHEN we met in the parlor on the evening of Mrs. Vinton's party they all exclaimed at my appearance. Papa kissed me with a troubled face, and mamma looked shocked.

"Helen, you look positively wan! If you don't feel equal to going, dear child, stay at home; Gerty won't mind."

"No, mamma, I'm only tired; it's the weather, I think. I'd rather go five times over than have a fuss about it."

"It's your white dress, Nelly, with nothing to relieve it," said Gerty.

Little Dotha rose with a look of delight and went swiftly up to her room, and returning brought a treasure in her hand—a beautiful white camellia, with dark glossy leaves, which she had watched and tended in her sunny window.

"My darling, I'm so glad I thought of it! You will look lovely now."

And she fastened it into my breast-pin, while all looked relieved at the adornment, and my weary indifference was almost chased away by the devotion of my loving little sister—"Little Dotha," we call her, even now. She is so fine, with her brown eyes and dainty, creamy skin—nobody speaks of her as a beauty; but to my eyes there is nobody so pretty and complete, and she creeps into all hearts.

The party was as I expected, rather wearisome; only it was pleasant to be so welcomed back after our months of quiet absence. Gertrude, with her flashing brightness and glow, needed no color on her pure white draperies. But, in spite of Dotha's flower, my excessive paleness was remarked by all. There was no dancing, and John found me a seat in a warm corner, where I sat talking to him and my old friend and bore, Mr. Patton. Suddenly I heard a little stir, and Gertrude's voice raised in eager welcome. I looked, and for a moment every thing swam about me; for there, clasping her outstretched hand, yet with his eyes already roving as if in search, stood Will Leslie! I suppose I sat still and tried to conceal my giddiness; and a circle of friends pressing round him shut him for an instant from my view. A moment after I heard his voice, felt his eager grasp of the hand, met his eyes full of unuttered things.

"Why did they tell me you were ill?" were his first words; "I never saw you look better."

No need for Dotha's flower now! I saw in a moment that if he went away caring for me a little he came back caring more. I felt in my heart that Athens, and Palestine, and Scottish mountains, and beautiful English girls, paled before a stronger influence. And with the thought a peaceful rest came into my soul, and I gave myself up to the full enjoyment of being happy once more. Later on a sudden wonder came over me. It was the most natural thing in the world to be sitting with Will by my side, talking in the old way—Tom and misery both forgotten; but then it was not what I had expected, and I asked him abruptly what had brought him back so suddenly:

"We heard you were to spend the summer in Great Britain; what changed your plan, Mr. Leslie?"

"A letter from my brother," was his reply.

"Where is your brother?"

"I must have passed him in New York. He went there this morning. He was not looking for my return."

Here was a small grain of comfort to mix with my returning terror of what Tom would do and say; but I could not think of him without a little shiver.

"How good of you to come directly here!" I exclaimed. "It is the only party we have been to this season; and I remember you appeared just as unexpectedly at my first party, my 'coming out.'"

"Yes, I have only been at home four hours," he answered, smiling. "It did seem shabby to mother, but she would not let me stay. Of course, Helen, had you not been here—"

"My dear child, the carriage is here," said Gertrude, sailing up to us in her voluminous draperies. "I am sorry to hurry you off; but you know those young horses will not stand."

"It's a beautiful, balmy night; won't you walk, Miss Helen?" said Will.

"My dear Will, you've been gone so long that you don't know, of course, but Helen has been ailing all the winter, and mamma wouldn't hear of her walking home."

"I should like to, Gerty, I'm not a bit tired;" but I knew as I spoke that she was right, and a few moments afterward we were rolling rapidly homeward in the tight little brougham, I feeling that it was an additional aggravation that the larger open carriage was not sent, that we might at least have offered a seat to Will.

"And John," added Gertrude, dryly, when I hinted the suggestion.

"Yes, of course, to John too," I answered. "I only thought Will must be tired out; he landed this morning, you know, and was at home only four hours."

"Oh yes, indeed, the poor, dear fellow!" said Gerty, who was really fond of him. "And how handsome he looks! He has become a man all of a sudden! He was a charming boy only a year ago!"

"He has been gone nearly two years," I said.

"Oh, is it so long? I had forgotten, and yet I ought to know, I'm sure, for it was just as I was engaged that he went. What a weary, weary, long time it has been!"

I did not dare to echo her audible sigh. Had it not been so to me?

As I came down to breakfast the next morning, guiltily conscious of a long, deep sleep to the utter oblivion of breakfast-bell, I met mamma on the landing, looking very grave. She kissed me, with a long, close embrace, which felt strange.

"What is the matter, mamma? Am I not dreadfully late?"

"We finished breakfast two hours ago, dear. We would not disturb you, you were resting so sweetly. Your breakfast is all ready, dear, in the dining-room." Here she stopped, looked earnestly at me, and kissed me again. "You are looking better than I have seen you for months," she said—then sighed, and let me go.

I, marveling at her odd manner, went slowly down stairs. I saw Dotha crossing the hall and spoke to her; but, without an answer, she ran into the parlor and shut the door, and I heard Gertrude speaking to her. Much wondering at the mysterious manners of my family, I opened the dining-room door and found myself face to face with Will Leslie!

"You here!" I exclaimed. "You'll think me abominably lazy; I have not even had my breakfast yet."

"I know it's unpardonable in me to disturb you so early, Miss Helen, but I believe I am slightly crazy to-day. I could not sleep, and I can not rest until I have done what I came home to do. I have spoken to your father, he is very kind; and now, Helen, you know—you must know—what brought me home. Two years ago a word from you would have kept me. Now one word from you has brought me back for you to decide for me my fate."

"A word from me?"

"Yes, something you said to Tom about long engagements, and a man's owing it to the woman he loves to give her the choice at least. You see it needed only a word of hope to bring me back to you. I may have grasped at a straw; but, Helen, you little know what I have felt for you these long months. I came back from England to tell you. You know I shall have to wait and work; but with such an end in view it will be to me as to Jacob—like one day. Speak, Helen!"

"What shall I say, Will?"

"Whatever is in your heart, dear. I pray God it may be what I most long to hear. You do not speak. Must I go away again?"

"No, no, never!" I exclaimed, involuntarily stretching out both hands to detain him; then as I found myself seized, gathered in his arms, pressed to his breast, I added, half-laughing, half-crying, "Dear Will, if I didn't feel so happy I should be very cross that I could not even eat my breakfast before settling my future in life. But you sha'n't be teased a moment. Do you think I have not had my thoughts, my wishes too, during these two years? And now I am only afraid I shall awake and find it is all a dream!"

"A dream which will last through life, and we shall awake together afterward into the realization of all dreams—the perfection of all the happiness begun upon earth."

On the evening of that day I sat in my favorite low seat, by Mrs. Leslie's sofa, her gentle caressing touch upon my hair, and Will being near. I wonder which of the three was the happiest? She had told me, in her glad, truthful voice that I was the daughter of her heart; that if Will had married as many wives as Bluebeard, none of them could have been to her what I had always been. She had blessed us, her children, with tender eagerness; and then after a quiet, peaceful hush, filled with thoughts too deep for words, with a change of mood she presently rippled into a little wave of laughter at her boy's boyishness.

"Not even letting you eat your breakfast in peace, you poor child! Oh, Willy, you are a perfect baby yet, my darling; can't wait a moment for what you have set your heart upon!"

"A moment, indeed! I have wanted nothing but her for two long years and more, and every day of those years was a year itself!"

"Tell that sort of thing to Helen, my child; she is young enough to believe a good deal of lovers' talk."

"Mrs. Leslie!"

"Hark! what is that? Oh, Susan mustn't let any body in to-night. Tell her, Will! Quick! she will open the door."

Will started to his feet, but the door opened, and in the dusky twilight, in the sudden silence, my heart stood still—for there was Tom!

All day I had been putting down with a strong will my little qualms of dread and misery. How could I enter a family where one member disliked me so much? Who was I to step between the perfect love of these brothers? In Will's presence I could think of nothing but the present joy, the relief of confessed and indulged feeling, so long stifled and kept down. But all these misgivings rushed over me in a blinding cloud, as from my darkened corner I watched the brothers embrace, heard their voices falter in speaking each other's names, and dreaded the future when I should see my own shadow thrown between their souls. A moment passed, and Tom, clearing his throat, spoke out with suspicious loudness and clearness:

"Well, youngster! I saw your arrival in the paper. That's what brought me home, of course; but pray what brought you?"

"Why, your letter, of course, old fellow."

"My letter! What letter? How are you, mother? I can scarcely see you. And—who else?"

"It is Helen, Tom," said Will, simply.

Tom turned quickly round, looked at him for a moment, and said, "Is it so, my dear boy?" Another long, wringing clasp of the hands. I rose, not daring to speak or look, found myself received in a warm, brotherly embrace, with a kiss of welcome on my brow, and sat down again quite stunned and uncomprehending. It was over, but what *did* it mean? Was it true that I heard Tom say a moment after in the hall, "I wish you joy with my whole heart, my dear Bill; I never was so glad of any thing in my life?" Should I ever know, if so instantaneous and entire was his brotherly adoption of

me, what the long barrier had been? why the unconcealed dislike and distrust?

There followed an evening of bewildering pleasure; loved, caressed, welcomed; all conventionalities of reception thrown aside; I felt in half an hour as if I had grown up in the family and knew their most familiar ways and thoughts. We sat down to a cozy little supper, and listened to Will's adventures, and laughed at Tom's banter; and I could hardly believe myself the same listless girl I had felt so long, shivering in the outer cold, away from all my heart longed for. I suppose I showed the change; for, as we sat in the fire-light after tea, Tom began to torment me, with a droll meaning in his voice, on my improved looks. Will took up the cudgels.

"She was always the prettiest girl in Oldport," he asserted, stoutly; "and as for being thin and pale—just look at her? It's perfect nonsense!"

"Oh, Will, don't talk so!"

"How, my darling?"

"Hush! so nonsensically in the first place; and then so—as if I were not in the room!"

"Or as if nobody else were in the room?" suggested Tom, *sotto voce.*

"Because I called you the beauty of Oldport? It's perfectly true; ask mother."

Mother laughed. "No, my son, it isn't! Helen is one of *our* beauties, as people say, but Gertrude is the beauty of the family as well as of the town."

"Oh, Mrs Leslie! I think Dotha has the sweetest face in the world."

"I quite agree with Helen," said Tom. "Miss Gertrude is superb, flashing, fascinating; but for quiet, deep, true beauty, lying in expression, the soul looking from the eyes, and hovering round the lips, give me Dotha Vane."

Why was it that with a woman's instant propensity I thought: "Tom and Dotha! Why not? That would be perfect!" even as she, my loving, admiring little sister, had pleased herself by thinking that he was indulging in a hopeless preference for myself? I know now how foolish we both were, and how far from the truth.

As I kissed Mrs. Leslie for good-by that evening she thanked me again and again for coming to her, when she was too unwell to come to me.

"Thank you too, my love, for not taking my boy away from me; I could not have spared him to any one but you, and it was so good in you to come and be one of us, instead of keeping him all to yourself."

"You are quite essential to *its* completeness," I whispered. "I do believe that Will and I were both happier to have you with us than we should have been by ourselves; and it was so cozy—just three of us!"

Tom was nearer than I guessed, and I saw one, just one, shadow pass over his face, and then it was resolutely chased away as he came and took my hand, and said, in the kindest voice:

"And my dear little sister that is to be, I hope you won't leave me out of this little heaven of completeness: let it be 'just four of us.'"

"With all my heart," I answered, as cordially as I could.

But I wondered the more; and as we walked home through the moonlight I could not help telling Will how I had been dreading Tom, and how he had always disliked me. Will was astonished.

"Helen, you were never so mistaken. He admires you above every body. He wrote of you constantly, though I confess he gave me about as little hope of winning you as a poor fellow ever starved upon. You must have fancied it all. I know he thought me too young, and he thought you quite indifferent; but dislike you! Never! He is almost as happy as I am." Then, after a few moments' pause, he said: "Helen, if you had not been kinder than I deserve this morning—if you had pitied me and sent me away empty—do you know what I should have done? No; I can't tell myself what I should have done—how reckless, how wretched I might have been; but this I know—I should never have spoken a word, not even to mother or Tom. We Leslies are like wild beasts: when we are sick and wounded we go off to suffer or die alone."

"Will, that is frightful! You'll never treat me so?"

"I don't feel as if I should, Helen, for you will be as my own soul to me. But that is our nature—it is in us; and I suppose it is this fellow-instinct which makes me know that Tom is suffering—pining under some hidden wound, some secret loss. I dare say I shall never know what it is. I feel sure that mother doesn't; but there it is, and there it has been for five years past, and there it will be perhaps till he dies. Whatever it may be, you must remember, my darling, that it is a constant sting; and if ever, in word or manner, Tom hurts you, promise me to forgive it, for my sake."

"Yes, indeed, Will; but what can it be? Five years! I did not know him then: did he change?"

"Yes; excessively. I have never known him as much like his old self as he was to-night, in sympathy with me. And even to-night I saw a look of perfect anguish suddenly grow over his face, as if some thought, some contrast perhaps— Well, I shall never know, and I never spoke of it before; only remember your promise, dearest."

"Who was she?" was the question that rose to my lips, but I checked it in reverence to the entire devoted loyalty which would not let his mind wander to curious conjecture, or his tongue reveal, even to me, any of the possibilities of his brother's secret.

Did I go over in memory last evening the scenes of betrothal, marriage, motherhood? the

pure joys, the perfect trust, the pride growing daily stronger and more exulting in the beautiful unfolding manhood of him who had been my boy lover? Nay, is there ever a time when my mind is not dwelling on these scenes? They rise so vividly before me sometimes that I feel a sudden flush upon my cheek, as if the remembered words of fondness had just been spoken in my ear—the kiss of love just pressed upon my brow.

Our engagement was not so long as we had planned. Tom seemed to make it his object in life to smooth away every obstacle, I have never known at what sacrifice to himself. Two years of study must intervene—even Will saw that; but after that the long waiting for business, and money, and home, seemed to vanish. A partnership in an old established firm of real celebrity seemed to spring up. Tom's wedding-gift was a charming little house in New York; and, with Will's own small patrimony, a little dower of mine, and the pretty gifts and furnishings of bridal days, there seemed no reason for waiting longer. Our wishes were moderate, our love of domestic life so great as to render us indifferent to general society, with all its expensive temptations; and so at the end of two years it had come to pass.

I used to think that no two years could be so happy. True, Will was absent, but how different from the old absence! Letters—bright, amusing, loving—came to gild every day with their sunshine. Shyly and secretly I was enjoying the gradual preparations for the new life; the planning and making of pretty and useful things. Dotha was intensely interested and occupied in my affairs, Tom kind and devoted, Mrs. Leslie motherly, their house a second home. Will managed to run up once in a few weeks to spend Sunday—the first of these visits, as I well remember, being ushered in by a morning telegram, with the words, "Go to mother's to tea!" Tom was no longer a check, a spoil-sport, but became so completely my brother that I used to marvel at the almost forgotten miseries of last year. One day I was bold enough to speak of it.

"Why was it, Tom? Why did you hate me so?"

I saw his face change, but he tried to laugh it off, and said, "Let by-gones be by-gones, my child. I never hated you; but if I had, there was no love lost between us I suspect."

"I was ready to like you," I persisted, "only you would not let me. But Tom, no wonder you didn't think me good enough for Will; but when you saw he really cared for me why did you oppose him so? You, who would give him the moon any day if you could, how could you find it in your heart to thwart him in this, except from dislike to me?"

"Helen, I would be glad if you would forget and forgive it all, without asking the whys. Only let me say, once for all, I never disliked you. I always admired you, thought you well-suited to Will in many ways; even thought you had a sort of girlish fancy for him. But I did not believe you would be true or constant, and I would not have my boy run any risk; he is a Leslie, and things cut too deep. Do you see how the wind is whirling the dust about? Suppose we put off our drive till to-morrow morning, it would be more pain than pleasure now."

And he went out quickly, evidently determined to break off the conversation, and left me in a state of indignant wonder as to why he had set me down, in those days, as false and fickle. I asked Will when he came, but he could not tell me.

"Some theory of Tom's old grumpy days," he suggested, lightly. "I remember his once saying to me, when I first knew you, 'Women of that type of face are always attractive, but never deep or true.' He has changed his mind now; so why should we waste our precious moments in pondering his dark sayings? Lay them all to dyspepsia, and come out in the woods now."

Gertrude meanwhile had entirely withdrawn her opposition. "I thought it a wretched match, Nelly," she frankly owned; "and so it would be now, if Tom Leslie were not so superhuman in his kindness. You would wear out your youth waiting, and then marry upon such a bare subsistence that your life would be one long struggle and sacrifice, and I own I did not think a boy like Will was worth the price; nor did I believe that he knew what he was about, or would be entirely constant. Mind, this is what I *used* to think. *Now* I am proud of Will; I think him one of the finest young men I ever met—so brilliant and versatile, and at the same time firm, and deep, and grounded in his principles—and then such a heart! Oh, Nelly, he does love you! Now that I am in love myself, moreover, I am no longer mercenary, and can see why women make imprudent marriages. I am sure I would marry the Colonel to-morrow (if he were within marrying distance) if Fairbanks were sunk in the North River and he had nothing but his good sword."

"And his 'red right hand,'" I added. "I dare say he'll be a one-legged hero on half-pay yet, and you'll have to turn your silks, and trim your bonnets, and be highly virtuous and managing."

But Gerty did not mind teasing now, and in her own pretty way she took Will under her special patronage: kept off intruders, planned pleasant surprises, worked him slippers, and, in fact, bestowed upon him all the petting that she would not quite have dared bestow upon her Colonel, even if, as she would have said, he were within petting distance.

My marriage took place, after all, before Gerty's, who became somewhat like Marianna in the "Moated Grange," after the repeated delays which lengthened out the two years into nearly four. Colonel Fairbanks himself grew so impatient as to almost resolve on quitting the army, when his furlough came at last and his regiment was ordered to the East.

I had been three months married when he returned, and I could not help being gratified by his evident admiration of my husband. "Born to be a soldier—missed his true vocation," he pronounced. Just what the dear old Commodore had said once; and when I told Will I was almost startled at the rush of color over his face, and his confession that it was at first his most ardent wish.

"But *then*, Helen, there was no prospect of war; and a life of drill and parade, of weary watching upon unattacked outposts, monotonous and unsocial, would have killed me."

"*Then?*" I asked. "Surely there is no prospect of war *now!*"

But he shook his head and said, "Don't you hear the rumble of the coming storm? And I am glad it is to come if it will only clear the air. But don't look so alarmed, dear. You've a plodding lawyer for a husband instead of a dashing officer, so it can't make any difference to you."

It was still a time of peace when Harry came—a beautiful, healthy boy, who seemed to fill our cup of pride and joy to the brim. Will grew ambitious, he said: worked harder than ever to earn a fortune and a name for his boy. He used to sit holding the little baby hand and planning the future career and education of his son, while I laughed at his visions and contented myself with studying the comparative merits of catnip and anise, and peeping in fancy into little girl-babies' cradles to find the sweetest, most star-like little face for Harry's future love. Even now I dream of his wife in the time to come, and hope he will love her as his father did me.

When Harry was two years old the thunder to which I had closed my ears so long pealed out so loud and clear that nobody could mistake or ignore it any longer. Must I say the truth? I was, I am, I always shall be a weak, selfish, fearing woman. My country is to me an abstraction; my own are to me my all! I could not for an instant enter into the unselfish zeal of the wives and mothers and sisters who sent out the brave hearts that cherished them into the field, and gloried to see them go. I saw Will grow moody and absent, passionately interested in the progress of the war, his eyes glowing with inward fire, his cheek pale with suppressed feelings, unspoken desires; and yet I would not see, would not speak, would not consent. Although I even fancied at times that the love-light was dying out of his eyes, that his wife was becoming to him an obstacle in the life he longed for, yet, with all the misery this thought stabbed me with, I felt I could never give him up.

Day after day a strange estrangement grew up between us. There was one subject which we never mentioned, and its restraint shed a blight over our whole lives. Tom came to visit us, and his quick eye penetrated at once to our state, and I could see that with all his pity for me his love for the brother to whom "he would have given the moon" would carry the day. What Will longed for he must have! It was always so with Tom. He himself had tried to get a commission, but had been rejected. Will heard the statement with incredulous wrath.

"Rejected! *You*, brother? What possible excuse could they allege?"

"Unsoundness of body," replied Tom, coolly.

We both stared at him. "Your near-sightedness," I suggested. "Surely that is not reason enough."

"No, my lungs," answered Tom. "Not in a fit state, the surgeon said, though why he should insist on pounding and stethoscoping me as he did I shall never understand. I am sure it wasn't necessary, according to regulations. If it had been you, Bill, I should have thought Helen put him up to it."

Will changed color, and so did I. I laughed, but he did not; and then he asked, with suppressed agitation:

"And what, dear old fellow, did he say about your lungs? There's never been any thing the matter with them before, has there?"

"Hemorrhages—I had five in one week seven years ago; but I'd no idea the old scar would be in my way now," said Tom, quite coolly.

"Where were you ill? Was it that time in Charleston?" asked Will. Tom nodded. "And I never knew it!" said Will, in the same tone of wonder and suspense. Then, after a few moments, wrenching himself from conjecture and marvel over the hidden past and rushing at once into the bitter present, he exclaimed, "Tom, why did you want to go? Did you feel as if something were tugging at the very strings of your heart? as if a trumpet-peal were in your ears? as if the voice of God were speaking in your soul, saying, 'Go! leave all and go?'"

"No, Will, I only felt that I was unfettered. That mother had two sons, and if I fell she would still have you—that the country was calling urgently upon men situated like myself. I felt it to be my duty—that was all."

Will sat with his face covered by his hands, and with a groan repeated the word "Unfettered!" Then our eyes met. I was weeping. "Helen," he cried, "you will not speak! Don't you see that this silence is poisoning our very lives?"

Tom softly left the room; and upon that next hour I look back with a hushed feeling of awe, for it seemed as if God's own presence were with us to guide Will and soften me; to break down every barrier between our hearts, and to teach us both the perfect beauty of sacrifice.

It came to be understood between us that nothing more should be said or planned until our baby came. That when I was again strong, and able to bear it, if (there lay the hope)—if the need were still urgent, the call still pressing, and if the way should visibly open to Will's joining the army, I would no longer withhold him from what he felt to be the "call of God to his soul," but would cheerfully give him up.

not hampering his way and weighing down his heart with my weakness, but cheering him on in as Roman matron a way as I could assume, I told him, and he answered:

"Not *assume*, dearest; don't put on any thing. You could not deceive me for a moment, and I want to know every thought of your heart. I only trust and believe that, by God's help, you will be able to truly cheer me. I know how much I am asking, my precious wife, but I alone can know how difficult it has been not to ask it, how impossible it has proved! For the rest, do you think it is nothing to me to leave you, and our home, and the boy? I don't think even you can feel the sacrifice more than I do; but there is something in me which I can not withstand which will not let me stay."

And so, in a strange peacefulness, the weeks and months wore on. Perhaps I almost hoped that I might die, and so be spared the seeing him go away from me. But life, not death, was in my heart when the little daughter's head was laid on my breast; when the starry eyes looked up at me from the fair, sensitive, flower-like little face. And I felt, when I saw the almost adoring look with which her father sat and gazed at her, that now it would be nearly impossible for him to go.

Little Annie we named her, after mother. Dear lover of babies as I am, sweet as are all their innocent faces and wondering eyes, I never saw any thing so angel-like as my baby's face—the bright, tremulous smile, the loving little red lips wooing kisses, the earnest soul in the baby eyes. Only a few such faces are ever seen in children; mothers see them with a pang. A little creature, but healthy, they all said; and so Will believed, and no shadow of fear crossed his heart that she was too like heaven to be left upon earth. If it did mine, I put it back with the same strength with which I was gradually arming myself for the coming trial. I would leave all to God, if He would only help me to be good now.

And it came. Every difficulty seemed to vanish from my husband's path. He did not seek the place, it came to him. A regiment was formed, which offered him the command. So strong, indeed, was their choice, so unwilling were they to hear of any other leader, that had his own wishes been less strong the call would have made him waver. Need I say how quickly the time sped to our parting? how the hours rushed on, filled with martial confusion, outward glitter, secret woe? How I tried to be brave to the last, and, finally, more dead than alive, when the last echo of the departing tramp was heard, I sank into mother's arms, and we two bereaved women wept together, and, reading each other's heart, confessed the cowardice, coldness, selfishness which would almost make us let our country go, so that our best beloved were spared to be the stay of his own home.

Tom, deeply pitying, could not help reproving from the man's point of view. "If all were like you, mother, we should have to sink down in the face of the nations into slavish inactivity! Don't you think most of these brave boys left a mother at home?"

"Yes, but perhaps not a wife and children too."

"Many have done that also," said Tom; "but, Helen, I had nothing to do with it. For once I did not help him to his wishes; it was because I felt so much for you."

And so Tom and mother tried to comfort me with their love and care, and the children grew in daily beauty—Harry, with a sword and drum, playing at being papa; and little Annie, more and more like a little wandering angel, just lighted on my breast to show me of *what* is the kingdom of heaven.

How differently lots are divided! Here was I, with my two clinging babes, my heart torn and bleeding, my soul reluctant and fearful; with but slender means, withal, and practicing much economy and simple living in the midst of my pretty, tasteful home. And there was Gertrude, in her beautiful country house, with money, ease, society. Her heart not fainting, but exultant, at sending her warrior forth. And yet she envied me my children, and could not be comforted, because to her had been denied that one blessing. Even now I believe she would give all she has, except her husband, in exchange for my little son, with his round limbs and open brow.

Colonel—now General—Fairbanks, with all his military scorn for volunteer officers, preserved still his admiration for my husband. He wrote to my sister, "I always said he was born a soldier, and he is rapidly becoming the very *beau-ideal* of a young officer." After the Seven Days' fight, after Antietam, Chancellorsville, and finally glorious Gettysburg, without a wound, sound, hearty, triumphant, with laurels nobly won by his regiment, my soldier came back to me for a brief fortnight. How the hours flew! How happy we were! If time could but have ceased, and the present been eternity! Our baby had thrown off her first helplessness, and was beginning to make her own little way in the world. Her father taught her her first steps. He tried to teach her her first word, but I had already forestalled him, and "Papa, papa," was her one happy little crow. I knew that I must soon give him up again, my adored husband! but it was a great boon to have seen him thus in the height of his ardor and success. I found myself for the first time growing martial and patriotic. Will's way of describing the battles he had seen was a little different from that of "Our Special Correspondent," and I glowed, and shrunk, and triumphed with him, and "loved him for the dangers he had seen;" and when I thought of him unharmed amidst the fire, I came to feel as if he were protected by a special miracle. Angels had charge over him, and I could better bear to let him go again.

Then came a time of change and anxiety,

when old armies were broken up and sent to the Far West; when constant communication became impossible, and Rumor had full power to harrow our souls. This was very trying, but just then my thoughts were taken entire possession of by my sudden anxiety for my baby girl. She was pining, drooping. We wished to take her away for a change, for I had clung to the city too long, willing to risk the heat and closeness rather than put any distance between me and the latest news. But just as we had planned to start a sudden change came over my darling. Mothers need no doctor to tell them not to hope. I knew it long before the doctor told me. The little white flower must be transplanted. I watched and waited with the little bud softly lying upon my bosom until the Reaper came. And so holy was the hour, solemn and calm, that as her breath came more and more lingeringly, fluttering out of the half-closed peaceful lips, I almost saw our Lord watching with me, bending over His child. As the last gasp came I almost felt Him take her from my arms, leaving only the beautiful clay, out of which the miracle of life had departed. I might put away my dead—but the lamb was in the Good Shepherd's arms.

The funeral day had come. We had stood together over the grave and laid the pure pathetic face and lovely little form in the dust. Oh! how sad to be there and know that Will's heart, far away, was unconscious of its loss, and still bounding with exultant love at the thought of his last little treasure safe in her cradle at home! His arm, which should have been around me in my weakness, might even now be raised in distant, deadly battle. His voice, which alone could still my weeping, must be yet so long unheard. And oh! far worse to picture the father's grief when he should know—for we could not write, not knowing where he was—his agony of sorrow, and I not by to comfort him!

I came back in a dull dream of sorrow, more for Will than for Annie. *Her* I could picture in her sweet rest, folded in the strong, tender, Everlasting Arms. I had not given my darling to a stranger, oh no! But where was he whose place should be by my side? We drove to the house. Mother passed at once into the parlor. I stood a moment, waiting for Tom, and wishing to speak a kind word to Annie's nurse, who opened the door for us with her face blinded with tears. She seemed to shrink from me, and I heard her cry, "Oh, Mr. Leslie!" and then she gave him a paper, and stood covering her face with her hands. Tom took it, and I sprang to his side as he tore it open. Then he staggered and fell like a stone upon the floor; and as Mary's shriek brought mother to the spot, they tell me I stood holding the paper, with a smile upon my face, and exclaimed to her, as if in triumph, "Oh, mother! our little bird flew straight to her father's breast, and they went up together to the throne of God!"

They tell me—but I remember nothing—for many weeks there is no memory but of apathy and confusion, and of being brought away somewhere, and then rest and unconsciousness.

Yes, Will had fallen! The same hour which struck down our little, tender bud brought the shot which stilled his great, brave, loving heart forever. Not one instant's pain, thank God! Not a throb of agony, or a second of time in which to crowd that worst agony—the thought of the dear faces never to be seen again; the sorrow he could not solace, the tears he could never wipe away! One moment he was dashing forward, cheering on his men; the next, his dear face was lying on the ground, and his soul, untrammeled, full of astonishment, freedom, glory, and love, had sprung from its prison-house, and met a little, waiting, angel form hovering near, just laid away from mother's breast, and reaching out longing arms to her father! Did they think of me then? In that supreme moment did they see me in my outer coldness and desolate, bitter woe? No! Heaven would hardly make Will happy if he knew I was suffering. But he is waiting for me and for his boy upon the other shore, watching our footsteps on earth, and the years, which seem to me so long and go so wearily, are but to him moments of joy crowned with expectation and promise.

When the light came I was lying in my chamber and alone. I looked about me, hardly conscious of where I was, and why there was a dull leaden weight where there used to be a throb of hope and joy. And then memory came, but with it such torture that I turned my face to the wall and longed for death. But mother came, with her tender face bending over me, and she brought Harry with his wistful, wondering eyes, and appealing voice, and I saw Dotha standing in the doorway, speechless with sympathy and joy that I knew her again. And I knew I ought to live for all their sakes, and I took the nourishment they brought me, and felt myself strengthened almost against my will.

A few days after Tom carried me down to this room—so full of past delights, of shadowy faces. It was altered and yet familiar, for my own furniture had replaced the old fittings; my own pictures smiled from the wall; my own plants glowed in the bay-windows; my little bird's shrill, sweet voice trilled above them; my piano, Will's books in their well-remembered cases—all our household gods were brought together here, and above the mantle, beneath which a bright fire glowed like a welcome, hung a new picture which I had never seen—a picture too sacred for common eyes, and therefore shielded by two gilded doors, like the holy virgins of old painters—a portrait of Will with the light in his eyes and the old smile on his lips, and holding, her sweet face lying on his breast, little Annie in his arms.

All this had Tom done for me. He had dismantled my pretty, desolate home, and put tenants in it, and brought me and my treasures up to the dear old house at Oldport. And there,

between the earnest welcome of my own people and the quiet, assured possession which he and mother took of me, as if I were now all their own, I was content to rest and be thankful. Life would be dreary enough in the future, when I should go out with Harry to build upon the ruins of our lost home, for I could not bear to cast the shadow of my sadness too long over other lives. I would not hasten the time, but linger yet a while in this green spot vouchsafed by mercy.

And so a year passed away; and it was not until last evening, when Tom surprised my sad meditations over the dying fire, that I took courage to speak of other plans. It was dear little Harry's birthday eve, and his face even in sleep was flushed with the excitement of hope, and in his dreams he muttered something about a pony and Uncle Tom. So the maid told me, smiling, and I told Tom when he came in, making him laugh at the thought of the eager little fellow's pleasure.

"Yes, Helen, a big rocking-horse will be here by the time he is up to-morrow. In mercy to you I forebore when tempted by *such* a little Shetland pony; but next year he will be quite big enough, and then you must not say a word if I begin his equestrian education."

"But I *must* say a word now," I began, with a quaking heart. "Dear Tom, thank you, but you must not waste your money upon little Harry, or teach him luxurious tastes which he can never gratify. You know he has his own way to make in the world by-and-by. And now, thanks to your care and petting, I am beginning to feel strong enough to take up life again, with more gratitude than I can express to you and mother, who sheltered me in the worst time."

Tom stared at me in unaffected surprise. "What *can* you mean?" he said. "I thought it was all understood between us. I look upon you as my charge; upon Harry as my own boy. All that is mine is equally yours; all will be his when we are gone. Why not use it now for his good?"

"Oh, Tom—"

"Hush, Helen; I see how it is; you are afraid of me. I fear I seem dictatorial, and interfering, and intrusive; but do not think so; I will be very careful. You and you only have authority and control over the boy; but there are many times when a man's advice and watchfulness are of more avail even than the mother's. Let me be a help to you; never a rival. And remember always that whatever I have of time, or strength, or mind, or money, is entirely devoted to you and yours."

I could not keep back my tears. "Oh, Tom, I can not! it would not be right. Let me go now, before I grow any closer into this home; it will be harder by-and-by."

Tom came to the other side of the fire, and stood leaning against the mantle-piece. "Helen," he said, "it is as well to say it now, and have all clear between us. You and I are alone in the world. Mother is here now, but oh, Helen! I must say it, do you not see how she is failing? gradually melting away, as it seems to me. No outward sign of suffering or disease; but the sword pierced to her own heart also! You and I are young; we can live on through even this loss; but it was mother's death-blow. He was the dearest thing on earth to her. Yes, dear, how could it be otherwise? so noble and lovable; so much more open and sympathizing than I could ever let myself be. It was right that she should love him best. But think, Helen, when she is gone, will it not make my life almost too desolate if you and Harry are gone too? Why will you not stay? No sister could be dearer than you are to me. I love you as if you had been born my sister; and I love you better for being Will's true, sweet wife. And then I have a debt of love and gratitude to you, which I can never repay, for the kindness which has forgiven my long injustice to you. You have pardoned, but I shall never forgive myself for having deprived your young hearts of two years of happiness in so short a life."

"But, dear brother," I said, "I have learned, and so did he, to think that it was all for the best. Absence fixed our love and proved it, and what might have been open to the suspicion of being a girl and boy fancy attained full life and maturity through the little trial you gave it."

"So I should perhaps think," he answered, "were you destined to the ordinary course of married life, growing old together. But, in so brief a time, every day was a priceless treasure!"

"True," I said; "and every day would have been, had we lived to a green old age; but, as to the time being short, this is only a little interruption, dear Tom, to the Future of perfect love. It will seem there as but a day when it is past—there remaineth a rest together—"

I stopped, for I could say no more.

"You are blessed, indeed," he answered, "if you can look at it in such a way. I too have the faith, at times."

There followed a long silence, and then I roused myself to say, "If you wish it, brother, we will stay for the present—as long as either you or mother need me. I need not say no place is now as dear to me as this. But don't talk about yourself as if life were over for you. It is not so. You are young; you must marry."

He stood still, with a rigid look of suffering on his face. "Never, now," he said, and drew a miniature from his breast. "Listen, Helen, I am going to show you the face that should have been my wife's face; and when I tell you that she left me, and that losing her—and through her, all faith in women—almost ruined my soul and killed my body; and then, when I tell you that she looked like you, had your type of face and form, even your trick of manner, you will understand why I tried to warn and shield Will, lest he should be wrecked on the same quicksands where I went down."

I opened the case. "Like me! never!" Such a brilliant, flashing, glorious beauty as met

my eye. Wavy gold, dewy violets, pearls, sapphires, rubies—it seemed to me as if all that was beautiful, rare, and precious in nature had met to adorn this lovely, tender, mirthful, passionate face full of blended expressions and sweet contradictions. "Was it a face to trust, as well as to love?" my first question was.

"Did Will ever see her?"

"Never, nor mother; and I could never tell them. It was at the South—in Charleston, fourteen years ago. We were engaged but a short time, and I could never bring myself to write to them, guarding my precious secret with a strange reserve, and wishing them to see her first. But she left me, as I said. I thought, and she thought, that she did not love me. She fell under evil influence, became fascinated, married hastily. I was too ill to know all the details. I told you it almost killed me, body and soul. Then we came here to live, and I tried, really tried, to rescue my life from this slough of bitter memory; tried to care for somebody, to fall in love—at least to wish to marry and make a home, but it was all dead within me; every thing seemed dull and stagnant to me, except Will in his beautiful opening life, which I resolved should atone for the failure of mine; and I took it out in watching and persecuting you, you poor child, and in making every body miserable. And then I saw her death in the paper, and I could stand it no longer, but went back to revisit the spot and learn the fate of my only love."

"Was it that winter, Tom?"

"Yes, dear; and I found her dead two months before I heard her whole history—the sad undeceiving of her married life—the dust and ashes of her joy. Helen, she had one little child; and she was glad when it died, rather than have it live to grow up in such a divided home, so empty of love, trust, esteem—think of that! and of the villain who brought her to such a pass! Can I ever forgive him? But poor, poor child! when every thing failed her—when trouble and sorrow overwhelmed her—then her heart came back to me, and she knew what truth and devotion she had thrown away, and mourned over my sorrow; and on her death-bed, Helen, she spoke of it all, and yearned for my pardon, and sent me this, which was first painted for me. And ever since I have felt as sure that she is waiting for me where all losses will be repaired, as that Will is looking for you to come, who were so entirely his own.

"And now you know all, Helen; and I have told you, so that you may believe that I shall never change. If I could not bring myself to the thought when life was nothing but bitterness and regret, how much less when peace, and comfort, and pardon have come! It would not be possible. I could no more marry than you could marry again. I see you shudder at the words; they sound like blasphemy—don't they? I know you are as truly wedded in every thought to Will as if he were now sitting by your side; and I want you to see and believe that it is exactly so with me. And so, little one, you see that nobody needs you so much as I. Don't take your fine little son away from us, or put out your bright fire, and shut your sweet piano. We have both lost our best and dearest; but we have, perhaps, a long life still before us, with many duties and some pleasures woven in between; and I think we can make shift to go down the hill together, and help each other when we stumble. At all events, I hope you understand that you and Harry are my only chance for a home, and interest, and comfort. If you leave me it will be a blank indeed."

And thus it is settled; and I am happier that my mind is at rest. If it is indeed so—if I have many years of life before me (and for Harry's sake I ought to wish it)—then truly shall I have great strength and comfort from my dear true-hearted brother-in-law. But oh, Will! my only love! when all is over, and my weary eyes can close, and my tired hands drop all these hard duties, and my lonely heart—lonely without you, darling!—can stop its beating; then will it seem like but a day being past—a dark hour in a forgotten night! When heaven's light cheers my eyes, when heavenly airs blow the weight from my brow, and we, hand in hand, in the land of Peace, shall feel together what it is to have gained an Everlasting Home!

AMONG THE WHEAT-FIELDS OF MINNESOTA.

MINNESOTA is pre-eminently the wheat-growing State of the Union. Almost the youngest of the political sisterhood. With a settlement and town history of hardly more than a decade, she now boasts of a quarter of a million of inhabitants, and contributes largely to the wheat-markets of the East. Owing to the peculiarity of her climate and soil, she is the best adapted of any of the States to the raising of this staple. Wheat is in fact almost her exclusive object of production. None farm here except for this. Her dry, clear, and, for the most part, cool atmosphere makes Minnesota the very paradise of wheat-growers. As one stands on the boundless rolling prairies of this country, and looks around him on every side, and sees the interminable reach of slightly undulating soil, clad with golden-rod, fire-weed, and a vast variety of other flowering plants intermixed with prairie-grass, and notices the almost utter absence of forest, and catches the onward rush of the fresh, cool southern breeze that sweeps by with a voluminous force, he involuntarily thinks of the wide expanse of the ocean, and snuffs the wind as he would the sea-breeze itself. Wide and measureless, indeed, is the rush of these unseen steeds of the air. You hear them approaching, with a distant, subdued murmur; you feel them pass you on either side, uttering their breezy calls, and

lashing the atmosphere with their whistling manes; you recoil from them—airy chargers as they are—dashing at your chest, and dividing with mysterious spirit-essence about your head, threatening to carry away, Indian-fashion, your hair with the tingling scalp. If they did, nothing would be more natural, not perhaps to you, but to these primeval war-paths of the recently-departed Sioux. For this only yesterday was the delightsome land of the Dacotah, the hunting-ground of Wabasha, and the scene of Winona's love and tragical end.

But dreams and imagination can not last long in this intensely practical country, as it is to-day. You have only to cast your eye across the prairie, and you see farms yellow with the golden grain which forms the wealth of this rapidly-growing young State. The illusion fades away; civilized life, with all its rush and bustle, comes before you, and you see the farmer guiding his reaper through the standing wheat, followed by his "hands," stooping over and binding their bosomfuls of swaths. And who, although poetry suffers, can regret the change?

When one recalls the distress and poverty of the last two years, owing to disastrous seasons and blighted crops, and remembers how anxiously our Northwestern farmers have all this summer been hoping for a "fair average yield" that would place them in funds, and enable them to pay off their twelve-months' indebtedness, the sight of a broad and bountiful harvest in these fields of Minnesota comes like a vision of heaven, and every quarter-section thus ripening to the reaper is welcomed with as much joy by the spectator as the oasis in the desert, with its palm-trees and wells of water, are hailed by the thirsty, foot-sore traveler.

Like all new countries Minnesota is much subject to changes of climate, aberrations in the distribution of heat and cold, dryness and moisture, every few years apart, and these necessarily have their effect on the crops. To give an example: The writer came here in the spring of 1863. Shortly after his arrival, in April, it rained for two days—an inconstant, fine drizzle. After that it cleared off cool and bracing; and no more rain fell from that time forward till late in the fall. It absolutely did not rain one single day. Some said a few showers fell in the night; but if so, most people, and the writer among them, never saw it. Men grew at last anxious about their crops—that is, their wheat. Day after day, week after week, month after month, slipped by—and still no rain. The sky appeared to be literally of brass, so far as moisture was concerned. Meanwhile the soil got dryer and dryer; there was a sensible diminution in the quantity and luxuriance of the herbs and weeds of the valleys and prairies; many of the smaller streams became exhausted, and left hollow and arid channels, with disconsolate-looking white stones in their beds, to mark the courses they once had taken in their race to the Great River and the sea. The Mississippi, too, was compelled to contract his shores and lower his face. Sand-bars became numerous, and more than one new-born island awoke to an unexpected existence in his blue bosom. Never before, in the memory of the oldest inhabitant, had the stage of water in the Mississippi been so low. The larger boats were withdrawn, and their places supplied with smaller ones of light draught. But these stern-wheels, small as they were, could hardly do better; and, what with stranding on partially concealed sand-bars, and being pushed off by long oars, and other obstacles, they made sad and perilous voyages up to the "head of navigation," as St. Paul in those days was called. Of course, any thing like regularity in making trips was out of the question. Whole days would intervene, and the arrival of a steamer was like that of a message from China or the dead. St. Paul felt nervous that horrible summer; she was isolated and solitary; she sat indeed like a queen, gayly attired, and shining with youth, beauty, and wealth, but she sat widow-like, alone. Her lovers were in Milwaukie, Chicago, and St. Louis; and the terrible river which ought to have connected her by a true marriage-tie to these, although not broken, separated her almost as effectually as if it had not been there at all.

Men began to prognosticate all manner of evils; the country was slowly drying up; it was merely following in this a fixed tendency of the region. Parallels began to be drawn between the Northwest and other sections on this point. Some had read Humboldt, who declared that when the forests of a country are proportionately cut down the rivers and streams dry up and rain ceases to fall in the usual quantity. I recall a gentleman who happened that summer to stumble over an article in a back volume of *Harper's Magazine* on this very subject, proving the same thing by historical facts connected with the Madeira Islands and the city of Mexico.

At this period, and for a long time previous, immense quantities of lumber had been annually sawn on the head-waters of the Chippewa and St. Croix rivers, and the other tributaries of the Mississippi, which was now grown so sick, and weak, and attenuated. As men looked on the wasted countenance of the Father of Waters and noticed his ribs of sand protruding out of his breast, which in the rotundity of plump health are always concealed, and felt his faltering pulse, the enfeebled little ripples, whose pulsations crept languidly up to the shore; and as they witnessed in many instances the festering green scum which bordered his coves and retired reaches of beach, like the diseased froth and foam of one who is weary of life and wandering in his frenzied mind—they felt a strange pity for the patient, and heaved sighs of sorrow and condolence.

Such was the summer of 1863, and that of 1864 was not much better; and yet, notwithstanding all these discouraging prospects, the crop turned out a good average both years.

How, no one seemed to know; but the secret seems to have lain in the heavy dews which nature, like a kind and considerate mother, sent to us in our need. Every morning it lay on the ground, clear, sparkling, and lustrous, abundant in quantity, generous and fertilizing in quality: like mercy, which the poet likened unto it, but to which in reverse order I take the liberty of comparing it, this supply of gentle dew was not strained; it dropped into the valleys and hills; every dawn it was there, just as the manna of the Israelites was, and every acre, like every one of that stiff-necked race, got all it needed and no more. And when the sun was up it vanished, having fulfilled its errand of mercy.

An undiscriminating stranger, coming to Minnesota that summer of 1863, would have been likely to form the settled opinion that the country was one where it seldom or never rained, as in Chili and other parts of the globe. No mistake, however, would have been greater. What would he have said had he come on in the year of grace 1867? Let us imagine him landing from the boat at any of our river towns, about the first of last May.

"The stage of water" was decently high and rising. The invalid whom we have lately seen so sick has recovered his strength and fullness of form. In a few weeks he will grow so fast as to overflow his banks, while his head-waters will burst and demolish dams and lumber-booms near St. Anthony's Falls, and carry off millions of feet of logs in their destructive course. Our traveler leaves the river and pushes inland. He finds the soil every where moist, the streams muddy and full, frequent sloughs of the veriest despond, and a cloudy sky overhead, piled up with sombre-looking reservoirs of water, discharging or threatening soon to discharge their contents.

Despondency, weariness, and a moody sort of fretfulness appear on the faces and in the words and actions of all he meets. A long, tedious winter had just passed; trade had been dull; every one was poor; and all the farmers were in debt. A common remark, heard almost every day, was, that "If the crops fail this year the country will go up;" that is, not heavenward, but in a destructive direction. The farmers had had a light crop in 1866, owing to the blighting of the wheat, and they had hardly any thing to live upon in the winter that ensued. Many tried to borrow money on their lands, and paid two or three per cent. a month. Others could effect no loans, and run up long bills at the stores. Many felt gloomy, all felt dull. But as the winter wore slowly away, and as they went deeper and deeper into debt, both they and their creditors looked forward to the next year's harvest as the Good Fairy which was to bring them all out of their difficulties.

Now every body looked forward to the coming harvest with anxious expectation as the means by which all things were to be set right. The "winter of our discontent" was hopefully exchanged for the "glorious summer" that was to be. But after a while men began to say to one another, "How it rains!" On the 28th February there was a heavy thunder-storm: loud peals of thunder and vivid bursts of lightning filled the whole heaven and lit up the black darkness, making the night as light as day. The rain fell in torrents. This was the commencement. During April the floods came down from the north, where the snow melted, and the rivers were soon on a "rampage." It continued to rain through May, June, and into July; five days out of seven. At first nothing was thought of it; next it attracted attention; then men began to grow astonished; and lastly they became anxious and alarmed for the prospects of farming. Rain—it was nothing but rain—through most of the week. It hindered all kinds of business; it delayed the coming on of spring and warm weather; impeded travel, and kept back visitors from the State; bred a damp, melancholic kind of desperation of the future in many minds; and gave rise to the "blues" generally. Corn had to be repeatedly sown, being washed out or rotted by the wet soil. Wheat could not be sown, and it is every thing in this country to get wheat early into the ground. The rains "reigned supreme" till the middle of July.

What has all this to do with the Wheat-fields of Minnesota? the reader may possibly ask. Well, considerable. Wheat don't grow in standing water; besides that the more settlers the more wheat cultivated. So we'll go on and see how the rains affected the immigrants who came here to locate and open out farms, and woo Ceres generally. In May and early June these people came up from Iowa and Illinois in companies with their teams. It was the world-wide-renowned emigrant train: canvas-covered wagons, with the women and children piled up inside against the household stuff; half-grown boys walking now alongside, now mounted on two-year-old colts, the men seated on the backs of horses, and the cattle straggling after with more or less of attempts at herding.

The writer was in Fillmore County, in the southern part of the State, at this period. Numbers of these trains passed through Preston and Chatfield, in this county, from Dacotah and the neighboring parts of Iowa. Chatfield, one of the most beautiful towns in Minnesota, possesses that rare advantage a heavy body of timber, covering, as far as the eye can reach, the beautiful slopes of the Root River—the Hokah of the Sioux—on whose northern bank it is built. Graceful forests embosom on one side the pretty village. It was noon one day when the writer came by and saw three or four emigrant wagons, with their two dozen horses and their "mixed company," deploying through the main street.

It was a curious sight as we passed by and saw them thus pic-nicking in the grove. Hard-working fellows they were, and women toughened with toil. Health and fortitude appeared

in their faces. They were the far-famed bone and sinew of the land; the founders of new States; builders of civilization on Far Western borders. It was a picture to study. Barefooted and without coats, the boys ran hither and thither to recall vagrant cows and restore wandering horses to their appointed limits. Some ran off to the streams with pails for water. Rapid fragments of conversation—sudden jets of sparkling outcry and jests—merry rills of bubbling young female laughter—were heard.

Where were these emigrants going? To the far western counties of Minnesota, and they will take Rochester and Owatonna on their way. It is the region of low lands and partial inundations. In a few hours they were gone. No one expected to see them again, when suddenly, a few weeks later, back they came, the same long, straggling procession of wagons, horses, and cattle, wending their way to their old homes in the South. They had got mired up near Owatonna, and the wet weather continuing, and no one having a ghost of an idea when it would cease, the dampness settled down upon their spirits, when they considered how the year was slipping by and their funds were oozing away, and they grew disheartened and returned.

Such was the character of the first half of 1867 in our State; and if the visitor of four years ago had been inclined to pronounce it an intolerably dry country, he who came here this year would have been as strongly disposed to say it was intolerably wet.

Wheat is planted in Minnesota as early as the weather and ground will permit. In April the plow is put to the soil and the seed sown, or earlier if possible; they plow deep, and allow one and a half to two bushels of seed to the acre. Wheat requires a dry soil and cool temperature. A good average yield is sixteen or twenty bushels to the acre, although many acres yield twenty-five or thirty bushels. By sowing early the grain has full opportunity to ripen slowly and surely; by sowing late the berry is "in the milk" when the hot, scorching days of August come, and the excessive heat blights it, drying and withering it up. In the best quality the berries are large, plump, and full.

As one goes over the country in the fall of the year he sees vast tracts of "new breaking," where the virgin soil, black as ink, and rich almost to glutinousness, has been broken by the plow, and the soil turned bottom upward in long, dark bands or layers as far as the eye can reach. Here it is exposed for months to the wind and weather till it decomposes and becomes fit for agricultural purposes. Every year vast tracts of prairie are thus turned over, or "broken," and with the next the loam is leveled and the seed is cast in; and thus large additions are annually made to the aggregate amount of acres of wheat.

Take your stand on one of these "new breaking-pieces," and look perhaps in any direction, and you will find yourself inclosed by its dreary strips of black loam; not a blade of grass nor a single leaf will appear. It is a picture of desolation and vacancy; nature and life are in their embryo; not a glimpse can be seen of their future creations. Nothing can exceed the contrast between this and what these same fields will present a year or two afterward, when they stand yellow with the harvest, an emblem of cheerfulness and prosperity.

Farms are generally 160 acres in extent—a "quarter section" being usually the quantity bought and worked. Under the Homestead Law lands are constantly taken up, the cost being a mere trifle for fees, etc. The settler is required to locate on it, put up a small house, do some fencing and "breaking," and pass a night on it at least once every six months.

Many amusing stories are told how persons of ingenious habits of mind and India-rubber consciences manage to conform to the letter, while they evade the more burdensome intents of the law. The merest apology for a house, and the least possible amount of residence and "improvements" are done. Still this dodging of the law works no serious violation of its contemplated objects. Lands are opened, destitute families are provided with a farm and means of attaining independence and prosperity, and the State is settled up. Sometimes a family is so constituted as to be able to take four quarters, or a full square mile of land. No single applicant can take out papers for more than one quarter section, and a man and his wife and young children are viewed as one party. But if he has a widowed mother and two unmarried sisters grown up living with him, each is regarded as a legal applicant; and they arrange it often thus: They select four quarter sections lying contiguous to each other, and put up a house right upon the centre where the four quarter sections touch, so that each quarter of the building stands on a different quarter section. Partitions divide the interior into rooms to correspond; and each party then fulfills his obligations to the law at one-fourth the expense he or she would otherwise incur. They are supposed to form four distinct families, dwelling apart, although practically they still form but one household as before.

These wild lands thus entered are worth about $5 per acre, and when "improved" rise to $15 or $25 according to circumstances. At the end of five years' residence Government gives a clean deed of the property. Many, however, having the means, prefer to buy the land outright at the start, paying the Government price, $1 25 per acre.

Wheat matures from about the beginning to the middle of August. The whole country then awakens from its long slothfulness. Business revives. Interest, energy, and happiness every where appear. No one who has never witnessed the dullness pervading all departments of business during the winter and spring

can comprehend the great and sudden transformation which the incoming crop produces. Mechanics, tradesmen, wheat-buyers, railroads, steamboats—all seem to be indued with new life and vigor: every where is activity, bustle, and confusion. Wheat, owing to the prolonged rains, was planted quite late this year, and consequently was not so soon in getting to market as usual.

In the beginning of August the writer was stopping at St. Charles, a brisk little town on the Winona and St. Peter Railroad, 28 miles from the Mississippi River. All these railroad stations are "wheat outlets," whither the grain flows in steady streams from the outlying country. And so, too, are the different towns and steamboat landings on the Mississippi. Often the visitor sailing up the river is astonished to see the boat stop at some bluff so precipitous that it seems fool-hardy to attempt to ascend it; on the slope of which, however, he discovers one or two stores and saloons, and towering far above them the tall form of the inevitable "grain-elevator," with its brownish red front and vans for catching the wind. This certainly can not be a city, even in infancy, for there is no chance on these steep hill-sides for the most modest town to grow. But the traveler sees the propriety of it all when he is informed that this apparently impracticable and insignificant spot is an outlet for immense quantities of wheat, which is received in the tall elevator, and delivered below into barges to be carried to the markets of the East. Wheat thus delivered in "bulk" occupies many hours in loading, and often the down steamboat is delayed all this time, much to the yawning weariness of the impatient passengers.

At St. Charles there is a comfortable hotel, whose veranda commands a full view of the dépôt and railroad and the grain-elevator. All these are objects of absorbing interest to those vagabond tourists whose time hangs heavy on their hands. I was lounging in my chair on the long stoop of the hotel when the morning train (8 A.M.) came in from Winona. First we heard the whistle, and then the rush and heavy breathings of the iron monster. The landlord starts from his seat and hurries to the dépôt—it is but a step—to receive his possible guests from the train. In a few moments he returns, surrounded by a rough-looking set of fellows, each armed with a bundle or valise. They were laborers come from Iowa and Missouri to work in the harvest. Able-bodied, hardy, of all shapes and sizes, they looked like a detachment of Goths and Vandals on a marauding expedition to our peaceful hills and vales. They were the first installment of "field-hands" from below, come to assist our farmers to gather in their crops. Starting from the vicinity of St. Louis, they had worked in field after field. When one section of country was harvested migrating farther north, till they had gradually toiled their way through to Minnesota; and now they had come to offer us the benefit of their toughened frames and experienced labors, for an equivalent. But they were fully determined that this equivalent should be something decent.

It was now the second week in August. Wheat was fast ripening; some was ready for the reaper, and an immense quantity had been cultivated, which would all in a few days have to be gathered in.

Our invoice of "field-hands" enter their names in all sorts of caligraphy and orthography on the book of the hotel. Then they lounge about, looking here and looking there, putting questions and taking observations.

"Landlord, have there been any farmers in yet wanting hands?"

"Well, gentlemen, not as I've seen; but they'll be coming in now pretty fast. Turner, I heard, was around yesterday looking for some help."

"What are they paying here now?" asks another of the gang. He uttered his question in a hard, resolute way, as if he had made up his mind what he would get, and didn't care much what was paid.

"Well, the price isn't fixed yet," replied the landlord, "but the farmers talk about not giving more'n two dollars a day."

"They'll pay more than that before the week's out," rejoined the other, sententiously.

"What are they paying down below?"

"Three dollars; and they'll have to come to it here. There's a big pile of wheat this season—half agin as much as last."

"I know it; but there will be men enough. Every boat will bring up its crowd."

"Well, you'll find yourself mistaken—you see. Bet *you*, we don't bind for any two dollars—no, nor any two and a half—will we, boys?"

The others grunt their determination to stick to three dollars without flinching.

In the mean while the forenoon wears slowly away. Only one farmer has been seeking hands. His battery of two dollars was soon silenced, and he was sent to the right-about in the most summary manner. The boys wouldn't stand trifling. And now it is dinner-time, and all hands are hungry. Into the dining-room, therefore, we all hurry, and satisfy the crâvings of the inner man. Our host sets a plentiful table of good things, all in season and well gotten up.

With mellower looks and more complacent carriage the invoice again take their prominent seats on the long stoop, where they can not fail of being seen by the farmers from the country, and again abide their time with commendable patience. Events begin to turn up with more briskness than in that long unbroken forenoon. The invoice numbers about eight, and is furnished with a sort of leader, whom the others have made their spokesman. In the midst of the rather moody silence, while they all fondled the weed, several farmers drive up in light wagons, with the question,

"Are you in want of work?"

"Yes."

"What do you ask?"

"Three dollars."

"Two is all they're paying here."

Invoice makes no reply—the smoking goes on in silence. The questioner resumes:

"I need four or five hands, but I can't give three dollars."

"No? then we're not the boys for you."

"Will you take two-fifty?"

"Three is our lowest figure."

"It's good pay, is two and a half."

"Not in these times—things are too high."

"You had better take my offer, and found, than stay here a week running up a bill at a dollar and a half a day."

"Well, we'll take the chances on that."

The farmer turns from the spokesman to the gang, and hazards the query, "Is that your mind? are you all of that way of thinking?"

"Well, we are that."

He turns away with the air of one who has nothing more to advance, remarking, as he touches up his horses, "Well, I hope you'll get it, that's all." With this Parthian arrow he drives off.

In a few minutes another farmer comes along. About the same questions are put and answered, and the same result arrived at; and so on through the day. The market for labor grows active, and much interest is aroused in the prolonged contest. When several days elapse, and both sides still hold out, a report gains ground that the hands are in combination—other gangs having now arrived—and that they have all agreed among themselves to take nothing less than three dollars.

After a while they grew impatient, and the first-comers took the cars, to try their luck further west, at Eyeota, Rochester, Kasson, Owatonna, etc. Their places, however, were constantly kept supplied with fresh arrivals from the east, and these in turn soon followed in the wake of their brethren, like new irruptions of Vandals and Goths. To all there was one invariable battle-cry: Three Dollars, and there was no abatement in their demands. The warfare was getting to be interesting, and the farmers were by no means behindhand in pluck. But it could not go on so forever. The latter at length became anxious. The wheat was suffering from the delay in gathering it. It was getting over-ripe, and if not reaped immediately would scatter and be lost. Said one man, "It is better to pay three dollars or even four dollars to-day, than two dollars next week. The wheat you will lose will more than make up the difference."

He was showing the white feather a little too early, however, for his listeners at once fell to, and attacked him unmercifully. "Durn it, who talks of giving three dollars! Let them hold out—we can beat them yet. Not one cent over two and a half will I pay."

Similar remarks on the part of the rest showed that they were all in sympathy. And so another few days slipped by.

But how is it now, this bright Monday morning, with the farmers? The train has just arrived with a fresh batch of hands; early as it is, there are a dozen wagons in, ready to grab them all up. They are a little coy, the modest youths, at first, but three dollars makes the courting very easy. Each farmer affectionately stows away his gang in the wagon. He treats them very cordially now, almost deferentially, for he fears he may possibly lose them even yet, should more than three dollars be offered by some desperate fellow who has failed to secure any. And so, whipping up his team, he drives away in hot haste, till the fear of danger is past. The terms then are at last three dollars a day and found. The boys are not at all satisfied if the fare is not plentiful and of the best.

"The trouble of these field-hands is," growled a farmer one day in my hearing, "that they want every day a regular Thanksgiving dinner, and breakfast and supper to match. They don't get a decent meal at home all the rest of the year, and then they come and curse and swear if they don't have a dinner fit for a New York alderman."

As for the beds, the boys are not particular; they can turn in any where, two or three bundled together on mattresses spread on the floor, in the garret, on the landings of stairs, and in the barns on fresh hay, with a quilt for a covering. But they are natural-born epicures. If they have to starve at home, here they will regale at any rate, and woe to that man who fails to meet their requisitions. They leave him all with a stampede, and, as he ruefully calculates the balance of profit and loss, he wisely comes to the conclusion that he had done better to have lost a little on his table than in his suffering fields.

What shall we say of the farmer's poor wife? She—distressed dame—and another woman whom she generally has on these occasions to assist her, are nearly worked to death to supply their demands. Just imagine a dozen hearty men, ravenous as wolves with their toil in the hot sun, needing to be fed three times a day for as many weeks, and then judge whether the farmer's wife is not rather badly worked. But she keeps up her spirits (is not her "man" working as hard as she is?), is constantly occupied, always has a smile of courage and strength, answers questions cheerily, perhaps contributes her small quota to the running repartee and laughter which her boisterous "family"—as she loves to call her guests—send volleying through the room, and withal seems so patient, and willing, and obliging, that you hardly suspect sometimes how great the strain of that harvest month must be to her system. If she has any little irritations and impatiences she cleverly bottles them up, and never lets them off, unless possibly when night drops its pall over nature, and she has her inferior half all snugly to herself in bed,

that delicious couch which comes so grateful to them both after their day of distraction and toil.

At one of these farms a dozen hands were hired. Like all of their class, they were rough, unwieldy, obstreperous fellows, accustomed to hard work and scorching in the sun, and inclined when evening came round to offset the burdens of the day with fun and song. The "boys" fortunately were satisfied with their fare, and also with their beds. But after going up stairs to the two or three good-sized apartments where they were to sleep, slumber that night was slow in sealing their restless eyelids. Remarks were constantly passing from one to the other; and if here and there one or two, more successful than the rest, got half-asleep, their tormentors pelted them with such a storm of cries, shouts, and laughter as effectually banished all slumber. Now, in these cases it will never do to grow angry and quarrel, for you will inevitably get the worst of it; but you must lie and laugh with the rest, and show how good a fellow you are, and how you can "keep the ball a-going" with the best of them. Of course it is rather irritating, but that is no matter. You can sleep after midnight as well as before, and your hope is to await till the uproar gradually moderates and ceases of itself.

In the mean time it seemed as yet only to increase in intensity. Finding the war and frolic —for both seemed strangely mingled—of words to be rather tame at last, one and another of them sprang out of bed and began dancing around in their nether garments, singing desperate catches, and sending forth unearthly yells.

"Silence, boys!" cried one from the mattresses, with mock gravity; "silence, I say! you will alarm the bats and frighten the bed-bugs."

"Poor creatures, I wouldn't disturb them for the pleasure of being gnawed away by them for the balance of the night. Hush! Come, be still! Hush, I tell you, or else the bed-bugs will groan."

"Ah!" cries another, "it is too late. They're moving. You have woke them up. Hark, I hear them coming! Oh, the devil! Bill, is that you? I thought you was one of them, when you laid your ugly paw on my back."

"Well, if I ain't them, I have one on my leg, that's all! What a big fellow it is! Crack—there he goes; he snaps like a pop-gun."

"Come, Jimmy, my boy, mother's only joy, why can't you lie quiet?" yells at the top of his voice another; "can't you see we are trying to keep the peace?"

"Yes, only a piece of it, my jewel; all the rest is a-flying here and there like mosquitoes dancing on a swamp."

At this moment two or three seize on the lower limbs of a would-be sleeper, and drag him sprawling on the floor. He rises and laughs his injured dignity away with two or three boisterous outbursts. And now six or eight are on their feet, and a dance is at once improvised. Snatches of song, yells and outcries, heavy jouncing and tumbling. How the floor bends under them, and the window-sashes rattle!

"Hallo, boys! we'll have the ceiling down below if we don't take care."

"What if we do? Keep a-moving—keep a-moving until the old house comes tumbling down all together."

"Tom, you're rather hard on the old man."

"Better say on the old woman," cries another. "I heard her say to him through the crack of the stair-door that she was afraid to lie still for fear the ceiling would give way."

Just then the door alluded to was opened and the farmer shoved in his head and remonstrated very mildly, as policy dictated. "Come, come, my lads, be a little more quiet!"

"Ain't we quiet enough yet, old fellow? Well, that's strange! when all was so still here you could hear the bed-bugs courting their sweet-hearts."

"Did you hear what they said to them, Sam?" asked his neighbor.

"No; what was it?"

"Well, I'll tell ye. They said they knew they were thin, for the old man down stairs was so poor since they sucked him dry that they had been all starving lately; but now they would grow fat on us, and then look more beautiful in the eyes of their lady-loves."

"Durned if I let them grow fat on me," replied his listener. "But stop, let us hear what the old man has to say."

"Boys," resumed the latter, in the temporary pause, "boys, I wish ye'd be quiet. Ye'll break every pane of glass I have in the house, and besides ye're scaring the old woman."

"Well, well! let's turn in and go to sleep. It won't do to frighten her, nohow. What d'ye say, boys?"

"Ay, Ay!" they chimed all in. And thus silence was restored.

The next day at dinner they were at it again. The family were Methodists and pious people. The long table accommodated a dozen; the farmer sat at the head. When they had taken their seats he paused to say grace. He had done it before in the morning at breakfast, and so on, but now they were prepared for him. Hardly had he commenced before from the middle of the table along down to the farther end a volley of oaths flew from mouth to mouth, drowning every word their host said. The habit of swearing is very common in the Northwest. An oath at every ten words is perhaps a fair average. We omit them in our report. If any reader has a taste that way he may supply them at pleasure. When the grace came to a close the oaths ceased with singular unanimity. The old farmer looked shocked and indignant, but the boys didn't care, laughing on as furiously as ever. It is proper to say that his good dame remained in a side-room while the profanities flew round.

When evening came the farmer addressed them thus: "Boys, ye made such a rumpus last night that I am very much afeered ye'll

tear the old shanty down. I don't want the cadunk to go jest yet a while; and so, if it's the same to ye, I'd like half of ye to take the barn to-night. There's lots of clean hay there, and no bed-bugs, I'll warrant ye."

"All right, old man. Bed's the word, I say; I'll go, for one." "And I for another," and in a jiffy eight had arranged to pass the night in the barn, much to the farmer's relief.

When morning came he was assailed by a storm of small attacks and curses again.

"Look a-here, old fellow, d'ye know I'm stiff in my joints; that old barn has let in rheumatics on me."

"You must give us our room and beds again, Benton; it won't go down, that old shed of yours there and the hay. We've tried it once, and that's enough. Moses! how cold it was."

"Cold!" echoed a third, "why, there was a white frost last night. Just see it on the ground."

"I'd rather ye'd sleep in the barn, notwithstanding, boys. I'm afraid for to have ye up stairs and the old woman below."

"Well, we won't disturb ye again, we'll promise ye that. But mind, you must give us our rooms. If you don't we'll tear down every shingle you've got on your shanty."

"Well! well! and now let's go to breakfast."

And so they got their apartments again.

But three dollars was destined not to be the limit of wages this year. A large amount of land had been sown and labor was scarce. The "hands" were right in their forecast of the future. And even when they were absorbed all up, at their price of three dollars, hundreds of farms, all over the State, still lay untouched by the scythe. And now the husbandmen grew really frightened. In their eager, almost frenzied efforts to secure hands and save their crops (for now it had come to this), they went excitedly into the towns to buy up work at any price. At Eyeota and Rochester at this time many were engaged at three, three and a half, four, and even four and a half, dollars a day. Soon the anxiety spread from the farmers to the other classes of the community. Merchants, wheat-buyers, mechanics, persons of all interests and ranks began to feel concerned. Was there to be a repetition of last year's failure and distress? Every one knew his prosperity, his exemption from poverty and suffering, depended directly or indirectly on the success of the farmers. They were the mighty Atlas who bore upon their huge shoulders the well-being and safety of the whole country. Labor was scarce; what was to be done? Every one not busily engaged in other occupations felt a call almost as strong as that of patriotism to go into the fields; and fortunately numbers in different branches of business were sufficiently at leisure to give a few days to this object. A farmer came into a town in Southern Minnesota and grabbed up a tailor, a shoemaker, a harness-maker, and a blacksmith, for three dollars a day each. The next morning another came, and a hotel-keeper was seduced by his gentle appeals and went off in company with his brother and partner, for the agricultural Siren had tempted them with an offer of four dollars a day. The hotel in the mean time was left to the tender mercies of the boy hostler. And so it went on. Lawyers without cases, doctors where the neighborhood was rather too healthy, preachers of the Gospel whose flocks preferred not to part with their wool, men of all trades and professions, prompted by the concern and fear all felt, and by the tempting offers of three and four dollars, went pell-mell into the wheat-fields of Minnesota. When the adventurers returned, after a few weeks, with their frames knit and toughened with toil, their muscles strong as iron, their health invigorated, and their brains clear and powerful, they felt they were in these things more fully paid than by the fifty or seventy-five dollars with which their pockets were lined.

Shall he confess it? the writer also felt the prevailing anxiety for the common welfare, and like a good citizen shared deeply in the enthusiasm. He floated along with the tide, which one evening stranded him near a farm-house in the vicinity of St. Charles. As he glanced over the fence (fences in this country are of the usual kind—two upright posts and three horizontal bars), he saw an acquaintance hard at work binding wheat. The latter shouted a hearty note of welcome.

"Come in and lend a hand; Bristow needs laborers. I'm the only man he has got. Come in; you can just as well earn your three dollars a day as not."

"But," replied I, modestly, "what can I do? I am not used to this kind of thing. Do I look like an able-bodied man?"

"Fudge! you'll find it will come easy after a few trials. Every one isn't a farmer at the start. Rome wasn't built in a day, you know."

"Yes, I know all about it—I was there, of course, when it went up, and noticed the whole process of the erection of its walls and edifices."

He laughed, and rested on his rake; poor fellow, he had worked all day, and it had been hot in the sun, and he felt just in the mood to pause a few minutes and catch his breath.

"Where did I see you last?" I inquired, for he was only a passing acquaintance, whom I recollected having seen somewhere or other.

"Why," cried he, "don't you remember? At Preston, it was, last winter. You were introduced to me there, and I—"

"Oh yes," I interrupted, "your name is Jones, and you are the Adventist preacher."

"The very same," he rejoined, "and here you see I am in a different occupation—going in on my muscle."

"Ah, Sir!" said I, "and do you advise me to follow your example?"

"Of course I do," he cried, "and don't let yourself be discouraged; you think you can't do it; but you can. And then, too, it will be a real charity to poor Bristow. The wheat is

beginning to suffer. Lend us a hand; every little will help."

"Well," said I, yielding like any coy damsel, "I'll go in and see what I can do. But it is too late this evening to do much, so I'll present myself indoors."

"Bristow's not at home—he's away to St. Charles, looking for help."

"It's all the same," said I, "Mrs. B. will do quite as well."

And with that I left him and entered the house, a little frame-building, painted white, and containing four or five rooms.

The supper was ready, and still waiting Mr. Bristow's return. His wife kindly invited me to draw up to the table. Altogether I didn't feel unhappy, and began to think it was a very pleasant beginning. "Pshaw!" said I to myself, "farming is not such a terrible affair after all." Addressing myself to Mrs. Bristow, I inquired if her husband needed laborers.

"Oh yes, Sir, very much," she replied; "he's gone now to St. Charles to try if he can engage some. He hopes to get five or six hands at least."

"Will he succeed, does he think?"

"I am afraid not. The other day he engaged half a dozen for three-seventy-five, and an hour afterward some one came along and offered four, and the men left and went with him. Tom says he will give high as five rather than come in without any."

"He'll lose money at these figures."

"Yes, that is true; but we can't help it. No money can be made in wheat at four dollars a day harvesting. But more would be lost if the grain scattered."

The farmer returned quite late, and his empty wagon showed he had been unsuccessful. Poor fellow! he was dull and discouraged. Of course he was glad to get my help, small as it might be. "If you can't do much," he said, "it will be something, and I'll pay what is fair. In a day or two it will be handier."

His farm consisted of about seventy acres of wheat and ten of oats. A little had been cut and shocked. To gather in the balance there were Bristow, Jones, myself, and a neighbor, whose name was Dixon. We needed six or eight hands, and here we were, all told, only three and a half, for I considered myself no more than half a hand.

The first thing to do was to rake together and bind the numerous detached swaths of grain, with which, at regular intervals, the field (of about eight acres) was covered.

"Binding and shocking"—is the reader acquainted with their mysteries? The standing grain is cut by the reaper, and is raked off the machine by the machine itself, or else by the farmer, armed with a rake, in swaths every four or five feet apart. These are immediately seized upon by the "binders," and made into "bundles." Stooping over each swath, the binder draws from it a handful of long even grain, of which he forms a band, and encompasses with it the swath, tying the ends together, and making the bundle compact and tight. It is then thrown to one side, and the binder, without a moment's loss of time, proceeds to do the same with another. The making of the "bands" requires skill and dexterity, which only practice can give. First, the handful of even-cut grain is drawn from the swath, as just noticed; the top ends, containing the berries of the wheat, are firmly grasped by one hand, while with the other the straw is separated, and by a rapid and peculiar overhand movement and management of the fingers a sort of knot is formed in the berry end; and then the binder, still keeping his finger firmly fixed on the knot, stoops on the swath, grasps it up all clean in his arms, surrounds it with the band, squeezes it tightly together till it forms the smallest possible compass, and then joins the two detached ends of his band in a knot by a quick circular movement and the insertion of his thumb.

"Shocking" comes next in order. After all the wheat is "bound" you see the field strewn with an infinity of bundles. These must all be set up into "shocks." Ordinarily a dozen go to one shock. The "shocker" glances at a spot as nearly in the centre of the twelve nearest bundles as he can find, and fixes upon it as the site for his building—for it is customary to talk of "building" these shocks. Then he starts out to gather in his materials; here he seizes one bundle, there he grasps another, two more are rolled up under his arms, and perhaps two more are tugged along, half dragged on the ground, and all are thus borne to the place designated. Here, dropping all save two, he plants these latter firmly on the ground, with the ends containing the ears of wheat uppermost, and at the same time presses them firmly against each other, so that they will stand secure, and mutually support each other. Two more such couples as these are set up, forming a row two deep and three long. Against this row, on opposite sides, four other bundles find their places, all firmly planted and pressed together, and all having the wheat ends upward. Ten bundles have thus been made to do service. And now the shock is capped by putting on the two final bundles, called "caps" in the vernacular of the field. They are laid crosswise on top, having both their ends flattened out and bent downward, so as more fully to cover the bundles underneath and protect them from the rain should a shower arise. By being spread out and flattened in this manner they lie more securely on the pile, and are less liable to be whisked off by a sudden gust of wind. You can shock more rapidly, of course, than you can bind. Harvest-hands bind about two and a half—sometimes three—acres a day each, and "set up" or shock eight or ten acres in the same time. Generally four or five binders "follow" a reaper, and bind as fast as it can cut. An intense rivalry exists between the various reapers, and agents are in the field constantly during the season, advocating the merits of their different machines.

And it is the same with the other implements of husbandry. As the whole trade and life of the country are connected with and founded upon the farming interest, the West is overrun with agents, representing all branches of business connected with the farmer. Step into any of the stores or hotels, and the chances are ten to one that you will find a seller for some manufacturer of plows, reapers, threshing-machines, etc. Husbandry, in all its various departments, forms a kind of staple subject for conversation; and the result is, every body knows nearly as much of farming and its appliances as if they were farmers themselves. And, indeed, most of them are. It is seldom the case that store-keepers and mechanics, while running their legitimate business, do not also possess their "eighties" or "one hundred and sixties," which they partly work at intervals, and partly sub-let to others interested jointly with themselves in the crops. In fact, not to waste words, the whole community here, more or less, has "wheat on the brain."

I do not propose to give my special experience as a "farm hand." Suffice it to say that I found it hard work at first, but in a couple of days I got used to it; and soon I had awakened in my astonished frame a new and unexpected amount of strength. A feeling of physical endurance and power came over me which struck me as being peculiarly noble. I was pleased and triumphant. I felt a fresh life and increased tension and vigor in every fibre of my body. And far from my mind suffering from this unusual predominance of her physical companion, it was quite the opposite—it seemed to expand in its strength and assume a serener, because more powerful, empire over my body. When I went to bed I enjoyed the mood and thoughts of a conqueror. "I have tested the thing and have succeeded," I said to myself; "I can do a day's work as well as the best man. Farewell now to old weaknesses and inefficiencies, to lifelong doubts and despondencies. Labor, that grand old inheritance from Eden, Adam's best legacy to his posterity, is the prime means of building up men and women, and preserving souls pure, great, and strong, like Cincinnatus at his plow, who smiled from a superior eminence on the Roman domination laid at his agricultural soil-stained feet in the day of Rome's distress."

Now, rhapsody aside, the reader can see that I got inured to hard labor; and in my case various things had made it seem a hopeless undertaking. I have written, therefore, to encourage others to do likewise, who possibly may be wishing they had the strength, and fearing they have not. I am sure they need have no alarm. Given a sound constitution and general good health, and I care not how small and fragile a man may be, in a couple of days he will toughen out and work along quite comfortably.

When the wheat is all shocked the next thing is to stack it. A wagon goes around from shock to shock, with men armed with pitch-forks following it, and the grain is all taken in and carried to the stackers. These arrange the bundles on the ground in an immense circle, filling in with others. Some of these stacks are quite large, reaching 20 or 30 feet from the ground. Here it is that the wheat is finally threshed out. Those farmers who have threshing-machines set about immediately to thresh. Others have to wait till those in the business come round to do it for them. The machine is moved by horse-power; eight or ten of these animals going round a circle, and turning a central axis, which imparts its motion to the machinery. A couple of men constantly feed it with bundles of wheat, which it soon digests into pure wheat and separated straw. Those who make it a business to go over the country from farm to farm with their threshing-machines, charge for their work a regulated price, say about six or seven cents per bushel. One of these machines costs about $700 to $800; a year or two's work will pay for its cost; and as they are expected to last several years they leave a good margin of profit. From 300 to 400 bushels are threshed out in a day. After this the wheat is bagged in sacks of two bushels each; each sack being marked with its owner's name; and then it is put into wagons and hauled to the nearest market. These loads vary from 2000 to 3000 pounds' weight according to the distance they have to go. At 60 pounds to the bushel, 21 sacks (an ordinary load) will weigh 2500 pounds. The distance to market is usually about 6 to 10 miles, in the more settled districts, nowadays, since our railroads are running; before they were laid loads had to go one or two days to get to the river markets. In some localities they have still to go 15 or 20 miles.

Every railroad station and steamboat landing is a wheat outlet, and boasts its elevator. As one will stand for all, a few words about that at St. Charles, where I am now writing, will answer for the rest. It is a building 100 feet by 30, and, perhaps, 50 feet high. Over-tall to be proportionate, its beauty is not enhanced by its color, a dull reddish brown. Within it are two elevators which give it its name. These are broad bands, provided with a number of "buckets" or "baskets," which are constantly ascending and descending like a very long narrow ellipse, over two pivots or axes, from the bottom to the top of the building. As the band goes up its baskets are filled with wheat, which is consequently carried aloft, where it is emptied into large bins. At each end of the building are two places for receiving the wheat, called "hoppers," such as are seen in any flour-mill. To these the wheat wagons draw up, the sacks are untied, and the wheat is poured down the aperture of the hopper into a large box which rests on a platform scales. Here it is weighed, and then, by a contrivance, the bottom of the box is let out and the grain precipitated into a cavity below, where it comes into contact at

once with the lower end of the elevator, armed with its baskets, and these scoop it up, carrying their full measure aloft to the bins.

On the other side of the building the railroad is laid in close proximity; and here there are several spouts, through which the grain is passed down from the bins into the freight-cars, which are brought here alongside. A car-load is about 300 bushels, or 9 tons. When wheat comes in rapidly these cars have to be loaded frequently, to leave space in the building to receive from the wagons without delay. An elevator will contain about 30,000 to 40,000 bushels; the capacity of one at Rochester is 38,000 bushels. As 150 to 200 teams with wheat often come into a town in one day, with from 6000 to 8000 bushels, and all has to be taken into the elevator, it will be seen at once that the outgo must be in like ratio. It was a busy day in St. Charles on the 18th of September; 150 wagon-loads of wheat came in and were received. It was then the rush fairly set in, and it has been going on from day to day ever since till now (October 1), and will for many weeks more, till the close of navigation —about the middle of November.

Every thing has two sides and two halves. The opposite side of a farmer, who sells wheat, is the wheat buyer, who purchases it from him. These wheat buyers are a class by themselves. At all the wheat outlets a few houses do all the business of buying it. These hire their buyers, who stand on the street from morning till night, bidding for the grain as fast as the wagons come in. They are furnished with tickets, on which are stated the date, price, buyer's name, and a blank space where the farmer's name is written. Another blank is left to put the number of bushels on. The day's business is commenced with a price regularly agreed upon, which is adhered to as long as possible, until the heat of competition forces it up higher, or else some unfavorable news from the East causes it to decline. A system of rotation, too, is in vogue, so that the buyers, one after the other, can take their turn with the loads as they come in; but often a few hours will suffice to destroy this harmony, and then all make a dash at the farmer, who, of course, tries to take advantage of this rivalry and get as big a price as he can.

Three grades of wheat are recognized. As the grain is bought by measurement it is, of course, important to get as much weight to the bushel as possible. No. 1, or best wheat, is fixed to weigh 58 pounds—that is the standard; No. 2 to weigh 56, and No. 3, 53 pounds. A difference of 10 cents in price is made between No. 1 and No. 2, and the same (sometimes—for the rule varies—20 cents) between No. 2 and No. 3. These are the weights to test the grade or quality by; but in order to get at the quantity the wheat is weighed in bulk, and divided by 60 to give the number of bushels; or, which is the same thing, the scales are made to weigh so many sixties, and save the trouble of division. Every wagon-load, therefore, is taken to the elevator and tested: a small brass kettle, holding about a quart, is filled evenly, and weighed by a small hand-steelyard; on the arm is a graduation, and it is regulated that just that quantity will balance at No. 58, on the graduated scale, if it be No. 1 wheat, or at 56 if No. 2, or at 53 if No. 3. The grain is tested from the hopper, as it pours into the box, in which it is then weighed in bulk to get at its quantity.

It is a very animating spectacle, this business of buying wheat. The open space between me—where I am sitting now in the hotel—and the elevator is covered with wagons to the number of forty or fifty. Some are going off, having just deposited their loads at the hopper; others are arriving to replenish the ranks. Some have oxen before them, others have horses. All are white to the view, with their rows of sacks filled out plump with the grain. There is shouting and running and confusion. As soon as the farmer gets his pay for his wheat he hastens to the various stores to execute some little commission for his wife or daughter, or it may be, if he is unmarried, for some sweet-heart, who is thinking that, now he is in funds, the "day" is not far off. Most of them, also, have long arrears of debts to settle up. And so the stores are all kept as busy as bee-hives with their customers. The blacksmith, too, is hard at work shoeing horses, the cobbler in getting the pedal coverings for men in readiness, and the harness-maker in selling a new set or repairing an old one. I shall say nothing of the hotel, which is filled with comers and goers, and is a perfect pandemonium at the hours of meals. Among the strangers you notice all nationalities: the heavy, hard-working Norwegian, the stolid German, the lean, dry Yankee, the quick-eyed Gaul, the broad-faced Englishman, the excited Hibernian, and the shrewd Scotchman—all are here; and all are, by constant association, rapidly fusing into one common race.

The yield of wheat has varied considerably. A week or two ago I visited a farm of seventy acres which averaged 20 bushels to the acre. Another one, of 40 acres, is reported to have yielded 29½ to the acre; a few "banner acres" giving 33 to 34 bushels. Elsewhere you hear likewise of from 20 to 22 to the acre. In other places, however, it is very different, many farms averaging only 10 to 12 bushels. This is where the ground, as before remarked, was low, and remained wet till late in the season.

Farmers say that a fair average yield, at present prices for wheat and other things, costs 65 to 70 cents to the bushel to raise. Thus they make, at the current price of wheat ($1 55), a profit of 85 to 90 cents a bushel. So a farm of 100 acres giving, at an average of 16 bushels, 1600 bushels, will pay a profit of $1400. But it does not always turn out so. The farmers are, many of them, often in debt. They are poor economizers. The shiftlessness of Western farmers is proverbial. Honest, hard-working,

they are almost to a man; but they lack prudence, forecast, and thrift. Something of this, no doubt, is owing to the vast size of the farms they work and the boundlessness of the country. Every thing here is on an immense scale. Land is so plenty and cheap that men's ideas outgrow the restrictions of sober economy, and the details of prudence seem to be contemptible. Thus errors are committed and waste engendered. It is a slovenly habit farmers have got into to take no care of their implements. A reaper or threshing-machine is left to lie uncovered just where it was last used, exposed to all the inclemencies of the weather for a whole year. Of course, when wanted again and dragged forth, it is stiff and rheumatic in its joints, it wheezes asthmatic cries as it is attempted to be put into service, it is half worn-out with premature decay, and repairs become necessary; and after a repetition or two of this it at last entirely succumbs, and has to be replaced by another. A reaper costs $200, and a threshing-machine $700 to $800. With proper care and housing over winter they are expected to last a number of years. This is one way profits vanish. A plow is left to lie in the last furrow it has made till another season demands its services. And so it goes on. Five or ten dollars would put up a straw-thatched shed, tight and water-proof, which would protect all the machinery a farm needs; but then they won't do it, or don't think of it.

In the fall thousands of straw-stacks are burnt up ruthlessly which would furnish good feeding for cattle and horses; and yet all this is wasted blindly. Last winter they would have given any thing to have had it. Oats had proved a failure, and very little had been saved. They were scarce, high, and the farmers out of money. By February the cattle were destitute of food. Numbers of them starved in the southern counties of the State. If a man had several cows he took care of one or two—it was all he could feed—and left the rest to live on what they could find. The poor creatures nosed along in the deep snow, searching for food, till they died. Even the favored ones fared badly; and to this day, notwithstanding our overabundant grass in the prairies, they have not recovered fairly from the hard times of last winter. A little forethought last fall would have prevented all this.

But there are many honorable exceptions; and with all their mistakes the farmers, as a body, are steadily increasing in wealth, and building up the prosperity of this young State. With her boundless resources and energetic children, Minnesota has a glorious future.

THREE SHIPS.

THREE precious ships I sent
From land-locked haven to an ocean blue,
Whereon no vague and dim horizon bent
Down on the outward view.

One to Elysian Isles
Clasped in the bosom of the passionate deep,
And round and round, through throbbing, liquid miles,
Kissed to ecstatic sleep.

One to a glorious shore,
Whose stainless mountain summits struck the sky,
Each bearing grandly up for evermore
A name that could not die.

One to the Fortunate Land,
Whose sunset clouds were piled barbarian gold,
And swift below whose drifts of silver sand
Pearl-pebbled rivers rolled.

The first went down in sight
Of the Elysian Isles: along its keel
The soft impulses of their waves of lig
Had just begun to steal.

In some obscure lagoon
The next ship rots, or on some desert coast;
Of it no tidings ever came, and soon
Its very name was lost.

With ruined rope and sail,
Seams open wide, lost helm, and broken mast,
Back from vain struggles with misfortune's gale
Unfreighted came the last.

So fared my precious ships
That to the visioned ocean gave the sail.
With wildly beating heart yet silent lips
For aye I saw them fail.

But in a later year,
When the dark storm of loss was overblown,
Without a hope, and yet without a fear,
I sailed the sea alone.

Not from a sheltered bay,
To Dreamlands full in sight along the sea,
My Ship of Life pursues a luminous way
Into Eternity:

But from a barren strand,
Strewn with the wrecks of many an early gale;
And far below the horizon lies the land,
Darkly, to which I sail.

Though unseen currents drift,
And head-winds beat me back with stubborn force,
And soft Morganas from the ocean lift
To lure me from my course,

If I with patience stand
Fast by the helm, and count as lost no day
Through which my utmost strength of heart and hand
Is given to keep my way,

I know my ship will ride
At last where baffling winds are never driven,
Nor currents drift—safe anchored on the tide
That laves the shores of Heaven.



THE TWO SISTERS.

THE WOMAN'S KINGDOM:

A LOVE STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN.

"Queens you must always be: queens to your lovers; queens to your husbands and your sons; queens of higher mystery to the world beyond.....But, alas! you are too often idle and careless queens, grasping at majesty in the least things, while you abdicate it in the greatest."—JOHN RUSKIN.

CHAPTER I.

"OH, Edna, I am so tired! And this is the very dullest place in all the world!"

"Do you think so, dear? And yet it was the place you specially wanted to go to."

Edna spoke in the soothing yet cheerful tone which all people—that is, people like Edna Kenderdine—instinctively use toward an invalid; and, laying down her work—she rarely was without some sort of work in her tiny hands—looked tenderly and anxiously at her sister. For they were twin-sisters; though, as sometimes happens with twins, so excessively unlike that they would scarcely have been supposed akin at all.

"You know, Letty, dear, that as soon as you began to get better the Isle of Wight was the place you fancied for a change."

"Yes; but we might have found many a nicer spot in the Isle of Wight than this—Ryde, for instance, where there are plenty of houses, and a good pier, and probably an esplanade. Oh, how I used to enjoy the Brighton esplanade in the days when I was a little girl, and we were rich and happy!"

"Were we happy then? I don't remember. But I know I have been quite as happy since."

"You always are happy," returned the invalid, with a vexed air. "I think nothing in the world would make you miserable."

Edna winced a little, but she was sitting in the shadow of the window-curtain, and was not seen. "Come, come," she said, "it is of no use quarreling with me because I will not see the black side of things; time enough for that when we go home to Kensington. Here we are, out on a holiday, with beautiful weather, comfortable lodgings, no school to teach, and nothing in the wide world to do but to amuse ourselves."

"Amuse ourselves! How can we? We don't know a soul here. Indoors there is nothing to do, and nobody to come and see us; and out of doors there is not a creature to look at or to speak to."

"I thought we wanted to get out of the way of our fellow-creatures. Besides, they would not care for us just now. It is not every lodging-house, even, that would have taken us in, and we lately out of scarlet-fever."

"We need not have told that."

"Oh, Letty! we must have told."

"Edna, you are so ridiculously conscientious! I have no patience with you!"

Edna made no reply; indeed, it was useless replying to the poor convalescent, whose thin face betrayed that she was at the precise stage of recovery when every thing jars against the irritable nerves, and the sickly, morbid fancy changes its moods twenty times a day. Otherwise, to people in the somewhat dreary position of these two young schoolmistresses—driven from their labors in the midst of the half-year by a dangerous fever which had compelled the shutting up of the school, brought the one sister nearly to death's-door, and the other not far from it by the fatigue of sick-nursing—even to them the parlor they sat in was not uncheerful. It was very neat and clean, and it had a large bay-window looking out on a veranda; beyond that a little garden; farther, a narrow strip of bright, green, grassy cliff, fringed with a low hedge, where the "white-blossomed sloe" was in full glory, and a pair of robin-redbreasts were building and singing all the day long. Below, at the cliff's foot, the unseen sea was heard to tumble and roll with a noisy murmur; but far away in the distance it spread itself out in sleepy stillness, shimmering and glancing in the sunshine of early spring. The sight of it might well have gladdened many a dull heart; and the breath of it, which came in salt and fresh, though not cold, through the half-open window, might have given health to many a sick soul, as well as body—granting that soul to be one of those whom Nature can comfort. It is not every one whom she can.

Poor Letty was not of those thus comforted. Her eyes looked as sad as ever, and there was a sharp, metallic ring in her voice as she said:

"I can't imagine, Edna, why you make so much fuss about the fever. You would drive every body away from us as if we had had the plague. This morning I overheard you insisting that the gentleman who wants the opposite parlor should be told distinctly what had been the matter with me. It is very foolish when I am quite well now."

"Yes, dear, quite well, thank God!" returned Edna, soothingly. "And the gentleman said he was not in the least afraid; besides, he was a doctor."

"Was he, indeed? A real gentleman, then!"

"Supposing that a doctor is—and he certainly ought to be—a real gentleman."

"Nonsense! I mean a professional man; not one of those horrid shop-keepers whose children we have to teach—how I hate them all! And we must go back and begin again after midsummer. Oh, Edna, I wish I were dead!"

"I don't, and I doubt if you do—not just this very minute. For there is your dinner coming in—and you like fish, and you declared you were so frightfully hungry."

"You are always making fun of me," said the sick sister, half plaintively. Nevertheless she yielded to the influence of that soft, caressing, and yet encouraging tone; her gloomy looks relaxed into a faint smile, and she fell to her simple invalid meal of fried sole and rice-pudding with an appetite that proved she was really getting well, in spite of her despondency and fretfulness. Edna sat by her and ate her own cold mutton with an equal relish; and then the sisters began to talk again.

"So, after to-day, we shall not be the only lodgers in the house. How very annoying!"

"I don't think the new-comers will harm us much. They are likely to be as quiet as ourselves. Besides, they will have a fellow-feeling for us. One of them is also an invalid, and a great deal worse than you, Letty."

"The doctor?"

"No; his brother, whom he has brought here for change of air."

"Did you see them? Really, you might have told me all this before. I should have been so glad of any thing to interest me. And you seem to have inquired all about them."

"Of course I did. It was very important to us whom we had in the next parlor, and probably to them also, in the young man's sickly state. I dare say the brother took as much pains as I did to find out all about his opposite neighbors."

"Did you see him?"

"No; except his back, which was rather round, and the coat very shabby at the shoulders."

"He isn't a gentleman, then?"

"I can't tell. If he happened to be a poor gentleman, why should not his coat be shabby at the shoulders?"

"I don't like poverty," said Letty, with a slight shrug; and drawing round her the soft, rich shawl, relic of the "happy" days she regretted, when the little twins were expected to be coheiresses, and not schoolmistresses. Those days were dim enough now. The orphans had been brought up for governesses, and had gone out as governesses, until difficulties arising, from Letty's extreme beauty on the one hand, and Edna's fond clinging to her sister on the other, they had resolved to make themselves a home by setting up one of those middle-class day-schools which are so plentiful in the immediate suburbs of London. It had done well on the whole; at least it had sufficed to maintain them. They were still young women—only twenty-six—though both, Edna especially, had a certain air of formality and authority which all schoolmistresses seem gradually to acquire. But they were, as could be seen at a glance, well-bred, well-educated women; and, besides, Letitia was one of those remarkably handsome persons of whom one scarcely sees half-a-dozen in a lifetime, and about whose beauty there can not be two opinions. You might not fancy her style; you might have some ideal of your own quite con-

trary to it; but if you had eyes in your head you must acknowledge that she was beautiful, and would remain so, more or less, to the last day of her life. Hers was a combination very rarely to be met with; of form and color, figure and face—enough completely to satisfy the artist-eye, and indicate to the poetical imagination plenty of loveliness spiritual beneath the loveliness external. Even her illness had scarcely clouded it; and with her tall figure shrouded in shawls, her magnificent brown hair cut short under a cap, and her graceful hands, white and wasted, lying on her lap, she was "interesting" to the last degree.

Indeed, to tell the truth, Letty Kenderdine's beauty had been the real hindrance to her governess-ship. Wherever she went every body fell in love with her. Mothers dreaded her for their grown-up sons; weak-minded wives were uneasy concerning their husbands. Not that Letty was the least to blame; she was so used to admiration that she took it all quite calmly. Too cold for passion, too practical for philandering, there was no fear of her exciting any unlawful jealousies; and as for regular love-affairs, though she generally had one or more on hand, it was a very mild form of the article. She never "committed" herself. She might have married twenty times over—poor tutors, country clergymen, and struggling men of business; even a few younger sons of good families: but she had, as she said, a dislike to poverty, especially matrimonial poverty.

"Will the flame that you're so rich in
Light a fire in the kitchen,
Or the little god of love turn the spit, spit, spit?"

was the burden of her sweet, smiling refusals, which sent her lovers away twice as mad as they came. But though she smiled Letty never relented.

So, though she had been once or twice on the brink of an engagement, she had never fallen over the precipice; and as she confided all her difficulties to Edna, and Edna (who had never any of her own) helped her out of them, they came to nothing worse than "difficulties." True, they had lost her a situation or two, and, indeed, had determined Edna to the point which she carried out—as she did most of her determinations, in her own quiet way—the setting up of a school; but they never weighed seriously upon either sister's mind. Only sometimes, when the school duties were hard, Letty would sigh over the comparatively easy days when she was residing in "high" families, well-treated, as somehow she always had been, for there was a grace and dignity in her which compelled respectful treatment. She would regret the lost luxuries—a carriage to drive in and a park to walk in with her pupils, large rooms, plenty of servants, and dainty feeding—recapitulating all the good things she used to have, balancing them against the ill things she had now, until she fancied she had made a change for the worse; complained that her present life was not half so pleasant as that of a resident governess, and lamented pathetically over the cause of all—what she called "my unfortunate appearance."

Still the fact was patent—neither to be sighed down nor laughed down; and it had a laughable side—Letty was much too handsome for a governess. Too handsome, indeed, for most of the useful purposes of life. She could not pass any where unnoticed; to send her out shopping was a thing difficult enough, and as for her taking a walk alone in pleasant Kensington Gardens, or the lonely Brompton Road, it was a thing quite impossible. Edna often said, with a queer mixture of perplexity and pride, that her beautiful sister was as much trouble to her as any baby. And, invalid as Letty now was, it must be confessed that not without a secret alarm had Edna heard of and made inquiries about the impending lodgers.

Letty half-guessed this, though she was not very vain; for she had long become used to her "unfortunate appearance;" and, besides, your superlatively handsome people generally take their universally-acknowledged honors as composedly as a millionaire takes his money, or a poet-laureate his crown. When, after Edna's communication respecting the gentleman's shabby shoulders, the two sisters' eyes met, Letty broke into an actual smile.

"How old is he? Are you afraid that something will happen?"

"Perhaps. Something of that sort always is happening, you know," said Edna, dolefully; and then both sisters burst out laughing, which quite restored Letty's good-humor.

"Come, dear, don't be alarmed. He will not fall in love with me—I'm getting too ugly and too old. And as for myself, no harm will come to me. I don't like shabbiness, and of all people alive the person I should least like to marry would be a doctor. Only fancy having one's husband at every body's beck and call—out at all hours, day and night; never able to take me to a party—or give me a party at home without being fetched away in the middle of it; going to all sorts of nasty places and nasty people; bringing home fevers, and small-pox, and the like—oh! what a dreadful life!"

"Do you think so?" said Edna. "Why, when I was a girl I used to fancy that had I been a boy, and could choose my profession, of all professions I should choose a doctor's. There is something in it so grand, and yet so useful. He has so much power in his hands. Such unlimited influence over souls as well as bodies. Of course it would be a hard life—nothing smooth or pleasant about it—but it would be a life full of interest, with endless opportunities of usefulness. I don't mean merely of saving people's lives, but of putting their lives right, both mentally and physically, as nobody but a doctor can do. Hardly even a clergyman could come so near my ideal of the perfect existence—'he went about doing good.'"

Edna spoke earnestly, as sometimes, though not often, she was roused to speak, and then

her plain little face lighted up, and her tiny form took an unwonted grace and dignity. Plain as she was—as noticeably so as her sister was handsome—there was a certain character about her in her small, firm mouth, and babyish, yet determined little chin—in her quick motions and active ways, and especially in her hands, the only decided beauty she possessed—which though they flitted hither and thither, light as snow-flakes, and pretty as rose-leaves, had an air of strength, purpose, and practicability which indicated fully what she was—this merry, busy-bee-like little woman—who

"Gathered honey all the day
From every opening flower;"

but yet, on occasions, could be the very soul of the household—the referee, and judge, and decisive voice in all matters, great or small.

"Edna, you are preaching me quite a sermon," said Letty, yawning. "And I really don't deserve it. Did I ever say I wouldn't marry a doctor?—even this very doctor of yours, if he wishes it particularly. I am sure," she added, plaintively, with an anxious glance toward the mirror, "it is time I should make up my mind to marry somebody. Another illness like the last would altogether destroy my appearance."

"What nonsense you talk!"

"No, it isn't nonsense," said Letty, with a queer humility. "It is all very well for you, who are clever and can talk, and do things prettily and practically, and make yourself happy in your own way, so that, indeed, it is little matter whether you are ever married or not. But if any body marries me it will be only for my appearance. I must make my hay while the sun shines. Heigh-ho! I wish something would happen—something to amuse us in this dull place. Do tell me a little more about the new lodgers."

"I have nothing to tell; and besides—there they are!"

At that moment, coming round the corner of the house (the Misses Kenderdine's parlor-window had to be passed in reaching the front-door), appeared a porter and two portmanteaus, and immediately afterward a Bath chair. Therein sat a figure so muffled up, in spite of the sunshiny day, as to awaken a feeling of compassion in any beholder.

"Do come away, Letty. It is the sick brother. He may not like to be looked at."

"But I must look at him. I have not had the least thing to interest me all day. Don't be cross. He shall not see me. I will hide behind the window-curtains."

And curiosity quite overcoming her languor, she left her easy-chair, and crouched down in a very uncomfortable attitude to watch the proceedings outside.

"Do come and look too, Edna. I wonder—is he a man or a boy? He has got no whiskers, and he is so very thin. He looks a walking skeleton beside his stout brother. Do say if that big, awkward man is the brother, the doctor, I mean, whom you are so extremely anxious for me to marry."

"Letty, what foolishness!"

"Well, I'll promise to think about him if he ever gives me the chance. He does look like a gentleman, in spite of his shabby coat. But, as for the other, you need not be alarmed about him. He seems to have one foot in the grave already. Just come and peep at him. No one can see you, I am sure."

Edna looked—she hardly knew why, unless out of pure compassion. It was a face that any woman's heart, old or young, would have melted over—white, wan, with heavy circles under the large eyes, and a drawn look of permanent pain round the mouth. One of those faces, so delicately outlined, so almost feminine in contour, as to make one say, instinctively, "He must be very like his mother," and to wish likewise that he might always have his mother or his wife close at hand to take care of him. For it was undoubtedly one of those sensitive yet passionate faces which indicate a temperament that requires incessant taking care of—the care that only a woman can take. Though the big brother seemed tender enough. He wrapped him, and lifted him, and talked to him gently, as if he had been a child. Something touchingly childlike—the poetic nature is always young—was in the poor fellow's looks, as he wearily obeyed; doing all he was told to do, though every movement seemed a pain.

"I wonder what his illness has been," said Edna, won into a sympathy that deadened even her sense of propriety. "Not consumption, I fancy. I should rather say he was just recovering from rheumatic fever."

"Never mind his illness. What do you think of himself?"

"I think it is one of the most interesting faces I ever saw. But if ever I saw death written in a face— Poor fellow—and so young too!"

"Not much above twenty, certainly."

"There, he has turned, and is looking right in at our window. Come away—you must come, or he will certainly see you, Letty!"

It was too late. He had seen her; for the poor sensitive youth started violently, and a sudden flush came over his wan cheek. He drew back hastily, and pulled his fur cap closer down over his face.

Edna rose quickly, and shut the Venetian blind. "It is cruel—absolutely cruel—to stare at a person who is in that sickly, nervous state. How angry I should have been if any body had done it to you when you were ill! and I am certain he saw you."

"Never mind: the sight is not so very dreadful; it won't kill him, probably," laughed Letty, whose spirits had quite risen under this unwonted excitement. "Perhaps it will even do him good, if he wants amusement as much as I do; and he need not excite your sisterly fears: he won't fall in love with me. He is too ill to think of any body but himself."



POOR FELLOW—AND SO YOUNG TOO!

"Poor fellow!" again said Edna, with a sigh.

She was too well accustomed to her sister's light talk to take it seriously, or indeed to heed it at all. People cease to notice the idiosyncrasies of those they have been accustomed to all their life. Probably if any other young woman had talked as Letty did Edna would have disliked it extremely; but she did not mind Letty—it was her way. Besides, she was her sister—her own flesh and blood, and the two loved one another dearly.

Shortly the slight bustle in the hall subsided, the Bath chair was wheeled empty away, and a confusion of footsteps outside indicated that the sick man was being carried up stairs by the brother; then the house sank into silence.

Edna drew up the blind, and stood gazing out meditatively upon the sunshiny sea.

"What are you thinking of?" Letty asked.

"Of that poor fellow, and whether this place will do him any good—whether he will live or die."

"The latter seems most likely."

"Yes; and it seems to me so sad, especially—" and her voice sank a little—"especially since, thank God! we have passed through our time of terror and are safe again. So very sad, with every thing outside bright and happy; trees budding, birds singing, the sky smiling all over, and the sea smiling back at it again, as if there was no such thing as death in the world. How the brother's heart must ache through it all!"

"The big brother—the doctor you mean?"

"Yes; and, being a doctor, he must know the truth—that is, if it is to be—if the young man is not likely to recover."

"Yet the doctor seems cheerful enough. As it sounded outside in the hall, I thought I never heard a more cheerful voice."

"People often speak cheerfully—they are obliged to learn to do it—when—" Here Edna suddenly stopped. It was not wise to enlighten Letty, still an invalid, upon her own sad sick-room experience. "But things may be more hopeful than we suppose. Nevertheless, I am very sorry for our new neighbors—for them both."

"So am I. We must ask the landlady all about them when she brings in tea."

But though, in her extreme dearth of outside interests, Letty's curiosity became so irresistible that she hurried on the tea by half an hour, her inquiries resulted in very little.

Mrs. Williams knew no more of her new inmates than most seaside landladies do of their lodgers. The gentlemen had come from the inn; they were named Stedman—Dr. and Mr. Stedman—and she rather thought they were from London. "As the ladies also lived in London, perhaps they might know something about them," suggested the simple island woman, who was quite as eager to get as to give information, for she owned to being rather sorry she had taken them in.

"Why?" asked Edna.

"I do believe the young gentleman is only brought here to die; and death is such a bad thing to happen in any lodgings."

"Nay, we will hope for the best. This fine, pure air may restore him. See how strong my sister is getting!"

"Yes, indeed, miss; and so I told his brother. I wished he could have seen how wonderfully the young lady had picked up since she came. And he said, 'Yes, she didn't look a bit like an invalid now.'"

"Had he seen me?" asked Letty, half smiling.

"I don't know, miss; but he has got sharp, noticeable eyes—real doctor's eyes."

"Oh!" said Letty, and subsided into silence.

"Does he seem very anxious about his sick brother?" Edna inquired.

"Ay, sometimes, to judge by his look. But he talks quite cheerful like. Just hark! you can hear 'em a-laughing together now."

"How I wish we had any thing to make us laugh!" sighed Letty, when the door closed; and the important event of tea being over, she relapsed into her former dullness, leaned back again in her easy-chair, letting her hands fall drearily on her lap—such soft, handsome, idle, helpless hands.

"Shall I read?" said Edna, with an anxious glance at the clock. It was too late to go out, and it was many—oh! so many hours till bedtime.

"You know I never cared for reading, especially poetry books, which are all you brought with us."

"Shall I try to get a novel from the library?"

"Threepence a volume, and you'll grumble

at the extravagance, and I shall be sure to go to sleep over it too. Well, I think I will lie down and sleep a little, for I am so tired I don't know what to do."



A DAUGHTER OF THE GODS.

She rose, walked once or twice across the room, looking most majestic in her long, soft, flowing draperies—for it was twenty years ago, and women's draperies were both graceful and majestic then—with her large lovely form and classical face she was the personification of Tennyson's line—

> "A daughter of the gods: divinely tall,
> And most divinely fair."

And when she lay down, she idealized the common horse-hair lodging-house sofa by an outline most artistically beautiful—fit for a sleeping Dido or dying Cleopatra. Such women nature makes rarely, very rarely; queens of beauty, crowned or uncrowned, who instinctively take their places in the tournament of life, and "rain influence," whether consciously or not, to an almost fearful extent upon us weak mortals, especially men mortals, who, even the best of them, are always prone to reconstrue the dogma that the good is necessarily the beautiful, and to presuppose the highest beauty to be the highest good.

But this is wandering into metaphysics, of which, however she might be the cause of them in others, there certainly was no trace in Letty Kenderdine. She lay down and made herself comfortable, or rather was made comfortable by her sister, with shawls and pillows; then she fell sound asleep, like any other mortal woman, breathing so peacefully and deeply that, if it would not utterly destroy the romance about her, I feel bound to confess she *almost* snored.

Edna sat beside her till certain of her repose, and then crept softly away. Not for idleness, and not for pleasure, though the sweet evening tempted her sorely, with its sunset of rose and gray, its fresh sea-breeze, and, as is found along most of the south coast of England, and especially the Isle of Wight, its delicious mingling of sea and country pleasures. Above the lap-lapping of the tide on the beach, below was heard the good-night warble of the robins, and the deep note of the thrush; and besides the salt sea smell there was an atmosphere of trees budding and flowers blossoming, giving a sense of vague delight, and tender foreboding of some unknown joy.

It touched Edna; she could not tell why, except that she loved the spring, and this was the first April she had spent out of London for several years; scarcely since those dimly-remembered years of their country house in Hampshire, which, to her, balanced Letty's memories of the Brighton esplanade. One had been the summer, the other the winter residence of the rich merchant, who, absorbed in money-making, and losing fortune and life together, had left no remembrances to his motherless twin-girls but these.

They recurred at times, each in their turn, and to each sister according to her nature. To Edna at this moment came a rush of the old child-life—the pony she rode—a pretty little gentle thing, loved like a human companion; a certain stream, which danced through a primrose wood, and over which dragon-flies used to skim, and where endless handfuls of king-cups grew; an upland meadow, yellow with cowslips—Edna could smell the odor of it yet.

"How I should like to make another cowslip-ball! I believe I could do it as well as ever. I wonder if cowslips grow any where about here!"

And then she smiled at the silliness of a schoolmistress wanting to make cowslip-balls, and wondered at the foolish feeling which came over her in her monotonous life; and why it was that, just rising up out of the long strain of anxiety, her heart was conscious of a sudden rebound—a wild longing after happiness: not merely the busy content of her level life, but actual happiness. In picturing it, though it was very vague too and formless, she, however, did not picture the usual sort of happiness which comes most natural at her age. Unlike her sister, no lovers had ever troubled Edna's repose. In the dull city family where she had been governess ever since leaving school no such things were ever thought of; besides, Edna was plain, and knew it—felt it too—perhaps all the keener for her sister's beauty and her own intense admiration of the same. No; Edna Kenderdine was not a marrying woman. She herself was convinced she would be an old maid, and had laid her plans accordingly; and mapped out

her future life, with a quiet acquiescence in, and yet a full recognition of—alas! what woman was ever without that?—its sad imperfectness.

Thus her ideal of happiness was not love, or, at least, not consciously, and certainly not love on her own account. This golden dream—this seeming height of complete felicity—was thought of with reference to Letty alone. For herself, she hardly knew what she wanted; perhaps a better school, more pupils, and these of a higher class, for it was hard and thankless work trying to make little common girls into little gentlewomen. Or possibly—though to that El Dorado Edna scarcely dared to lift her eyes—some extraordinary windfall of fortune—a legacy, or the like—which would forever lift her out of the necessity of keeping school at all, and enable her to set up a cottage in the country—ever so small, she did not care, so that it was only in the country, and had a garden to it, and fields around it, where she might do as she liked all day long, without being haunted by the necessity of school-teaching, or by that dread of the future, of breaking down helpless in the midst of her career, which, since the fever time, had often painfully pursued her. She herself, though not exactly ill, had been very much enfeebled; and probably it was this weak condition of body which made the little woman mentally less brave than usual; caused her to long, with a sore yearning, not merely to be sheltered from evil, but to have her dull life turned into brightness by some absolute tangible good.

So, while Letty slept—the sound, healthy sleep of which her easy temperament never made any difficulty—Edna stood looking out on the twilight sea, still thinking—thinking—till the tears came into her eyes, and rolled slowly down.

They were soon wiped away—not dashed off, but quietly wiped away with a resolute hand. She could not have repressed them, they would have choked her; but she could help indulging in them, taking a sentimental pleasure over them, or exalting them into a real grief. Alas! she knew what real grief was when Letty was at the crisis of scarlet-fever.

"No! I'll not cry—it's wicked! What have I to cry about? when my sister is nearly well, and we shall be able to gather the school together very soon, and meantime we have enough money to last us, and no other cares. There is much more to be thankful for than afraid of. And now, before she wakes, let me see exactly how we stand."

She took her little writing-desk to the window, that she might catch the utmost of the fading light, and with one anxious glance at the sofa, set herself to a piece of work which always fidgeted Letty—the balancing of her weekly accounts. Nominally the sisters kept these week and week about; but Letty's week was always behindhand, and caused her such distress that gradually Edna took the whole upon herself—a very small whole; a ledger that a man and a millionaire, or even a petty merchant, would have laughed at, and wondered how it could possibly make the womanish head ache and the womanish heart beat, as it did many a time. For Edna was no genius at arithmetic: besides, hers was not the amateur masculine arithmetic, worked upon paper, in thousands and tens of thousands, though the total, be it loss or gain, affects little the current expenses of daily life—since in this strange commercial world of ours a man may risk or lose a quarter of a million, or go through a bankruptcy or two, yet still keep his carriage, and eat his diurnal dinner—just as handsome a dinner as ever—though oftentimes the appetite brought to it must be small.

But Edna's arithmetic was a different thing. To her a balance on the one side or other of that tiny page implied an easy mind and a gay heart, or else—well, it implied want of needful clothes, of household comforts, perhaps even of sufficient food. Only want—the sacrifice of things pleasant and desirable. That other alternative, debt, in all its agonies, humiliation, and terrors, these poor schoolmistresses knew not: never would be likely to know, since, opposite as their characters were, the two Misses Kenderdine had one grand point in common—they would have starved rather than have owed any man a half-penny.

So poor little Edna sat at her task; and it was a task, for she did not like it any more than she liked school-teaching; but Letty liked it still less than she, and since it had inevitably to be done, of course Edna had to do it. This was the law of their life together, and always had been.

She sat, her head propped on her two hands, quite absorbed. Pathetically so, for she could not make her accounts meet; there was a half-crown gone a-missing somewhere; and a half-crown was an important sum to her, poor thing! Not for itself, but for what it represented—a fortnight's butter, or a pair of gloves for Letty, or something else that otherwise would require to be done without. She racked her brains to remember how she had spent it, added up the conflicting columns of figures again and again, and counted and re-counted the contents of her two purses—one for current coin, the other the grand receptacle of the family income.

Vain, vain! Poor Edna could not make matters right. Her head burned, her brow throbbed—she pushed her hair back from it with trembling fingers—she was very nearly crying.

It was a small thing—a silly thing almost; but then she had been weakened by anxiety and fatigue, and do what she could, the future rose up before her darker, and reasonably darker, than it had ever done before. What if the pupils, scared by fever, should not readily return? What if she and her sister were to be left with a house on their hands, the rent to be paid, the servant to be kept, and nothing to do it with? That morbid dread of the future—that bitter

sense of helplessness and forlornness which all working-women have at times, came upon Edna, and made her think with a strange momentary envy of the women who did not work, who had brothers and fathers to work for them, or at least to help them with the help that a man, and only a man, can give.

And then looking up, for the first time for many minutes, Edna became aware of two eyes watching her, resting on her with such an expression of kindliness and pity, the sort of half-amused pity that a man would show to a troubled and perplexed child, that this poor child —she was strangely young still in many ways— looked fearlessly back into them, almost with a sort of appeal, as if the observer had been an authorized friend, who could have helped her did he choose. But the moment after she drew back, exceedingly annoyed; and the gazer also drew back, made a slight apologetic half-bow, then blushed violently all over his face, as if conscious that he had been doing a most unwarrantable and ungentlemanly thing, rose from his bench by the window, and walked hastily away.

As he turned, by the broad stooping shoulders and well-worn coat rather than by the face, which she had not seen until now, being so attracted by the face of the invalid brother, Edna recognized the doctor, Dr. Stedman.

CHAPTER II.

This will be a thorough "love" story. I do not pretend to make it any thing else. There are other things in life besides love; but every body who has lived at all knows that love is the very heart of life, the pivot upon which its whole machinery turns; without which no human existence can be complete, and with which, however broken and worn in part, it can still go on working somehow, and working to a comparative useful and cheerful end.

An author once wrote a book of which the heroine was supposed to be painted from a real living woman, whose relations were rather pleased than not at the accidental resemblance. "Only," said they, with dignified decorum, "in one point the likeness fails; our Anastasia was never in love with any body." "Then," replied the amused author, "I certainly can not have painted her, for she would have been of no use to me; such an abnormal specimen of humanity is not a woman at all."

No. A life without love in it must of necessity be an imperfect, an unnatural life. The love may be happy or unhappy, noble or ignoble, requited or unrequited; but it must be, or have been, there. Love absolute. Not merely the tie of blood, the bond of friendship, the many close affections which make existence sweet; but the one, closest of all, the love between man and woman—which is the root of the family life, and the family life is the key to half the mysteries of the universe.

And so, without disguise of purpose, and rather glorying in the folly, if folly it be, I confess this to be a mere love-tale, nothing more. No grand "purpose" in it; no dramatic effects —scarcely even a "story;" but a few pages out of the book of daily life, the outside of which looks often so common and plain; and the inside—but One only reads that.

Under Mrs. Williams's commonplace unconscious roof were gathered these four young people, strangers to one another, and ignorant of their mutual and individual destinies, afterward to become so inextricably mingled, tangled, and crossed. The like continually happens; in fact it must, in most cases, necessarily happen. The first chance-meeting, or what appears chance; the first indifferent word or hap-hazard incident—from these things do almost all love-stories date. For in all true marriages now, as in Eden, the man and woman do not deliberately seek, but are brought to one another; happy those who afterward can recognize that the hand which led his Eve to Adam was that of an invisible God!

But this only comes afterward. No sentimental premonitions weighed on the hearts of any of these, the two young men and two young women, who had, each and all, their own lives to live, their own separate cares and joys. For even if blessed with the closest bonds of fraternity, every soul is more or less alone, or feels so, till the magic other soul appears, which, if fate allows, shall remove solitude forever. There may or may not be a truth in the doctrine of love at first sight, but it is, like the doctrine of instantaneous conversion, too rarely experienced to be much believed in. Ordinary men and women walk blindfold to the very verge of their fate, nor recognize it as fate till it is long past. Which fact ought to be, to both young folks and their guardians, at once a consolation and a warning.

Edna, when, immediately after the doctor's disappearance, the entrance of candles wakened Letty, told her sister frankly, and with considerable amusement, of the steadfast stare which for the moment had annoyed her.

"At least I should have been annoyed had it been you, Letty. But with me of course it meant nothing; merely a little harmless curiosity. Certainly, as Mrs. Williams says, he has thorough 'doctor's eyes.' They seem able to see every thing. As a doctor ought to see, you know."

"And what color were they, and what sort of a face was it altogether?"

"I really can not tell. A nice, kindly sort of face, and that is all I know."

"But, Edna, if I am to marry him you ought to know. So look hard next time, and tell me exactly what he is like."

"Very well," said Edna, laughing; thankful for any little joke that lightened the heavy depression which was the hardest thing to contend with in Letty's present state. And then she took to her work and forgot all about it.

Not until, after putting her sister to bed, she came down again for one quiet hour, to do some needful sewing, and institute a last and finally successful search among the odd corners of her tired brain for the missing half-crown, did Edna remember the doctor or his inquisitive stare.

"I wonder if he noticed what I was doing, and whether he thought me silly, or was sorry for me. Perhaps he is good at arithmetic. Well, if there could be any advantage in having a man belonging to one, it would be to help in adding up one's weekly accounts. I shall advise Letty to make that proviso in her marriage settlement."

While the sisters thus summarily dismissed the question of their new neighbors, their neighbors scarcely thought of them at all. Dr. Stedman sat by his brother's bedside, trying by every means he could think of to make the weary evening slip by, without forestalling the burden of the still heavier night. He talked; he read a little out of an old *Times*—first the solid leaders, and then a criticism on the pictures forthcoming in the Royal Academy Exhibition, till, seeing the latter excited his patient too much, he ingeniously shortened it, and went back to the heavy debates and other masculine portions of the newspaper. But in all he did, and earnestly as he tried to do it, there was something a little clumsy, like a man—and one who is altogether a man—not accustomed to women's society and influence. There was nothing rough or untender about him; nay, there was exceeding gentleness in his eyes and voice; he tried to do his very best; but he did it with a certain awkwardness that no invalid could help feeling in some degree, especially such a nervous invalid as this.

The two brothers were very unlike—as unlike as the two sisters who sat below stairs. And yet there was a curious "family" expression; the kindred blood peeping out, pleadingly, amidst all dissimilarities of character and temperament. The younger was dark; the elder fair. The features were not unlike, but in one face delicate and regular; in the other, large and rugged. The younger had apparently lived altogether the student's life; while the elder had been knocked about the world, receiving many a hard hit, and learning, in self-preservation, to give a hard hit back again if necessary. Besides, an occasional contraction of the brow, and a slight projection of the under lip, showed that the doctor had what is called "a temper of his own;" while his brother's expression was altogether sweet, gentle, and sensitive to the last degree.

As he lay back on his pillow—for he had been put to bed immediately—you might have taken him for a boy of seventeen, until, looking closer into the thin face, you read there the deeper lines which rarely come under the quarter-century which marks the first epoch in a man's life. No; though boyish, he was not a boy; and though delicate-looking, not effeminate. His was the temperament which we so ardently admire in youth, so deeply pity in maturer years—the poetic temperament—half masculine, half feminine—capable of both a man's passion and a woman's suffering. Such men are, as circumstances make them, the angels, the demons, or the martyrs of this world.

He lay—restless, but trying hard to be patient—till the light failed and his brother ceased the reading, which was not specially interesting, being done in a slightly formal and monotonous voice, like that of a person unaccustomed to, and not particularly enjoying the occupation.

"That will do, Will. It's really very good of you to stay indoors with me all this evening; but I don't like it. I wish you would go out. Off with you to the beach. Is there a good beach here?"

"A very fine one. You shall see it by-and-by."

"Nay, my Bath chair could never get down these steep cliffs."

"Do you think I mean you to spend all your days in a Bath chair, Julius, lad?"

"Ah, Will, shall I ever do without it? Tell me, do you really, candidly, in your honest heart—you're almost too honest for a doctor, old boy—believe that I shall ever walk again?"

The doctor turned and gave him a pat on the shoulder—his young brother, five or six years younger than himself, which fact had made such a vital difference once, and the fatherly habits of it remained still. There was a curious twitching of his mouth, which, though large and firm, had much lurking softness of expression. He paused a minute before speaking, and then said, earnestly:

"Yes, I do, Julius. Not that I know it for certain; but I believe it. You may never be quite as strong as you have been; rheumatic fever always leaves behind great delicacy in many ways; but I have known cases worse than yours which ended in complete recovery."

"I wish mine may be, if only for your sake. What a trouble I must have been to you! to say nothing of expense. And you just starting for yourself too."

"Well, lad, it didn't matter—it was only for myself. If I'd had a wife, now, or half a dozen brats. But I had nobody—not a single 'responsibility'—except you."

"And what a heavy responsibility I have been! Ever since you were fifteen I must have given you trouble without end."

"Pleasure, too, and a deal of fun—the fun of laughing at you and your vagaries, though I couldn't laugh you out of them. Come, don't be taking a melancholy view of things. Let's be jolly."

But the mirth came ponderously out of the big fellow, whose natural expression was evidently grave—an enemy might have called it saturnine. And Dr. William Stedman looked like a man who was not likely to go through the world without making some enemies, if only

from the very honesty which his brother spoke of, and a slight want of pliability—not of sympathy, but of the power of showing it—which made him a strong contrast to his brother, besides occasionally jarring with him, as brothers do jar against brothers, sisters against sisters, friends against friends—not meaning it, but inevitably doing it.

"I can't be jolly, Will," said Julius, turning away. "You couldn't, if you had my pains. Ah me! they're beginning again—they always do at night. I think Dante would have invented a new torment for his Inferno if he had ever had rheumatic fever. How mad I was to sit that week painting in the snow!"

"Let by-gones be by-gones, Julius. Never recall the past, except to mend the future. That's my maxim, and I stick to it, though I am a stupid fellow—you're the bright one of us two."

"And what good has my brightness done me? Here I am, tied by the leg, my profession stopped—so far as it ever was a profession, for you know nobody ever bought my pictures. If it had not been for you, Will, what would have become of me? And what will become of me now? Well, I don't care."

"'Don't care' was hanged," said the elder brother, sententiously; "and you'll be hung, and well hung, I hope, in the Royal Academy next year."

The threadbare joke, so solemnly put forward and laughed at with childish enjoyment, effected its purpose in turning the morbid current of the sick man's thoughts. His mercurial and easily-caught fancy, which even illness could not destroy, took another direction, and he began planning what he should do when he got well—the next picture he should paint, and where he should paint it. His hopes were much lower than his ambitions, for his bias had been toward high art, only his finances made it impossible to follow it. And, perhaps, his talent—it scarcely reached genius—was more of the appreciative than the creative kind. Yet he loved his art as well as he loved any thing, and in talking about it he almost forgot his pains.

"If I could only get well," he said, "or even a little better, I might find in this pretty country some nice usable bits, and make sketches for my next year's work. Perhaps I might do a sea-piece: some small thing, with figures in it—a fisherman or a child. One could study from the life here without ruination to one's pocket, as it used to be in London. And, by-the-by, I saw to-day a splendid head, real Greek, nearly as fine as the Clytie."

"Where?"

"Here—at the parlor-window."

The elder brother smiled. "You are always discovering goddesses at parlor-windows, and finding them very common mortals after all."

"Oh, I have done with that nonsense," said Julius, with a vexed air; adding, rather sentimentally, "my day is over—I shall never fall in love again."

"Not till the next time. But this head? I conclude it was alive and had a woman belonging to it?"

"Probably, though I only saw the head. Are there any lodgers here besides ourselves?"

"Two ladies—possibly young ladies; but I really did not think of asking. I never was a ladies' man, you know. Shall I make inquiries on your account, young Lothario?"

"Well, you might, for I should like a chance of seeing that head again. It would paint admirably. I only wish I had the luck of doing it—when I get well."

"When I get well"—the sad, pathetic sentence often uttered, often listened to, though both speaker and listener know by instinctive foreboding that the "when" means "never." Dr. Stedman might have shared this feeling in spite of his firm "I believe it" of ten minutes before, for in the twilight his grave face looked graver still. Nevertheless, he carefully maintained the cheerful, even jocular tone of his conversation with his brother.

"You might ask the favor of taking her likeness. I am sure the young lady could not refuse. No young ladies ever do. Female vanity and your own attractions seem to fill your port-folio wherever you go. But to-morrow I'll try to get a look myself at this new angel of yours."

"No, there is nothing angelic about her face; not much, even, that is spiritual. It is thorough mortal beauty; not unlike the Clytie, as I said. It would paint well—as an Ariadne or a Dido; only there is not enough depth of sadness in it."

"Perhaps she is not a sad-minded young woman."

"I really don't know, or care. What nonsense it is our talking about women! We can't afford to fall in love or marry—at least I can't."

"Nor I neither," said the doctor, gravely. "And I did not mean to talk any nonsense about these two young women—if young they are—for the landlady told me they had just come out of great trouble—being schoolmistresses, with their school broken up, and one sister nearly dying through scarlet-fever."

"That isn't so bad as rheumatic fever. I remember rather enjoying it, because I was allowed to read novels all the time. Which sister had it? the Clytie one? That rare type of beauty runs in families. Perhaps the other has a good head too."

"I don't think she has."

"Why not?"

"Because I suspect I saw her just before I came up stairs to you—a little, pale, anxious-looking thing—not at all a beauty—sitting adding up her accounts. Very small accounts they were, seemingly; yet she seemed terribly troubled over them. She must be very poor or very stupid—women always are stupid over arithmetic. And yet she did not look quite a fool, either."

"How closely you must have watched her!"

"I am afraid I did, for at first I thought her only a little girl, she was so small; and I wondered what the creature could be so busy about. But I soon found she was a woman, and an anxious-faced little woman too. Most likely these two schoolmistresses are as poor as we are; and, if so, I am sorry for them, being only women."

"Ah, yes," said Julius, absently; but he seemed to weary of the conversation, and soon became absorbed in his own suffering. Over him had evidently grown the involuntary selfishness of sickness, which Letty Kenderdine had referred to; probably because she herself understood it only too well. But her sufferings were nothing to those of this poor young fellow, racked in every joint, and with a physical organization the very worst to bear pain. Nervous, sensitive, excitable; adding to present torment by both the recollection of the past and the dread of the future; exquisitely susceptible to both his own pains and the grief and anxiety they caused to others, yet unable to control himself so as in any way to lessen the burden of them; terrified at imaginary sufferings, a little exaggerating the real ones—which were sharp enough—the invalid was a pitiable sight, and most difficult to deal with by any nurse.

But the one he had was very patient—marvelously so for a man. For hours, until long after midnight—for Edna told her sister afterward she had heard his step overhead at about two in the morning—did the stout, healthy brother, who evidently possessed in the strongest degree the *mens sana in corpore sano*, devote himself to the younger one, trying every possible means to alleviate his sufferings; and when all failed, sitting down by his bedside, almost like a woman and a mother, saying nothing, simply enduring; or, at most, holding the poor fellow's hand with a firm clasp, which, in its mingled strength and tenderness, might have imparted courage to go through any amount of physical pain—nay, have led even to the entrance of that valley of the shadow of death which we must all one day pass through, and alone.

Help, as far as mortal help could go, William Stedman was the one to give; not in words, but in a certain atmosphere of quiet strength, or rather, in that highest expression of strength which we call fortitude. It seems easy to bear with fortitude another person's sufferings; but that is, to some natures, the very sharpest pang of all. And with something of the same expression on his face as, once (Julius reminded him of the anecdote about one in the morning) in their first school, he had gone up to the master and begged to be flogged instead of Julius—did William Stedman sit by his brother's bedside till the paroxysms of pain abated. It was not till nearly daylight that, the sufferer being at length quietly asleep, the doctor threw himself, dressed as he was, on the hearth-rug before the fire, and slept also—suddenly, soundly, and yet lightly; the sleep of a sailor or a mastiff dog.

Morning broke smilingly over the sea—an April morning, breezy and bright; and Edna, who had not slept well—not nearly so well as Letty—being disturbed first by the noises overhead, and then kept wakeful by her own anxious thoughts, which, compulsorily repressed in daytime, always took their revenge at night—Edna Kenderdine welcomed it gladly. Weary of sleeplessness, she rose early, and looking out of her window, she saw a man's figure pacing up and down the green cliff between her and the sea-line. Not a very stylish figure—still in the old coat and older wide-awake hat; but it was tall, broad, and manly. He walked, his hands folded somewhat ungracefully behind him, with a strong and resolute step, looking about him sometimes, but oftener with his head bent, thinking. Undoubtedly it was the doctor.

Edna watched him with some curiosity. He must have been up all night she knew; and as she had herself lain awake, listening to the accidental footfall, the poking of the fire, and all those sick-room noises which in the dead silence sound so ominous and melancholy in a house, even to one who has no personal stake in the matter, she had felt much sympathy for him. She was reminded keenly of her own sad vigils over poor Letty, and wondered how a man contrived to get through the same sort of thing. To a woman and a sister nursing came natural; but with a man it must be quite different. She speculated vaguely upon what sort of men the brothers were, and whether they were as much attached to one another as she and Letty. And she watched with a vague, involuntary interest the big man who kept striding up and down, refreshing himself after his weary night-watch; and when at last he came in and disappeared, probably to his solitary breakfast, she thought in her practical, feminine soul, what a dreary breakfast it must be; no one to make the tea, or see that the eggs were boiled properly, or do any of those tender duties which help to make the day begin cheerily, and in which this little woman took an especial pleasure.

As she busied herself in doing them for Letty, who was always the last down stairs, Edna could not forbear asking Mrs. Williams how the sick lodger was this morning.

"Rather bad, Miss. Better now; but was very bad all night, his brother says; and he has just started off to Ryde to get him some new physic."

"To Ryde—that is nine miles off!"

"Yes; but there was no help for it, he said. He inquired the short way across country, and meant to walk it, and be back as soon as he could. I asked him about dinner; but he left that all to me. Oh, miss, how helpless these men-folk be! He only begged me to look after his brother."

"Is the brother keeping his room?"

"No; he dressed him and carried him down

stairs, just like a baby, before he went out. Poor gentleman, it's a heavy handful for him; and him with no wife or mother or sister to help him; for I asked, and he said no, they had none; no relations in the world but their two selves."

"No more have we; but then women are so much more used to sickness than men are, and more helpful," said Edna. Yet, as she recalled her own sense of helplessness and entire desolation when she and Letty were landed in this very room, wet and weary, one chill, rainy afternoon, and the fire smoked, and Letty cried, and finally went into hysterics, she felt a sensation of pity for her neighbors—those "helpless men-folk," as Mrs. Williams called them, who, under similar circumstances, were even worse off than women.

"How is the poor fellow now?" she asked. "Have you been in again to look at him? He should not be left long alone."

"But, miss, where am I to get the time? And, besides, he don't like it. Whenever I go in and ask if I can do any thing for him he just shakes his head and turns his face back again into the pillow. And I don't think any thing will do him much good; he isn't long for this world. I wish I hadn't taken 'em; and if I can get 'em out at the week's end—not meaning to inconvenience—and hoping they will get as good lodgings elsewhere, which no doubt they will—"

"You wouldn't do it, Mrs. Williams," said Edna, smiling, and turning upon her those good, sweet eyes, which, Miss Kenderdine's pupils declared, "frightened" all the naughtiness out of them.

The landlady smiled too. "Well, miss, maybe I wouldn't; for I feels sorry for the poor gentleman; and I once had a boy of my own that would have been about as old as him. I'll do what I can, though he is grumpy and won't speak; and that ain't pleasant, is it, miss?"

"No."

This little conversation, like all the small trivialities of their life, Edna retailed for Letty's edification, and both sisters talked the matter over threadbare, as people in sea-side lodgings and out on a holiday have a trick of doing; for holiday-making to busy people is sometimes very hard work. They even, with a mixture of curiosity and real compassion, left their parlor-door open, in order to listen for and communicate to Mrs. Williams the slightest movement in the parlor opposite, where the sick man lay so helpless, so forlorn, that the kindly hearts of those two young women—certainly of one of them—forgot that he was a man, and a young man, and wished they could do him any good.

But, of course, under the circumstances, it would, as Letty declared, be the height of indecorum; they, unmarried ladies and schoolmistresses, with their credit and dignity at stake, how could they take the slightest notice of a young man be he ever so ill?

"Yet I wish we could," said Edna. "It seems so heartless to a fellow-creature to let him lie there hour after hour. If we might go in and speak to him, or send him a book to read, I can't believe it could be so very improper."

And when they came back from their morning stroll she lingered compassionately in front of the closed window and drawn-down blind behind which the sick man lay, ignorant of, or indifferent to, all the glad sights and sounds abroad—the breezy sea, the pleasant country, rejoicing in this blessed spring morning.

"Do come in," sharply said Letty, who had in some things a keener sense of the outward proprieties than Edna. "Don't be nonsensical and sentimental. It would never do for us to encourage, even in the smallest degree, these two young men, who are certainly poor, and, for all we know, may be scarcely respectable. I won't allow it, sister."

And she passed hastily the opposite door, which Edna was shocked to see was not quite closed, and walked into their own, with Letty's own dignified step and air of queenly grace, which, wherever she went, slew men, young and old, in indiscriminate massacre.

She was certainly a rare woman, Letitia Kenderdine—one that, met any where or any how, would make one feel that there might have been some truth in the old stories about Helen of Troy, Cleopatra of Egypt, and such like—ancient queens of history and fable, who rode rampant over the necks of men, and whose deadly beauty proved a fire-brand wherever it was thrown.

"Yes," replied Edna, as she took off her sister's hat and shawl, and noticed what a delicate rose-color was growing on the sea-freshened cheek, and how the old brightness was returning to the lustrous eyes. "You are quite right, Letty, dear. It would never do for us to take any notice of our neighbors, unless, indeed, they were at the very last extremity, which is not likely to happen."

"Certainly not; and even if it did, I must say I think we ought not to trouble ourselves about them. We have quite enough cares of our own without taking upon ourselves the burden of other people's."

This was only too true. Edna was silenced.

CHAPTER III.

"L'HOMME propose, et Dieu dispose," is a saying so trite as to be not worth saying at all were not its awful solemnity, in mercy as often as in retribution, forced upon us by every day's history; more especially in those sort of histories of which this is openly one—love-stories. How many brimming cups slip from the lip, according to the old proverb! how many more, which worldly or cruel hands have tried to dash aside, are nevertheless taken and guided by far diviner and safer hands, and made into a draught of life all the sweeter for delay! And in lesser

instances than these, what a curious path Fate oftentimes seems to make for mortal feet, leading them exactly whither they have resolved not to go, and shutting up against them those ways which seemed so clear and plain!

For some days Fate appeared to be doing nothing as regarded these four young persons but sitting invisibly at their mutual threshold with her hands crossed, and weaving no web whatever for their entanglement. They went out and came in—but their going and coming chanced to be at different hours; they never caught sight of one another. Edna, moved by her kindly heart, every morning made a few civil inquiries of Mrs. Williams after the invalid; but Letty, seeing that no interesting episode was likely to occur, ceased to care at all about the new-comers. Indeed, as she was now rapidly getting well, blooming into more than her ordinary beauty in the rejuvenescence that sometimes takes place after a severe illness, how could she be expected to trouble herself about a sick young man in a Bath chair, and a stout brother who was wholly absorbed in taking care of him? Except for Edna, and her occasional inquiries and remarks concerning them, Letty would almost have forgotten their existence.

But Fate had not forgotten. One morning the grim unseen Woman in the doorway rose up and began her work.

The "last extremity" of which Edna had spoken suddenly occurred.

They had seen Dr. Stedman start off, stick in hand, for his evening walk across the cliffs—which was the only recreation he seemed to indulge in—he took it while his brother slept, Mrs. Williams said, between twilight and bedtime; otherwise he rarely left him for an hour. This night it was an unfortunate absence. He had scarcely been gone ten minutes when the landlady rushed into the Misses Kenderdine's parlor in a state of great alarm.

"Oh! Miss Edna, would you come? You're used to illness, and I don't know what's the matter. He's dead, or dying, or something, and his brother's away. Please come!—this minute—or it may be too late."

"Don't go!" cried Letty. "Mrs. Williams, it's impossible—impertinent of you to ask it. She can't go."

But Edna had already gone without a word. She was not surprised at the landlady's fright. One of those affections of the heart which so often follow rheumatic fever had attacked the young man; very suddenly, as it seemed. He lay not on the sofa, but on the floor, as if he had slipped down there, all huddled up, with his hands clenched, and his face like a dead man's face. So like that Letty, who, after a minute, had, in spite of her opposition, followed her sister, thought he really was dead; and, having a nervous horror of death, and sickness, and all kinds of physical unpleasantnesses, had shrunk back again into their own sitting-room, and shut the door.

Edna knelt down and lifted the passive head on to her lap. She forgot it was a young man's head; she scarcely even saw that it was beautiful—a poet's face, like that of Shelley or Keats. She only recognized that he was a sick human creature who lay there needing her utmost help; and, without a second thought, she gave it. She would have given it just the same to the ugliest, coarsest laborer who had been brought injured to her door, and have shrunk as little from dirt and wounds as she did now from the grace of the curly black hair and the gleam of the white throat, which she hastily laid bare to give him a chance of breath.

"No, he is not dead, Mrs. Williams. I can feel his heart beat. He has only fainted. Bring me some smelling-salts and a glass of water."

Her simple restoratives took effect—the patient soon opened his eyes.

"Go into our room; tell my sister to send me a glass of wine," whispered she; and the frightened woman at once obeyed.

But the glass was held to his lips in vain. "Don't trouble me," said the poor fellow, faintly, and half-unconscious still. "Don't, Will! I'm dying—I would rather die."

"You are not dying, and we can not allow it," said Edna, from behind. "Drink this, and you will be better presently."

Instinctively he obeyed the cheerful, imperative voice, and then, coming more clearly to his senses, tried to discover whence it came, and who was holding him.

No vision of beauty; no princess succoring a wounded knight; or queen of fairies bending over King Arthur at the margin of the celebrated lake; nothing at all romantic, or calculated to fix a young man's imagination at once and forever. Only a little woman—a rather plain little woman too—who smiled down upon him very kindly, but without the slightest confusion or hesitation; no more than if she had been his aunt or his grandmother. He did not even think her a young woman—not then—for his faculties were confused; the only fact he was sensible of was her womanliness and kindliness.

The conversation between them was also as commonplace as it could be.

"You are very good, Madam; I am sorry to have troubled you—and all these women," looking round on Mrs. Williams and the servant with an ill-concealed expression of annoyance. "I am quite well now."

"You will be presently. But please don't talk. Drink this, and then lie down again on your sofa till your brother comes back. Will he be long?"

She had scarcely said it before the brother himself appeared. He stood a minute at the parlor-door. To say he looked astonished at the scene before him is needless; but his penetrating eye seemed to take it all in at a glance.

"Don't move, Julius. I understand. I wish I had not gone out," said he; and kneeling beside him, felt his pulse and heart.



ONLY FAINTED.

"Never mind, Will; I am better now. Mrs. Williams looked after me; and this lady, you see."

"Mrs. Williams fetched me, knowing I was accustomed to illness," explained Edna, simply, as she resigned her post to the doctor and rose to her feet. "I do not think it was worse than a fainting-fit, and he is much better now."

"So I see. Thank you. We are both of us exceedingly indebted to you for your kindness," said Dr. Stedman, rather formally, but in a manner which proved he was—as Edna had said every doctor ought to be—really a gentleman. And then, taking advantage of his complete absorption in his brother's state to the exclusion of all standers-by, she quietly slipped out of the room; thereby escaping all further thanks, explanations, or civilities.

Letty, having recovered from her fright, and being reassured that there was not that dreadful thing "death in the house," nor likely to be at present, became, as was natural, mightily interested in the episode which had taken place in the opposite parlor.

"Quite a scene in a play. You must have felt like a heroine of romance, Edna."

"Indeed I didn't; only rather awkward and uncomfortable. That is, if I felt any thing at all, which I am not sure I did, at the time. He was a very sad sight, that poor young fellow. Fainting in the reality is not half so picturesque as they make it on the stage and in books. Besides, I fear it is only an indication of worse things. Heart-disease almost invariably follows rheumatic fever. I know that."

"Of course. You know every thing," said Letty, with the slight sharpness of tone which was occasionally heard in her voice, and startled a stranger by the exceeding contrast it formed to her beautiful classical face. "But, for all you say, it was a charming adventure. A sick young man lying unconscious, with his head in your lap, and his brother coming in and finding you in that romantic attitude."

"Nonsense!" cried Edna; a slight color, half shame-faced, half indignant, rising in her honest cheek.

"It isn't nonsense at all. It's very interesting. And pray tell me every word they said to you. They ought to have overwhelmed you with gratitude; and one or both brothers—both would be better—ought to fall in love with you

on the spot. The result—rivalry, jealousy, fury, and fratricide. Oh! what fun! To have two brothers in love with one lady at the same time! I wonder it never happened to me; but perhaps it may some day."

"I earnestly hope not," said Edna.

But at the same time a horrible foreboding entered her mind concerning these two brothers, who must inevitably live under the same roof with Letty for some days, possibly weeks; who would have many opportunities of seeing her—and nobody ever looked at the beautiful Letty who did not look again immediately. For her charms were not those recondite and variable ones of expression and intellect; they were patent—on the surface—attractive at once to the most refined and the coarsest masculine eyes. Hitherto no young man had ever cast the merest glance upon Letty Kenderdine without trying to pursue the acquaintance; and the anxious sister began to wish that her own sympathies had not led her into that act of kindly civility which might prove the "open, sesame" to a hundred civilities more, were the opposite lodgers so inclined. Should it appear likely, she determined to make a dead stand of opposition, and not allow the least loophole through which they could push their way to any further acquaintance.

This determination, however, she wisely kept to herself; for in Letty's last little love-affair they two had held divided opinions, and, with all her affection for her sister, she had begun to find that sisters do not necessarily think alike. Their twelvemonths' living together, after an almost total separation since their school-days, had taught Edna this fact—one of the sad facts which all human beings have to learn—that every one of us is, more or less, intensely alone. Before marriage—ay, and after any but the very happiest marriage—absolutely and inevitably alone.

"Don't speak so seriously," said Letty, laughing. "You are not vexed with me?"

"Oh no!"

Where, indeed, was the use of being vexed with her? or of arguing the point with her? Edna knew that if she were to talk to her sister till doomsday she could no more make her understand her own feelings on this subject than if she were preaching to a blind man on the subject of colors. To Letty love merely meant marriage, and marriage meant a nice house, a respectable, good sort of man as master to it—probably, a carriage; and at any rate as many handsome clothes as she could possibly desire. She did not overlook the pleasantness of the preliminary stage of love-making, but then she had already gone through that, in degree; in truth, her lovers had of late become to her more of a worry than an amusement, and she was now disposed to take a thoroughly sensible and practical view of things.

Nevertheless, there was in her a lurking love of admiration *per se*, without ulterior possibilities, which had grown by what it fed on—and there was no lack of provender in Letty's case, for every man she met admired her. Also, she had in her a spice of feminine contradictoriness, which, had she discovered any lack of admiration, would have roused her to buckle all her beauty's armor on, and remedy it, thus marring, by one fortuitous glance or smile, all her sister's sage precautions.

Edna knew this; knew it by the way in which, while protesting that she hoped no further acquaintance with the two Stedmans would ensue through this very imprudent step on Edna's part, she talked all evening about them, and insisted on hearing every particular concerning them: what they did, said, and looked like: what sort of a parlor they had, whether it was very untidy and bachelor-like.

"For, of course, neither of them is married, though the doctor is old enough to be, but doctors never can afford to settle early, especially in London. These people live in London, don't they?"

"I really don't know. I have never inquired."

"Do inquire, then; for if Dr. Stedman should take it into his head to call—and it would be the least thing he could do, in acknowledgment of your kindness to his brother—"

"Oh, I hope not."

"So do I; for it might turn out exceedingly"—Letty cast a half-amused glance at herself in the mirror—"exceedingly awkward—for him, poor fellow; of course, it couldn't affect me. Though big and rough—as he is, you say—he seems decidedly the most interesting of the two. And depend upon it, Edna, if we should happen to make acquaintance with these two brothers he is the one that will fall in love with me."

"Why do you think so?" asked Edna, internally resolving that, if she could possibly prevent it, the poor honest-looking doctor should be saved from that dire calamity.

"Why? Because he's ugly, and I'm—well, I'm not exactly ugly, you know; and I always notice that plain people are certain to fall in love with me—probably just by the law of contrast. For the same reason you'll tell me, I suppose, that I ought to marry some very wise, grave fellow, possibly such a one as this doctor of yours, who would altogether look after me, take me in and do for me—admire me excessively, no doubt, but still save me all trouble of thinking and acting for myself. Heigh-ho! what a comfort that would be!"

"It really would!" said Edna, seriously, and then could not help smiling, for the hundredth time, at Letty's very matter-of-fact style of discussing her loves and her lovers. Her extreme candor was her redeeming point. She was not a wise woman, but she was certainly not a hypocrite. No need to fear that with Letty Kenderdine it would be "all for love and the world well lost," or that if she married she would make otherwise than what even Belgravian mothers would call "a very good marriage," and after-

ward strictly do her duty to her husband and society, or rather to society first, and then, so far as was practicable, to her husband. And, Edna sometimes thought, judging by the sort of lovers that came after Letty, with whose characters and feelings she, Edna, was fully conversant, for her sister had no reticence whatever concerning them—men marry for no higher, perhaps even a lower, motive. "I am rather glad," said she, suddenly, apropos of nothing, "certainly more glad than sorry, that I shall be an old maid."

"Well, as I always said, you will be an extremely happy one," returned Letty; "and you ought to be thankful to be saved from all the difficulties which fall to my lot. There! don't you hear the opposite door opening? He is stopping in the lobby—speaking to Mrs. Williams. Of course, I knew what would come of all this. I was certain the young man would call."

But in spite of Letty's tone of indignation her countenance fell considerably when the doctor did not call, but shut his sitting-room door again immediately, apparently without taking the slightest interest in, or manifesting the smallest desire to communicate with, his fair neighbor. And another night fell, and another day rolled on, bright, sunshiny, calm; it was most glorious weather; just the "fullness of the spring," when

"A young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love;"

and still Fate sat motionless at the threshold—nor approached a step nearer to make these young hearts beat or tremble with premonitions of their destiny.

It was not until the last evening of the week, and three days after Edna's act of unacknowledged, and, Letty declared, quite unappreciated kindness, that the four inmates of Mrs. Williams's lodgings really met, face to face, in a rencontre unplanned, unexpected, and impossible to be avoided on either side. Yet it came about naturally enough, and at the most likely place—the garden gate.

Just as the two sisters were setting out for the latest of their three daily strolls, and the doctor was bringing his brother home from his, the Bath chair stopped the way. Letty, walking in advance, as she usually did, being now as restless for going out as she had formerly been languid and lazy in stopping in, came suddenly in front of her fellow-invalid.

She drew back—as has been said, Letty had an instinctive shrinking from any kind of suffering—and Julius, lifting up his heavy eyes, saw this tall, beautiful woman standing with one hand on the wicket gate, and her hat in the other, for she rather liked to go bareheaded in the sea-breeze. Now it freshened her cheek and brightened her eyes until she seemed a vision of health as well as beauty in the sight of the sick man, who was turning homeward after a long afternoon's stroll, weary of himself, of life, of every thing.

His artistic eye was caught at once; he recognized her with a look of admiration that no woman could mistake; though it puzzled Letty Kenderdine a little, being different from the bold, open stare she was so well used to. It was a look, respectful and yet critical; as calmly observant as if she had been a statue or a picture, not a living woman at all, and he bent upon investigating her good and bad points, and appraising her value. Yet it was a gaze of extreme delight, though delight of a purely artistic kind—the pleasure of looking at a lovely thing; the recognition, open and free, of that good gift — beauty; when, or how, or upon whomsoever bestowed. Therefore it was a gaze that no gentleman need have blushed to give, nor any lady to receive; even Edna, who, coming behind her sister, met and noticed it fully, could not take offense at it.

And at sight of Edna the sickly face broke out into a smile.

"It is you. I hoped I should see you again. I wanted to thank you for your kindness to me the other day. I told Will— Here, Will, I want you."

Dr. Stedman, who had been pushing the Bath chair from behind, also stood gazing intently at the beautiful vision, which, indeed, no man with eyes could possibly turn away from.

"Will, do come and thank this lady—I forget her name; indeed, I don't think I ever heard it."

This was a hint which Edna did not take; but, to her surprise, it was unnecessary.

"Miss Kenderdine, I believe" (and he had got the name quite pat and correct, which strangers seldom did), said the doctor, taking off his hat, and showing short, crisp, brown locks, curling tight round what would, ere many years, be a bald crown. "My brother and I are glad to have an opportunity of thanking you for your kindness that day. It made a strong impression on him; he has talked of you ever since."

"Yes, indeed; it was such a charitable thing for a stranger to do to a poor sick fellow like me," added Julius, looking up with a simplicity that had something almost childlike in it. "Such a frank, generous, womanly thing! I told Will he ought to go in and thank you for it, but he wouldn't; he is such a shy fellow, this brother of mine."

"Julius, pray—we are detaining these ladies."

But Julius never took any hints, and often said and did things which nobody else would ever think of; and yet, coming from him, they were done in such a pleasant way as never to vex any body.

"Nonsense! we are not stiff in our manners here: we are at the sea-side; and then I am an invalid, and must be humored, must I not, Miss Kenderdine? You don't mind my detaining you here for two minutes, just to thank you?"

"No," said Edna, smiling. She wondered

afterward that she had responded so frankly to the young man's greeting, and allowed so unresistingly the introduction, which soon brought them all to speaking terms, and drew Letty also into the quartette, who, for the next five minutes or so, paused to talk over the garden-gate. But, as she was forced to confess—when in their walk afterward Letty reproved her, laying all the blame upon her, whatever happened—she could not help it. There was a charm about Julius Stedman which made every body do as he wished, and he evidently wished exceedingly to make acquaintance with these two young ladies. Not an unnatural wish in any man, especially in dull sea-side lodgings.

So he detained them as long as he civilly could, chatting freely to the one, and gazing silently at the other—the owner of that wonderful Clytie face. He put himself, with his unquestioned prerogative of illness, much more forward than his brother—though the doctor, too, talked a little, and looked also; if not with the open-eyed admiration of Julius, with a keen, sharp investigation, as if he were taking the measure, less artistically than morally, of this lovely woman.

Nevertheless—or, perhaps, consequently—the conversation that went on was trivial enough: about the sea, the fine coast, the lovely spring sunset, and the charming weather they had had there two days.

"Yes, I like it," said Julius, in reply to Edna's question. "It warms me through and through—this glorious sunshine! I am sure it would make me well if it lasted; but nothing ever does last in this world."

"You will speak more cheerfully by-and-by," said Edna. "I was pleased at this change of weather, because I knew it would do you and all sick people so much good."

"How kind of you to think of me at all!" returned Julius, gratefully. "I am sure you must be a very nice woman."

"Must I?" Edna laughed, and then blushed a little, to find herself speaking so familiarly not only with strangers, but with the very strangers whom she had determined to keep at arm's-length under all circumstances. But then the familiarity was only with her—Edna, to whom it signified little. Neither of the brothers had addressed Letty, nor offered her any attention beyond a respectful bow; and Letty had drawn herself up with considerable *hauteur*, adding to the natural majesty of her beauty a sort of "fall-in-love-if-you-dare" aspect, which, to some young men, might have been an additional attraction, but which did not seem to affect fatally either of these two.

They looked at her; with admiration certainly, as any young men might — nay, must have done—would have been fools and blind not to have done; but that was all. At first sight neither seemed disposed to throw himself prone under the wheels of Letty's Juggernaut chariot; which fact relieved Edna's mind exceedingly.

So, after some few minutes of a conversation equally unembarrassed and uninteresting the young people parted where they stood, all four shaking hands over the gate, Julius grasping Edna's with a grateful pressure that would decidedly have startled her, had she not recognized by instinct the impulsive temperament of the young man. Besides, she was utterly devoid of self-conscious vanity, and accustomed to think of her own relation to the opposite sex as one that precluded any special attentions. Her personal experience of men had been solely in the character of confidante to Letty's lovers. She used to say, laughing, "She was born to be every body's sister, or every body's maiden aunt."

And so the ice was broken between these four young people, so strangely thrown together in this solitary place, and under circumstances when the world and its restrictions—whether needed or needless—were, for the time being, more or less set aside. They met, simply as four human beings, through blind chance, as it seemed, and wholly ignorant that the innocent wicket gate, held open so gracefully by Letty's hand for the Bath chair to pass through, was to them an opening into that enchanted garden which is entered but once. Which most of us —nay, confess it! all of us—dream about continually before entering; and passing out of—even for happier Edens—seldom leave without a sigh of regret. For it is the one rift of heaven which makes all heaven appear possible; the ecstasy of hope and faith, out of which grows the Love which is our strongest mortal instinct and intimation of immortality.

WHY SHALL THEY DO IT?

HAVING discussed the question "*What shall They do?*" in a past Number of this Magazine, it seems to be the proper thing to entitle this paper "WHY SHALL THEY DO IT?" But perhaps, as Mr. Gough says of his lecture on Eloquence and Orators, it might have been called "Tempest and Sunshine," or "Night and Morning," or "Past and Present," or a dozen other things with equal fitness.

I would also observe, that having, after the orthodox manner of essayists, attempted on that other occasion the "trick of the editorial We," I hereby renounce it as a dignity supportable only by those who are "born to greatness," returning at once and forever to the comfort of my personal identity and the singular number.

What women shall do to support themselves has been already sufficiently considered. The Janes and the Ellas have undoubtedly left their sewing-chairs and school-rooms, and gone into the printing-offices, the hospitals, the kitchens, the agencies, the milliners' business, the clerkships, the medical schools at my suggestion! Good girls! Let us regard them as peacefully disposed of, and wish them rest unto their souls.

I am speaking now to women who can not or need not support themselves by paid em-

ployment. You anticipate my message, some of you. There *are* people who do not live by bread alone. The rest open their laughing, shallow eyes perplexed.

"If I had money," says Jeannette, "do you suppose I'd work? You wouldn't see me!"

But Mary falls silent and muses; whispering by-and-by, "I think I should be happier."

Supposing that Jeannette's brother acknowledged Jeannette's theory of life? Society lays its stern, derisive ban upon the unoccupied man. The hearts and hands of a growing people are too full to take him in. Weary workers turn the glance, not of envy but of contempt, upon his ease. The tread of a busy world rings by upon the other side.

A woman should be just as much ashamed of having nothing to do as a man. The notion that women are made to be taken care of, to depend upon somebody, to be toiled for, to play among the roses of life while their husbands and fathers are on its battle-fields, is degrading to the last degree; and it is fortunate for all parties that it is only a notion. "Male and female created He them" to *do* His will. She shall be a help *meet* for her husband if she have chosen a husband worth helping. She must be a *help* meet for herself if she have not.

A married woman with the care of husband, house, and children on her hands, has, with money and an American constitution, the work of a lifetime before her; without money, the work of four. It is not for the married that I write, but for those "unmarried and widows" who gave Paul so much anxiety, and who have not ceased to trouble the mind of authors and doctors of divinity unto this day.

God has given to each and every one of us—man and woman—a corner of his own or her own in the crowded world. Somewhere, and not in a land that is very far off, our work lies waiting. And somewhere—ah, *somewhere* it must wait and wail after us, if so be that we go out of life and have not found it.

Do I speak a confusion of tongues, Jeannette? Why, I wonder, did you think that God took the trouble to decide from all eternity on the incident of your existence? That you might take music-lessons, make calls, measure trails, get married?

We are not put into this world merely to be successful in business, to be educated, to be refined, to be "accomplished," to preside well at a dinner-party and enjoy Ristori or appreciate Dante, nor to gather to ourselves rare culture of literature, art, society. We are not even put here to be happy. We are put here mainly to be disciplined and to be of use. Culture and business, Ristori and dinner-parties, are means to an end; but the end remains.

The end will go out in sad forgetfulness as long as women are trained to think an idle life of even a few years respectable.

Think of it, girls—to have lived in the world and left it and missed your work! With the best of good-natured intentions, perhaps, but the weakest of blinded eyes, to have gone over it, under it, around it, but *missed* it altogether!

I know of a family of five cultivated, wealthy daughters, every one of whom on leaving school trained herself for a business or profession, and followed it till marriage, if she married—for life, if she remained single. Some approach to such an ideal system should be held before the eyes of all young girls. The absence of that or any other system is the great cause of the unsatisfactory character of much of woman's work. Their brothers are imbued in the cradle with the fixed idea that they are to *be* something. Nobody ever asks a girl what she shall "be." Somebody's wife and somebody's mother, very likely, but very likely neither. Besides she is in no hurry about that, and there may be a long interregnum to provide for. How would you like, Sir, to stay about after college stoning your mother's raisins and bringing in your father's wood till such time as you found a wife to your liking? What would be the effect on all the sinews of your manhood? What must be the influence on the womanhood of your daughter?

I believe that I have said some of this before, but the chances are that you have forgotten it, and it suits my purpose to say it again.

If Jeannette had her money what would she do? What the moneyed Jeannettes do any where: there would be the opera, and the dressmaker, and that inevitable novel (I wouldn't have spoken of it if I could have helped myself), a prayer-book on Sunday, and a comfortable sense of having "done up" religion for the week; mild, instinctive good-nature, exercised when it comes convenient toward the proper sort of people; an occasional startled sense of hollowness and pain when it is twilight and nothing especial is going to happen; by-and-by death; and what then? If she was a good girl in her feeble way, will she be satisfied with her starting-point in another world?

Had she devoted her time and money to some useful business or busy charity there would be a different tale to tell. The simple fact that she had found full occupation for her brain and hands would have greatened her heart and widened her eyes to accomplish the purpose for which she was made; for even Jeannette was made with a purpose. She might have to serve an apprenticeship. Very well. Perhaps she must leave home; but what of that? Shall a deathless soul turn itself into a butterfly because of a little loneliness or drudgery?

But Mary looks up with wistful face.

"I don't exactly see. We are not all Jeannettes. I could not leave home nor serve an apprenticeship. I have wanted to. But I am not strong. Besides, mother can not spare me."

But they spare their sons, these mothers. They would not do *them* the wrong of affectionately penning them up in a little prison of maternal need and fondness. Nor would they so manage matters that the boy's conscience should be troubled in following his tastes and aspira-

tions. Their consent to his plans of culture and usefulness is free and unqualified. He is not made to feel that he is neglecting his parents because he has outgrown the four home walls. It is not unfilial in him to spread his own wings as they spread theirs before him.

If a daughter is content at home it is a good thing; it may be the best of things. If a broad margin of her life lie empty there and she would go out to fill it, her own mother should be the last to say her nay. She can not spare her six months to teach the freedmen becaues she needs her to take care of the children! Yet she would spare her for a lifetime to be married, and be dumb, and open not her mouth. The child's happiness is at stake? So it is at stake as regards those negroes. The difference is only one of degree, not kind.

This, understand, is the mother's side of the responsibility. If a daughter of her own loving will choose to sacrifice all broader dreams to the happiness of a mother who has sacrificed much for her, that is another matter. Under given circumstances a home duty may undoubtedly have more claim upon a girl than upon her brother; for the reason that she can perform it better. If following your fancy (provided it be a worthy fancy) imply leaving your home, and you can conscientiously leave your home, I hope that you will do it, girls, and that you will take your mother's blessing with you. Better to leave a home a thousand times than to turn it into a city of refuge for your laziness and incapacity and pointless discontent.

"But I can not," decides Mary. "She is sick. She needs me. It would not be right. I would rather not."

Very well, that settles the question. "But I am not happy," she pleads further. "What shall I do?"

Poor Mary! Do we not all know the little discontented story? She came from her boarding-school, bubbling over with a girl's impetuous young life, crowding her future with a girl's unreal, bewitching romance. For two years, or three, or four, girls' eternal friendships had been burning hotly on her altar; girls' mischievous secrets had lent zest to the days and nights; her studies occupied her head, her pretty nonsense her heart. She came home in an easterly storm, the village looked sloppy and old-fashioned, her mother was sick, the children were convalescing from the measles. People were glad to see her, but people were preoccupied and anxious. There had been rough corners to turn in the life at home while she was away from it. She must turn them too, in future.

So she unpacked her trunks one day, and dusted the parlor the next, and made preserves the third, and at the end of a week was in the full tide of housewifely care and annoyance, down which she has drifted helplessly from then till now. It is she who must dress the children; she who must run the machine; she who must entertain the company, and bake the cake. Her mother with a pale smile calls her the "flower of the family," and "the best daughter in the world," and Mary is glad, and tries to be content. But content will not exactly come. Sometimes, in her thoughtful hours, it has seemed to her that she should like to earn something for her own support—as if she were not more than earning her support! But that is out of the question. Let her stay with her mother, then, but let her find herself, as most people do, with some leisure on her hands. It does not quite satisfy her to spend it in making tatting. "I would like to be of use in the world," she thinks. As if she were not of use, you see, already! But if her conscience tell her that the use might be deepened, that is decisive. She disregards it at her peril.

"Charity begins at home," remarks Jeannette, with a virtuous air. To be sure; but the trouble, and the pity, and the mistake are that it does end there.

What then about Mary? Let me tell her a few stories. She and Jeannette shall listen, each in her own way, and if there be any answer to their questions, any solving of their doubts, any suggestions for their future, they shall sift them out for themselves in silence.

Once upon a time I knew a young lady who came from a city boarding-school to a country home at the restless age of twenty-one. It was a home of refinement and tenderness, but it was in a town that consisted of one street, and was accessible only by a ferry. Educated, gifted, ambitious, generous, and sick, she opened her eyes, and looked about her. She cried out with Miss Alcott, "I want something to do!" It did not strike her that to help her mother, take a Sunday-school class, and attend to her fall sewing made life exactly worth while. But consider; a town with one street and a ferry! No factory people, no mission-schools, no district visiting, no freedmen's societies and Young Women's Christian Associations. No strength or opportunity for entering a "professional" life elsewhere. Nothing but her own earnest eyes and rare invention to save her from morbid misery, or inanition that is worse.

So she cast about her for relief, and bethought herself one day of a few young girls in the neighborhood who would go to school if they knew where to go. The thought grew and prospered. The girls came; the school opened, enlarged, extended; circulars went forth; parents came; there were assistant teachers, and busy days, and by-and-by a miniature "Seminary," a hopeful, thankful face at the principal's desk, years of happy work, and memories now that will keep sweet for a lifetime.

That she more than supported herself, and more than filled her time, was the small part of the arrangement. Her scholars she felt were her gift from the Lord. Could she give any of them back to Him? Could she at least be friend and helper to any who needed friend or help? She gave her whole heart to them. She worked for them waking and dreaming. She planned and contrived and experimented

and hoped and feared for them. Nothing that was of interest to them, from their spring-dresses to their evening-prayers, escaped her unerring notice. She became to them something between a mother and a saint.

The history of that little, simple country school has never been fully told, but I believe that an angel has it written somewhere in letters that blaze. And some time she shall see with lifted eyes the beautiful record of neglected minds that she has trained, tears that she has wiped away, lives that she has moulded, souls that she has saved.

I think of another: a woman with a pale face and liquid voice. The war found her, one of several sisters, asking herself in the intervals of music-teaching and home-work: "What wilt Thou have me to do?"

"We have no son to give to the country," said her mother, watching her. "I think we must give a daughter."

"But, Annie," demurred her father, "if you go away and become a hospital nurse, you must come home again some time; then you will be discontented."

She opened her still eyes on him and made answer only: "I think not, father."

But he let her go.

She worked like a hero. Night after night she has been carried fainting from her ward, but never till the *close* of the day's duty. Night after night she has crawled to her room and knelt down with her face hidden in her hard little bed, too exhausted to undress, to stir, to speak, to hear, to think, but not till the evening's work was *done*.

She staid till the war was over and came home. In the lull after such excitement the ordinary work-days and holidays of ordinary people might well have seemed to offer few possibilities for great achievement. That did not trouble her; she went to work and made them. A common chance threw in her way a number of young, tempted souls. She allowed herself no idle rest. She took them as a grateful burden upon her conscience. You or I might have passed them by with cold or careless words. Tempted people are apt to be wicked and discouraging. No wickedness or failure discourages her. In reverent likeness to a Master whom she serves, we might call her "friend of sinners." Something in her quiet smile says: "I am sorry for you. Tell me the whole story." Crowded with cares at home, she makes room for the interests of the veriest strangers in her thought. It is in you, in me, in another that she is absorbed. One must remind her of herself. "Sometimes," she writes, "I feel *perfectly riddled through with other people.*" Where she has but spent an hour she leaves a perfume for years, like attar of roses in a vase. Her life is a psalm, a gospel, a light, a magnet.

But yet you see it is built of such simple uses that I might write her biography, and not tell you what they are.

Another hospital nurse occurs to me who came home with vision cleared for seeing many things that she, like Mary and Jeannette, would not once have noticed. The quiet town in which she lives might not have seemed in other years to hold facilities for very active "benevolence." She discovers now that a dozen hard-working, bright, poor boys long hopelessly for an education; and, lo! her hands are full. Undoubtedly it takes some contrivance and self-denial to give three evenings a-week to their instruction; but undoubtedly she is as much happier and better for it as they are. Who knows what future Abraham Lincoln she may be unconsciously training? But ah no! not that. He, as they said of Jean Paul, is *Der Einiger*. We have many teachers, exemplars, friends. We have but one Father.

"I never was so happy in my life," said a teacher among the freedmen, "as I have been these last six months." Plantation hands, and the worst of them, may fall to her care. So much the better. Her daily bill of fare may be faith, good works, and salt pork; but send her northward for rest, and she is "just homesick to be back again." Such testimony is food for reflection.

But of one other yet have I to tell, and "then my story is done;" or, at least, it will be if I don't change my mind by that time. She was a woman poor and of lowly birth; over-employed with house-work and her needle, and dying by slow tormenting inches of consumption. We in her place might have found that self-support and the struggle with death left no bodily or mental force to spare; hid our candle under a weak bushel of endurance, died, and been forgotten. This woman reasoned otherwise. If she suffered, so as well did another; were she miserable, a neighbor might be yet more comfortless. Forming her patient plans upon this principle, she investigated the by-ways and hedges in which her own lines had been cast. Among them, but not of them, she devoted herself unpaid, unnoticed, unencouraged, to a quiet, persistent, missionary's life. She had her evenings, and the time set apart by her physicians for the daily exercise necessary to continuance of life. People shivered, went hungry, were tempted, sinned, suffered, were deserted, despaired. Somehow or other, by ways that her townspeople knew not, she clothed, fed, strengthened, comforted, saved them. Charitable Societies and Sunday-schools, funds and assistants, sprang up under her persevering fingers. Many another came lightly in at the eleventh hour to reap the harvest that she had sown in tears and in the dark. But she will stand shrined singly in the hearts of a whole village. Not many great, not many mighty, are called to her height of privilege. When the hand of the Lord fell upon her, and elected her to her place in that sad, mysterious procession who "only stand and wait," the blessings that echoed about her bedside would turn a cross into a couch.

Like a voice from another planet, yet tuned in the same key, is the history of Madame Swetchine, the Russian noble. All true-hearted women should read her memoirs, especially you who live in kings' houses and neither sow nor reap. The temptations of wealth are as great as the temptations of poverty; greater, perhaps, if we accept that stinging Oriental figure about the camel and the needle's eye. One may touch every thing with gilded fingers, yet believe one's self to be using honest, bare hands. It is easy to glide with a current, yet be confident that one is standing boldly and still.

Madame Swetchine, dandled in the dainty lap of every luxury that rank, money, and love could invent for her pleasing; breathing the perfumed air of palaces, and counting the great scholars of the day among her intimate friends, led as true a missionary life as that unfortunate brother of Dr. Holmes's acquaintance who went to the Cannibal Islands—and staid there.

Driven by engagements at the drawing-rooms of princes, wits, and beauties, keeping open *salon* of her own, busy with politics, and shattered by ill-health, she would not have been unlike other women had she excused herself from all further responsibility about this world—and perhaps the next. To her view, the whole brilliant panorama was working-ground. One was her employer, even a lowly man, a carpenter's son. She was put where she was for an object that stood out simple and grand and single before her. Talent and treasure were her tools. The supper-room of the Princess Alexis and the chamber of a servant could be alike sacred places. The Emperor Alexander and the beggar at her gates were possible harvest-fields.

One can scarcely quote from a book already read and quoted by so many, but I venture to a modest degree, that Mary and Jeannette may see what manner of woman this was.

We do not read far before coming across whole pages of little notes like these, addressed to a friend and colaborer, worthy of a Boston Bible-woman, and sounding strangely enough from a brilliant and *distrait* participator in foreign "high-life:"

"Please, my dear Tourgenief, do me the favor of obtaining the matron's memoranda." . . . "The woman who will hand you this, my dear martyr, has met with losses." . . . "Count de Maister has written, requesting me to mention to you a poor Polish woman." . . . "You have no idea how earnestly they are asking for Polish and Italian Bibles. Have you not some?" . . . "Will you do me a great favor by suggesting a situation for a little girl nine or ten years of age?" . . .

And so on in patience and tenderness without limit.

Upon one page we find her deep in an elaborate correspondence with Alexis de Tocqueville, trying in her delicate, woman's way to verify the remark of Father Lacordaire's, that "it is impossible for two souls to meet in sweet communion without religions sooner or later crossing the threshold of their discourse." Turn a leaf, and she is concerned about the moods and fancies of that loved deaf mute, her servant, friend, and "the vigilant sentinel of a life which had been so lavish of itself."

"Her kindness to the poor," says her biographer, "was not confined to waiting for and welcoming them. Her greatest treat was visiting them at their homes.....When Madame Swetchine wanted to plan a diversion or a pleasure for a poor person, it was done with the same care and precision that she displayed in the loftiest efforts of her intelligence. For some she would bring a few pots of flowers; for others, framed engravings—battles, for instance, if there happened to be an old soldier in the family. For one she selected books; for another, some convenient piece of furniture; for the infirm, a good roomy arm-chair. One New-Year's day she quietly withdrew from all the attention with which she was surrounded, and went to pass several hours with some poor parents who had just lost two sons in rapid succession."

An old servant, who was "convinced that her dear lady shortened her days by her desire to serve her kind in all ranks of life," writes to her in this simple, touching way:

"One morning she said to me: 'I am in a great hurry. I have a great deal of writing to do, and am very much behindhand. I shall close my door to every body without exception.' But when she rose from the table she added, with a smile: 'However, if there are any poor people who have come from a distance and have no time to call again, you must announce them.' A moment after she entered the drawing-room she came back to say: 'I had forgotten that M'me such a one wanted to see me alone.'"

"Every one," proceeds the memoir, "knows the clashing which can not fail to occur where servants are numerous. 'I love you all,' she used to say to her people, but understand, you would all go before Parisse (the mute). She is the most unfortunate, and much must be forgiven her."

"'Ah!' cried a bathing-woman, who had attended her in her illness, 'Madame Swetchine was a holy woman—a true saint! There are no more such. The more unhappy you were the more she loved you. She thought more of a poor person than of a prince.'"

One never knows when to turn away one's eyes in looking through such a crystal life.

"But we can not all be Madame Swetchines?"

That may be; but we may all be something true and worth the being. *All* of us, Jeannette. It may need the spirit of that poor factory-girl, whose friends found at her death that she had saved from her four dollars a week *thirty dollars* a year, for many years, as a "charity fund;" it may need a little of her spirit to discover what. Or the energy of another who writes from the shores of the Western Lakes:

"I am a school-teacher. Heartily can I echo your remark: 'I had rather dig potatoes!' and I know what that means, for my sister and I *dug a barrelful* for the Sanitary Commission."

We may not go on a mission, or found a professorship, or convert an Emperor; but we might

watch with a sick Sunday scholar, or trim a servant's bonnet. If you can not teach the freedmen, make night-gowns for their babies. If you can not manage an orphan asylum, go and comfort a homesick girl. If you can not write novels or go on an agency, take a course of history, read notes to a blind music-teacher, and be a friend to your seamstress. Let your path cut straight through one engrossing business, or wind about among little wearing self-denials, but be in earnest. Don't fritter your womanhood away into bubbles, however rare may be the rainbows on their surface. With Him who will be sure to open opportunities for your faithful hands nothing is common or unclean; nothing small and useless, but selfishness and frivolity.

Why, then, Shall They do It? Because it is the only way to live. It is better to invent ways of usefulness, and twist circumstances into advantages, and crowd efforts into untried spots—better to try and fail and take courage and try again, and learn and unlearn and relearn, while heart and hands are left to you, than not to have it said of you honestly by every soul whose orbit crosses yours: She hath done what she could.

For behold the Night cometh wherein no man can work.

IN THE FIVE POINTS.

A BRIGHT October day in New York city. What that means of balmy air, and golden sunlight, and blue, blue sky, clear and cloudless, no foreigner can possibly know until he has seen the glory of an American autumn.

My good friend Algernon De Blasé, who is proud of his Norman blood, found our American October sufficiently novel to stifle his yawns for a whole week after arriving from Liverpool by the last steamer. But to-day, after breakfast had been an hour cleared away, I caught him in the act.

"Why dost thou yawn, *mon ami?*" I asked De Blasé.

"Sunday is a bore," he made answer. "What do you do with your Sunday?"

"I generally use it for religious purposes," said I, "but if you like I will take you for a drive in the Central Park to-day, that you may see our democrats a-holidaying."

"Very well," said De Blasé.

A thought struck me. Without imparting it to my friend I ordered up the carriage, and we got in.

"Drive to the Five Points," I said to the Irish gentleman who occupied the box.

"Fhwat, Sur?" queried Dennis, doubting the testimony of his ears.

I repeated the order, and away we rolled.

"I am taking you, Algy," I explained to my friend, "to the St. Giles of this metropolis. I want to show you how the American reformer is doing his noble work in the hot-bed of American crime and degradation."

We presently turned into Broadway, down which we proceeded at a rapid trot until we reached Worth Street, when we turned the corner. Broadway is the scene of all wealth and prosperity; but you no sooner turn the corner of Worth Street, out of Broadway, than you seem to have entered another sphere of existence. Elm Street runs parallel with Broadway, and very near to it. The next street to Elm is Centre, and when you have crossed Centre you see the Five Points directly before you.

The reason why this locality is called the Five Points is evident as soon as you are in it. Worth Street, Baxter Street, and Park Street here meet, and the last two cross, making five corners or points of varying sharpness.

Coming out of Worth Street into the beggarly little square—or rather triangle—I turned to Algy and addressed him in these words, illustrating my remarks by pointing with my cane to the objects about us, while the carriage stood still, and Dennis listened open-mouthed:

"This is the focus of New York's misery, squalor, and crime. Near us here you behold two respectable brick buildings, one of which bears on its front the words, FIVE POINTS MISSION ROOMS, and the other FIVE POINTS HOUSE OF INDUSTRY. They stand in striking contrast to the rickety, tumble-down buildings which surround them. They are oases in this hideous desert of dreariness."

"Really?" murmured De Blasé, stroking his side-whiskers. "Must say, by Jove, it's the first time I ever saw an oasis four stories high, you know."

"There, where the House of Industry stands," I went on, maintaining my dignity, "formerly stood the most atrocious nest of thieves, drunkards, and *misérables* in New York. It was a cluster of rickety rotten wooden buildings, thickly peopled with human beings of every age, color, and condition of infamy, and was the scene of innumerable murders. It was called Cow Bay in a general way, but there were several other titles attaching to parts of it—such as Murderer's Alley, Jacob's Ladder, and the like. The police despaired of ever curing this hideous sore, but philanthropy took hold of it, and it disappeared. The rookeries were bought of their owners and torn down, and this brick building erected in its place. It became a home for such of *les misérables* as would wash their faces and accept its clean hospitalities. Many did so, and many were reclaimed from the evil of their ways. Where the other oasis lifts its four stories, Algy, stood another dreadful hiding-place of iniquity. It was called the Old Brewery, and with its history are associated some of the most appalling crimes that ever were perpetrated. It was a tottering, filthy, old stone building, with yawning seams in its walls, and poverty glaring night and day with gaunt face and hungry eyes from its ragged windows. Now, behold! It is the home of peace, thrift, good morals, religious culture, and hundreds of little children rescued from the vile slums which

here abound. It was in the Old Brewery that your countryman, Mr. Dickens, saw what he pictured of the horrors of life in the Five Points. Philanthropy had not begun its blessed work here in 1842, when Mr. Dickens came here, and therefore you, *mon ami*, shall see what Mr. Dickens never yet saw."

"Yes?" said De Blasé, yawning desperately; "what is that?"

"You shall see. Dennis, drive up before the Mission House."

We got out upon the walk, De Blasé protesting that this was more than he agreed to, you know, and mounted a flight of steps, at the head of which a door stood invitingly open. We entered, passed through a large, empty room into a narrow passage beyond, and through the passage into another large room, which was not empty. On the contrary, it was very full. I should say there were four or five hundred little boys here, almost all of whom had the marks of the Five Points degradation upon them in some degree. A gentleman bowed us to a seat on a hard bench against the wall, and we rested.

"Where are we?" murmured De Blasé, with a bewildered air.

"We are in a Methodist Sunday-school," said I.

Besides the numberless forms at which the urchins were seated—nearly every one of them with a Bible before him—the room contained three small book-cases with glass doors, a beautiful rose-wood piano, wearing brown paper trowsers on its carved legs, a sort of pulpit behind it, and a few chairs and benches.

As for the boys, they were a study. Almost without exception they were decently dressed, and had clean faces and carefully-combed hair; but the trail of the Five Points was over them all. Closely-shaven heads were abundant, and there was in many of the faces that indescribable expression of hardened worldliness and supreme impudence which is peculiar to the New York news-boy and the Paris and London *gamin*. Here and there in the scene, however, you could catch a glimpse of a bright, pure young face, with handsome curling hair, and a manner out of keeping with that of his fellows. I called De Blasé's attention to one who sat near us. He had a fair white forehead, intelligent blue eyes, and flaxen curls, and was dressed in a neat embroidered velvet jacket.

"By his genteel aspect, De Blasé," I whispered, "that boy might be a gentleman's son."

"What's he doing here, then?"

"He was probably brought here a baby—taken from some poverty-stricken death-bedside, adopted into this family, and reared as somebody's darling. His clothing shows that he is probably the particular *protégé* of some up-town lady—for there are many ladies in our best social circles who choose *protégés* among the orphaned poor, and care for them lovingly."

"What a peculiar taste!"

"Not only that," I continued, "but out of these charitable institutions have risen some who move now in our best circles themselves. If I have an opportunity I will some day introduce you to a beautiful and accomplished lady up town who, eighteen years ago, was a Five Points orphan, and who is now married to one of our wealthiest citizens."

I then pointed out to my English friend, among the teachers, a gentleman who is the head of one of our largest and most world-widely-known piano manufacturing firms. He sat by one of the forms, hearing the Bible-lessons of a group of urchins. I also pointed out a lady who resides in Clinton Place—"an up-town quarter which, like Hanover Square in London, was formerly the home of some of our oldest families, and still is inhabited by a few of that class"—of whom the lady pointed out was clearly one. She walked about from group to group, dropping a pleasant word here and there, and later in the afternoon she entered the pulpit-like desk and directed the vocal exercises. She had a strong, well-cut face, rather aristocratic of aspect, with a Roman nose, arched eyebrows, and clustering silver-gray curls. She was dressed in an elegant black silk dress and fine black lace *burnous*.

"Would you like to hear this class of little boys read their lessons, Sir?" asked a benevolent-looking gentleman with a high forehead and long gray beard, addressing De Blasé in a low tone.

De Blasé said "Really," and murmured something about being inexperienced; and the old gentleman addressed his inquiry then to me. I complied with his wish, and going over to a row of half a dozen urchins ranged upon a bench, assumed the novel position of a Sunday-school teacher. De Blasé, not relishing loneliness by the wall, presently came over to me, and seating himself on a companion stool to my own, scrutinized the class attentively.

It was composed of four urchins of pure Five Points physiognomy, though of varying nationalities. One was Irish, another was Spanish, another was Italian, and the fourth was American, but they all spoke the Five Points *patois*. The Irish boy was, strange to say, the meekest-looking of the four—pale, timid, and low-voiced. The Italian and the Spaniard were wide awake, active, impudent, and with great latent belligerence in their deep-black eyes. The Yankee was an embodiment of mischief. He was pulling hair surreptitiously, indulging in furtive nudges of distant elbows, and making himself obnoxious generally. To him I addressed myself:

"What is your name?"

"Johnny Green."

"Where do you live, Johnny?"

"Up'n Mulberry Street, by de cawner uv Bayard."

"What do you come here for, Johnny?"

"Ter learn."

"To learn? That is very good. Can you read?"

"You bet yer!"

"Sa-a-y!" spoke up the Italian urchin; "he spit'n m' face!"

"Johnny, is this true?" I asked, with solemn regret. Johnny shrunk into a corner of the bench and studied his book with great earnestness.

Of course I read Johnny Green a severe lesson on etiquette, and then I allowed him to read his lesson to me out of the book. He shot up on his feet, rattled off the sentence promptly, and dropped upon his seat again. The next boy, Giacomo Livi, shot up, read his sentence, and dropped. Juan Varela followed suit, very briskly; and Teddy Dooley, the meek Irish boy, took his turn in a low voice, and with much "trying back." The lesson in reading was thus quickly got through with, and I asked Johnny Green what was next in order.

"Werses," he responded, making a frantic dive at an adjoining form and snatching a well-thumbed Bible from an urchin who was using it, and who objected. Thereupon ensued a tugging and hauling among the boys for possession of the volume, which I found myself unable to subdue, and a Superintendent came to my aid. Order being restored,

"Gi' me a bully werse, Mister," said Johnny Green.

I found him a verse in the Psalms, which he read stumblingly, in his eagerness to get through it, and then returned to his corner to commit to memory.

Each of the boys in turn received a verse; but when I was leading the timid Teddy Dooley through his Johnny Green returned to the charge, and elbowing Teddy aside, said,

"Gi' *me* that'n, Mister—he can't git that'n;" and turning to Teddy, "G'way, you can't say that'n—yer mouf hain't big 'nough."

Not to dwell over the scene, the whole impression it made on us is best expressed in the words of De Blasé.

"Dirty little wretches!" said he; "what conception have they of the holiness of the Bible or the beauty of the 'werses' they make such a clamor over? They only show a disposition to exhibit themselves, and remind me of nothing but parrots in their jabbering of what they don't understand."

De Blasé was further confirmed in this light opinion of the good work here manifested when the classes were disbanded and the whole room resolved itself into a choir, singing in chorus.

"Oh, how I love Jesus!"

sang the children all together, with precisely the expression they might have given to such words as

"Oh, rake her down, Sally!"

De Blasé declared that it was not only semi-blasphemous to his ears to hear these grinning, giggling, pert, or dawdling youngsters scream the name of the Saviour in this manner, but that it was an insufferably stupid performance, and the reverse of entertaining.

"Possibly, my dear Algy," I whispered in his ear, "the performance has other objects than your entertainment or mine. However, we can go at any time."

"Then we'll go at once," said he; and we went accordingly.

"I consider the whole thing an absurdity, and in some sense an imposture," said De Blasé, as we stood on the steps outside the Mission House. "Those youngsters have no more idea of the significance of the devotional songs they sing, or of the beauty of the Psalms they jabbered at you, than a parrot has of the meaning of its cries. As for the ladies and gentlemen who amuse themselves with teaching the little monkeys the tricks they perform, I really think they might find a more refining and elevating recreation in their proper circles of life. It don't make any one of those little imps a lover of Jesus to just teach it to bawl that it loves Him, when the summit of its ambition in the matter is to outbawl the little imp next to it."

De Blasé went on for some minutes in a strain which showed that at least I had surprised him out his customary *ennui* and given him a sensation by bringing him here. He had not finished his indignant oration when it was interrupted by a frightful din. Shouts, yells, screams, ribaldry, oaths, wild laughter rose together on the quiet Sabbath air, and turning our eyes in the direction whence it proceeded, we beheld a hideous rabble coming around the corner of Baxter Street.

I immediately took De Blasé by the arm, led him down the steps into the street, and directly into the midst of the ragged throng. Two dogs were fighting, and as we came into the crowd we beheld a huge black man wrenching apart the jaws of one of the dogs, thus to release the other dog's neck from the teeth of the first.

Curses loud and deep flew about in every direction, and a hideous-looking Portuguese, with his gums streaming blood and his face livid with passion, sprang with a howl upon the negro's back. In less time than it takes me to write it there were a dozen fights going on, and just as I was thinking it might be wise to retreat a posse of blue-coated policemen came charging down upon the crowd, which they cudgeled right and left with their locusts. The principal combatants were arrested and taken to the Tombs (that famous prison being almost within a stone's-throw of the Five Points), and the crowd dispersed. That is to say, it scattered itself about in the neighborhood, standing on corners and in doorways, laughing and cursing in low tones, awed by the presence of a brace of policemen who stood by, clubs in hand, ready to whack any too-demonstrative head without parley.

I allowed De Blasé to look with horrified and disgusted eyes on the scene about us for a few minutes before taking him away. From experience I knew that we were in no peril here, in the broad daylight, so long as we permitted none of these men, women, or children to pick our pockets. After dark no well-dressed man

dares show himself here; but by day there is no danger.

Near us, on the sharpest of the "points," stood a dirty stand, on which a dirtier boy exposed for sale a quantity of boiled crabs, about which buzzed a swarm of gutter-flies. Big-mouthed Irishmen, swarthy Spaniards, sleepy-looking Chinese, hook-nosed Jews, stood all about, smoking rank tobacco. Women of various nationalities, Irishwomen in the worst of rags, and Jewesses in flaming gowns were numerous. Heads of every degree of dirt and squalor looked down from windows. In one window an Irishwoman's head and a negro's head were thrust through adjoining squares of sash, from which the glass had been broken. I called De Blasé's attention to them. The negro was as black as soot; the woman's face was red, from much potation.

"They are man and wife," I explained. "They live in that one room, and have seven children, the eldest eight years old. I visited them one night last winter, disguised in rags and accompanied by my office-boy, who once lived in this quarter, but whom the Mission people helped to leave it."

While I was speaking two ragged girls near us began to throw peanut-shells in each other's face, quickly passing thence to angry words and Billingsgate banter, and from that to a blow in the face, a responding clutching of hair, and then down they went upon the ground, kicking, biting, and scratching like furies. A policeman separated them, and they went off with loud weeping and wailing.

Barefooted ghouls wrapped in sleazy shawls stared at us as they scuffled by. A blind beggar, led by a little girl who could just toddle, went feeling his slow way past, his groping stick in one hand, a pitcher of gin in the other. A boy with a crutch performed strange antics in the gutter close by.

"There is plenty of amusement for you here, Algy, is there not? This does not bore you?"

"Bore me!" murmured Algy. "It horrifies me. I never dreamed such frightful sights could be seen in this new country."

"Wickedness and poverty and ignorance are every where in this world," said I. "And now may I ask if you think our friends at the Mission House are so very foolish and useless in their work? They may not teach the children to feel what they sing, but *this* they do: They rear those boys with *consciences* in their breasts. They instill into their ignorant minds *prejudices*, if you will, in favor of religion, or at least of morality, and these prejudices cause them to grow up good citizens, who *work* instead of stealing—who keep the Sabbath with at least a show of decency—who have, in a word, at least the externals of respectability about them; and it is such things, after all, which prevent the whole world from going straight to Tophet. Thieves, criminals of every grade, even murderers, swarm like vermin in these vile slums; children are begotten in shoals among them; but it is to the credit of humanity, even in its most degraded state, that a thief rarely wishes his own child to be a thief—or if he does, its mother does not. The result is that great numbers of these people permit their children to be brought under the influence of the Mission. They are not converted into saints, as a general thing, but they are put into the grooves of respectability, and they grow up decent men and women."

TRAVELERS FOR A NIGHT.

FARMER LAPHAM pulled a gray cotton frock that hung in a corner on over his head, and, after going into the buttery for a milking-pail, turned up the great wooden button over the door and went out. As he went out a great striped cat bounded in, looking like a tamed panther, and cast about him quite as though he owned the establishment, till seeing there was really nothing to eat in all the long clean kitchen, he rolled himself up into a fur hassock upon the wide stone hearth and went to sleep. Then there was a rustle and flutter and stepping in the next room, and presently out came the farmer's wife with her back-comb in her mouth, twisting up her long amber-colored hair in a comfortable coil as she came. And when *she* came life seemed to come and the day began.

Immediately a great iron tea-kettle hung itself from a hook on the crane over the fire-place and began to boil and steam and sputter; a blazing wood-fire crackled and sparkled up the black chimney; a kettle of potatoes, also hanging from the crane, and some sausages in a long-legged iron spider over a bed of coals in one corner of the fire-place, fell to bandying jokes and calling each other names; while a table suddenly stood in the dining-room end of the kitchen, laid ready for breakfast. Yet one could hardly say what Mrs. Lapham had to do about it, though, to be sure, there she was, stepping out and in briskly, humming a little, and now and then opening and shutting a door.

By-and-by in came Mr. Lapham, and up jumped the cat and began to fly about as though he had lost his wits and was trying to find them.

The farmer dropped the pails of milk upon the red swing-table.

"Well, well, Polly, something has happened now that beats the Dutch," said he. "First thing I saw when I went into the barn-yard, just as I always do, not thinking any thing, I saw a strange cow. An odd-looking creature, red, all spotted in with white, and as poor as a setting hen. I don't know any thing whose cow she is, more than the dead, and I *s'posed* I knew every cow in town, and e'enamost every one in the county, as you might say. 'Well, well,' thinks I, 'who be you?' And then she looked so kind of lean and hungry I pitched down a handful of hay to her and went on with my milking. When, lo and behold, before I was through with my last cow, what does I see but a girl about, say, ten years old, coming

through the gate; and as ragged and forlorn-looking as ever you see. And what does she do but goes right up to the strange cow, and lays her head down on the cow's neck without saying a syllable. She isn't a girl I ever saw before, and I don't know but she is dumb, or deaf, or something, for when I spoke up friendly, and told her Good-morning, she never spoke an *identical* word, only looked at me with her great eyes as black as the chimney back, and her cheeks as red as fire-coals. 'Why, why, whose girl be you?' says I. But ne'er a word says she. 'Well, well, won't you come into the house with me, and get a mouthful of breakfast?' says I. But still ne'er a word says she. What do you make of it, Polly?"

While Farmer Lapham had been telling the story in his whole-hearted, fidgety way the milk had been strained, the froth poured into a generous wooden trencher for Jack the cat, and the pails washed and turned upon the hearth to dry, while all the time the farmer's wife had seemed to be only listening; and now she replied in a cheerful, capable tone: "I will go out and see the girl myself. Are you sure, Peter, she isn't one of those Towseys from the mountain that come with berries sometimes?"

"Yes, yes, main sure. She is a stranger to *me;* no question about that," replied Peter, following her through the door upon the stoop, and out along the little foot-path, bordered with the stiff knot-grass that presses so closely upon the track of men, as though it had a liking and longing for human companionship in its knobby heart.

But on Mrs. Lapham's way out of the kitchen the sausages turned over in the spider, and the tea-kettle, that was sputtering and boiling over, hopped up on to the end of the long iron crane a little out of the heat.

"Here she is! here she is! all hugged up to the cow just as I left her! What can we do with her?" queried the nervous farmer, pushing up the palm-leaf hat, and rubbing his bald head briskly with his middle finger.

"We will see," returned his wife, tranquilly. "Good-morning, little girl! Won't you come in and get some breakfast with us?" she continued, in the same tone. Then she broke out quickly, "Bless me, Peter! the child is sick; don't you see it?"

And sure enough her cheeks were burning and her eyes shining with fever. She had evidently gone through with great fatigue and excitement, and her strength was so spent she could neither speak nor move by the time these good Samaritans had once taken her in and got her fairly on a clean, soft bed.

"No, no; we can't turn her out in this state, poor child, whoever she is. But isn't it going to be kind of tough for you, Polly, to take care of her just now, when the fall work is coming on, and you are expecting your sister's folks? Besides, how do we know it isn't any thing catching?" said Farmer Lapham, his generous hospitality not quite swallowing up his anxiety.

"Oh, don't you think of that! And never mind *me,* Peter! I always calculate the Lord will give us strength for what He sends upon us; and certainly this care was none of our getting up. So don't you worry a grain, but just bring down the cot-bed into the west room, so I can have her close by."

For weeks and weeks the sick girl seemed to have little perception of, or hold on life, lying quite motionless and exhausted, much of the time with her eyes closed, and taking half unconsciously what was brought her. In the mean time nobody appeared to claim either the child or the cow, and nobody in all that region round about had ever heard of either before.

"So they are on our hands, and we have got to do the best we can for them till the girl gets well enough to give some account of herself, you see, Peter," said Mrs. Lapham, with the merry jingle in her voice that sounded like sleigh-bells, and made whatever she talked about always seem like something which was going to be especially charming and desirable.

But that day never came. Little by little life and strength came back to the worn-out body; but *something* never came back. The past with all its experiences and interests was lost utterly. The girl had not forgotten every thing. After a little effort and practice she remembered how to talk and how to read, and she had some vague impression of the figure of a bending woman and of a forest. This was all.

"It will come back to her as she gets stronger," said Mrs. Lapham, with cheerful assurance.

"Likely, likely. But how her folks must be worrying—if she has got any!" said Mr. Lapham, dismally, rubbing his head.

Mr. Lapham was like the moon, depending for his brightness on some one else. But as the one else was fortunately that shining body, his wife, his eclipses were short.

So now she cheered him up in a twinkling by saying, while she garlanded the rooms with strings of apple and pumpkin as gayly as though she were trimming for a Christmas festival, "So they must; but as it doesn't do any good to worry about them, we best attend to making sure that when they come to find her they won't have any occasion to worry about the way we have done our part of the business."

"That is *so!* that is *so,* Polly!" replied her husband, quite at rest.

After a long, long time the mysterious stranger was able to walk out of doors; and then she saw for the first time the spotted cow, plump and sleek now as any in the farmer's herd. At sight of her the girl's eyes brightened with a conscious recognition.

"Daisy! Daisy!" she cried, suddenly.

"*Moi! Moi!*" replied the cow, coming up and thrusting her nose through the fence with evident joy and remembrance.

"Yes, yes! It is coming to her. She *knows!*" whispered the farmer.

But, alas! this is *all* she "knows." The

old blank look came back to the girl's face. "I remember Daisy, but I can't tell when I ever saw her, unless it was in the forest," said she, looking about puzzled and uncertain.

Now, to tell the truth, this end of the hopes of the farmer and his wife was also a relief of their fears; for they had already discovered that a great vacuum would be made in their lives if this girl, who had unexpectedly nestled very closely into their childless hearts, should be taken from them. And so at last, made confident by time, they settled down to consider the girl, whom they called Daisy, their own, almost forgetting she might be suddenly taken from them any day by somebody with better right.

Thus the years went on—one, two, three, four; and, like the steward in the parable, being found faithful over few things, they were made ruler over many; for each of these passing Octobers brought a little child of their own to the worthy farmer and his wife. One, two, three, four: Bessy and Mary, and Sarah and John.

"Polly! Polly! I don't see any thing how ever in this world you could have managed, with all this work and all these babies, if it hadn't been for Daisy," said Mr. Lapham, who, full of paternal exultation and care, in absence of other cause, was ready to break into a worry about what might have been.

"Well, it *was* for Daisy," returned Mrs. Polly Lapham, rocking the cradle with her foot and mixing bread with her hands, while she heard Bessy's spelling-lesson and showed Mary about her patchwork.

So the years went on and on. Farmer Lapham got no balder, inasmuch as his head had long been smooth as a russet apple. His wife had taken to caps, but she was as rosy and round and cheerful as ever. Daisy, the cow, after becoming the mother of many spotted calves and living a good cow-life, died at last evidently full of days, and was buried in the orchard, while the girl Daisy had come up into a brown-eyed, *noisette*-haired woman, with a pretty face, kindly temper, and capable hands. I do not say she had a natural grace of feature and manner which showed her unknown birth to be high and noble, and that she made evident in every motion her natural superiority to the common life she was living; for the mysterious is not always the romantic; and really, Daisy came up to be just a wholesome, agreeable, sensible person, such as are scattered by thousands and hundreds of thousands all over the world. She still recalled nothing of her lost childhood excepting the bending woman and the forest; and these memories flashed less and less often into her mind—gradually fading out till the past wholly died, and the present reigned in its stead.

Meanwhile it had happened that the little Laphams ran lightly and easily over the manifold pitfalls set in the way of baby humanity. Teething to them had been a pleasure, whooping-cough a pastime, and the measles a downright joke. But at last something new and serious came. First one, and then another, until the four were all moaning and tossing with pain and fever. And now it was that all the fidgets and nervousness of Peter Lapham's nervous, fidgety nature concentrated itself; and now it was that his wife's blithe cheerfulness was all needed.

"I am free to admit that I am not familiar with the phases of this disease, Mrs. Lapham. Its action is something decidedly new to me, and it is my advice and my choice that you consult some other medical attendant," said Dr. Gaspill, the old doctor, whose honesty made his pomposity endurable.

So the anxious parents did what any other anxious parents would have done: sent to Boxbury for another doctor, Dr. Gorton—a popular, experienced physician, who was so wise and so scientific, it was said, he could cut your arm off without your knowing it, and put it on better than it was before.

"What do you think, Doctor? Are my children going to die? Is Bessy going to die, Doctor?" cried the father constantly, quite beside himself with grief and fright.

"Oh no, I hope not!" returned the learned Doctor, with a Dover's powder in his very tone.

"The disease is a species of typhoid fever, which is somewhat prevalent in Boxbury this fall. I have had several cases of it, and have found more depends on nursing than on medicine. The children are going to have plenty of both, and we shall take them all safely through, I trust. We will do our best."

And they certainly did. The house having that convenient habit of keeping itself, there was nothing to be done but take care of the sick children; and Dr. Gorton really seemed *interested*, which was a blessing. A blessing crowned with success, for after certain weary days and nights the children were all on the high and hungry road to health. But there must have been great danger of relapse, for the Doctor still continued to come at intervals to ask after them.

And to be sure Johnny did seem to be left with some trouble of the throat; and of all things in these mortal bodies *throats* are the most obstinate. Or I don't know but it was his ears; perhaps it was Johnny's *ears;* and certainly it would be a sad, sad pity for the child to lose his hearing. So Dr. Gorton came as often as once a week, and sometimes when riding beyond he called oftener.

One morning his gray horse stood at the gate longer than usual. He had come to vaccinate the children.

"One is never safe until vaccinated; and it is my theory that so long as vaccine matter will work in a system just so long there is danger from small-pox. So I advise every one to be re-vaccinated until no effect is produced, and I would also repeat the experiment occasionally," said Doctor Gorton.

And if this is *Dr. Gorton's* theory it is probably a true one.

"I think you had all better be vaccinated with the children," continued the Doctor.

"So we will, so we will, Polly! To be sure!" exclaimed Polly's husband, in a terrible affright at thought of the peril he might have been in all his life.

And so they were.

"This is all your family, I believe?" said the Doctor, looking fixedly at Johnny's arm, which was the last.

If he had only cast his eyes up he must have seen Daisy on the stoop in full view of the window, washing the red dasher-churn. (Mrs. Lapham *would* keep to the old ways and the old things. Why, she actually still cooked her breakfasts and dinners by the same deep fireplace, with the same heavy crane and trammels, though her neighbors had used stoves for years and years, as well as rotary churns.). So it was a high up-and-down churn Daisy was washing; and the bending and rising made a very healthful and becoming sort of gymnastics with a dish-cloth instead of dumb-bells. And it was really a pity, if Dr. Gorton had any artistic taste for effect of attitude and coloring, that he had not just given his eyelids one quiver upward; for with her red cheeks, bare white arms, and plump, swaying figure Daisy looked as pretty just then as Raphael's Madonna; though, to be sure, not a bit like her. But it was not Dr. Gorton's way to look up. Indeed it was not likely, so wrapped was he in his profession, that he even knew there was a Daisy; only a consciousness, probably, of some sort of living machine who had taken charge of the children's medicine and brought them water and broths.

"Certainly! certainly! Some folks are *noticing*, and some are not. Doctor Gorton isn't like you or me, Polly, about seeing what is going on right under his nose, as it were; but then he has looked after his own business, and taken an uncommon interest in the children. But no wonder, they are so sweet I don't suppose any body could help that. However, it *is* droll that he shouldn't think of Daisy when she has always been here. It is droll, too, he shouldn't have seen her now standing right there in his very face and eyes, as it were," chuckled Peter Lapham, when Doctor Gorton had stepped out upon the stoop with his lancet and virus after he had been made to see Daisy.

But at this very moment the deceitful wretch was asking the girl to marry him, and actually, for all his pretended abstraction and unconsciousness, this was his sole errand in coming that morning.

Well, so he told his story and asked his question, trying to put himself into Daisy's heart while he put his lance into her arm. And Daisy dropped her dumb-bells and blushed, though it is doubtful if she was as much surprised as the "noticing" Peter would have been.

"You need not answer me to-day. I do not want you should," said the Doctor, cutting a slip of plaster for the wounded arm. "But I see there are three pots of flowers on the window-ledge, and to-morrow when I pass here, if the answer is *Yes*, let the pot of daisies be in the middle."

Then he got on his gray horse and rode away.

The next morning when the sun threw off his white bed-blankets and popped open his great yellow eye, the first thing he looked for was the window-ledge; and there—yes, yes!—there stood the mignonnette at one end, the rose-geranium at the other, and, as sure as daylight, the daisy in the middle.

But ah! The course of true love!

"We will have a boiled dinner to-day, and boil that tongue," said Mrs. Lapham. And immediately the great iron pot swung on the crane over the fire.

"Well," said Daisy, to whom every thing was ambrosia; "and I will get the vegetables." So off she went with a tin pail on her arm among the bean-poles and corn rows in her pink calico gown and white sun-bonnet.

Presently she heard the sound of a hoof, and though she happened to be stooping for a bean-pod just then, with her back that way, she saw under her arm and through her eyelashes that the horse was gray.

He didn't stop then. Well, Dr. Gorton had a way of his own; and perhaps he would not call till it was time for him to look after the vaccination. No, probably not. But then he *knew* already; and so they were the same as engaged. Daisy flushed and thrilled all over at the thought, and wondered if every body could see by looking at her that something had happened since she went into the garden. So she walked toward the house over the white clover and dandelions in the summer grass almost as light as though she had no body to carry, in such a maze of sweet and wondering thoughts, until she came against the window-ledge and raised her hand to pick a daisy to wear in her hair. When, lo! the rose-geranium stood in the middle, and the pot of daisies at one side!

It seemed the cat (not Jack who bounded into the first of my story, but a cat as like him as two grains of sand), jumping through the open window, overturned the daisies and the Doctor's suit with them. For when Bessy—who had always more fingers than she could employ in her *own* pies—picked up the pot, she imagined the tall geranium was shading it too much, and so reversed their positions.

One may fancy whether there was the true ambrosial flavor to the corn and beans, after all, for Daisy; whether she felt like petting the cat; and if the flowers kept the pink freshness she admired so much when she put them in their place.

"Perhaps he will say something when he comes next time," she thought, with a flash of hope. "But no; that wouldn't be like him. He won't!" she continued, with a flash of despair.

But worse, he did not come. Mr. Lapham

wondered, and Mrs. Lapham wondered. To be sure there was Dr. Gaspill close at hand, who could perhaps pronounce just as well on the "taking" of the vaccination; but it was so strange Dr. Gorton should drop off so suddenly without a word. So they all wondered excepting Daisy, and she held herself responsible, poor soul, every time Johnny cried with his ear, or any body spoke as though the Doctor were negligent or eccentric; while for her own part it seemed as though the ninth plague in Egypt had settled in all the land, even darkness which may be felt. At last she could not bear it any longer alone, and so she went to good, sympathetic Mother Lapham—the kindly providence that had always made crooked straight, and rough places plain for her; and the providence, likewise, that had perceptibly or imperceptibly shaped her ends heretofore.

"There, now, what a shame! Lucretia deserves to be drowned," she cried. "Lucretia" was the cat.

And immediately Daisy's burden lightened just by being shared, though the "providence" only pitied without seeming to see any way out of the wilderness.

But the next morning after breakfast Mrs. Lapham followed her husband to the stoop. "Peter," said she, in a housewifely tone, "hadn't you better take a grist of wheat to mill to-day? We are not quite out, it is true, but there may be some delay in the grinding; and it is well to be in time, you know."

"Certainly, certainly," replied Peter. "You liked the grinding of the mill over at Riverside best, you concluded?"

"Well, I don't know, Peter. I've been thinking perhaps you had better try them at Boxbury again. That is a little farther, to be sure, but we go to Boxbury oftener, and it seems more in our way. I guess perhaps I'd *try* Boxbury mill this time," said Mrs. Lapham, starting to go into the house, and then coming back as though she had an after-thought. "Oh! seeing you are going to Boxbury, suppose you ask Dr. Gorton, if you happen to meet him, to just step in and look at Johnny next time he passes this way. I am not sure as he needs the wash for his ear any longer," said she, carelessly.

But her words were, as the crafty woman expected, like the Fourth of July fire-cracker at Portland. In half an hour the worried father had put up his wheat, harnessed his horse, and started in high haste for Boxbury; and before dew-fall Dr. Gorton's gray horse stood at the gate once more.

"La, now! It is too bad to trouble you to come on purpose over this long road for such a trifle; but that is just like one of Peter's fidgets. I dare say he gave you to understand the boy might not be living when you got here," said Mrs. Lapham, with the same old merry sleigh-bell jingle in her voice. "Johnny, dear," she continued, "don't lean on the window-ledge; I am afraid you will throw off the plants. Don't you remember how the cat overturned the pot of daisies one day—that time when your arm was sore, you know—and broke off some of the prettiest buds; and how sorry Daisy was?"

Dr. Gorton gave a quick look toward the ledge and saw standing there the three pots, the mignonnette and the rose-geranium at the ends and the daisies in the middle. Then he gave another quick look at Mrs. Lapham; but she was fluttering off to get a vial for the ear-wash.

"Daisy," said she, with her head in a cupboard of old stores, "won't you just step into the west room and bring me my glasses? I think I left them on the mantle-tree."

Daisy was folding clothes at the ironing-table, quite unconscious the gray horse was within any number of miles. So she dropped the sheet she was snapping out, and went without any hesitation and with her sleeves still rolled above the red mark on her arm. She went through the door hastily without seeing Dr. Gorton, who stood at the side till he touched her arm, saying, with professional gravity, "That is a good scar; a very good scar." Then he added, in the same tone, as he touched the pot of daisies with the same finger, "Is it *to-morrow* still?"

And *then* the sun shone for the first time in a month. And the sun shone and the birds sung and the daisy grew pink and the mignonnette and rose-geranium grew fragrant; and so, after all, "this earth *was*" "designed for heaven."

"Mother, here are your glasses," said Johnny, appearing in the kitchen presently with his eyes as big and black as a beetle's back; "I suppose I *ought* to have brought them before, when Daisy first gived them to me. I suppose I *ought* to; but the con'ersation was so in'eres'ing I didn't like to come out of the west room before."

So that was the end of *that*, or rather the beginning.

"Well, well, there is the cow-money, you know. Just what old Spot's calves and her cheese and butter came to. But that is all put away in the bank to Daisy's name, snug and tight; and I guess whether or no we hadn't better let that be right on interest, and not touch it for her setting out. I've got means; and Daisy has been a good girl to us, just like our own, as it were; and if you think best I guess we won't say any thing about the cow-money, only to give her up the bank-book when she comes to leave," said Farmer Lapham, rubbing his head.

Polly was not the woman to object, and thus there was truth in the story which floated over to Boxbury that Dr. Gorton's wife was a woman of property with money in the bank.

One autumn evening, long enough after all this, Farmer Lapham hurried into the kitchen where his wife sat peeling peaches for preserving, saying, eagerly: "Polly, Polly, step this way, won't you? There are some travelers out

here that want to stop with us to-night. They asked me if there was a tavern near here, and when they found there wasn't any nearer than Hosteller's over to Riverside they seemed so disappointed that I said they were welcome to stay here if they could put up with our accommodations; but the woman wouldn't hear to getting out of the chaise till I had come in and asked you."

"To be sure we can keep them and be glad of their company too," said Mrs. Lapham, hastening out with ready hospitality.

The strangers were an elderly couple, quite in the Indian Summer of their lives, social and genial, and in half an hour the women were like old friends together, drinking their tea and talking about their children, their cheeses, and their cares.

"I want to know if you never ate any soused salt salmon! Well now, I tell you it is mighty nice. You take a salt salmon and soak it in plenty of water for twenty-four hours, changing the water several times," began the guest, Mrs. Hawthorn.

"That is *ma'am* all over," broke in her husband; "Ma'am always has her head full of her recipes, and she is always giving somebody one. The neighbors from far and near come to her just as though she was the town cook-book."

Mrs. Hawthorn interrupted him. "You see," said she, "the country was new when we first went to Maine, fifteen years ago, and the folks that moved in were poor, and hadn't cook-books or any other kind of books, nor the wherewith to buy them; so we learned to depend on ourselves."

"Ma'am depends on *herself*, and the neighbors depend on *her*," broke in the husband. "But you are mistaken in calling it fifteen years since we went to Maine, ma'am. It is *sixteen* and over; sixteen years to-day since we lost our little Laura—sixteen this very day. Don't you remember, ma'am? And we had been in Maine all of three months then."

"So you have lost one of your children?" said Mrs. Lapham, with motherly pity.

"Yes; we lost our oldest little girl," Mrs. Hawthorn commenced.

"Not by death, though," proceeded Mr. Hawthorn.

"That is, we didn't *see* her die," continued the wife, taking up the word before her husband dropped it.

"And ma'am will think sometimes she is alive yet," interposed the husband.

"That isn't *possible*. Oh yes! she is dead; but it would be a kind of comfort if we could have found her remains and buried them." Mrs. Hawthorn was crying by this time, and so was Mrs. Lapham.

"Lost? lost? Did she stray off in the woods, and you never found her?" asked Farmer Lapham, quite ready to cry with the women as soon as he understood why.

"Yes; she went after the cows one afternoon to a pasture a mile or so through the woods from the house, and we never saw her again," said Mrs. Hawthorn, quietly wiping her eyes. "We never found any trace of her. The bars were down, and the cow out of the pasture, and we never saw her again either. The last time I saw Laura she came back to kiss me after she started for the cow. I was laying the baby in his cradle, so I didn't look out after her as I generally did."

"We had the woods searched day and night for three weeks, and we didn't give up looking for three years," interrupted Mr. Hawthorn.

"And," continued his wife, "we sent all the way to Vermont, where we came from, thinking possibly the cow might have strayed back to the old place."

"We've thought of Indians, and we've thought of bears," added the husband, "but we never made up our minds to any thing. I lie in my bed o' nights on one side, and think one way; then I turn over on the other side, and think right the other way."

"Poor creature! poor creature!" broke out Mr. Lapham, rubbing his eyes with his coat-sleeve. "Was the cow red, spotted with white, and did she answer to the name of Daisy?"

"Yes!" "Why?" "What do you know?" "Do you know any thing about her?" cried Mr. and Mrs. Hawthorn, in a startled, breathless burst of words, as undivisible as Chang and Eng.

"Be calm! be calm!" replied Mr. Lapham, himself as calm as a leaf in a whirlwind. "*Don't* be excited. Polly, bring the gown and the picture, won't you? But don't get nervous! don't get nervous!"

Polly brought the gown, a faded, tattered fragment, but fresh and familiar after sixteen years to the yearning eyes of the mother; and then she brought a picture, which the girl Daisy had painted of the cow in childish fashion.

"I should know that any where. That is the very cow; her right horn *did* crook just that way; and don't you remember, ma'am, that cross-shaped white spot on the creature's side?" said Mr. Hawthorn.

But the quick heart of the mother had taken fright. So near and yet, perhaps, so far!

"Is my little Laura living?" she asked, trembling and eager.

"Laura! Laura! I don't know any body by *that* name; but our *Daisy* is living, or was at nine o'clock this morning, when she drove off with her husband to Boxbury. Yes; no longer ago than this morning she sat in that self-same chair you are sitting in this moment."

Then four people talked in concert without regard for pauses or grammar; crying together over the unknown perils and certain sufferings of the lonely child in the great wilderness, as she followed the lost cow farther and farther away from home till she came into open country on the other side, and laughing in joy and gratitude at the happy ending of their pain.

"Well, well! your horse is tired, and I will just clap mine into my old two-seated wagon,

and we'll visit on the way over to Boxbury," said Peter, directly, starting out to the barn with his tin lantern.

The road to Boxbury was never so long; and it was never so pleasant, for all the sun had been gone down an hour, and the moon lacked yet an hour of rising. The talking and laughing and crying continued in intermittent quartette till the katydids along the way, quite outdone, held their breaths to listen.

So they came to the Doctor's house, and by the nursery fire they found the Doctor, the Doctor's wife, and the Doctor's baby.

"There, there! you didn't expect us to return your visit so soon now, did you, Daisy? But your mother here couldn't stand it any longer without seeing her little grand-baby again. And here are some travelers we fell in with that want to get a place to stay to-night; some people who pretend to think they knew you long before we did," said Farmer Lapham, laughing and crying in a frenzy of excitement, in which his wife and the "travelers" joined.

At first Mrs. Hawthorn, who had unconsciously expected to find the child who kissed her good-by so many evenings before, felt unsatisfied and half disappointed. But when she took her daughter's baby in her arms she was assured.

"Yes; this is my little Laura!" said she, holding it fast. "This is her mouth, and her nose, and her chin; and see her eyes, father! Don't you see Laura's eyes right over again?"

Then she looked from the baby to its mother.

"Sure enough she is *Westerway* all over," she said.

"*Ma'am* was a Westerway," thrust in Mr. Hawthorn.

"And certainly she is a perfect picture of my sister Clarissa, as she looked at her age. Oh yes! this *is* my Laura come back again," she continued, weeping and laughing, and folding the baby and her mother to her hungry heart.

So the dead was alive, and the lost was found.

GERMAN NEWSPAPERS.

HAVING solicited and obtained permission to visit, at their office, the Editors of the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, of Augsburg, I took good care to keep my appointment punctually. At an early hour in the forenoon the train set me down at the dépôt, and I started out to wander, without as much as the mythical thread of Ariadne to guide me, along alleys more tangled than the streets of Troy, and among the historic memorials that still bear their majestic witness to a once fabulous opulence. After an illustrious career of eighteen hundred years, this Imperial City has seen its sceptre depart forever; and over its once populous and resounding marts there hovers now a tranquil stillness. Where once the lieutenants of Augustus led out beyond the walls their long legions, with glittering helmet and cuirass; and where the gorgeous retinue of a monarch, greater than ever ruled in the Eternal City, moved in imposing and solemn grandeur along its winding streets, to hold their august tribunal for a continent, there the web-footed tribes hold now their noisy musters undisturbed. I wandered on, past the "Three Moors," where once the Fuggers gave audience to spendthrift sovereigns, but where the traveler now resorts to taste its famous, sunny wines under the great clock-tower above the gate in its ponderous walls; past arsenals, and ancient, gloomy palaces, and long, monotonous fronts of modern barracks; past the medieval cathedral, whose jagged, crumbling walls are the home of chattering ravens, but whose interior is still resplendent with the offerings of a wealth gathered from the ports of a world.

At last I came suddenly upon it, hidden away in a labyrinthine recess, little less difficult to penetrate than that in the vicinity of the London Printing-House Square. On a quiet, grass-grown alley a long, low building lifts its modest, gray front toward the south—it is the home of Germany's "Great Thunderer."

Passing through a spacious entry-way into the large, open, quadrangular court, I found an obliging individual who conducted me at once to the apartments of the Editor-in-Chief. An atmosphere so cheerful, so domestic, so tranquil pervaded every thing around me that I seemed to myself to be in a private residence; and, half-yielding to the impression, knocked on his door. He opened it himself, for he was wholly without attendants.

In a twinkling the voices of both of us were drowned in a fierce chorus from his little favorites—black terriers and tan, white spaniels and black—whisking about our feet and making an extraordinary uproar. Presently he succeeded in calming them so that we could hear each other speak. I presented him my card, and was received with the most cordial kindness.

"*Ich bin gekommen, Herr Redacteur, um*"—here a fresh scurry of yelps deafened us for a moment—"*um—um*—to visit your newspaper establishment, in accordance with your very kind invitation."

"*Ja, ja; ich sehe. Ein Amerikäner.* Come in, come in, Sir."

Oh, who shall ever fully know and honor the benevolence of his brother-man? What more noble proof of it than the commiseration with which two persons not of the same language regard each other when they meet? How kindly and how patiently each assists the other by speaking to him in his language!

Thus there ensued for a moment a running skirmish at cross-purposes: "Take place, Sir; take place," said the Editor, pointing to a great arm-chair covered with rich velvet.

"*Ich wünsche, Mein Herr, nur—nur—*"

"You are a journaleest, I think—a correspondent; not true, Sir?"

Seeing the venerable Editor was intent on

speaking "Engleesh," I quietly abandoned the benevolent contest, for, like Wellington in French, he spoke "with the greatest intrepidity," while my German was at best but toilsome.

The Editor with whom I was now conversing was a person of stout, short stature; the muscular neck, small gray eyes, and strong lower development of the head denoting that he was a *bon-vivant*, while the thoughtful and somewhat misanthropic expression that sat upon his full Swabian features would not have pointed him out as the author of the occasional pleasant summaries in the English column, of which I knew him to be the writer. A head equably and compactly rounded rather than large or prominent at any point, sparsely covered with gray hairs, with a forehead not high but full, seemed the home of memory and the analytical faculties rather than of vigorous, creative thought in any department of activity. He wore a bright parti-colored dressing-gown, rich as that of Lusignan; a Turkish fez of crimson velvet, from the top of which swung a long black tassel; and an incredible mass of black satin, wound about the neck until it became more formidable than a Prussian regulation stock.

I was surprised to find even an Editor-in-Chief occupying as a working-cabinet such elegant and even sumptuous apartments. There were three rooms—parlors, I had almost written—all laid with the choicest Brussels carpets, furnished with luxurious sofas, velvet-cushioned chairs, mahogany centre-tables, book-cases with richly-carved walnut mouldings, busts, engravings, and gems by the old masters—Cranach, Holbein, and others. The books on the shelves were numbered by thousands: modern volumes in dainty binding ranged above in fresh, brisk ranks; worm-eaten and dusty tomes of ancient lore drawn out below in ponderous and solemn phalanx. The low, deep recesses of the casements were the hiding-place of sweet flowers; and the clambering vines, so tenderly trained and assisted in their feebleness, bathed the rooms in a soft green radiance. It would be as vain to expect stalwart political disquisitions to issue from these dreamy, Platonic abodes as to look for madrigal poetry to find a congenial atmosphere in the grimy, garish, sweltering attics of our American editors.

The Chief Editor had four assistants, only one of whom occupied the spacious suit of rooms with him. After conversing a few minutes with them I suggested that I could not allow myself to withhold them from their urgent labors (though the elegant walls were disfigured by no curt and ungracious admonitions to the visitor), and that nothing would be more agreeable to me than to be permitted to be a silent spectator of the various stages of growth of a complete German newspaper.

They accordingly seated themselves at their tables, and began to rummage among the heaps of letters and newspapers that lay before them. The veteran Chief seized first upon a quantity of letters from his correspondents, and, lifting his huge green spectacles a little higher on his nose, began to chase back and forth over the scraggy hieroglyphics, addressing me now and then a question without apparently interrupting his pursuit in the least. Now he drives his creaking, stubbed quill remorselessly through a too-ambitious paragraph; and now, after deigning it scarcely a glance, he contemptuously tosses a letter into the capacious wicker-basket beside him. "Death loves a shining mark." Where young eloquence and budding sentiment lead forth with tender ostentation and pride the offspring of metaphors and apostrophes that they have nurtured most anxiously, there "Black Death" exults in his richest harvests. My indignation waxed warm against him. Presumptuous and vain man that thou art, has thy little lease of power thus emboldened thy thoughts and steeled thy heart to wage such nefarious warfare upon these defenseless children of hope!

In a letter from Berlin his quick eye detects a line that might cause his correspondent to be expelled from his Majesty's dominions, and he quietly buries it under a long, black, oblivious furrow. To another he affixes a brief note of explanation or total disavowal. A little farther on he pauses doubtingly on a quotation from Lucretius, glances a moment into a thick quarto within easy supporting distance, then passes on content. In a market quotation that has traveled over the wires all the way from Bombay he seizes out a geographical name that appears to violate the analogies of Brahminical terminology; a brief reference to a ponderous volume in Sanscrit at his elbow strengthens his suspicions, and he washes his hands clear of it with a query.

While he is thus burrowing through a molehill of Diplomatic Correspondence and publications in English his assistant in the adjoining room is laboriously quarrying through a mountain of Occasional Correspondence and German newspapers; others in other apartments are industriously mining in the leads of France, Italy, Spain—of all Europe, in fine, except in those leads that would yield Turkish or Sclavonic ores. The crude metals thus obtained they hammer, and forge, and purge of all dross, and carefully assay before they smelt them into a homogeneous mass. All these busy workers are what Confucius modestly called himself, "transmitters, not makers," for they very seldom delve in the dangerous and unprofitable mines of original composition. The atmosphere of Germany is of a quality so peculiar that literary mining may be prosecuted with the greatest safety and profit; but in political shafts there always collects a body of highly inflammable and destructive gases, which are liable to explode without a moment's warning, and overwhelm the workmen in irretrievable ruin.

Returning presently from my cursory survey I was pained and dismayed at the disastrous

discomfiture that had been wrought among the helpless contributors. There were letters from Jaroff Oamaru, written by the uncertain flicker of a rush-light; from Hong-Kong, penned by the glare of a burning joss; from Helsingfors, where the atmosphere was still luminous at midnight; from wherever in the world there is a German—and where is there not one?—all written with laborious accuracy, most of them furnished forth with apposite ornaments and choice morsels of wisdom from Horace and Cicero, and all of them framed with a highly-commendable terseness; yet all, all consigned without favor and without compunction to the insatiable basket.

I asked the Editor if his conscience did not sometimes reproach him for the wantonness with which he thus deprived mankind of so much valuable advice and information. He replied that it had; that he had often regretted the hard necessity that was imposed upon him; that he was every day made aware that it is the inalienable privilege of every German to write and publish a letter; and that his countrymen carried with them a high sense of their prerogatives to the remotest confines of the earth. He believed they received as many as eighty communications daily, aside from those relating entirely to business concerns.

Besides these countless stationary contributors they employed two special correspondents in the Austrian camps in Bohemia, and one in the Confederate army campaigning on the Main; but the latter the Bavarian Prince Charles, Commander-in-Chief, expelled, together with all his comrades, detailing one of his aids to transmit by telegraph the "necessary news!" This was a return to the system of the Roman government, for Suetonius relates that Julius Cæsar appointed a military editor for the *acta politica diurna* (some interesting fragments of which Petronius has preserved in his "Supper of Trimalchio"), and that he ordered copies of it to be dispatched by couriers to the provinces. This was certainly a more generous undertaking than that of the Bavarian prince. In his earlier campaigns Cæsar wrote and published his own journals, which have survived eighteen centuries—a destiny certainly not reserved for the ephemeral records of the war of 1866. In the modern instance, as in the ancient, there appears to have been no detriment suffered, but a benefit gained, by the substitution of a military for a civilian journalist, for the dispatches of both were equally laconic, while those of the former narrated events with military accuracy.

A German correspondent who witnessed the great battle of Custozza spurred back to Verona in furious haste, took down his annotated edition of Schiller, seated himself among his lexicons, furbished his dusty spectacles, and then covered a large page of foolscap with a history of the battle, which he prefaced with an admirable quotation from "The Robbers," and illustrated by two instructive references to Grotius's work on the Rights of War and Peace. The modern German, like the ancient Roman, studying the idiom of camps, abhors prolixity; but what should we say if Cæsar had introduced his concise description of his battle with the Nervii, and embellished a number of passages in it, with elegant extracts from "Antigone" or "Prometheus Unbound?" Conceive him making a destructive onslaught on the left flank of the Sequani with a quotation from Alcæus!

After lingering a short time among the Editors I proceeded, under the guidance of the foreman, through the light, airy rooms in which the compositors were at work. There were between seventy and eighty persons, many of them small boys, ranged before a series of elevated desks, sloping toward them, and partitioned into a great number of minute compartments. The number of these compartments is necessarily great, since the erudite editors and correspondents, whose compositions the printer must follow as scrupulously as an ancient Jewish copyist his manuscript, pillage all languages and enrich their own with its spoils. In one series of them are the German letters; in another, the Latin; in another, the Greek; in another, the Cyril; while others contain single letters or symbols from the French, Italian, Swedish, Dutch, and numerous others. Over all this grimy mosaic of tongues hover his busy fingers, choosing with incredible rapidity here one piece, another there, and shaping them into words, some of which speak to him in familiar accents, while others utter only a vacuous myth. Poor, patient, plodding printer—groping, guessing, comparing, earnestly anxious to know the mind of the master whom he serves, but who often addresses him not only in a foreign idiom, but so crudely and so uncouthly in his own that his servile understanding can not follow—who oftener maligned, who more conscientious than the German compositor?

Although they were employed almost exclusively by daylight, a large proportion of them had seriously impaired their vision. Whether induced by neglect of sanitary requirements and excessive use of acid vegetable diet (which is most probable), or by close application to a vicious alphabet, the prevalence of ophthalmology among South German printers (which is much more universal than in Prussia) is a subject of serious concern to their physicians and philanthropists. The appearance of so large a number of young boys and youths, with the full, round, and almost colorless faces so peculiar to German apprentices, disfigured by their uncouthly-large green goggles or spectacles, would have been highly grotesque if it had been less melancholy. Five full years these mere children must plod through this irksome and ceaseless drudgery—for the German compositor not less than the American knows little of Sunday—before they are released from the restraints of apprenticeship; and when this long probation has at last passed away it often leaves them with an eyesight incurably impaired. But they can not escape even then from bondage, for they are dependent on their daily toil for the merest

sustenance, and it is too late to turn back and devote another sixth part of a lifetime to the mastery of another handicraft. There is no avenue of escape but that which conducts to the New World; and that, unhappily, is too often hopelessly closed by the very poverty it alone could alleviate. Such is the endless round of servitude trodden by the laborer of the Old World, even though employed by the noblest of human inventions. And yet these compositors were laboring cheerfully and without complaint; and I saw pale-faced boys, bending over their dingy desks, cast occasional glances of quiet enjoyment upon the little vases of flowers in their windows. Singular blending of adornment and ugliness!

Having now visited the principal departments of the building I returned to the rooms of one of the younger editors, who gave me the complete "history of a German newspaper."

The editor sips his black coffee or chocolate quite early, and arrives in his work-room nearly as soon as his inferiors. During the forenoon he employs himself first in reading the "proofs" of the evening edition, already once read by the "Reader," then in the manner above described. The evening edition goes to press on the "inside" about ten o'clock, and when the completed impressions begin to appear, about two hours later, the editor's forenoon tasks are ended, and he takes a copy of the paper, still dank and reeking, to peruse while seated "to respite his day-labor with repast." He has already acquired a vigorousness of appetite which his American contemporary does not attain till several hours later, and partakes of a very leisurely and substantial dinner, followed by a number of *schoppens* of Munich's best brewing, or, perhaps, a half-flask of Johannisberger. The labors of the afternoon are a repetition of those of the forenoon, and sunset finds them nearly completed, and the paper for the next morning mostly in type and ready for the press, while its great contemporary of London still lingers one-half in the inkstand. While the "Great Thunderer" of Germany composes himself and enjoys a night's placid repose, his English brother keeps up through the whole night his growls and his grumbles.

Nightfall, then, brings relief to most of the tired laborers, whether with head or with hand, and the profound rural stillness that settles down upon what was so lately a whole busy community of itself is broken only by the slow, measured tread of the watchman, moving back and forth through the deserted room, lighted only by a dim taper. Presently the solitary editor who remains during the night, unless he be absorbed in the latest romance by Auerbach, or unless he choose to write—and he generally does not—turns his light low and bestows himself in his luxurious couch; and if a faithful compositor still lingers, employed upon a brief dispatch from Berlin, as soon as it is completed he follows the comfortable example of his superior. If a late dispatch arrives from Paris, announcing the "formation of an alliance between their Majesties the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia" (for many months after the battle of Sadowa had disturbed that "balance of power" to preserve which, French catechisms teach, is the chief end of man, the German press was kept strenuously occupied in disproving the Continental alliances discovered or invented by the imaginative Parisians), the editor rouses himself in his *chemise de nuit*, reclines in the attitude coveted by inveterate novel-readers, gazes dreamily on the jumbled and sometimes hopelessly-meaningless words before him, reads them forward and then backward, as they did the Delphian oracles, conjectures, expurgates, and punctuates until they assume at least a constructive meaning, then sends them to a trusty compositor. After three o'clock nothing farther can be introduced into the morning edition, and the editor's slumbers are thenceforth undisturbed.

At early cock-crow the "forms" are arranged, without stereotyping, and set in the main central cylinders, which are then put in motion. The great, sepulchral press-room, hitherto so noiseless, now speedily becomes "distraught with noise." What a weird, Plutonic, diabolical thing it seems—that black-looking, articulate monster—wheezing, rumbling, clanking on in the cavernous gloom; swallowing down bale after bale into its insatiable maw, and flapping off its wide, steel-ribbed pinions the fleecy sheets! What demoniacal business or sorcery manufacture is prosecuted here? Is it an abode of wizards and goblins, or is it a laboratory of infernal alchemists? Near by the glowing furnace flings a bright glare over the faces of the workmen; the engines hiss and quiver under their own superfluous strength; the sooty workmen move hither and thither, carrying bales of paper, as if, like fell ministers, they sought by votive offerings to propitiate this paper-devouring Moloch.

These are the habitations of darkness from which the white-winged messengers fly forth on their mission of light; this, rather, is the Vulcan smithy where the "Great Thunderer" of Germany forges his bolts.

Such is a brief narrative of my visit to the home of this village *Weltblatt*—this village oracle, to whose classic utterances all Bavaria, all Germany, all the Continent, pay such profound deference. More than any of its German contemporaries, more than any other in Europe, it is at once the workmanship and noble monument of a single man, John Frederick Cotta; the outgrowth of a single great thought, followed with an unwavering fidelity to which, in the political sphere, the history of too-aimless Germany records few parallels. A man of incorruptible integrity, great learning, accurate, reticent, and an utter contemner of the court-seeking and sycophancy of his time, Mr. Cotta saw with pain the press of his Fatherland enthralled in abject vassalage, sloth, and scurrility, whispering with bated breath the permit-

ted chronicles and scandal of fifty courts, and absolutely devoid of political intelligence not copied from the *Moniteur*, and he determined to rescue it from a servility so ignominious.

In 1798 he, together with a kindred spirit, established this journal, and in the first issue announced that it would be the mouth-piece of none but himself and his correspondents. For a creed he proclaimed the great word, facts—facts—facts. Germany was astonished and incredulous, and the courts set all their snares to entrap him. His name was mentioned with scoffing not unmixed with concern, but an unbroken silence was his only retort. This almost divine patience and silence under reproach and injury were something so unusual among his too-passionate countrymen that they attracted curiosity, and, eventually, that admiration that is never denied to conscious strength. No word was suffered to appear in his columns that had not previously received his personal scrutiny. Every thing scandalous, trivial, or dogmatical he expurgated so rigidly, and every one who furnished him accurate and sententious descriptions—if it were only five lines—of what he himself had seen or learned from the most unimpeachable witnesses he remunerated so generously, that he not only eluded all the stratagems of the courts and the espionage of the police, but surrounded himself gradually with many friends in every station. The princes and princelings, seeing he did not come to them, and that his proclamations were rapidly becoming more weighty than their own, followed the prudent example of Mohammed and went to him. Five years after the foundation of the paper the remote Pasha of Egypt forwarded him semi-official communications, together with a respectful solicitation for insertion. Early in the century the French court was the only one that maintained an official organ; but from 1818 to 1820 this paper supplanted even the *Moniteur*. No cabinet in Europe could claim its columns exclusively as its own; nor was there one but was fain to seek at times their now powerful assistance. But a triumph far more gratifying to their owner than this conquest of kings was that of the great names of Goethe, Humboldt, Fichte, Schelling, and others, all of whom, in speaking through them to their countrymen, thought themselves not less honored than honoring.

Many years before his death Mr. Cotta had the satisfaction of seeing the journal he had built up with such incredible labor the acknowledged leader of Continental journalism; and what was greatly better, he could affirm that it was the voice of his beloved Germany, while its only great rival was the voice of the king who "ruled the hour"—to-day Louis XVI., to-morrow Robespierre. As he lay on his death-bed he could say, truthfully and with noble pride, that his example had contributed more than the wars of Bonaparte to vindicate the freedom of the press in his Fatherland. The poet Goethe, though a citizen of an inconsiderable town, compassed the sublime thought of a universal literature; but Cotta, with a truer perception of human possibilities, created a fountain of German liberty and German concord more copious, if less inexhaustible, than the poet's own august memory.

When Goethe approached his final hour he could nominate no follower to continue his sublime labor, and his works were his only though sufficient successor; but when Cotta passed away from his labors, that must be renewed day by day, would they not go down with him into the grave? No; for a work so beneficent is self-perpetuating, and imperiously summons a pupil to follow in the footsteps of the master. The dim, glazing eyes of the dying Cotta still traced the familiar lines, and his stiffening fingers still guided the correcting pen, even though it were grasped in the hand of another.

No, the labor of his hands has not perished; neither have those hands, though turned to silent dust, ceased to guide it onward. In a land always torn with intestine feuds, always groping in search of an unknown good, it has moved tranquilly on amidst the wrecks of broken monarchies, unshaken by the brunts of revolution, unmoved by the menaces of monarchs, unawed by the approach of contending armies; never threatening, never desponding; yet more eloquent than all the clamorous partisans around it, more eloquent than all the imperious oracles of courts.

"It is the voice of a god" is no longer the idolatrous acclamation of the multitudes; but, on the contrary, when a monarch's voice is heard speaking through that which the people have consecrated to liberty, it renders it fatally and forever odious. He who speaks the king's words is soon fain to eat the king's bread. In those sleepless outposts of German liberty, the book-stalls, the voice of the dead Cotta still speaks; but the voice of the living king is not heard there. No news-vender offers you the king's paper.

I will throw together here a few miscellaneous comparative statistics possessing general interest to journalists. It would appear that newspaper labors are better remunerated in the United States than in Germany, and in a higher ratio than exists between other employments. Thus, the Editor-in-Chief of the *Allgemeine Zeitung* receives a salary of only $998 a year. While a first-rate Berlin editor receives from $1500 to $2000 per year, the Prussian embassador in London receives $29,400; but a New York editor receives from $1500 to $5000, while our embassador in London has a salary of only $17,000. Correspondents of the *Allgemeine Zeitung* are paid at the rate of $3 50 a page (as large as that of the *Nation*); in Vienna, ten florins ($4 90) a letter, and twenty-five florins for a feuilleton. European correspondents of New York first-rate journals receive $10 in gold for a letter of about the same length, while our war-correspondents were paid from $30 to $60 a week, whether they wrote

little or much. The expenses of the *Allgemeine Zeitung* in 1866 for correspondence were $14,400; the *Herald* asserted, at the end of the war, that it had sixty correspondents, who, at the moderate average of $35 a week, would receive $109,200 a year. Journeymen compositors on the Augsburg daily receive only ten kreutzers (6⅔ cents) a thousand ems; in the United States, from 40 to 60 cents. Notwithstanding this cheapness of labor the *Allgemeine Zeitung* costs its readers the same per day (four cents) that the *Herald* and *Times* do, though both its editions contain less reading matter than the *Times*. It has only five editors and no reporters, while the *Herald* has forty-eight on its staff (I say nothing as to the comparative quality of matter produced). It has two presses, which cost, one $4000, the other $2000; some of the New York dailies have three or four, costing $15,000 to $25,000 each. Its largest press prints 7500 copies an hour; those of the *Herald* 12,000 to 15,000. Its receipts for subscription in 1866 were $57,000; those of the *Herald* (at $14 a year) $1,330,000 for the daily alone. The *Allgemeine Zeitung* establishment is, at the same time, one of the most celebrated publishing houses in Germany, yet all the presses, both for books and the paper, are propelled by an engine of six-horse power. In the great cellars of the Messrs. Harper there are presses driven by an engine of 125 horse-power.

The characteristics of German editorials are the same, in general, that mark the literature of the country. The Horatian maxim which teaches that "knowledge is both the foundation and the source of correct writing" is not less reverently obeyed by the ambitious feuilletonist than by Kant or Schelling; and the Ciceronian advice to the young orator first to acquire words, and afterward thoughts, effects no lodgment in the earnest spirit of either. "Fine writing," therefore, which is only a modern paraphrase for Hamlet's "words, words, words," or words for the sake of words, finds no place in an editor's ambition; nor can he even find examples of it in his language, except in poetry. There is a species of diplomacy sometimes practiced in our American law-courts called "speaking against time," known also to thriftless collegians on examination-day, under a slightly-modified form, as "mouthing," which is also not unknown to journalists of slender intellectual resources, when they sit before a vacuous, yawning page that must be filled. This is a device having its origin in a peculiarly Anglo-American combination of insincerity and fertility of invention; and to the less ingenious but more conscientious German is wholly unknown, for he is always greatly in earnest, even though the topic of which he is treating be one not more inspiring than the description of "a mass of fused flint found in a hay-stack struck by lightning."

If a German editor has no original thoughts to offer his readers—and it is very rare that he has none—he by no means disdains to allow Aristotle, or Scaliger, or Grotius, or Jean Paul to speak in his stead; nay, so great is the benevolence of his nature, and so honorable his sense of merit, that he often permits them to speak so frequently that neither himself nor his subject can be heard to utter any thing in their own behalf. "Wonderful erudition, but no logic," as the philosopher Cousin once remarked of Ralph Waldo Emerson. If you will but give a Vienna feuilletonist leisure he will array a subject so humble as that of city drainage in apparel of the most faultless texture and elegance; but it may wear them as confusedly and as unseemly as a Yankton chieftain his magnificent medley of civilized raiment. Into his short newspaper-woof he will weave more golden threads and shreds of "sky-tinctured grain" than enter into the composition of the sacred coronation-robe of St. Stephen; but all these beautiful tints may not group themselves into a single known combination. He never requires his audience to look into a *camera obscura;* but he frequently invites them to gaze into a kaleidoscope.

One of the most salient features in the methods of the German editor is the feebleness and indecision with which he generalizes from the transactions in which he is mingling, in order to turn the current of the time upon the wheels of thought. With two occurrences before him, the searching and vigorous intuition of the Anglo-Saxon instinctively seizes out of them a prophecy or a formula for his future guidance; but the dreamy and skeptical German, mistrusting his ability to cast the horoscope of coming events, applies himself instead to ascertain whether the occurrences actually took place. Brooks has somewhere said quite correctly that the most exalted attribute of the philosophical historian (which the journalist should be) is the imagination—the historical imagination, he happily terms it—which gives him power to summon from the dust long-buried generations, reclothe them with the tissues, and revivify them with the hopes, the fears, the hates, the ambitions they carried down with them into the grave. This endowment, which is thus potent over the dominion of the dead, is alone equal to the daily conflict with the living, for it alone obeys an inspiration higher than that of short-sighted passion; it alone marches with the "increasing purpose" that "through the ages runs." When exercised upon current events this historical imagination becomes intuition into their relations and perception of their widest import. This clairvoyant insight into the genius of his time, into that which day by day goes on around him, is withheld from the editor of Germany. It was their sympathies rather than their intuitions that made the German press prophesy good to the anti-slavery North, while the English prophesied calamity. In their own concerns, and specially where they involve them in the tortuous statesmanship of the Continent, where sympathies lead continually astray, and where only intuition is trust-

worthy, the German press manifests often the most lamentable shortsightedness.

The imaginative Frenchman and the Englishman schooled in the craft of state always seek first the connections of the present with the future, but the German first with the past; hence the press of the former hold that of the latter in a perpetual bondage. The German editor feigns to hold the "conjectural politics" of his western neighbors in philosophic contempt; yet when their seers take their station to watch for omens in the perturbed sky of Europe he never fails to be present, and scans them with an intensity of curiosity that is a tacit confession of the shortness of his own forecast. If, when the earth is giving premonitions of disruption, and the low, sullen mutterings of the approaching earthquake are heard at intervals, the journalists on the Seine and on the Thames (as the German sarcasm is) are sometimes capable of hearing the grass grow, their contemporaries on the Spree and on the Danube often, fatally often, hear nothing whatever until the earth yawns along the Rhine and swallows down a German province. On the other hand, they sometimes harass themselves with an undefinable terror, and predict a throng of improbable calamities, with whose imaginary ordeals they are so distraught that when the genuine catastrophe comes it finds them unprepared, and overwhelms them with unresisted violence.

This routinism and this very incredulity it is that makes the German press, in the crises of history, paradoxical as it may sound, the most untrustworthy of the Continent. During the tranquil leisure of peace the kindly soil of Germany produces the most fragrant and the most copious abundance of the roses of Truth; but in the disturbed epochs of revolution it yields also the most noxious harvests of the nettles of Uncertainty. With the German, truth is the growth only of toilsome comparison and analysis, for he lacks the Anglo-Saxon's searching penetration, which adjusts conflicting probabilities at the moment, and from internal evidence alone. During the short war of 1866 the South German and Austrian press was inundated with false history; the comparative amount of truth in the published telegraphic reports sunk even below that of the marvelous bulletins that were written along the Potomac and the Chickahominy in the early, credulous days of the rebellion. There were no amazing and magnificent inventions, as among us; but lean, bald, official falsehoods day after day persisted in. The unhappy editors published every thing, the chaff with the wheat, in sheer desperation, for there was no leisure to winnow it; but they published also an incredible daily edition of interrogation points—such editions as were never read before or since in any well-informed community. None is more conscientious and truthful than the German editor; neither is any, alas! more incapable of instantly branding falsehood on its brazen front.

During those few fearful weeks when the "Black Eagle" flapped his exulting wings over Bohemia, and Germany was convulsed as it had not been since Waterloo, nothing could have been more pitiable than the German press, groping amidst the surging and raging of the battle like the blind Ajax, and crying out for light! Around a little window in Munich there gathered nightly a multitude with pale, careworn faces, waiting for the official dole of "necessary news;" far off beside the Main their sons and brothers lay already in their "cold and bloody shrouds," or fled with a traitor prince in ignominious retreat, while each day brought the fierce Prussians a day's long march nearer Munich; yet each day the official journal gave them the poor, stale lie, "No more battles at the front," and they turned away with sickened hearts! Could the blind lead the blind?

But while we can but commiserate those who are dependent on them for information from the battle-field, the voice of reproach should not be uttered too harshly against the official editors, for they, together with all others, tread a thorny road. In many respects the government of Prussia is the most intelligent and progressive of Europe; but it has not emancipated itself from that medieval suspicion and apprehension of a free thought, going forth daily on a mission to the people, that would smother every voice that presumes to utter a word of opposition or of warning. The press regulations in Prussia, Austria, and Bavaria are equally cumbersome and monstrous; but while in Prussia they are executed with unsparing severity to the extremest article, the governments of Austria and Bavaria frequently allow them to be transgressed and defied with impunity.

In Prussia the government assessor enters the newspaper bureau unannounced, gathers together all the copies of the paper that he can any where ferret out, affixes to them the royal government stamp, and repeats this proceeding on successive days until he is satisfied he has stamped the largest number issued on any single day, and on this number assesses the daily stamp-tax for the ensuing four months, during which time the proprietors are secure from his molestations. In Austria the corresponding officer employs much the same unceremonious thoroughness in the assessment, but the taxes thus imposed are less burdensome, and are less rigorously exacted.

In Prussia, Austria, and Bavaria alike the police-officers search suspected dwellings without a warrant, confiscate and carry away obnoxious papers, and on their testimony alone imprison, mulct, or banish as a public malefactor a subject whose greatest offense perhaps was an unguarded utterance touching the sacred person of the monarch; or, if he will accept debasement as the price of liberty, they suffer him to roam His Majesty's dominions at pleasure, but voiceless. In Prussia alone have I known such an interdict enforced with such minuteness

of interpretation that a subject who had given his parole was seized and imprisoned for violating it by frequenting a public assembly, and thus, by the eloquence of his presence, exhorting the populace to sedition! The mere suggestion of a potentate so inconsiderable that one may stride over his dominions in an hour is sufficient to procure the banishment of an Austrian subject from Austria for libel of his person or attributes; but in Prussia alone have I witnessed the amazing spectacle of a court, composed in part of gray-haired men, publicly condemning an edition of the *Allgemeine Zeitung* to be burned with fire for traducing their sovereign!

The Prussian police-officers are in the highest degree suspicious and oppressive; those of Austria and Bavaria are equally suspicious, but more meddlesome than oppressive. In Prussia they render themselves and their office continually odious; in Austria and Bavaria they frequently expose themselves to ridicule and contempt. During the war of 1866 there were only five journals temporarily suspended in Austria, and three in Bavaria, and none permanently suppressed; but in Prussia the mortality lists in the campaign against the journals were scarcely less appalling than in the battalions of the Army of the Elbe. In the crisis of the war, in an interval of two weeks alone, seventeen newspapers were suppressed by military force, though a number of them were in the newly-conquered provinces, and subsequently reappeared under different auspices.

Within the space of four months a single newspaper in Munich was prosecuted three times by the police authorities on a charge of *Staatsamtsehrebeleidigung*, and not only survived each terrible conflict, but issued from them triumphant. *Staatsamtsehrebeleidigung!* Only think of it! In its short life of fifteen years the same journal had been confiscated, in single issues, ninety-six times! Each confiscation, however, was replaced the same day by an edition struck off with a "censor-gap" of, perhaps, ten or fifteen lines. One of its Prussian contemporaries, in Dantzic (only one among many), was less fortunate, for it appeared to its subscribers three times, within two weeks, perfectly white except the advertisements!

It is a subject of universal comment in Germany that the journals of Vienna as far surpass those of Berlin in the license of their pasquinades on the court and exalted personages of the empire as the latter do the former in searching and comprehensive discussions of political transactions, or in the casualty lists they are permitted to publish after battles. It is the good pleasure of Francis Joseph to allow the journalists to amuse the mercurial and merry citizens of his metropolis with "quips and cranks" that, in the columns of the severe and solemn journals of Berlin, would be high treason. Another remarkable but not unnatural phenomenon of this officially-imposed silence and emptiness, thus thinly gilded over by imperial complaisance, is the excessive floridity of ornamentation in the feuilletons of Vienna alluded to above. The journalistic dialect of Berlin may often be so rugged, hirsute, and ponderous as to make the reader feel uncomfortable, but it is at least patriotic and unimpeachable German; while that of Vienna pays assiduous court to Gallic loveliness, and its unkempt and sturdy sons disport their cumbrous loves through many a column with the lithe and graceful daughters whose ancestors dwelt beside the Seine.

Whether through this governmental intolerance, or through the inherent ruggedness of the idiom, or through default of enterprise, the telegraphic department of German newspapers is furnished with an incredible parsimony. A table giving the statistics of the great Germano-Austrian system of telegraphs for 1864 pointed out that in that year only 1.24 per cent. of the matter telegraphed was furnished to the public press! The average amount published in the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, including all the reports from the bourse, markets, and lotteries, is only forty-eight lines daily. When a dispatch of 651 words (some fact-loving German made the reckoning) was forwarded from the battle-field of Custozza to a journal in Vienna it was considered a notable achievement of private enterprise. The epoch-making battle of Sadowa was waged within a half steam day's journey of Vienna; yet not twenty consecutive lines of telegraphic history were published in Vienna concerning it; and one of the newspapers of that city remarked, with a sarcasm to which its truthfulness lent a keener sting, "If it had not been for the Prussian official bulletins of victory we would have known less of the battles in Bohemia than we did of those in the United States of North America."

After a "field-day" in Congress the *Herald's* head-lines alone occupy as much space as the telegrams in the *Allgemeine Zeitung*. The latter journal's daily expenses for telegraphic matter do not exceed $15; the *Herald* has sometimes published a "special" cable telegram of two columns, which, at $2 per word, would cost $2400. The greatest recorded telegraphic feat of Europe was a three-column dispatch to the London *Times* from Dublin, containing John Bright's speech in that city, in the winter of 1866–67. Nothing like it has ever been dreamed of on the Continent. During the war the *Times* and *Herald* several times received nearly a whole page by telegraph from Cincinnati; and, at the end of the war, General Grant's last official report was telegraphed from Pittsburg to the Cincinnati *Commercial*, filling three pages of that paper, and containing not less than 18,000 words.

Most of the telegraph lines are controlled entirely by the governments, and they make no reductions for dispatches of extraordinary length; but it is doubtful if newspaper proprietors could be induced to accept a much greater quantity than they already receive. When such a possibility is suggested they simply shrug

their shoulders in dismay, for that which they constantly receive requires to be so often translated in its tortuous journeyings, and is sometimes so wretchedly rendered by routine officials, that, upon its arrival, it is frequently impossible to render it more than approximately intelligible and accurate. To the conscientious and painstaking German these uncertain oracles are peculiarly unsatisfactory and obnoxious; they perturb his philosophic equanimity, they becloud his understanding, they harass and perplex his waking hours, and thus invade and retrench the period allotted by nature to healthful repose. It is greatly corrosive of intellectual tranquillity, and wholly subversive of the principles that should control every well-regulated human life, to be compelled to lose half an hour from one's meditations on the *Corpus inscriptionum Romanarum* in an attempt to ascertain from a miserable telegram whether a colliery explosion in Wales occurred at Llwydcoed or at Llwidcoed.

The depressing effect upon the newspapers of Germany of all these official embarrassments and persecutions, added to the intrinsic hindrances interposed by the character of the people themselves, is readily perceptible in their limited circulation lists. Berlin, for instance, with a population of 620,000 souls, requires 142,200 copies of daily newspapers, which would be an average of one paper a day (if all were retained in the city) for every 4.39 inhabitants; Vienna, with a population of 530,000, requires 142,700 copies, or an average of one for 3.73; New York, with a population of about 900,000, requires (I estimate) 411,500 copies, or an average of one for 2.19 inhabitants.

Again, there are no single journals in Germany that attain the colossal daily circulations common in London, Paris, and New York. The *Volkszeitung*, of Berlin, the most widely-distributed daily in Germany, has a circulation of only 29,000 or 30,000; the *Neueste Nachrichten*, of Munich, 25,000; the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse* 19,000; the Cologne *Zeitung*, the most enterprising paper of Germany, 19,000; the *Allgemeine Zeitung* 11,000 of each edition, or 22,000 a day. On the other hand, the London *Telegraph* circulates (I am informed) 315,000 daily; the Paris *Le Petit Journal* (last summer) 242,600; the *Herald* 95,000; the London *Times* 59,000; the *Figaro* 50,000; New York *Times* 45,000; *Tribune* 43,000.

But in no department of journalistic enterprise is Germany more deficient than in her Art journals. When St. Paul's Cathedral requires new windows of stained glass they must be brought from Munich; when Englishmen of culture weary of looking at the wretched, tawdry collections of the National Gallery they flee to Dresden and Munich; yet when Germans would read of what themselves have accomplished they are obliged to subscribe for a London journal. Lützow's *Zeitschrift*, of Berlin, is the only publication that can for a moment be compared with the London *Art Journal;* but while the latter has a circulation of over 30,000 in England alone, exclusive of the Continent, its Berlin contemporary numbers scarcely 1100 subscribers! Germany affords the most striking of all modern demonstrations of the truth of the old complaint, that artists do not read. It is but just to state, however, that the Berlin publication has been established only a few years; and that although it had at first to contend in an almost hopeless struggle, it has at length surmounted every obstacle sufficiently to become self-supporting, and is steadily advancing to popularity and strength.

With comic and illustrated papers, however, Germany is copiously supplied. Many of the comic papers may seem to the cold-blooded and less-impressible Anglo-Saxon something too trivial and undignified in their sallies; but such papers as the *Kladderadatsch*, the *Fliegende Blätter*, *Punsch*, and *Pfeffer und Salz*, are well worthy to rank alongside *Punch* and *Charivari*. But it is in pictorial publications that Germany specially excels. Leipsic alone publishes three, with a combined weekly circulation of 117,500, one of which, the *Illustrirte Zeitung*, had fifteen special artists with the armies in Bohemia, and several with those campaigning on the Main. The *Ueber Land und Meer*, of Stuttgart, has a weekly circulation of 52,000, and a monthly of 27,000. Besides these there are several other pictorials in Vienna, Basle, and other places, and a great number of scientific and agricultural publications profusely and admirably illustrated. Of agricultural papers alone Leipsic publishes over half a dozen—in fine, there is no known country in which agriculture is at the same time better taught and illustrated and more wretchedly practiced than in Germany, especially in South Germany.

With the first day of 1867 the Munich *Morgenblatt* suspended publication for want of patronage—a fact that would have been of inconsiderable importance if it had not been the failure of the last attempt of South Germany to maintain its literary independence of Prussia and Saxony. It was the only existing belles-lettres publication south of the Main, and its extinction acquired additional significance as marking the transfer of the literary, almost simultaneously with the political, ascendency in Germany to Berlin. This paper being the forlorn hope of the South, both their sectional pride and their virulent animosity toward Prussia enlisted them strongly in its support, and for several years it was even the recipient of a subsidy from the Bavarian government; but it was a vain struggle, and, seeing it could never be rendered self-supporting, the government withdrew its support, and simultaneously the proprietors abandoned the publication of it. It was little loss to Germany, or even to the individuals who had supported it, for Munich, notwithstanding its great wealth in art, constituting for it a just claim to be the artistic metropolis of Germany, is poor in thought.

One of the best, if not the best, of the belles-lettres publications of Germany is the Leipsic

Gartenlaube, which has a weekly circulation of 210,000. The Berlin *Bazar*, a weekly gazette of fashion, reaches the great circulation of 250,000. The artists employed on this magazine are the inventors of a good portion of the feminine costumes of Europe; but they receive little credit for it outside of Prussia, for the Parisians adroitly contrive to appropriate most of them, and distribute them to the fashionable world as of their own invention. It is a singular demonstration of the absolute domination of French ideas over Europe, that fashions first announced in the *Bazar* often have to travel through Paris, and receive the French trade-mark, before they can win their way into the toilets of Vienna, not only a German city, but nearer Berlin than Paris.

In another place I have stated that single German newspapers never attain the colossal circulation lists that are sometimes found in England and France, and adduced a number of particular instances. This fact is entirely in accordance with the centrifugal and separatist tendencies of the character of the nation. There prevail in Germany as many theories of governmental and ecclesiastical polity—all of them of the most indubitable practicability and impregnable orthodoxy—as there are separate and particular persons, viz., some fifty or sixty millions. Now every thoughtful reader must see at once that it would be very difficult—I think I might say extremely difficult—for one paper to espouse one-half of these theories, or even a tenth portion of them, it being presupposed always that each of them receives an equally enthusiastic and strenuous support. It should also be here premised that every German citizen desires the welfare of the land of his nativity more than he desires his customary nutriment; and, farther, that he is profoundly persuaded and convinced that that welfare can be permanently established and maintained only by bringing to bear upon the science of legislation a body of preordained, immutable, and primordial principles, axioms, and corollaries which no previous legislator or collection of legislators of any century or country has hitherto either discovered or applied. For want of an understanding of those principles the Fatherland is traveling hourly to canine habitations. To avert a catastrophe so deplorable and so fraught with direful consequences, he patriotically establishes a journal in which to propound, elucidate, and demonstrate those principles. He also reads it. Whether any other of his countrymen engage with him in that patriotic and interesting avocation is a matter of secondary consequence, for he now peruses healthful sentiments, and feels secure.

Thus, while the United Kingdom of Great Britain supports only ninety daily newspapers, Prussia publishes one hundred and forty-three, and Austria seventy-two, most of them in the German provinces. While I do not for a moment overlook the importance of the circumstance that the journals of Great Britain have only one government to assault or champion, while those of Germany have a matter of thirty or thereabout upon which to employ their attention, I likewise can not forget that in Prussia it is perilous to subscribe for *more* than one political journal, while in England (as also in America) it is perilous to subscribe for *only* one. As soon as a thriving burgher in the little village of Eichhornstadt becomes so ambitious as to presume to peruse a journal in addition to the government organ it will go hard but the police will presently find it necessary to confiscate his wild-cherry book-case, together with its contents; but if the American farmer peruses only one partisan newspaper it may be a great many months after the occurrence before he learns that his party has violated the Constitution. I am fully persuaded, therefore, that it is the great multiplicity of governments alone that has been able to impart vitality to so large a number of daily journals, when they were laboring under the depressing restriction above narrated; and in view of this fact the cruelty of Count Bismarck in merging together a number of those governments will appear in its most aggravated and heinous character.

Another noteworthy phenomenon in circulation is found in the fact that North Germany—contrary to what one would expect—does not publish proportionately as many papers as South Germany and German Austria. The comparative extent of the circulations of Vienna and Berlin has already been given; and to it may be added the following instances: Munich, population 167,000, daily newspapers 77,600; Dresden, population 160,000, daily newspapers 25,800; Stuttgart, population 66,000, daily newspapers 47,750; Hamburg, population 200,000, dailies 64,600. Even Leipsic, the great publishing house of Germany, with a population of 85,000, requires only 24,100 daily newspapers.

Certainly this marked disparity can not establish a superior intelligence for the South, for every other known fact demonstrates the contrary. The true explanation is that the South publishes a greater proportionate number of small penny papers (Kreutzerblätter)—very minute and trivial affairs, largely filled with advertisements, and of so low a price that thrifty merchants subscribe for several of them. They contain very little political or valuable information of any description, but chiefly "wise saws and modern instances," "old wives' fables," neighborhood genealogies, chronicles of two-headed calves, and such like matters as are level with the intellectual abilities of the credulous, tattling populations of the Catholic South. The South German or the Austrian laborer awaits nearly as anxiously as the French or the American, and more anxiously than the English or the Prussian, his daily portion of small news, though he employs great economy in its purchase. You will find in his house a trifling newspaper and a well-thumbed prayer-book oftener than in that of the Prussian, but less frequently a copy of Schiller.

MRS. ENT'S LODGER.

I.

IT is of no consequence to any one but myself what brought me here to spend the summer in a little village in the back part of the State; but here I am, and here I am likely to remain for some time to come. My surroundings are not altogether what could be desired, but I comfort myself with the thought that they might be worse. I shall keep a sort of journal of what happens here.

Having found my way to the tea-table on the evening of my arrival, I was "made acquainted" by my landlady with Mr. Ent, Mr. Ent's son, and Mr. Brice—the latter a gentleman boarder. My first impressions of this gentleman were not favorable, and I have seen no reason so far to change my opinion.

Mrs. Ent is a tall, angular female, with a neck like a crane, surmounted by a small head and face; the expression of the latter is as though she had been eating persimmons. Mr. Ent looks like a good-natured brigand, with a decidedly tumbled aspect, and seems to feel that his ears may be boxed at any moment. Nor should I be much surprised myself at such a demonstration, as his wife evidently considers it her duty to discipline him strictly; and during tea-time all the misdemeanors that he had committed since the last meal were brought to light and judged severely.

I forgot to mention a gentleman who evidently earns his bread by the sweat of his brow, and who eats in silence, with a perfect disregard to the invention of forks. Almost every one eats in silence here. Mrs. Ent occasionally "converses," with the evident conviction that she is fully acquainted with most of the topics that have been discussed since the year One; and really this woman is quite a marvel to me. She is so perfectly composed, even when making some startling blunder, that she is quite refreshing; and her manner, whether engaged in reproving Mr. Ent, or in discussing a subject which is as familiar to her as Greek, is a study in itself.

We happened to be left alone at the tea-table—as the others seem to eat and run, and I never could acquire the art of throwing food down my throat—when Mrs. Ent turned to me and said, very impressively:

"Now that we are alone, Miss Clare, I will take the opportunity to say that I think you will find Mr. Brice very pleasant when you get acquainted. He's a little offish at first with strangers, and sometimes a little rough, but you mustn't mind him at all, and I've no doubt you'll get on together very well."

My exasperated state of mind passes imagination. I gave Mrs. Ent very clearly to understand that the antics of the person by the name of Brice were a matter of perfect indifference to me; and that as to his being "offish," that would be the most agreeable frame of mind to me in which he could possibly continue. Had I not "taken this stand," as a friend of mine would say, the man's whole history, with the whys and wherefores of his being here, would have been poured into my unwilling ears; and, leaving Mrs. Ent's round eyes in a petrified stare of astonishment, I rushed to my room and fastened the door, as though I had anticipated an attack of some kind.

I could not help laughing a little, though, when I thought it all over; and pushing open the blinds, I sat down by my window to cool off. Here I sit yet, the "naughty" having all been calmed out of me by the pretty view. Purple hills in the distance, and greener hills near by—another cause of good-humor, for it makes me really savage to look out upon a flat stretch of monotonous grass; and on one of the green hills I can see in the twilight the gleam of white tombstones. The clouds are beautiful to-night—dark and light violet—a pretty country road winds and twists among the hills, a picturesquely-uncomfortable cottage or two dot the road, a blue line of water quivers over the hills, and, altogether, my window frames a picture that is far better worth looking at than many of those at the Exhibition last winter.

II.

Dreaming over these hills, I know not why my thoughts went out to Rosamond May—Rosamond Ellinwood, I suppose I should call her; but I like the other name best. Is it not strange that in a few years people often change into different beings? Rosamond at school seemed a shadowy fascination, with long, light curls and a child-like smile. There were other girls prettier than Rosamond, but not one of them had her power of bewitching. I was laughed at then for "my infatuation," as they called it; but the infatuation is as strong to-night as ever—likewise my impotent rage against the man who married her. I am glad that I have never seen him.

I was in Europe when that marriage took place, the only premonition being that school-girl epistle from Rosamond in which she mentioned that she had met her fate in the water at some wretched sea-shore place, and that his name was Ellinwood. I wrote back that, if she met him in the water, his name ought to be "Fish"—I now think it should be "Villain."

I should have supposed that Rosamond May would be the very last woman that any husband would wish to desert. I really can not understand it. She was married and gone before I returned; gone to live in a far Western city with a man of whose very existence she was ignorant only a year before. How strange these things seem! I left Rosamond a gay school-girl; I saw no intermediate phases of shy, loving maiden, April bride, or happy young wife; but was led at once to a pale, quiet woman, who looked like the ghost of my school-girl love.

I burst into tears, and then into anger; but

Rosamond stopped my invectives with dignity. "He is my husband," said she, calmly; and this is all that any one can get from her.

Mrs. May, however, is not one of the quiet kind, and she loudly bewails the unfortunate marriage that has blasted her daughter's youth, and left her neither wife nor widow in her father's house. It is very provoking that Rosamond will not say any thing; and yet I can not but respect her for it. I have such a contempt for those silly women who degrade themselves by lowering their husbands in the eyes of others—Mrs. Ent, for instance. Who would have thought, though, that my little childish Rosamond would have come out with so much character?

They say, however (for others are not quiet), that this Stephen Ellinwood was a gay, dashing man, fascinated by Rosamond's pretty ways at an old-fashioned watering-place, and married to her in an imprudently short time after they met. That his old, dissipated ways gradually came back upon him; that he left his wife in a fit of drunken anger, on finding her in tears; and that he had probably made way with himself—which was the very best thing he could have done, if he had only sent her word.

I think that Mrs. May fully subscribes to all this; and she asks every fresh questioner if it isn't too bad that her Rosamond should be treated in this way? Poor mother! her ambition was as strong as her love; and in that slight girl were centred many fair hopes, now rudely shattered.

III.

While I was dreaming over Rosamond my one friend in the place, Fanny Lears, suddenly made her appearance. After an exchange of salutations she immediately attacked the subject of Mr. Brice. Had I seen him yet? And how did I like him? And had he talked much?

To which I replied that I had not seen him. A man answering to that name was supposed to have been sitting beside me at tea-time; but he sat in a heap, and did not look up; that I didn't like him at all; and that he had not talked much, having confined himself entirely to a sort of growl at long intervals.

"Really, Constance, you are too bad!" said my friend, in evident disappointment. "I can see that you have resolutely set yourself against the poor man, and knowing both your natures as I do, I feel sure that each day will only see you flying wider apart."

"If we flew at once to opposite sides of the globe I can not see of what possible consequence it could be to you or any one else," was my reply.

Fanny blushed to the very roots of her hair; and in that action discovered to me a very nice little plot already hatched by the scheming damsel. I thought that I could a tale unfold, if I had been so disposed; but the time had not yet arrived.

"Pardon me, Fanny," said I; "I had no idea that you were personally interested in this Mr. Brice. I take back all that I said; and I have no doubt that he will turn out to be a very charming person."

"I am not interested in him at all, in the way you mean," replied Fanny, more in a flutter than ever. "Don't, I beg of you, get such a notion into your head! Mr. Brice really is very intelligent and gentlemanly; and we feel sorry for him because he is a stranger. He told father some sad story, when he came, that father persists in keeping to himself; but he superintends a factory here that belongs to some relative, and makes our house his head visiting quarters, at father's request. We have become very well acquainted with him, and like him very much. He is *very* kind-hearted; and the poor man seems so sad at times that it is quite wretched to see him. I am really anxious that you two should be friends. I think, Constance, that you could do him a great deal of good."

"Well," said I, quite unmoved, "if Mr. Brice were under eighteen I might deem it my duty to take him in hand. As it is, however, I do not feel it to be my mission. It strikes me, too, that we can find more interesting subjects of conversation."

Fanny looked disappointed, but resolute; and I anticipate considerable amusement in watching her manœuvres.

At breakfast-time I managed to get a look at my neighbor, and found the man quite handsome, evidently against his will. His hair wants cutting, and he needs repairing generally; but if he could be persuaded to sit erect, and act like a gentleman, I should almost call him distinguished-looking. I have set him down, though, as a perfect boor. It never seems to enter his head that any of his neighbors may be in want of the necessaries of life, in the shape of butter, biscuits, and the like.

IV.

Some little time after breakfast I strolled down again to the dining-room, while the maiden was putting my apartment in order, and my ears were soon greeted by the dulcet tones of Mrs. Ent, sternly reproving Mr. Ent for his course in regard to something or other, and it seemed to me that I could see his stalwart frame trembling before her wrath.

"Now, Sairy," he remonstrated, meekly, "if you'd only see—"

"Samuel Ent," exclaimed the shriller voice, with wrathful deliberation, "you are the biggest fool that ever went on two legs! I'd sooner trust a pussy-cat!"

A roar of laughter now burst from an opposite direction; and Mrs. Ent, after a moment's pause, exclaimed:

"Do, for goodness' sake, shut that door, Samuel! I should think you might have sense enough, when you come here carrying on in this way, not to let Mr. Brice know all about it!"

I could stand it no longer, and for fear of

smiling aloud I retreated suddenly to the hall, where I encountered an amused face, with more expression in it than I had supposed my surly neighbor capable of.

He made no remark, however—not even paying me the compliment of removing the drab-colored wide-awake that was smashed down upon his head; and I swept indignantly up to my room. Fanny's scheme is progressing finely. I really wish there were some law to prevent disagreeable people from being at large—some asylum for their accommodation.

V.

Since writing the above I have taken tea with Fanny, by special request, and met with something of a surprise.

Fanny really is a wonderful girl; she keeps that pleasant-looking house of theirs so beautifully, doing all the work herself, and making every thing as comfortable as possible for the dear old man her father. Judge Lears is a perfect picture of beautiful old age; and father and daughter seem so dependent on each other that it would be really cruel to entertain any thought of separating them.

Tea was every thing that a tea should be, and much more attractive than Mrs. Ent's; then we adjourned to the "sitting-room," as they call it, although it is really a parlor, and looks so pretty with its numerous windows and that odd little veranda on which it opens. A room in a wing has a particular attraction for me; it is a sort of offshoot from the main building, and there is something rather unexpected about it that interests one.

I had just taken in the whole effect of these vine-draped windows, and the hanging basket in the open door; Fanny's piano, with a vase of flowers at one end, a book and handkerchief at the other, all speaking of feminine occupancy; a rocking-chair or two, and the wide, chintz-covered lounge, with its large, inviting-looking cushions, three in a row (I fairly dote on one of these chintz-covered lounges), when suddenly appeared the figure of a man in the doorway, who, with a sort of swinging grace, walked forward as though assured of a welcome.

"Why, Mr. Brice!" said Fanny, in a *very* hospitable tone, "you are quite a stranger—walk in. I believe you are acquainted with Miss Clare?"

"I can not say that I am," replied the individual, with great composure; "Miss Clare's name has been mentioned to me, and mine to her—that is the extent of our acquaintance."

I wondered whose fault it was that we were not better acquainted, as I had been quite disposed to exchange the common courtesies of life; I remained quiet, however, as I had no intention of making the first advances. Fanny gave me beseeching glances to "behave pretty," but I would not heed them.

To my surprise, however, my new acquaintance seated himself near me, and said that I reminded him very much of a friend of his—a very dear friend, he might say; not that I looked in the least like her, but there was something in the tones of my voice that recalled her vividly.

Now my voice had been said to be just like that of Rosamond May, and it was a compliment to be like her in any way. I wondered what sort of a person Mr. Brice's "very dear friend" might be.

That provoking Fanny had seated herself at the piano, I verily believe for the express purpose of furthering our acquaintance; and I found, to my surprise, that the singular personage beside me could talk and act like a gentleman. He really had a very fine face; and he had read, and traveled, and evidently seen the world in the most improving sense of the term.

I did not care, however, for the continuance of our *tête-à-tête*, and I was therefore most grateful to Judge Lears for sauntering in and attacking Mr. Brice upon some political question that seemed to be a perpetual subject of dispute. At the first opportunity I walked over to Fanny.

"I shall stay all night with you," I whispered.

"Shall you?" replied Fanny, in evident surprise—more surprise, it struck me, than pleasure.

However, we were too intimate to be polite to each other; and to punish her I whispered, "Yes; aren't you glad? I think your Mr. Brice improves on acquaintance, Fanny. I have no doubt that you will be able to make something of him yet."

"*My* Mr. Brice!" she repeated, indignantly, while running her fingers over the keys; "how ridiculous you are, Constance! I think he is father's Mr. Brice, if any one's; but I really wish some good, true woman would take him in hand, 'for better or for worse,' poor man!"

"I think," said I, "that the 'good, true woman' had much better take a whole school than a single individual, if she takes him for the work of reformation."

The Judge and Mr. Brice, having each demonstrated to his own satisfaction that, if the theory of the other were adopted, the country would go to irremediable ruin, now joined us, and the conversation became general. The Judge hoped that we would try to convert Mr. Brice to a rational way of thinking; and Mr. Brice wondered that, with such home influences, the Judge would persist in his uncivilized theory.

Fanny stopped all farther debate with one of her favorite songs, and Mr. Brice lent some deep, rich tones to the melody, that contrasted finely with Fanny's clear, bird-like notes.

"Now," said Mr. Brice, with a comical expression of annoyance, "I shall be obliged to run the gauntlet of Mrs. Ent's inquiries and guesses as to where I have been and what I have been doing. The different ladies in the place have all been brought up at various times as the particular objects of my attentions. It

never seems to enter the worthy lady's head that a man may get tired of that kind of joking."

When, the very next day, Mrs. Ent addressed me as follows: "Miss Clare, now that we are alone, I will take the opportunity to tell you that I always make it a point to tease Mr. Brice about the ladies, because he likes to be teased about them," I had much difficulty to maintain a composed demeanor.

I think Mr. Brice waited patiently that evening at least an hour beyond the time he had fixed upon for leaving, in the hope that I would get ready to go; but when it got to be rather alarmingly late for country habits he seized his hat in an embarrassed manner and made his adieux.

I had no intention of being accompanied home in the evening by a stranger, and thus directing Mrs. Ent's restless tongue against myself. I think Fanny forgave me during our delightful night talk of about four hours; but I was obliged to hear Mr. Brice's name much more frequently than I desired.

"I think he is almost afraid of ladies," said Fanny, while commenting on his frequent brusqueness of manner, "he never seems at ease in their society."

"Then," I replied, "he has certainly done something he is ashamed of. No man of his age, who has seen so much of the world, too, would be troubled with boyish bashfulness unless he had some reason for disquiet; so *gardez vous*, my dear Fanny."

While my friend was answering these remarks, in a discourse that came under several different heads, I fell asleep, and forgot the existence of Mr. Brice for a few blissful hours.

VI.

Poor Mr. Ent! "Sairy" leads him a weary dance of it.

While I loitered at the breakfast-table this morning he walked into the dining-room, dangling a piece of raw meat in the air for the inspection of his better-half. It was probably from consideration for my feelings that he endeavored to conduct the exhibition in pantomime; but Mrs. Ent dragged his performances severely forward into the light of day.

"Now, Mr. Ent, what do you mean, I *should* like to know, by bringing raw meat into the dining-room? Have you no ideas of decency at all? I really wish that you would consider people's stomachs a little more!"

This seemed to be just what he was trying to do, for he replied, deprecatingly, "Why, Sairy, I only jest wanted to know if there'd be enough of it for dinner."

His wife majestically waved him off. "Take it into the kitchen, Mr. Ent."

"But, Sairy—"

"Samuel Ent, *will* you take that beef into the kitchen, or shall *I*?"

I wished that I could have put into the man spirit enough to exclaim, "*You* shall!" and then to fling down the beef and retire; but he was made of softer material than this, and meekly took up a line of march for the kitchen.

"As you were saying, Miss Clare," resumed my landlady, turning to me as though this little episode had not been, "I hate and despise gossip. Now there's Mr. Brice; when he first come here people were possessed to find out all about him; and I got fairly tired of answering their questions. I couldn't make out *what* he'd been before—I didn't like to put the question to him in so many words; and once, when I was trying to get at it, he told me that he used to travel around with bears. This didn't seem to be much of a business, and I didn't like to let it go without making something more of it; so I told them I rather thought Mr. Brice had once been in the menagerie line. He come here and took the parlor bedroom, for a long or a short time, he said, just as it suited him; never said a word about the price; and pays as regularly as an eight-day clock. The greatest fault I have to find with him is that he keeps himself a good deal *to* himself, and isn't quite so neat in his apartment as I should like—throws papers and things on the floor, and drops his cigar-ashes wherever it comes handy. But then you can't expect a man, you know, to be a woman. He must be well off, I suppose, for he seems to get just what he wants; though how he's *made* his money is more than I can tell. He's that kind of man, too, that he might be going away to-morrow for all *I* know—and he may be going to stay two years. I can't find out a thing about him."

And all this in reply to my carefully-premeditated remark that I despised gossip and gossips! All shafts seem to glance off harmlessly from Mrs. Ent's double-proof armor of self-esteem.

VII.

I wandered away this afternoon from my uncongenial home-surroundings, and went off on an exploring ramble. I like these country wanderings—varied by the excitement of a formidable cow or a doubtful dog, involving a scramble over the nearest fence, and saying "nothing to nobody." I took my sundown and a letter from Rosamond, and started.

Following the pretty, winding road, I came, after a while, to an old red mill; and as there were plenty of convenient logs around I deposited myself on one and looked about me. The mill-wheels were going furiously, and making a great noise—working away in the midst of a scene that seemed made for quiet. Just beside the mill a deep ravine slopes down to the tangled woods, dark, still, and mysterious-looking; while a pretty little frisky stream, sauntering carelessly by on the other side, has been imprisoned in an iron clasp, and made to work hard, in place of its former butterfly existence. Poor little stream! what a tyrant is that ugly, great wheel, that *must* be turned! sending the clear, sparkling water on such a headlong tumble down into that stone basin. It must make the stream giddy just to look at it.

Green hills rose up before me, crowned with woods rich in every shade of green; and I sat dreaming on the log, with Rosamond's letter in my hand, until a voice roused me from my reverie.

I was not at all pleased to see Mr. Brice, nor to receive from him the envelope which I had dropped at the other end of the log.

"I have been struck with this handwriting, Miss Clare," said he, lingering over the envelope; "the letters are so regularly beautiful, and yet so delicate. I could almost worship a character like that these strokes portray."

"And what is the character?" I asked, interested in spite of myself.

"Fastidious delicacy, and love of the beautiful, with a hidden strength that even those most intimate with her would scarcely suspect, until it was brought forth by circumstances. These are the *prominent* traits; there are many others, noble and lovable, that I could mention."

I was almost startled when I thought of Rosamond, to whom the crumpled rose-leaf story would so well have applied; and the beautiful always seemed to grow beneath her fingers, whether they touched ribbon, flowers, or pencil; and lately she had seemed so strong and self-poised—so different from the school-room pet.

Mr. Brice was looking off toward the hills. I resolved to puzzle him a little.

"You have said 'her' very confidently," said I. "Suppose, now, I should tell you that the writer of this letter is a wild cousin of mine—a medical student, for example?"

"You would not be telling the truth," was the calm reply.

"You are right," said I; "but possibly she would be happier as a wild medical student than as she is now. That letter was written by a very dear married friend of mine."

"Oh, indeed," said Mr. Brice, indifferently, as though the subject had passed from his mind; and then he began to direct my attention to various points of interest around.

I felt rather piqued that Rosamond should be dropped so suddenly; but I suppose the adjective "married" stripped her of all interest in the gentleman's eyes.

VIII.

We spent the "glorious Fourth" at Fanny's. I say "we," for Mr. Brice seems to be quite at home there; and Fanny makes strenuous efforts to bring us together. There was quite a little party—about twenty I should think; and the feminine portion of the assembly were in white, with blue ribbons, and pink roses in the hair. We called this being patriotic; and it certainly looked very pretty.

Milk-punch was handed around in the evening; and I noticed that Mr. Brice, who was attending to me, took none himself.

"Are you not going to take any?" I inquired, just as I was raising the glass to my lips.

"No," he replied, in a low tone, "I dare not—the last time I tasted it I pained some one very dear to me. Do not tempt me, Miss Clare, to break my vow."

"I honor you for this," I whispered, as I set down my glass untasted; "and *I* also will make a vow, this very night, for fear of leading some one weaker into sin."

Perhaps I had said too much, for I felt deeply. I saw that my companion's eyes brightened suddenly, and then grew tender. He scarcely left me all the evening. What fresh scrape was I getting myself into?

Fanny gave me an appreciative pinch as we stood together for a moment, and before I realized what I was doing I had engaged to take a drive with Mr. Brice the next afternoon.

"Really, Miss Clare," remarked my hostess, approvingly, a few days after these proceedings, "I think we shall have to give you the credit of taming Mr. Brice. He is *very* much improved since you came; he used to snap and snarl at every one around, and I thought he must have the dyspepsia."

I had no inclination to rival Van Amburgh; but there was no use in trying to convince Mrs. Ent that I had taken no pains to that effect. An idea once lodged in that lady's brain defies all attempts at dislodgment.

I certainly had no expectation of ever becoming very well acquainted with Mr. Brice, and I can not be accused of having tried to make myself particularly agreeable to him. Indeed, I have avoided him as much as I could without positive rudeness, for a certain tender interest of manner lately displayed has become a positive annoyance.

Mrs. Ent has evidently settled the matter entirely to her own satisfaction, and she indulges in significant looks and remarks that strike me as peculiarly comical. Then she will sigh as her eye falls upon "Samuel," as though she she would wish every friend of hers to be preserved from such a fate; and poor Mr. Ent looks uncomfortable under the consciousness of having done *something* wrong—he doesn't exactly know what. Fanny smiles amiably, although she wisely refrains from saying any thing; and, altogether, it is very evident that people generally are pleased to think that things are coming round just as they had prophesied.

It strikes me that even Mr. Brice has a more assured manner and a greater elasticity of step, as though things were going well with him without much trouble on his part; and I think it is quite time for me to put an end to such hallucinations. There has been very little to bring them about: some unavoidable meetings at Judge Lears's, various conversations on books, nature, etc., and two or three drives. Fanny has driven with him a score of times, at least. Why don't people look knowing with respect to *her?*

I will refuse the next invitation, and turn over a new leaf.

IX.

I have done it; but what have I gained by it? Promised that troublesome man an interview, with full opportunity to hold forth for an unlimited period! And some little experience in such matters ought to prepare me for what I may expect. So be it. If he chooses to rush headlong to destruction it is no fault of mine; and however disappointed he may be, he will not dare to blame *me*. I do feel a little sorry for him, though.

X.

Well, our "sitting" came off on one of the logs mentioned before, and here are the results:

Said Mr. Brice, when we had selected our log: "Miss Clare, you declined my invitation to drive this afternoon because you imagined that Mrs. Ent and Co. were putting a peculiar construction upon such performances?"

Said Miss Clare, with becoming hesitation: "You force me to be candid, Mr. Brice; and I can not deny the truth of your proposition. But—"

"Not *place aux dames*, just yet," interrupted the gentleman, with a smile that made him quite fascinating. "Please lend me your patience for a long story, and make what comments you like at the end. But first, Miss Clare, let me ask you a question—I have a high opinion of your judgment. Do you think that a man of mature age, who has fallen under the power of a disgusting vice, fallen so as to disgrace himself in the eyes of those who love him best, can ever be reclaimed? Would you believe it if you saw such a man, who had been able to live for a year without yielding to the temptation? Would *you* take him by the hand and encourage him?"

"I would honor him from my very heart!" I replied, warmly, though not acceding to this "taking him by the hand" arrangement. "And I would have the utmost confidence in that man's moral strength and final triumph."

"Thanks," said my companion, as he bowed respectfully over my hand and raised it to his lips—an action that almost caused me to tumble off the log with apprehension as to what might be coming next.

But all that came was: "I will now proceed with my story. It is that of a young man who was unfortunately left, when a boy, with plenty of money, for which he was accountable to no one. Of course he became a man long before the time, and gathered around him a lot of dissipated fellows, whose orgies were more worthy of beasts than of men; hence my fiction to Mrs. Ent that I went about with bears.

"But after a while this became tiresome, and I resolved to reform. I had behaved respectably for some time, when I met an incarnation of all that is sweet and pure and lovable in woman. But I should have commenced my story by saying that my real name is Ellinwood. 'Brice' is only a portion of my Christian name."

Another uneasy motion on my part, that fairly dislodged me.

"'*Ellinwood!*'" I repeated, wildly, like one in a dream. "Then you are Rosamond May's husband!"

"Even so," he replied, with a sad smile; "I am that unworthy creature; and it was the knowledge that you were Rosamond's friend, first discovered from the envelope you dropped in this very place, that inclined me toward you. The tones of your voice gave me a melancholy pleasure—they are so like Rosamond's; and I could soon see that you would prove a warm, true friend, through evil and through good report. You will forgive me for saying that I determined, if it were possible, that Rosamond's friend should be mine. But I will come to that in due time."

I was busily thinking over this unexpected *dénouement*. My first sensation was one of pleasure, that Rosamond's husband was not such a wretch as might have been expected; but I suddenly remembered that it was my duty to be highly indignant.

Quite regardless, however, of my emotions, Mr. Brice, alias Ellinwood, proceeded with his narrative.

"It has often seemed strange to me," he said, "that Rosamond should have loved me. But she *did* love me, for we were married; and our married life, until that last miserable year, was an unusually happy one. Then the demon of drink began to possess me again by degrees; but I managed to keep up an appearance of respectability, until, one never-to-be-forgotten night, some unusually strong milk-punch made sad havoc with me, and, scarcely knowing what I did, I reeled home to Rosamond, who had never even suspected this failing. Never shall I forget her look of horror. 'Is this my husband,' she exclaimed, 'my noble, intellectual husband, whom I have so loved and honored?' Then, turning her back upon me, she began to cry.

"Those tears sobered me in an instant; and shutting myself up in the library I tried to reflect upon the course I should take. It seemed to me that the best thing I could do was to rid Rosamond of my presence, for I could not trust myself among the temptations that surrounded me there. Writing her a few lines, to assure her that I had not put an end to myself, I left the place before morning, and went to a town a hundred miles away, where a worthy cousin of mine resided. He promised to keep my secret, entered into my plan of reform, and offered me the superintendence of his factory here as an excuse for settling myself in a place where I would be quite unknown, and able to carry out my scheme of total abstinence for a year.

"I am much indebted to the kindness of Judge Lears and his daughter, which has, in a measure, mitigated my banishment. I told the Judge, on my arrival, that I was in great trouble; and I have received from him the kindest consideration. It has required, at times, nearly all my powers of mind to baffle Mrs. Ent's cu-

riosity; but I believe I have succeeded in doing it. The twelve months, however, that I have spent in the bosom of her family have not improved my manners; nor, I am afraid, my temper. When I heard that *you* were coming here, Miss Clare, the announcement gave me any thing but pleasure. I felt that the advent of a young lady into our household was a nuisance—an incongruity that was positively disagreeable; for she would, of course, expect all sorts of little attentions, and feel indignant if a man didn't rouse himself to be agreeable."

"I don't think," said I, feeling by this time quite well acquainted with Rosamond's husband, "that the effort you made was at all calculated to fatigue you."

Mr. Ellinwood laughed heartily; but becoming suddenly grave again he replied: "No; I suppose that you set me down as an unmitigated boor at the first interview. You could not understand the spell that was on me—the sense of humiliation in the society of a lady—and the total want of confidence in myself after my miserable fall. But I could not help liking *you*, Miss Clare; and when I found that you were Rosamond's friend I managed to emerge, by degrees, from my porcupine covering. What little attention I paid you was both for your sake and *hers*. I am glad that Rosamond *has* such a friend."

"Thank you," I replied—finding nothing more to say at the end of this strange narrative.

"You know Rosamond well, Miss Clare," said my companion, after an awkward silence; "you have seen her quite lately; do you think her love has survived the outrage to her confidence? Do you think I might venture to ask for a return of that confidence?"

"I am quite sure," said I, speaking with firm conviction, "that Rosamond's love for you remains undiminished; and I do not believe that a single complaint of you has ever passed her lips."

Mr. Ellinwood's movements were always rather unexpected, and my hand was now seized with alarming fervor. "God bless you, Miss Clare! for the most comforting words I have heard during my banishment; and here let me take the opportunity of thanking you for all the good you have done me from the first moment of our acquaintance. I feel under the greatest obligations to you; and so, I am sure, will Rosamond. I will go to her at once, and throw myself upon her mercy."

I had "done him good" then, in spite of myself! I smiled as I recalled Fanny's eager plans for me, and my indignant refusal of them.

It was rather comical, too, to be fully prepared for an offer, and, instead of that, to hear of a man's love for another woman. It was well, under the circumstances, to have been fortified beforehand; and, resolving to be even with him, I managed to inquire if he knew Mr. Charles Riverhead, of ——.

"'*Know*' him!" he exclaimed, delightedly. "Why we were in college together!"

If one gentleman speaks of another they are sure to have been "in college together."

I think Mr. Ellinwood was about to ask me what relation I bore to Mr. Riverhead; but probably noticing some peculiar changes of complexion, he suddenly wrung my hand with painful earnestness as he exclaimed:

"Let me congratulate you, Miss Clare, from the bottom of my heart! A fellow like Charles Riverhead is a sort of human century-plant."

Mr. Ellinwood soon ceased to be Mrs. Ent's lodger; and that lady fell into a habit of speaking of him as of one lately deceased, generally winding up with the remark: "I always thought, Miss Clare, that *you* had something to do with poor Mr. Brice's sudden departure."

I really suppose I had; but it was not necessary to tell her so.

Fanny declared, indignantly, that "I really was the *meanest* girl that ever lived not to tell her that I was engaged!" To which I replied by advising her, when she next undertook match-making, to make sure, beforehand, that one of the parties was not a married man and the other an engaged young lady.

THE INEVITABLE CRISIS.

THERE was no help for it! The facts of the past, to be expected, inexorable, yet generally unlooked for, and surprising when they arrive—death and misfortune—prepared the fact now come to pass, which stared Lucilla Stanhope in the face, and which she met with energy and courage. The commonest events in life had happened to her; she had become an orphan, and an object for charity. She possessed youth, good health, and a number of high-toned relatives; but in her case youth was ignorant, good health impotent, and the high-toned relatives worthless. The latter neither opened their doors nor their purses to shelter and aid her. The female cousins she had associated with on equal social terms gave her their cold, *décolleté* shoulders, and the male cousins passed her by with an ejaculatory "How-de-do?" Consequently Lucilla foreswore kindred and society. If an unselfish, sympathetic person existed it was not in the town of Coventry, her present dwelling-place. She decided to shake its dust from her feet forever, and go in search of the source of the milk of human kindness. Should she discover that its flow was exhausted in the human race, she would learn to labor with her head and hands, without hope of kindness or consideration, and eat her hard crusts, so earned, with as hard a heart as any body's.

But what could she do? What avenue opened to a high-bred, intelligent, handsome girl? The avocations pursued by women in Coventry who were compelled to earn a livelihood consisted of the trades of the milliner, the dress-maker, the tailoress. For extremes there was the school-mistress and the servant of all work. To prove herself methodical and deliberate Lucilla drew up a ruled paper reference in this

wise, and studied it several days, in the hope of an enlightenment on the subject of her future course:

LUCILLA STANHOPE.

On the mother's side, a Grindstone; a name figuring in State Annals. On the father's side, a Stanhope; a name celebrated in the History of the Bar. Aged twenty-one; respectable figure; goodish hair; blue eyes; regular face; the Grindstone hand. High temper; no accomplishments; an excellent wardrobe. Eight hundred dollars, proceeds of sale of law-books and furniture. Family debts paid.	Milliner; dress-maker; tailoress; school-teacher; servant of all work: each and all suiting me equally. Being incapable of trimming my own bonnets, fitting my dresses. Utterly in the dark concerning the make of male garments. Not understanding the rudiments of grammar and arithmetic. House-work to be learned entirely.

All the knowledge of labor that Coventry offered Lucilla pronounced impossible. She must avoid villages and towns, and plunge into the city. She chose the largest and busiest—New York. With her biggest trunk and a portion of her money she left Coventry one misty autumn day, bidding farewell to one friend only—her father's physician, Doctor Ridley. To him she confided her destination, the remainder of her trunks, and the other half of her money. When she did this the Doctor, being a widower, and only as old again as herself, asked her to marry him and remain in Coventry. She refused the offer, but thanked him warmly, adding that she did not believe he was in earnest. The Doctor protested that it was a serious case; that he had been in love with her from the time that she had the hooping-cough and broke the bottle of medicine he brought her.

"Besides," he continued, "who else will have you, my Lady Lucilla? You are a poor, proud, desolate, cantankerous young woman."

"It is all true, dear Doctor Ridley. How well you understand me! How well I know you too! Good-by again. You shall hear of me. I'll come back to you poorer, prouder, more desolate, if possible—an old, good-for-nothing creature, who has failed miserably in all her acts."

The blighted leaves fell in showers that day, but not a tear dropped from Lucilla's eyes during the journey. Judging from a curious smile which occasionally played over her countenance, it appeared as if she enjoyed the autumn scenery through which she rode. The dusty sparrows hopped and twittered in the brown hedges; the speckled partridge fluttered in the woody places where the sassafras was yellow and the maple scarlet; the fowls in the barn-yards threw up clouds of sand over their feathers; cattle roamed over the fields of stubble, and dogs bayed in the distant hills; but the smile did not come from these, but from an apprehension concerning the future which she resisted with scorn and defiance. When she arrived in the city, late in the afternoon, her mind, in spite of her resolutions, grew dark and heavy in the dark and heavy atmosphere. Riding through the deafening roar of the streets, her eyes filled with a mist which blinded them; she felt as if she were sinking and drowning in a wild, tumultuous sea. She drove to a boarding-house she was familiar with by name—Mrs. Fleeceson's; entered with a Cashmere shawl hanging on one arm, holding in one hand a brilliantly-embroidered satchel, and asked for a room. Mrs. Fleeceson bustled into the small vestibule where she sat waiting, and, to her disgust and surprise, asked her for a reference!

"It is usual," added Mrs. Fleeceson, perceiving Lucilla's surprise, "and a matter of form we are obliged to adopt with strangers."

"In order to find shelter in a strange place," said Lucilla, haughtily, "must I indeed relate to you, whose business it is to accommodate the traveling public, my antecedents?"

"I only require some name known to me. If you desire to keep incognito you can find admittance to some hotel. I presume you would rather not go to so public a place, however."

Lucilla produced a card-case—a gold one, Mrs. Fleeceson observed—and handed a card to her, upon which was engraved in Roman letters, "Lucilla Stanhope. Bedford Place, No. 4."

The sight of the card, which Lucilla herself had not had occasion to use since she left her house, a month ago, gave her a hysterical sob in her throat, and sent her thoughts back to the old, protected, secure days gone forever. Mrs. Fleeceson rustled her silk dress slightly, and Lucilla, looking up, comprehended that her card was not considered a sufficient evidence of respectability.

"I hoped," she said, with a dash of irritation in her voice, "that I should be able to fight it out on the card, and not be forced to own how it was that I knew your house. My uncle, Charles Grindstone, spent a winter with you—Lieutenant-Governor Grindstone, I mean. My cousin, John Grindstone, attaché to the French Legation, has also spoken of your house to me. Shall I show you his carte de visite?"

"Enough, Miss Stanhope; the Grindstone family are well known to me. A Major Grindstone was here two years ago, attached to General Dix's staff; another relative, I presume?"

"Yes; to the Grindstones our Government is beneficent. They are a dignified set of paupers, and allow themselves to be supported by it with grace and condescension."

From her tone and manner Mrs. Fleeceson was afraid Lucilla had run away from her official relatives, and determined to write the Lieutenant-Governor immediately about her. Lucilla divined this intention, and exclaimed:

"Madam, I have accepted absolute friendlessness; I have repudiated the Grindstones, being of age, and have come here to look for a situation, which is necessary to my support."

"My dear," said Mrs. Fleeceson, kindly, "you are too handsome to take any situation except that which your birth and position en-

title you to. You certainly are at liberty to take that?"

"My being handsome will not stand in my light long; beauty is fleeting, especially when one gets to the pass I have," Lucilla replied, with a grim smile. "As for liberty, I have chosen the sort I like best."

"Very well, Miss Stanhope, you have views of your own, I see; most young ladies have, nowadays, and they may be right; but in my young days it was different. What style of room do you wish—an expensive one?"

"Any room you have unoccupied will suit me."

"Of course you are aware I have a scale of prices; the rooms on the fifth floor are much more reasonable than those on the first."

This was a matter Lucilla had not considered; a room on the fifth floor sounded ugly; an apartment on the first floor sounded agreeably. She wondered what the price of board *any where* might be. Meantime Mrs. Fleeceson was eying her with the wary eyes of a person long accustomed to the tricks of a swindling community, who must sleep and eat at the expense of people of her profession.

"What do you say to a place midway, Madam—one between heaven and earth? And will you state your price?"

Mrs. Fleeceson was convinced that at present, at least, there was no embarrassment concerning money with Lucilla, and installed her in a comfortable room. When Lucilla had unlocked her trunk to take out a suitable dinner-dress, and had arrayed herself in it, a certain old-fashioned zest returned to her, which increased when she found herself at Mrs. Fleeceson's well-lighted and handsomely-spread table. That the world was all before her, where she was to find toil, anxiety, and uncertainties, she forgot. A week, with its busy breakfasts, and leisurely dinners, elaborate toilets, polite chats, exchange of puerilities, and undertow of gossip, passed. At the end of it a neatly-written bill was sent to her, which contained a few extras. These latter consisted of the most ordinary, comfortable trifles she had been accustomed to—cups of tea at odd hours, a bit of cake, the ironing of a few laces, a wax-candle for her bedside, some mucilage, a little ink—items which she would have scorned to recollect had she furnished them to any person. It served to rouse her from that condition whose limits depend on the contents of one's trunks, and the more or less kaleidoscopic character of the nomadic mass of human beings one encounters in city life.

"I must be a regular Grindstone," she thought. "Can it be that Providence is going to provide for me, as it does for them, and send me something with a salary attached, and that my instincts are keeping me here supine and waiting? It *is* the Grindstone atmosphere. I will get out of it instanter, and be what I have designed."

Twisting the required sum inside the bill, and reckoning how many bills it would take to wrap what Miss Braddon would call her "scanty patrimony," she carried it to Mrs. Fleeceson, and carelessly asked her in what newspaper it would be best to advertise for the situation.

"Oh! that situation?" Mrs. Fleeceson replied. "You have not given the idea up?"

"Certainly not. Dear me! I wish you would be kind enough to tell me what I can do," cried Lucilla, in a confidential burst.

"Can you teach music?"

"No—not *that* exactly."

"Drawing?"

"Well, no."

"French?"

"Nor that either."

"The making of wax flowers?"

Lucilla laughed loudly.

"Do you think I could practice so absurd an art?"

"Can you sew on a sewing-machine?"

"Mrs. Fleeceson," and Lucilla tapped her head significantly, "my ability is all here! I am a true American girl, thoroughly untaught. I have been educated in all the branches; in algebra I was A 1 at school. But I *know* nothing well. Let me find the chance, however, and my ability will develop itself. Like Jack Bunsby, if I am knocked on the head sufficiently my knowledge will grow valuable."

"If the worst comes to the worst, my dear Miss Grind— Stanhope, I would say, you might remain here, and keep the run of the silver and linen. You have studied algebra, you say?"

"How can you laugh, and make me laugh at my wretched position?"

"It is certain that no employer will pay you to experiment on your locked-up abilities. He will expect you to produce evidence to prove that you can accomplish some positive, defined work."

"I'll apply to be a companion to some hateful female, the *bête noir* of an otherwise tranquil family, an old maid aunt, or mother-in-law, or vicious grandmother. Such persons can be no more difficult to deal with than those I have formerly lived with."

"You have struck the vein. Such a place may be a school for you. You will come out of it with a meek, broken spirit, and, I fear, a broken back. Write an advertisement in four lines, and I will send it to the *Herald* by Patrick."

"Thank you, Mrs. Fleeceson, if you please."

Lucilla immediately looked up a paper to study the form of an advertisement. Seeing that all applicants were "experienced," with "first-class references," and "competent to take the entire charge" of any thing applied for, she was somewhat dismayed and perplexed over the composition of an advertisement that should express her "want." At last, however, she produced the following lines:

"COMPANION.—An American Lady, graduate of the Athenian Female Seminary, is prepared to take charge of an invalid of her own sex. Menial

attentions not objected to. Is active, strong, light of foot, and a good reader. Wages not so much a desideratum as a secure home. Apply to Mrs. Fleeceson's, Nos. 8, 10, 12 St. George's Place, inquiring for Miss Stanhope."

"Quite ingenious," Mrs. Fleeceson observed, "but too long; you have made it expensive. Now we shall see."

Lucilla now closed her eyes and folded her hands against the seductions at Mrs. Fleeceson's. To the young men who would gladly have brought her bouquets every day, and taken her to the opera or theatre every evening, she was imperiously sad. To the elderly and shiny-headed bachelors of the establishment, who were eager to discuss with her their street and drawing-room humanities, she was mildly mournful and negative. She even contemplated cutting her beautiful hair off, to fit herself to her proposed vocation, and bought some plain lace ruffles for her neck, to add a Sister-of-Mercy air to an ancient black woolen dress she intended to put on the day she went to service. A row of superannuated grandmothers, aunts, and mothers-in-law stretched across her mental vision like clothes on a clothes-line, for whom her youth and beauty were to be devoted. She purchased Florence Nightingale's book on nursing, and Harriet Martineau's work on the sick-room, and read them assiduously, forgetting the most of them immediately.

Lucilla's advertisement was read by a gentleman whose soul loved the *Tribune*, but as the *Herald* was the best advertising medium he was compelled to buy a copy of it, for he was looking for a companion for his invalid aunt and daughter. With "Pish!" and "Pshaw!" he read all the paper, too highly irritated to perceive much that was sharp and clever in it, and then handed Lucilla's advertisement to his aunt, a maiden lady, with a woolen cap over her ears, and wrapped in a woolen shawl. She read it, silently gave it back to him, and looked into space with a pensive, meek air of denial, that was most exasperating to her nephew.

"Aunt Jane! It appears to me this is the person we are looking for. Recollect companions do not grow on blackberry bushes," he remarked.

"'Every bush,'" she answered, "is the way the proverb goes, my dear Charles. *Companions* are apt to grow on a Upas-tree, *I* think. Don't you think this advertisement is strangely worded, dear Charles?"

"There never was a Upas-tree, aunt. If you begin carping at this early stage of our undertaking, my little Mary here will be grown before we find the proper person."

"Papa, what does a companion do?" asked Mary. "Will she play with me, or will she whip me?"

"There is danger of her doing more than that," replied Aunt Jane.

"You are afraid, dear aunt, that she might entrap me?"

"But," exclaimed Aunt Jane, ignoring his remark, "there is no reference mentioned, no particular qualification."

"Please give up the thought that troubles you, oh my aunt. I shall *never* marry again. Why should a man repeat a performance of that sort? Is not my circle complete enough—this young daughter, perfectly unmanageable, and this old aunt, so complaining?"

"My dear boy, you must forgive me, but you do not know the tricks of my sex as well as I do. I dread this scheme of yours. I am sure Mary and I are doing very well at present. Put the companion off till spring."

"Well, as I know Mrs. Fleeceson's house as one of first-rate reputation, I might as well call there and inquire about the person. Who knows, aunt, but that I may find a Decayed Lady, who will train Mary and console you?"

"As you please, Charles; I desire to say no more."

A day or two slipped by, however, before Mr. Charles Braxton rang Mrs. Fleeceson's door-bell in pursuit of Miss Stanhope. The servant who let him in ushered the way to the parlor, and took his card up stairs for Lucilla, without seeing that Lucilla was already there. Miss Nightingale or Miss Martineau was in her hands, but she was lost in thought. She did not appear to observe Mr. Braxton as he passed the sofa where she sat and took a seat upon one opposite it.

"She is a thorough-bred—one of the sort to scold my aunt, and me too," he thought.

The servant returned presently, and handing the card to Lucilla, turned to Mr. Braxton and said:

"This is the lady, Sir."

Mr. Braxton was so surprised at the discovery that this was the Companion, that he nervously engaged himself in buttoning the glove which had been without a button for several days; his cane also dropped on the floor. Lucilla eyed him in silence and severity; it almost offended her to realize that any body could take it for granted that she was going out to service because she had advertised to that effect.

"You have determined upon a new business, I am sure," he said, in an unbusiness-like manner.

"That is my affair, Sir. Did you call upon me for the purpose of investigating?"

Mr. Braxton rose with extreme suddenness.

"I called because I am looking for a companion, but I do not think you will answer at all."

"Why not?" asked Lucilla, quickly. "I can do a good deal. I am a competent young woman."

"I do not doubt it; but the place I have to offer has its difficulties. My invalid aunt is one of them, and my willful little daughter is another."

Here was a chance for a double martyrdom, which Lucilla felt should not escape her.

"I am not doubtful about the aunt, Sir; I

could undertake the charge there and I could try with the daughter."

"The rudiments, at present, are all she requires; her willfulness will prove the chief trouble in any attempt to manage her. Without a mother, she has run wild."

"Dear me," thought Lucilla, "he is a widower. I wish he wasn't. Widowers are detestable."

"She is too doosed striking for this sort of thing! It won't answer at all for *my* house," he thought, but immediately asked her terms, and what vacation she expected in the year.

"I must first learn how valuable I can be before I make terms, though Mrs. Fleeceson says no employer will take me unless I am certain of the performance expected of me. As for vacations, I shall have none. There is no spot upon earth for me to go to. Do you imagine, Sir, that if I had home and friends this opportunity would have come? No, Sir."

Terrifying as she appeared, a sense of amusement suggested him to ask her to go to his house on trial; he was desirous that she should attempt to quell his Aunt Jane and control his little spoiled Mary. Her independent style, and novel ideas of the character of a companion, might startle and overpower them.

"I am much inclined," he said, "to convict Mrs. Fleeceson of a mistake, and to propose that you should select my family as the theatre for your operations."

Lucilla, with a consciousness that he was laughing at her, looked at him with eyes as large as Juno's, and could not help admitting to herself that, so far as looks and bearing went, he might be her equal, if he was a widower.

"Define the duties you expect me to fulfill, Mr. Braxton," she asked, politely, but with an air of anxiety.

"My aunt, Miss Jane Haseldine, the head of my establishment, has within a few months become an invalid. She is no longer able to take care of herself, even, and is wholly incompetent to manage my little daughter, a restless, willful creature, who fairly tramples on the poor aunt, who insists, nevertheless, that she is quite equal to the demands made upon her. To tell you the truth, I do not know what my aunt might expect of you. She is a little deaf—repeat the conversation going on before her, perhaps. I will engage you on your own terms, if you will permit me, and then you will inquire the particulars of her. I should be glad to have you teach my daughter her A B C's, and advise her concerning her manners. I am pretty sure that my aunt's ideas about the child's dress are all wrong; she looks like a fright. If you could set that matter right I should feel indebted to you. Is it settled between us now?"

"Yes, Sir. I will come, and attempt my best with your poor aunt. So she is deaf?"

"And near-sighted; a little lame, also; she uses a cane; maybe she would like to change it for the support of your arm."

Lucilla had a second suspicion that he was laughing at her, and looked at him searchingly, but his face was very serious.

"Can you come immediately?" he inquired.

"To-morrow."

He appointed the hour for her to arrive, that he might meet her and introduce her to his aunt, and took leave.

As he went down the street he whistled softly, and felt as if he had been released from a combat; but somehow the combat had enlivened his usually sombre spirits. He noticed the people on Broadway, and thought the women promenading there looked less like fantastic puppets, with rings on their fingers and bugles all over them, than they did generally.

Lucilla went to Mrs. Fleeceson with the news of her engagement.

"But who is this Mr. Braxton? Did you ask him for a reference?"

"No, indeed; he is a gentleman. Besides how could I? I had none to give him."

"Your being here, my dear, was a reference, which I have no doubt but that he understood perfectly. It is all right, however, I presume. When do you go?"

"To-morrow afternoon, at five."

"When people and furniture look best—in gas-light."

"Are all city folk as suspicious as you are, Mrs. Fleeceson?"

"No, my dear; all city folk do not keep boarding-houses."

That very evening Mrs. Fleeceson made strict inquiries concerning Mr. Braxton, and the answers were highly satisfactory. He was a well-known lawyer; his income was large; and, although he himself had risen from one of those American families whose origin can be traced to the cobbler's awl, the mechanic's axe, or to the plowman's team, and no farther, he was connected by marriage with a Knickerbocker of East Broadway, whose family was in full blast, when the tall mansions of that famed locality had no suspicion of falling into the ranks of marine hotels or Mosaic warehouses.

The dreaded five o'clock came in the costume of heroic expectation to Lucilla, and, still too proud for her profession, she drove to Mr. Braxton's in a livery carriage, instead of walking there, as she should have done, and sending her baggage by Studley's Express. She had been wise enough, however, to borrow a trunk of moderate dimensions from Mrs. Fleeceson, and leave the main part of her wardrobe in that lady's care.

20 Blank Street was more imposing in appearance than Lucilla fancied; she feared there might be too much luxury inside its spacious walls to suit ascetic principles. A parlor-maid, with ear-rings and white apron, noiselessly opened the door before the bell had ceased to vibrate against the kitchen-wall, and Mr. Braxton opened a parlor-door before the driver had put her trunk on the hall-floor.

"Punctuality is one of your virtues also, Miss

Stanhope," he said, formally. "This way, please. My aunt is here to receive you. Margaret, see that Miss Stanhope's trunk is taken up."

Lucilla followed him without a word, oppressed with a feeling of diffidence new to her, and which she was ashamed of. Aunt Jane, arrayed in a dilapidated white shawl, that Lucilla perceived was a camel's hair, was seated in an easy-chair, which, drawn apart from the rest of the furniture, allowed no covert approach. All the light in the room appeared to Lucilla to be in the path between her and this formidable old lady. Beside her stood little Mary, holding a large doll in full dress in the most disrespectful attitude she could think of—an upside-down one—and bestowing upon Lucilla as impish an expression as she dared in her father's presence.

"Aunt, here is Miss Stanhope," said Mr. Braxton. "Miss Haseldine, and my daughter. Come here, Mary."

"No, papa; my doll is not able to move."

Miss Haseldine murmured a few indistinct words, and waved her hand toward a chair on the other side of the room. Lucilla felt choked. Would that she could run away to — Doctor Ridley! She did not move toward the chair, but remained rigid like a statue.

"Cursed women!" thought Mr. Braxton; "how they love to torture each other! They are the greatest artists in the world at putting each other down."

"What ails your doll, Mary?" he asked, rolling a chair up to Lucilla, and frowning at Aunt Jane from behind it.

"She is afraid of companions, papa; they make her turn head over heels, and be very sick."

"A happy opening for you; Miss Stanhope—the illness of the doll. You are a confounded little monkey, Mary!" her father exclaimed.

"My dear Charles," said Miss Haseldine, "had you not better leave us? There are a few preliminaries to be discussed between Miss Stanhope and myself; we can reach them alone."

"Yes, aunt; but recollect dinner will be served in a few minutes, and that Miss Stanhope has yet to take her hat and shawl off *in her own room.*"

Lucilla was moved to give him a grateful look. Aunt Jane understood his accent perfectly.

"Of course I shall not detain Miss Stanhope but a moment."

The acute and facile Mary adjusted her doll's skirts and restored it to a normal attitude.

Mr. Braxton shut the door decisively, and walked up and down the hall with the intention of allowing his aunt ten minutes' talk with Miss Stanhope.

"Have you been long at Mrs. Fleeceson's?" asked Miss Haseldine.

"A few days."

"It was a favorite resort several years ago for some of my country friends."

"Mrs. Fleeceson is well known to some of *my* country friends also."

"Ah! that is the reason you went there?"

"It was the only house I knew of."

"You are not a New Yorker?"

"No."

"Your style is so pronounced, I thought you must be one."

"When my dresses lose their freshness I trust my style will vanish."

"What have you been in the habit of doing, Miss Stanhope?"

"Nothing to qualify myself for the place I am endeavoring to obtain."

"You are not aware, then, that the services of a companion are arduous, and often disagreeable?"

"I hoped so, and have not come with an unwilling heart or reluctant hand to learn to perform these services."

Miss Haseldine stared at Lucilla, and would have been pleased to discover some sign of the adventuress, but it was impossible. Happily Lucilla was not prepossessing; her manners were hard and cold; and these dark women, when under the cloud of adversity, always looked blue and clayey. When kept out of brilliant dress, lively company, away from all cause of excitement, they remained dumpy enough.

"Can you teach my little niece here—or rather assist *me* to teach her? Are you quite willing to attend to the infirmities which my nephew insists shall be attended to?"

"I believe so."

"I won't be taught, and you are a bad girl with your believe so," cried Mary. "You can't open my mouth to find my little tongue."

Lucilla smiled, and Mary did not like the character of the smile at all.

"I can plague you, and kick dreadfully," she added.

Lucilla looked down reflectively at her own walking-boots.

"Do you have nails in *your* boots, Miss Stanhope?" Mary asked.

"Terrible ones."

"She is naughty sometimes," said Miss Haseldine.

"Cook says I am all Haseldine," said Mary.

"Oh!" cried Miss Haseldine, "if one could really control the Irish servants, our house would approach paradise."

"One in health, Miss Haseldine, can hardly hope to do that. You, Mr. Braxton informs me, should not make the attempt, even; you are so much of an invalid."

"Indeed he is right; I am sadly shaken."

"What is paradise, aunty?"

Mr. Braxton opened the door.

"The time is up," he said.

"Am I to stay, Miss Haseldine?" Lucilla asked, gravely.

"It is all settled, Charles," said Miss Haseldine, choosing to answer Lucilla in this way. "I am quite sure Miss Stanhope and myself will agree perfectly."

"Go with Miss Stanhope, Mary," said Mr. Braxton, "and show her the room she is to have."

"Yes, papa."

"Give me your hand, then," said Lucilla.

"How do you like her?" asked Mr. Braxton, when Lucilla had gone.

"Don't be absurd, Charles."

"I won't; *I* think her quite horrid."

Mary led Lucilla into a pretty room in the third story.

"Ah!" said Lucilla; "this cheerful fire gives me a happy feeling."

"Are you cold?"

"Yes."

"There was a fire in the parlor."

"I did not feel it."

"Have you got any pretty things in your trunk?"

"Unlock it and see; here is the key."

"I love you now."

Lucilla, after basking in the red fire-light, turned the gas up by the looking-glass to survey herself. Of course her hair should be smooth, but not becoming; her collar fastened correctly, but made to look stiff and precise. The tresses were obstinate; they would not assume an *à-la*-companion style; let her brush her best, they rippled in their old fashion against her ivory-tinted forehead and cheek.

"It is nonsense!" she exclaimed, dropping the brush; "but it is no matter. I am ready; dressing for dinner is out of the question with me now."

Meantime Mary had discovered a box and opened it.

"Please wear this," she entreated, taking a small enameled necklace, to which a locket was attached, out.

"I can not; put it back, Mary."

"What is in it?"

"My mother's hair."

"Papa has one, with a lock of hair in it; he wears it round his neck."

"What! 'Only a woman's hair?'"

"What did you say? You must wear yours, or I'll speak to him."

"Here, then; I'll wear it."

She fastened the necklace round her throat, and pushed it out of sight.

"Dinner is ready, please," called Margaret, knocking at the door. "Come out, Miss Mary, and let me put on your pinafore."

"Go away, Maggy; I am done with you."

"Goodness knows I am glad. This way, Miss Stanhope. Miss Haseldine is waiting."

The dinner was an ordeal for Lucilla, owing to the espionage Miss Haseldine was kind enough to give her. She recollected other home-like, well-served dinners; and Mr. Braxton's decanter of sherry reminded her of her father's habitual sherry. She wondered all at once how much younger than her father Mr. Braxton might be, and raised her eyes from her plate to decide. He was also looking at her.

"A glass of wine with you, Miss Stanhope—one of inauguration."

Lucilla sipped a glass, and bowed her thanks.

"These brunettes," thought Miss Haseldine, "love wine; it moves their thick blood."

It seemed so, indeed; Lucilla's face flushed, and her eyes kindled, but it was with annoyance. However, she ate with composure, and was rather thankful to Mr. Braxton for having a good cook, in spite of her anchorite plans.

"She goes through all the courses as if she were accustomed to them," was Miss Haseldine's second mental comment.

Mr. Braxton conversed with his aunt about a suit whose particulars she was familiar with. Lucilla grew interested, and surprised Mr. Braxton by an apt legal sentence or two.

"My father was a lawyer," she said, apologetically, perceiving his surprise. "I never thought till this moment that I might copy law papers. In case I fail at other work, do you think, Sir, you could give me employment?"

"You will not fail," he said, quietly.

Miss Haseldine felt more disquieted than ever.

"Be kind enough, Miss Stanhope," she said, sharply, "to teach Mary that she is now too old to take a bone in her fingers."

"To pick a bone," said Lucilla, adroitly, wiping Mary's smeared fingers on her own napkin, "is one of the charms of our early years."

"Papa," exclaimed Mary, desirous to unite the kind Lucilla to some association, "Miss Stanhope wears round her neck just such a locket as you do. See if they are not alike."

Miss Haseldine signed to Margaret to hurry up the dessert.

"You are indeed a terrible infant, Mary," laughed Mr. Braxton, but confused enough to wish his locket in the depths of his desk. He was quite ready to have Mary sent to bed, and placed some fruit before her with a warning to that effect.

"Shall you sit in your own room, aunt, this evening?" he asked, as they passed from the "extension" into the parlor.

"Are you going out, my dear Charles?"

"I have not decided."

"What shall I do, Miss Haseldine?" asked Lucilla.

"If you please, you may go to my bedroom and attend to Mary."

"Shall I sit by her bedside?"

"By no means," interposed Mr. Braxton.

"Then you may return here, if you will be good enough. I myself may require something."

Lucilla carried Mary off, and was gone an hour. Mr. Braxton in that hour discovered that many things in the parlor went wrong. The pictures were not even; he found holes in the furniture covering; some of the vases were cracked; the piano was terribly out of tune; the hearth-rug was worn out. He whistled so continually that Aunt Jane could find no opportunity for conversation, and when Lucilla came

down stairs inquiring for another duty, was quite ready to accept her assistance and be prepared for bed.

That evening Mr. Braxton perceived more cigar-stumps than usual on his reading-table, and could not account for his absent-mindedness; there was no more flavor of smoke about him, he was not nervous, but he was deuced wide awake. He went out to inhale the fresh air; a walk in the square might refresh and compose him. As he went out he cast his eyes up to the third story; a light was burning in one of the rooms—Lucilla's—late as it was. What could she be sitting up for? was she lonesome, homesick, melancholy? He did not walk to the square, but paced up and down the street in front of his own door, as if he had been a young idiot, instead of a middle-aged lawyer of a dignified turn of mind.

As for Lucilla, when she was at liberty to go to her own room, and once shut up there for the night, she felt inclined to draw up another statement of the *pros* and *cons* of her situation, but somehow fell into an idle fireside reverie, which lasted till Mr. Braxton outside was sufficiently fatigued to come in and go to bed.

"So far as Mr. Braxton is concerned, and his child," she reflected, "it is not so bad; so far as Miss Haseldine is concerned, it is worse. She is so made up and so tedious to undo. She, unlike Shakspeare's 'last of all,' is 'sans' nothing that the hair-dresser, the dentist, the dress-maker can supply. The English cosmetics, she condescended to say to me, she thought superior to the French. She also says that she expects me to make over her gowns and change her head-dresses. *Hélas!* I have no thimble. But the poor woman is ill—more so than Mr. Braxton imagines; she cried out awfully when I attempted to get her arms into her dressing-gown. Poor woman! Well, I will stay and share the burden of taking care of her with him; and he is a lawyer too!"

Mr. Braxton slept so well, and was so oblivious of the new inmate, that when she entered the breakfast-room the next morning he stared at her from behind his newspaper with surprise. Then, as she said, with a serious air, that Miss Haseldine had sent her word that she was too unwell to appear at breakfast, and would she be kind enough to pour the coffee, it struck him as an agreeable fact that she was there.

"Can you do it?" he asked.

She gave him the least possible pout, took a chair at the table, and poured for him a cup of coffee, purposely omitting milk and sugar.

"I like sugar," he said.

She deposited a small lump in the cup which he held out, and pretended to devote herself to Mary's breakfast.

"I am also fond of milk," he continued.

A spoonful went in the cup, and he was obliged to be content; but, in spite of his privations, he felt that the atmosphere of his house was brighter than it had been since he bought the house, not long since.

"This room is not so dingy after all," he exclaimed.

Lucilla shrugged her shoulders.

"The atmosphere of the city is the same each day to me; I do not know the way of the wind, nor the sort of clouds prevailing, or whether it is hot or cold."

"Will you allow me to smoke? or must I as usual go down stairs?" he asked, having finished his breakfast.

Lucilla replied that the weed was a familiar thing; and as soon as he had lighted one Mary slipped from her chair, ran up to Miss Haseldine, and told her that papa was blowing smoke all over the breakfast-table, and into Miss Stanhope's face! Miss Haseldine groaned, and made an effort to get up, but could not. Fate would have it so; ordaining that she should have rheumatism in her right arm for several weeks. Being helpless she fell into Lucilla's hands, who was thus able to perform the menial services she had advertised for. Liniment, novels, dress-trimmings were among the most agreeable part of her duties. Mr. Braxton had no idea of the trouble his aunt occasioned her; he was a busy man, and minor matters were apt to escape his notice. It suited him to find Lucilla each day at his table, quiet, with Mary neatly dressed beside her. She asked no questions, intruded no opinions, wore a placid air, and he believed that she was contented with her experience as a companion. She certainly was an efficient one; Aunt Jane's fault-finding was at an end; she made no complaint to him during his short visits to her; and he thought Mary was growing less demonstrative. From time to time, especially after dinner, he talked a little with her; but if the conversation ever approached the personal, or extended beyond a certain time, Lucilla was summoned back to Miss Haseldine's bedside.

When she arrived at convalescence, and was promising to come down stairs every day, a great actress arrived in New York. The papers were enthusiastic over the performances of the tragic queen. Mr. Braxton, discovering an anxiety for the papers in Lucilla, asked her the reason, and upon her replying that she was interested in all she heard of the actress, invited her to go to the theatre to see her play.

"In truth, Mr. Braxton, I am a little weary, and have a longing to see something noble and grand."

He engaged seats on his way down town that morning, and a dozen times that day thought of Lucilla's outcry. He was not much in the way of warm expressions, and consequently one of his clients was surprised to hear him exclaim, "We are all longing for something noble and grand!" and thought, so far as his insurance case went, it was a misplaced expression.

Lucilla was aware that Miss Haseldine would disapprove of her going to the theatre at all, and be wholly opposed to her going with Mr. Braxton. She endeavored every hour to speak of the invitation and her acceptance, but failed

to do so; the right moment would not come along. In the afternoon Mr. Braxton sent up a line to Lucilla, asking her to be ready before dinner, to have her cares disposed of by that time, as it was advisable to go to the theatre early. It occurred to her, when she read his note, that she must assume a different dress if she was going out to join a well-dressed crowd with a well-dressed gentleman. Accordingly she looked into the depths of her trunk, and found nothing suitable. Hastily scribbling a note to Mrs. Fleeceson, asking her to send up any dress that would answer for the occasion, she dispatched Margaret with it, who returned barely in time for Lucilla to dress for dinner. It happened to be one of her most showy dresses —a dark, rich, brown silk, with amber-colored stripes, and trimmed with black lace rosettes. With the dress, and a gold net upon her head, she looked exceedingly handsome. Miss Haseldine, keeping her room dark till the last moment, missed a view of the dress as Lucilla dropped in on her way to dinner, still dumb about the theatre. Mr. Braxton was in the dining-room, cutting the wires of a Champagne bottle. She went up to him:

"Oh, Mr. Braxton, I have not told your aunt that I am going to the theatre. I am afraid to."

She took away his breath, first by her unexpected beauty—her appearance was so dazzling —secondly by her avowal of cowardice.

"Is this true, Miss Stanhope? How you have changed since our first interview!"

She bent down her face blazing with excitement.

"Will you go and tell her?" she begged. "I would not miss going for the world, and I can not go without Miss Haseldine's permission."

He darted to the door, and looking back, said:

"I shall be back by the time dinner comes up."

It had been on the table some minutes, however, before be returned, with a face excited as her own. His chin looked sharp, his teeth were set, and did not unclose till he had done carving enough for a large family. Lucilla was troubled, hurt, and indignant; she knew Miss Haseldine had been having a fight with him. He sent Margaret out on some errand.

"*Lucilla*," he said, "you eat nothing. You must dine."

She protested she had dined heartily. He filled a glass of Champagne and made her drink it.

"Papa, *I* don't call her Lucilla," cried Mary.

"My dear, can you take a glass of Champagne to aunty without spilling it?"

"I guess so. Let me try, papa."

Mary, like Margaret, vanished from the scene.

"I shall cut some chicken for you, and you must eat it," said Mr. Braxton.

"Miss Haseldine is not willing for me to go; I know it," said Lucilla.

"Will you go without her permission?"

"How can I, being her *companion?*"

"Go as mine—for life."

The dark eyes filled with tears.

"I am the object of your charity, Mr. Braxton."

"Quick, Lucilla! Will you go to the theatre with me?"

She gave him her hand, and he had time to kiss it before Margaret re-entered.

The drama of the great actress blended with Lucilla's drama that evening. It ended with a little one-act farce which came off in Miss Haseldine's room; for Mr. Braxton insisted upon going to his aunt's room as soon as they came from the theatre. After that existence ran on a prosaic level—as it always does between Man and Wife.

DAY AND NIGHT.

Ere wholly fails the waning light,
The moon, amid heaven's cloudy hosts
Leading the starry ranks of night,
Sends softly down her banner white,
Bringing to earth's wide isles and coasts
A blessed truce from noise and strife—
A breath-space for the inner life.

Sweet thoughts, by daylight banished hence,
Return, to comfort and to heal
The weariness of soul and sense—
And on the lips of turbulence
The starlight sets its silver seal;
Dim pinions fan the fragrant damps,
And fire-flies trim their living lamps.

The dew-born primrose bursts, and flings
Its perfume in a sudden gush;
Moths flit on silver-dusted wings,
And scores of fair and happy things
Rejoice in the harmonious hush—
A bird that dreams of caroling
Chirps faint, with head behind his wing.

By day the city strives and strains,
And labors in its smoke and dust
Like some great giant bound with chains,
Sore scourged with rods and racked with pains,
And doomed to servitude unjust;
But when the tiresome day goes down
The slave may dream of throne and crown.

By day the vulture swoops and feeds,
And beats his fellows with his wings;
By night all violence recedes—
The whip-poor-will's mild patience pleads—
Shrilly and clear the cricket sings;
And while the stream its story weaves,
The wind talks softly with the leaves.

If day be storm, and night be calm—
If day be toil, and night release—
If day be pain, and night be balm—
If day be discord, night a psalm—
If day be war, and night be peace—
If day be life, and night be death,
Why hold so dear this mortal breath?

Why plead and shudder and bewail,
When those who stand our souls most near
Slip from our clasp, and, mute and pale,
Recede behind the misty veil
That hides from us a higher sphere?
Why shrink with anguish and affright
If life be day and death be night?
Why grieve to see them pass away,
Since night is sweeter far than day?

Editor's Easy Chair.

THE other evening the Easy Chair was listening to a young clergyman who was surrounded by others, sitting upon a platform, some wearing the regulation white cravat and others contented with the secular black tie. The discourse was an earnest appeal for the family as the chief means of religious culture, and the speaker spoke with such genuine unction that it was most pleasant to witness.

We stop at this point merely to ask why clergymen wear white cravats. We all know why millers wear white coats, but a similar reason does not explain the clerical costume. Is it to denote the purity of the profession? Is it for the purpose of a uniform? Is it that they may be at once recognized? Is it for the same reason that physicians used to carry canes with large knobs on top? Is it merely a relic of the priestly robes of Rome, which are themselves remnants of Jewish ecclesiastical costumes? Is it for the same reason that the clergy wear single-breasted waistcoats with standing collars, and very much buttoned up? Whatever the reason may be it must be akin to that which ordains shovel-hats for English bishops, and horse-hair wigs for English judges and advocates. It is observable that many earnest ministers of almost every sect discard the ecclesiastical costume—except, possibly, the black color. We do not recall a clergyman in a red cravat or in very pronounced trowsers. But we could mention very familiar names of noted ministers who could not be distinguished in a room or in the street from other people, yet names which are sweet with the odor of true sanctity.

It must be confessed that there is such a phenomenon as a clerical dandy. There are evidently members of the profession who think as much and as carefully of what we may call the little sartorial signs of sanctity, or who may be said to follow as faithfully the ecclesiastical fashions as any fine lady the variations of bonnets or the fluctuations of trimmings. And this spectacle creates a peculiar prejudice. The feeling that the profession deals with the most solemn facts of life is so universal and profound that there is a remarkable dissatisfaction with the evidence of frivolity in any of its members. It is not so with the priests of the Romish Church. The forms and ceremonies, the pompous and magnificent ritual of that sect, are so inwoven with its substance that they can not be readily separated. Yet when beyond the Porta Pia in Rome, or upon the terrace of the Campidoglio, or in the pleasant paths of the Borghese Villa, you meet a scarlet-legged cardinal airing himself, with his liveried flunkies respectfully attending his Eminence's steps, the imagination instinctively recurs to the Galilean landscape and the fisher of men. What conceivable relation can there be, you ask, between the plain primeval truths uttered by the Great Teacher and this vast ecclesiasticism of which our friend in the extraordinary red costume, with the attending footmen in livery, is not a disease but a blossom?

If now, instead of red cloak and stockings and a glittering equipage, you behold a white cravat—the same question presents itself. What is the secret connection between Christianity and white cravats? For it is remarkable that the white cravat, as such—the white cravat in itself considered—is as much a sign of worldliness as of unworldliness. It is the color of the dinner-party, of the rout, of the dance. The youth ties his snowy ends with as much painful anxiety and elaboration for his first ball as for his first sermon. Given a young man in the Fifth Avenue, say, at six o'clock on a soft autumnal evening, clad all in black and with a white cravat, and you could not be sure whether he were going to preach or to dine. That is a very interesting truth.

But there is still another upon the same subject; and that is, that not only is the white cravat worn, as it were distinctively, by the clergyman and the man of fashion, but also by our affable and gentlemanly fellow-citizens, the waiters. In all the houses of the nobility within a mile in each direction from Madison Square the butler and the waiter wear the white cravat. And, as strictly scientific inquirers, we must here remark still another fact, that while the Easy Chair, if he is coming to dine with his urbane friend, the beloved reader, wears the white, and finds his agreeable host in the same, and his fellow-guest, the interesting young rector, in the same, and the door is opened to him by the family butler in the same; yet he reflects that his host and himself must wear it only as a high ceremony upon these state occasions, while it is considered the distinctive sign of the young rector and the old butler or waiter. This latter fact sometimes leads to social confusion—as when, in a London party, a gentleman in the regulation costume, and desperately thirsty, after looking in vain through the rooms, where every body was cravatted in white, for any body whom he thought he might address without insult as the waiter, finally turned politely upon his next neighbor, who was as likely to be the waiter as any body else, and said, firmly:

"I beg pardon, Sir—are you the waiter?"

To which his neighbor with equal firmness responded:

"No, Sir, I am not—are you?"

There are many vexed sartorial questions which the Easy Chair hopes its young and promising neighbor, the *Bazar*, will satisfactorily answer; and among them is this great mystery of the white cravat. Why must clergymen and waiters distinctively wear it, while mere laymen of the most secular kind, like the Easy Chair, must wear it only upon ceremonial occasions?

Yet this was by no means the subject which engaged the Easy Chair's reflection, as he listened to the young clergyman of whom he began by speaking, and who was surrounded by others. It was the question, why it is that ministers submit to be the hardest worked and the worst paid class of laborers in the vineyard of society. And this is so tremendous a question, and so entirely separate from that of cravats, that we will draw a dash, and begin a fresh section.

THAT they are so, no one, especially no clergyman, will deny. Every duty is devolved upon him. He is not only to marry, and baptize, and bury, but he must be the confidant and counsel-

or of every body who chooses to drain his sorrows and joys—often the very smallest of small beer—into the minister's ear. He must be chairman, director, and visitor of all the charitable, religious, and educational societies in his neighborhood. All hours of the day and of the night must be at the service of other people, and without a murmur. This is the duty also of the physician; but the doctor of medicine is spared the rest of the labor that falls upon his brother of divinity. All these are, so to say, the clergyman's secular duties. But his strictly official demands are enormous. He must conduct at least two public services upon Sundays; preach two sermons, and have meetings and exhortations during the week. For all this he must be contented with a small salary—smaller than most clerks receive; he must dress well, and must abstain from the amusements with which all the world recreates itself. What criticism he must undergo! How every old woman, of both sexes, feels at liberty to suggest this, and to hint that! In what an atmosphere of abominably impertinent interference the clergyman is compelled to breathe! Every parishioner feels that he has some kind of vested right in the minister, as every voter is of opinion that he owns his proportional share of the Congressional representative. If any hapless friend of the Easy Chair has ever been a candidate for office he recalls perhaps with what a superior air the gentleman who calls to ask for a little favor begins by saying, as if to put refusal beyond question, "I voted for you, Sir." You were not elected, indeed, but none the less your visitor expects you to procure him the mission to England or a loan of ten cents.

The Easy Chair hopes that no clerical friend will misunderstand him, or suppose that he imagines himself to be describing the fate of all clergymen. There are those who quietly repel impertinent interference. There are those who will not overwork themselves. There are those who will not undertake the parish duty which properly belongs to another ecclesiastical organization than the Protestant. There are those also, the Easy Chair sincerely trusts, who turn up the barrel between meetings, and will not write two sermons a week. It is very comical to observe the feeling of suppressed indignation with which a parishioner, let us say of the old school, suspects that he is listening to an old sermon. Something in the turn of a phrase, some quotation or allusion, suggests to him that he has heard this before. The great drift of the discourse, the moral lesson never to be too much inculcated and repeated, he omits altogether. It is not by that that he recalls it. And what at bottom is his emotion? What is his real feeling of indignation? Baldly stated it is that he pays his share toward two new sermons every week, and the other party to the bargain is shirking work.

Now why does not the other party to the bargain not only shirk that work for that day, but altogether? Why does he not say that he can write one good sermon a week, but that he can not write two? Why does he not say, "Brethren, let us have one service a day, and a children's meeting, if you choose, in the afternoon?" The Easy Chair has long looked through the religious magazines, reviews, and journals, to find an article upon "Mrs. Grundy in the Church." Mrs. Grundy in society we all know. Mrs. Grundy in politics is also a familiar acquaintance. But it is in the church that Mrs. Grundy nods supreme and holds highest her virtuous hands of horror. She denies moral freedom of action to the clergyman. Erecting a certain standard of action, he must conform. She spreads for him what seems to many a very soft and pleasant couch. It is the bed of Procrustes, and she tries to force him to lie upon it. Mrs. Grundy does not permit the clergyman to do what he thinks right and best, but insists upon what she thinks he ought to think right and best. The very person whom she has invited to take spiritual charge of her, and in whose moral rectitude and just judgment she must therefore be supposed to confide, is the very one whom she will not suffer to dance, if he wishes to, or to hear any but slow music. Is slowness religious? Is a tune impious because it is merry? The opera is a device of Beelzebub, is it, dear Mrs. Grundy? And what do you think of a bobolink? The accessories are bad? But what of malice, and backbiting, and spiritual pride, and jealousy, and intolerable personal gossip in church?

It is extraordinary how that old woman controls us. Here is a young fellow, a preacher in the bud, and full of the happiest promise; and he goes—well, pretty often, to see as lovely and admirable a young person of the other sex as can be found any where; and merely because this wretched old woman puts up her eye-glasses and says, "H'm, ha, twice last week. What does that mean? No young clergyman ought to be suspected of flirting," the young fellow drops off, and the young person of the other sex begins to grow pale. Or there was the good old pastor of the church so well known to those of us who are familiar with it, who after his long and faithful service proposed that the afternoon service should be omitted. And why not? Every Sunday afternoon he preached to a very few brethren, more or less asleep. It was not very unreasonable that he should suppose that they would prefer to sleep at home. In any case it was a cruel tax upon him. But Mrs. Grundy was aghast. She could see in such a suggestion nothing but softening of the brain, or the overthrow of the Christian religion; and she stated her case so strongly that the rest of the parish yielded, and still continue to take their Sunday afternoon nap in church instead of at home.

Why don't the ministers break Mrs. Grundy's head? Why do they not say to their societies that they will not, because they ought not, continue to work so severely for a pay so miserable? And why do not we who sit in the pews interfere? Above all, if we can not pay a large salary, and choose occasionally to send a purse to our clergymen, why do we not make it a point of honor that nobody shall mention the fact to the newspapers? What honest man does not wince with shame when he reads that the parishioners of the Reverend Mr. Blank presented him on Tuesday evening at his residence with a neat purse containing fifty cents in new five-cent pieces; that the Honorable Somebody or Nobody made a few felicitous remarks, to which the pastor feelingly responded? What is the object of this kind of thing? It is the glorification of the generous society that presents the purse. It is not, as somebody claims, a beautiful public trib-

ute of respect and regard for the minister; for he knows and they know and every body knows that the sole public impression is that poor Blank must be very sore pressed indeed when he is eloquently grateful for fifty cents, or a new hat, or a coat, or whatever it may be. The whole ceremony is Mrs. Grundy's attempt to eat her cake and have it at the same time.

A conscientious clergyman is the hardest-worked man among us; and yet there are very many who look upon him as a kind of drone in the great hive, and who have a vague idea that he is pretty well paid for doing very little! It is this half-contemptuous feeling which Dr. Wayland, the chief of the Baptist clergy, had in mind when he said, in his caustic way, to a meeting of some of his religious friends: "Brethren, if one of you has a lazy, good-for-nothing son, about whom you are in despair, you are sure to make a Baptist minister of him." If that is the feeling, how can we expect our children to care or to wish to go to church? And yet what right have we to expect that another kind of man will be satisfied with the pittance we pay? The most shining proof of the generally noble character of the clergy is that, despite the pittance, they are not the kind of men Dr. Wayland described. But they do want more independence. They do want to tread down Mrs. Grundy under their feet.

To an Easy Chair, whose duty it is to keep an eye upon the pleasant aspects of the world, and to roll itself about among the minor paths of manners and customs, it is very obvious that we must be under some curious illusion concerning the Opera in London. We are accustomed to consider it one of the great operatic capitals. It is reckoned with St. Petersburg and Paris as one of the cities in which the most celebrated singers wish to appear. And they do appear. Malibran and Grisi and Jenny Lind were all stars of the London heaven—alas! unhappy *were!* It was only the other day that the account was published in an English paper of the recent appearance of Jenny Lind at some provincial city in a work of her husband's, and the result was painful. Her voice was gone! Such a loss is as absolute as the extinction of a star. Voices remain and stars; but the lost Pleiad—!

Naturally, therefore, we suppose the standard of the London Opera to be very high—to be, in fact, quite beyond our own. And there are very worthy people who basely sneer at the Irving Place Opera, because they are very sure it is so lamentably inferior to that over the sea in London. Yet it is a fact that it is Irving Place which has given to London and Paris the most admired and successful prima donna since Jenny Lind in Adelina Patti, and now close upon the majestic and fascinating Nilsson at "Her Majesty's," in London, comes our very familiar friend Miss Clara Louisa Kellogg, and sings in *Faust*, in Nilsson's own rôle, to a crowded and brilliant house, to the Prince of Wales, Prince and Princess Christian, Prince and Princess Edward of Saxe-Weimar, and who knows how many dukes and duchesses, marquises and marchionesses, earls and countesses, viscounts and viscountesses, and what sparkling mob of lesser lords and ladies and mere untitled gentry—and is declared to be the equal of Nilsson and Titiens and Patti and Carvalho and all the melodious rest, her success "more triumphant, it may be, from the memories."

Have we been entertaining nightingales and larks and wood-thrushes unawares? Season after season has the Kellogg been singing, and we listening, and thinking it very well and very sweet and very pretty, when it was the easy rival, if not superior, of the best of living singers! Goodness gwacious! as Fopling says, what have we been about? Some of the *jeunesse dorée*, poring over the photographs of Nilsson, have wondered what could tempt her to these thankless and longing shores; and pleasantly listening to the Kellogg they have been indeed very grateful but wholly unsuspecting that this was more than Nilsson, more than Carvalho. It can not be denied. Her success has been very great. Her first appearance transcended in enthusiasm that of Adelina Patti. "Certainly," says the critic of the *Times*, "Miss Kellogg displayed extraordinary powers, both as actress and singer, and created an immense impression. Miss Kellogg is not only a splendid and brilliant singer, but a consummate actress as well. She evidently thinks for herself, and her acting is to be praised no less for its natural ease and unstudied grace than for its originality.....In fine, the new singer has every thing in her favor to insure a great success and to raise her into high favor. She possesses a voice of rare quality—silver-bright, liquid, emotional to a degree, and sympathetic. She sings with art, feeling, judgment, and supreme taste; as an actress she would make her fortune in the drama, and her appearance is highly prepossessing."

As we read these delightful words do we not all close our eyes for a moment and see Miss Clara Louisa Kellogg on the morning after her appearance seated before the fire in comfortable wrapper and slippers reading them also? How she must like London! How kindly and friendly seems every thing in that dull, dark city! How honest and hearty this generous welcome! Then her eyes close, too, perhaps, as she foresees that brief and bright career so alluring and overpowering to the imagination of the young singer. And we, poor plodders of Broadway! why didn't we know all this? How often has she not sung to thin houses? How often have not the papers praised feebly, unconscious of the goddess! How staid have been our epithets, how subdued our admiration! Yet when she returns how eagerly we shall welcome her, and remind our friends that we always knew, and, as they will remember, always said, that the Kellogg was peerless. *Is* she then different in London? Or is it that a singer hath no honor in her own land? Or is it that the accessories of "Her Majesty's" have greatly helped her? Or is it that London is more easily satisfied than New York? Or is it that Europe has at last become conscious of America?

Whatever it be let us rejoice that the industrious and devoted singer has met such a sunburst of welcome, and that her path in Europe is likely to be so flowery.

The farewell dinner to Mr. Dickens in London was one of the feasts in which we are all interested, and at which we would all gladly have been guests. It was curiously symbolical of the

hold which Dickens has not upon a class but upon mankind at large, for those who sat down at the table were of every profession, and illustrious in every profession, and they came to honor the chief of his own calling in literature. Beside the most noted of his own guild—and among them was Lord Lytton, whom we know as Bulwer, who presided—there were the artists in great force, merchants, men of science, lawyers, travelers, soldiers, sailors, and "common gentlemen." It was a banquet which every one of those who were present will always remember with peculiar satisfaction, and which must have been to Dickens himself one of the brightest events of life. It was so much music compressed into one strain! It was a noble and beautiful homage of fame to fame. Smaller men "mutually admire." But Bulwer, and Lord Cockburn, and Millais, and Landseer, Professor Owen, and Tennyson, and Buckstone, do not prop their reputations upon each other: their applause is single, and their admiration and sympathy are sincere.

If Thackeray had been living he too would have been there; and although his words would have been wonderfully hearty and racy, spoken in that rich, deep voice, he would have looked a great deal at the President sitting at the head of the table, and he would have reflected upon the Presidential reflections. For Bulwer was famous, and Thackeray had sharply and incessantly satirized him before Dickens had ascended the throne. There was a time, easily within the remembrance of those who are not yet old (when are we old?) —say about the time when Willis was writing his "Pencilings by the Way"—when Bulwer was the great name among the English novelists and Disraeli disputed his laurels. Since that time Bulwer has been steadily busy writing works, devoted, as the terrible Thackeray used to say, to the Good, with a great G, the Beautiful, with a great B, and the True, with a great T. But he has seen himself overtaken and passed in the great race by the young reporter of the *Morning Chronicle*, and by his own insatiate satirist. He is a lord, and his position in literature is very conspicuous, and he has defended in Parliament all the respectable policies and the solid interests of the solid men; but the glorious guild of literature and art has never united with all other pursuits and offered him such a tribute of the heart as this farewell dinner to Dickens.

The old readers of Bulwer—his literary diocese, as it were—have always undoubtedly associated him with his own Pelham, as the poetical church of Byron always see their saint in Childe Harold. That Bulwer was a dandy has always been their secret belief; and it is curious now, for the old readers of Bulwer, who wear easier shoes and care less about their cravat ties than they did when they wept over the woes of Nydia and Madeline, to read of Pelham as still Pelham, but Pelham with a w—g, and hair d—e, and padd—g! He is thus painted at the Dickens dinner by a correspondent of the *Tribune:* "Lord Lytton, the Chairman, rises. He is excessively dressed up, and can not suppress his vanity. Over sixty, Bulwer does not look fifty—but he is 'made up': his hair, and beard, and eyebrows are too dark not to excite suspicion. Voices are the real tests of age; and when he spoke it was the voice of a past generation. Disraeli himself has not such a Jewish face as Bulwer, whose nose is almost a caricature of the aquiline. There is unmistakable power in every line of his face, however; his body is a phantasm in which his tailor may believe. His speaking is ingeniously bad. It is the ideal of the style of a hard-shell Baptist preacher far away in old Virginia. A hard, convulsive word or two—a long drawl—terminated by a jerk, at which the forehead is thrown down until the audience sees the back of the head: this is the history of one of Bulwer's rasping, unpleasant sentences. He throws his hand (with faultless cuffs) straight out; clasps the fingers tightly to the palm, then draws it in under his arm as a man would pulling in a gudgeon—and that is his gesture. He should appear only in print. To those who could shut their eyes (as I did) and listen to what he said, his speeches on Saturday were very good indeed."

Bulwer's felicitous and generous speech introducing Dickens has probably been read by many of our friends. But at a later hour in the evening, when "the ladies" were to be toasted, Mr. Pelham showed that he was as capable as ever of a neat sonnet to his lady's eyebrow. The galleries were filled with gentle guests beaming benignant upon the lords of creation upon the floor, and as he raised his eyes to the sparkling crowd of witnesses, Mr. Pelham said, and no chairman ever said it more prettily: "Before sitting down you will allow me to propose a toast—the health of that part of this audience which every writer of polite letters is the most ambitious to please. I mean those who are our gentlest critics, but who, at the same time, are the most formidable rivals whenever they condescend to compete with us as authors. It has been said that man was born to look upward and contemplate the stars. I now look upward and in contemplating the stars I propose 'the health of the ladies.'" Vociferous applause followed for Heaven's last, best gift to man, from those who valued it too much to expose it to the perils of the table, which they, as the baser sex, were not too fine to encounter.

But there was one incident at this memorable banquet which was very interesting. More than forty years ago a young Englishman, just from college, printed in Paris a slight volume of verses for private circulation, and dedicated it to a brother collegian who was studying law, and for whom the poet predicted the highest honors in his profession. At the Dickens dinner the Lord Chief-Justice of England, in proposing a toast in honor of the chairman, said that it was an infinite source of gratification and delight to him to do it, for it took him back to the time when he and the noble lord started in life. The noble lord, the famous author Bulwer, was the poet of forty years ago, and the Lord Chief-Justice who proposed his health was the law student, to whom he dedicated his little volume. Lord Cockburn did not spare praise, and ended with this *feu de joie:* "In the toast I have to propose let me embody the hope that for long years our noble friend may continue to contribute to the literary glory of our country; and that in that august assemblage to which by a wise and just exercise of the prerogative of the crown, and with the universal approbation of all thinking men he has been elevated, the eloquent orator will not be silent, but will continue in that path of glory and renown he has so long trod with so much honor to himself and advantage to the country." Lord Lytton,

not to be outdone, gave the Lord Chief-Justice a Rowland for his Oliver: "I remember as if it were yesterday the pride I had in every exhibition of those remarkable talents which have since become the admiration of our Parliament and now reflect lustre on our Bench."

How sorry those must always be who were unable to get tickets to that dinner!

Fitz-Greene Halleck was of a former generation in literary association, and the news of his death probably surprised many who supposed that he had been long dead. His name is traditional in our literature, and will not be forgotten, for he was one of the group of fifty years ago who first made our literature distinctive, although not original. To-day Halleck's poems read more like *vers de societé* than like serious verse. They seem like the sparkling effusions of a clever and cultivated man of the world, generally afraid of sentiment, turning it into ridicule at the end, but very sentimental when the mood holds. Yet in Marco Bozzaris there is a superb lyrical movement, worthy a great poet; and in the lines upon the death of Drake an elegiac melody quite unsurpassed. It was with a few such strokes that Halleck made his reputation, and he did not disturb it. The collections of his poetry do not contain forty pieces, none of them very long, and most of them of a local and limited interest and significance. This generation, for instance, can not enjoy the peculiar humorous allusion of Fanny, although it is easy to feel a masterly facility in execution, and a lyrical temperament.

Halleck's active life was passed in the city of New York at that remote and mythical era when it was not a foreign city. There is a singular pleasure in reading the verse which suggests the presence in city politics of the descendants of the ancient settlers. Since our rulers came from beyond the sea we should like to see any bard attempt to make any association with municipal affairs romantic. What would Halleck have said if he had known that east of the Bowery, in this roaring Bedlam, the native vote is less than two per cent. of the whole. That is the especial region of Mr. Representative Chanler's *vox populi, vox Dei*. Like Charles Lamb, Halleck was wedded to an accountant's desk. He was a clerk of Jacob Barker's, and later of John Jacob Astor's. His enjoyment of the city and its life was evidently intense; and it is now said that after he returned to his native village of Guildford, where he died, he used to come to the city on the Fourth of July! How vainly and vaguely at last he must have looked about for *his* New York; and when St. Tammany's temple passed into profane hands, the *flaneur* of fifty years ago must have felt that his own hour was near.

To the younger literary men he was little known. Mr. Tuckerman was one of his companions; and the Easy Chair, some years since, used occasionally to happen in at the office of the urbane Mr. Sparrowgrass just after Halleck had gone out. But it was always just after; and the Easy Chair will always regret that he never came nearer to him than smelling the smoke of his cigar. He was a man of various scholarship, and, as all his companions report, of a remarkable social genius. His literary ambition was early quenched, or his timidity was insuperable. Except a poem in the *Ledger*, and another in the *Knickerbocker Gallery*, we recall nothing of Halleck's since the earlier day.

Halleck was last in New York in the second week of October, and returned ill to his home at Guildford on the 14th, "with a presentiment," writes a friend, "that he would never again gaze upon the busy scenes of the great metropolis." He died suddenly at last on Tuesday, November 19, in his seventy-eighth year. His sister and his cousin, each eighty years old, and troops of friends, followed him to the village grave-yard. One who describes the simple and modest ceremony, so harmonious with the character of the man, quotes at the end of his letter "a few lines from Edmund Spenser, one of Halleck's favorite authors:"

"Here may thy storme-beet vessel safely ryde,
This is the port of rest from troublous toyle,
The worlde's sweet inn from paine and wearisome turmoyle."

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

OUR Record closes on the 3d of December. Congress met in adjourned session on the 21st of November. The most important questions presented have been the matter of the impeachment of the President, and upon the question whether the principal of the debt of the United States shall be paid in coin or currency.

REPORTS ON IMPEACHMENT.

It had been understood that five of the nine members of the Judiciary Committee were opposed to impeachment; but Mr. Churchill, one of this number, changed his ground. On the 25th three reports were presented by the Committee. That of the majority, signed by Messrs. Boutwell, Thomas, Williams, Lawrence, and Churchill, states that the "charges to which their investigation has been directed are usurpation of power and violation of law in the corrupt abuse of appointing, pardoning, and veto powers; in the corrupt interference in elections; and generally in the commission of acts amounting to high crimes and misdemeanors under the Constitution." The report goes on to argue at great length that the President has been "guilty of usurpation of power," which involves, of course, a violation of law. The following, greatly abridged, are the specifications embraced in this Majority Report:

"The Committee are of opinion that Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, is guilty of high crimes and misdemeanors, requiring the interposition of the Constitutional power of this House, in that:" (1.) Upon the overthrow of the rebel Government he failed to convene Congress. (2.) On the 25th of May, 1865, he assumed that he had authority to decide whether the Government of North Carolina was republican in form, and that he had the power to guarantee to the people of that State a republican form of government,

a power which pertains solely to Congress. (3.) He recognized a plan of government set up in that State, notwithstanding that Congress refused to recognize it. (4.) He invited conventions in other States lately in rebellion composed in part of well-known traitors. (5.) He pardoned large numbers of notorious traitors, with the design of receiving from them aid in such conventions, so as to constrain Congress to ratify these unconstitutional proceedings. (6.) He appointed in several States Provisional Governors, an office unknown to the Constitution and laws of the land. (7.) He appointed to these offices notorious traitors. (8.) He directed the Secretary of State to promise payment to such persons. (9.) He directed the Secretary of War to make payment to such persons. (10.) He appointed to offices legally established persons who had been engaged in rebellion. (11.) He used property taken in war for the payment of the expenses of these illegal governments. (12.) He authorized a levy of taxes for the same purpose. (13.) In his public messages and otherwise he has denied the right of Congress to provide for the pacification, government, and restoration of the rebellious States, asserting his own exclusive right to provide governments therefor. (14.) He has vetoed various bills passed by Congress for the pacification and government of these States upon the ground that these States had been restored by his acts, thus interposing his Constitutional power to prevent the restoration of the Union upon a Constitutional basis. (15.) He has exercised the power of removal from and appointment to office for the purpose of maintaining his usurpation. (16.) He pardoned in West Virginia many persons who had deserted from the Union army, for the purpose of securing their votes. (17.) In his message of June 22, 1866, and in other places, he has attempted to prevent the ratification of an amendment to the Constitution, although this amendment provided for the validity of the public debt of the United States, and invalidated any claim for the payment for emancipated slaves, and of any debt incurred for the purpose of aiding the rebellion. (18.) He has made declarations, official and otherwise, calculated to impair the credit of the United States. (19.) He has transferred railway property to the amount of many millions of dollars to persons and corporations who had been engaged in the rebellion. (20.) He has directed the transfer of large quantities of railway property belonging to the United States to corporations known to be unable to pay their debts. (21.) He has directed subordinate officers of the Government to postpone the collection of moneys due to the United States. (22.) The interest on certain bonds, of which he was a large holder, was paid by his order in preference to debts due the United States, thus using his office to defraud the people of the United States for his own personal advantage. (23.) He has ordered large amounts of cotton and other abandoned property seized by the United States to be restored to the claimants thereof. (24.) He authorized the use of the army of the United States for the dispersion of a lawful assembly of citizens of Louisiana with the intent to deprive the loyal people of that State of every opportunity to frame a Government republican in form, and with the intent to continue in places of trust and emolument persons who had been engaged in an attempt to overthrow the Government of the United States: "All of which omissions of duty, usurpations of power, violations of his oath of office, of the laws and Constitution of the United States, have retarded the public prosperity, lessened the public revenues, disordered the business and finances of the country, encouraged insubordination in the people of the States recently in rebellion, fostered sentiments of hostility between the different classes of citizens, and kept alive the spirit of rebellion, humiliated the nation, dishonored republican institutions, obstructed the restoration of said States to the Union, and delayed and postponed the peaceful and fraternal reorganization of the Government of the United States." This Majority Report concludes with the following resolution: "Resolved, that Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, be impeached of high crimes and misdemeanors."

A Minority Report was presented by Messrs. Wilson (Chairman of the Committee) and Woodbridge, in which they argue at length that none of the charges warrant impeachment. Much of the evidence, they say, is mere hearsay, which could not be used in a trial before the Senate. They specially dissent from the tone and spirit of the Majority Report, declaring that it is owing in a great measure to the excited feelings of the time. They, however, while acquitting the President of impeachable crimes, "pronounce him guilty of many wrongs." "This contest with Congress," they say, "has delayed reconstruction, and inflicted vast injury upon the people of the rebel States." The President, they continue, "has been blind to the necessities of the times and to the demands of a progressive civilization. Incapable of appreciating the great changes which the last six years have wrought, he seeks to measure the great events which surround him by the narrow rules which adjusted public affairs before the rebellion and its legitimate consequences destroyed them and established others. Judge him politically, and condemn him, but the day of political impeachment would be a sad one for the country. Political unfitness and incapacity must be tried at the ballot-box, not in the high court of impeachment." They therefore declare that "the case presented by the testimony and measured by the law, does not declare such high crimes and misdemeanors as require the interposition of the Constitutional power of this House." They therefore ask that the Committee be discharged from the further consideration of the proposed impeachment of the President, and that the subject be laid upon the table.

Another Minority Report was presented by Messrs. Eldridge and Marshall. They agree fully with the previous Report in the opinion that the facts shown before them do not warrant impeachment. This, they affirm, was the only question for the consideration of the Committee. They therefore wholly dissent from the propriety of the censure upon the President, as being wholly beyond the province of the Committee. "In his Constitutional and legitimate sphere, and in the exercise and conduct of his department," they say, "the President is as free to act as is Congress. While acting within the bounds prescribed by the Constitution, he is no more responsible to Congress than Congress is to him." He was not the President of their choice, and they "differ from him in regard to the policy of many things that he has done, and many more that he has left undone;" but they find no evidence that he was "in any instance controlled by motives other than pure and patriotic. His greatest offense is that he has not been able to follow those who had elected him to his office in their mad assault upon and departure from the Constitutional government of the fathers of the Republic." They approve the various acts of the President in regard to reconstruction, and affirm that he followed out the policy of his predecessor, and acted, moreover, with the sanction and approval of his Cabinet; and yet, while he is arraigned as a criminal, they are recognized as the special favorites of the party for impeachment. "The President," they add, "is gravely arraigned for arraying himself against the loyal people of the country in vetoing the miscalled Reconstruction Acts of Congress, when Congress has itself for these Acts received the most withering and indignant condemnation and rebuke of the entire people, from Maine to California."

FINANCIAL PROPOSITIONS.

The financial matter which is likely to absorb most attention of Congress relates to the question

whether the principal of the bonds of the United States—notably those known as the "Five-Twenties," shall be paid in coin or currency. The law expressly provides that the interest shall be paid in coin; but is silent as to the principal. It is held, upon the one hand, that it was clearly understood when these bonds were issued that they were to be paid in coin; on the other hand, it is claimed that this very silence shows that the principal was to be paid in what should be the legal currency of the country. Several prominent men, among whom are Mr. Pendleton, Mr. Butler, and Mr. Stevens, have in published letters or speeches held that the obligations of Government would be fulfilled by paying these bonds in currency. Others, among whom are stated to be Mr. Chase, under whom, as Secretary of the Treasury, the loans were contracted, and Mr. M'Culloch, the present Secretary of the Treasury, hold that the obligation was to pay in coin. The question was introduced into the Senate at the very opening of the session by Mr. Edmonds of Vermont, who offered a joint resolution that,

Whereas, the public debt of the United States was (except where specially otherwise provided) contracted and incurred upon the faith and credit of the United States that the same would be paid or redeemed in coin or its equivalent. Therefore, be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States in Congress assembled, that the public debt of the United States, except in the cases where in the law authorizing the same other provision was expressly made, is owing in coin or its equivalent, and the faith of the United States is hereby pledged in payment accordingly.

Several other financial projects have been introduced into Congress; prominent is one by Senator Morrill. It provides that after the 4th of July, 1869, the Secretary of the Treasury shall pay in coin all United States legal-tender notes not bearing interest, as they may be presented. That after January 1, 1869, the Secretary shall in January and July sell all the excess of gold in the Treasury above the amount of $75,000,000. That after July 4, 1869, all National Banks shall be required to pay in coin all their circulating notes of $5 and under, and all of a higher denomination in coin or legal-tender notes.

The adjourned session came to a close at noon on December 2, and the regular session was at once opened.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

The Message opens with the statement that "the continued disorganization of the Union to which the President has so often called the attention of Congress is yet a subject of profound concern." He then goes on to set forth what, in the President's view, is the present condition of the country. The President says that when a civil war has closed it is "the first interest and duty of a state to repair the injuries which war has inflicted, and to secure the benefit of the lessons it teaches as fully and speedily as possible." This duty was promptly accepted, not only by the Executive, but by the insurrectionary States themselves, and the restoration of peace was believed to be easy and certain. But these anticipations were disappointed by legislation from which the President felt constrained to withhold his assent; and at "this time there is no Union as our fathers understood the term, and as they wished us to understand it. The Union and the Constitution are inseparable; as long as one is obeyed by all parties, the other will be preserved, and if one is destroyed both must perish together." The President goes on to set forth in substance the views and arguments which he has heretofore expressed. There is no necessity, he says, which can now prevent obedience to the Constitution; all rights can be protected by means consistent with the fundamental law; the courts are open, and if their processes were unimpeded crimes could be prevented and punished by the proper judicial authorities. He trusts that "we may all finally concur in a mode of settlement consistent at once with our true interests, and with our sworn duty to the Constitution." He then reiterates his arguments to show that "the States lately in rebellion are still members of the National Union," and have never ceased to be so; and that "the Executive, his predecessor, as well as himself, and the heads of all the Departments, have uniformly acted upon the principle that the Union is not only undissolved, but indissoluble;" and Congress itself, as well as the Judiciary, have affirmed the same principle.

The President then "recommends the repeal of the Acts of Congress which place ten of the States under the domination of military masters," and repeats his objections to these Acts. He "has no desire to save from the proper and just punishment of their great crime those who engaged in the rebellion against the Government;" but as a mode of punishment, the measures under consideration are the most unreasonable that could be invented. They punish the innocent as well as the guilty, "confounding them all together in one common doom."

The President discusses at length the question of negro suffrage. "It is," he says, "manifestly and avowedly the object of these laws to confer upon negroes the privilege of voting, and to disfranchise such numbers of white citizens as will give the former a clear majority in the Southern States. But the subjugation of these States to negro domination would be worse than the military despotism under which they are now suffering; and it was believed beforehand that the people would endure any amount of military oppression for any length of time rather than degrade themselves by subjection to the negro race." The blacks should be humanely governed, and protected in their rights of person and property; but were it now practicable to give them a government exclusively their own, it would be a question whether we ought to do so. But it is proposed that not only shall they govern themselves, but that they shall rule the white race, make and administer the State laws, elect President and Members of Congress, and shape to a greater or less extent the future destiny of the whole country. The President goes on to argue that such a trust would not be safe in their hands. The negro race, he says, has shown less capacity for government than any other; no independent government has ever been successful in their hands; wherever left to themselves, they have shown a constant tendency to relapse into barbarism. In the Southern States, just released from slavery, it is doubtful whether they know more than did their ancestors how to organize and regulate society. Not only are they regardless of the rights of property, but so ignorant are they of public affairs that their voting would be

nothing more than carrying a ballot to the place where they are told to deposit it. It would be vain, moreover, to hope that they would of themselves be able to retain their supremacy; it could only be maintained by a standing army, which would cost $200,000,000 a year, and would injuriously affect our public credit.

"How far," continues the Message, "the duty of the President 'to preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution' requires him to go in opposing an unconstitutional Act of Congress, is a very serious question." Where an Act has been passed by the Legislative authority according to the forms of the Constitution, "Executive resistance to it, especially in times of high party excitement, would be likely to produce a violent collision between the respective adherents of the two branches of the Government. This would be simply civil war, and civil war must be resorted to only as a last remedy for the worst of evils." Still, says the President, "cases may occur in which the Executive would be compelled to stand on his rights and maintain them, regardless of consequences." Should Congress pass an Act, not only palpably unconstitutional, but certain, if carried out, to produce immediate and irreparable injury to the organic structure of the Government, and there be no judicial or other means for the people to protect themselves without the aid of elected defender—"if, for instance, the Legislative Department should pass an Act, even through all the forms of law to establish a co-ordinate branch of the Government, in such a case, the President must take the high responsibilities of his office, and save the life of the nation at all hazards. But the so-called Reconstruction Acts, though as plainly unconstitutional as any thing that can be imagined, were not believed to be within the class last-mentioned;" for the people were not wholly without the power of self-defense. In the Northern States they still had the right of ballot, and the appeal which had been made to them had not been made in vain.

The President proceeds to argue against the Tenure of Office Bill, which takes from him the power of securing fidelity in the execution of the functions of subordinate officials, leaving to him only the power of complaining to the Senate in the case of an unfaithful or incompetent officer, and asking the privilege of supplying his place by a better man.

The President then passes to the consideration of the finances and circulating medium of the country. He says that the present circulating medium, nominally $700,000,000 of paper-money, would probably not purchase more than half that amount of gold and silver; that is, its commercial value is only $350,000,000. This renders it the duty of Government to take the earliest practicable measures to enable the holders of its notes and those of the National Banks to convert them without loss into specie or its equivalent. This, however, would not of necessity involve a reduction of our paper medium. That would depend upon the law of demand and supply. As the matter now stands our currency consists, First, in notes of National Banks, and United States legal-tender notes, both by law valid in all public and private transactions, except for duties upon imports and in payment of the interest upon the bonds of Government; Second, Gold and Silver. Practically, however, metallic currency, when collected for duties, is paid out only to one class of public creditors—the holders of Government bonds, "who are thus made to occupy an invidious position, which may be used to strengthen the arguments of those who would bring into disrepute the obligations of the nation." "In the payment of all its debts the plighted faith of the nation should be inviolably maintained; but while the Government acts with fidelity toward its bond-holders, it should also use good faith with its other creditors;" and this requires that all of them should be paid in currency possessing a uniform value.

That this is feasible the President argues from the amount of the precious metals now in the country. From 1849 to 1867 the total production of our mines was $1,174,000,000, the total amount exported $741,000,000: an excess of production over exports of $433,000,000. There are in the Treasury $111,000,000; in circulation on the Pacific coast $40,000,000; and about $9,000,000 in banks—$160,000,000 in all. But taking into account the specie in the country previous to 1849, there is more than $300,000,000 unaccounted for by exportation, which the President thinks may yet be in the country, hoarded in private hands. It is vain to expect that this will come into circulation so long as Government, by continuing to issue irredeemable notes, fills the channels of circulation with a depreciated currency. The President recommends that specie payments having been resumed by Government, the circulation of notes or bills of a less denomination than $20 should be prohibited.

The Message presents a brief abstract of the financial condition of the country, more fully set forth in the report of the Secretary of the Treasury. In brief: The Public Debt on the 30th of June was $2,692,199,215, being a reduction during the year of $91,226,664. The revenues for the fiscal year, ending June 30, were $490,634,010; the expenditures $346,729,129, leaving an available surplus of $143,904,880. The estimated receipts for the current fiscal year are $417,161,928; expenditures $393,269,226, leaving a surplus of $23,892,702.

The President urges a revision of the revenue system. Internal taxes should bear most heavily upon articles of luxury, leaving the necessaries of life as lightly taxed as possible. The number of articles taxed should be reduced, and retrenchment carried into the expenditures of every department of Government.—The financial questions are discussed at length in the Report of the Secretary of the Treasury, a more full abstract of which will be postponed until our next Record.

Foreign affairs are briefly touched upon.—There are no serious disturbing questions with foreign nations.—A good understanding exists with the republics of Hayti and St. Domingo; and cordial relations continue with the States of Central and Southern America.—The President proposes, if proper occasion arises, to renew his offers of amicable services to restore peace between Spain and Chili, and between Brazil and her allies and Paraguay.—No arrangement has been reached with Great Britain in relation to our claims arising from depredations upon our commerce. The offer of arbitration made by the British Government was declined because it was

coupled with reservations and limitations incompatible with the rights, interests, and honor of our country; but it is not apprehended that Great Britain will persist in her refusal to satisfy our just claims.—A want has long been felt for a naval station in the West India Islands, and the duty of endeavoring to secure by just and proper means an advanced naval outpost between our Atlantic coast and Europe engaged the attention of Government before the late war and since its close. A treaty, to be submitted to the Senate, has now been concluded with the King of Denmark for the cession of the Islands St. Thomas and St. Johns.—A similar want was felt for a station on the Pacific coast. This has been met by the acquisition from Russia of her Alaska possession, which has been formally delivered to us; and the Territory is now under the care of the military force, awaiting such civil organization as shall be declared by Congress.—The annexation of several of the smaller German States to Prussia, under a more liberal constitution, has induced the President to renew the effort to obtain a just and proper settlement of the question of the claims of foreign governments to military service from such of their subjects as have been naturalized in the United States.—The attention of Congress is called again to an embarrassing conflict of laws growing out of different views in respect to naturalization. The Executive Department has always held that naturalization absolves the recipient from his native allegiance. The British Courts hold that allegiance to the British Crown is indefeasible, and not absolved by naturalization; and cite decisions by American judges in support of their theory, in opposition to that of the Executive of the United States. —The slave-trade from American ports, and by American citizens, having altogether ceased, and there being no apprehension of its renewal, the President suggests that a proposal should be made to the British Government for a suspension or discontinuance of the treaty stipulations for maintaining a naval force for the suppression of that trade.

The trial of Jefferson Davis was appointed to be opened on the 26th of November, at Richmond. Mr. Davis was present at the appointed time, having come from Canada for that purpose. But Chief-Justice Chase not being able at that time to preside at the trial, it was postponed to the fourth Wednesday in March.

The November elections, like those in October, resulted in the substantial success of the Democratic party. In *New York* the election was for State officers (not including Governor) and members of the Legislature. The Democratic majority upon the test candidate was very nearly 50,000; the Democrats also have a majority in the State Legislature, which insures them a Senator in the Congress of the United States.—In *New Jersey*, where the election was mainly for members of the Legislature, the aggregate Democratic majorities were fully 12,000.—In *Massachusetts*, where a Governor was chosen, the Republican candidate was chosen by a majority of about 20,000 against a majority last year of fully 60,000.—In *Maryland* the Democratic majority for Governor was about 30,000.—In *Wisconsin*, *Minnesota*, and *Kansas*, the elections were wholly for local offices.

A treaty has been made with the Indians of the Plains, by which hostilities are, for the present, at least, concluded. General Sherman thus announces the general terms of the treaty:

1. *Whereas*, The Peace Commission organized by the Act of Congress, approved July 20, 1867, has concluded a treaty of peace with the Kiowa, Comanche, and Apache tribes of Indians, and also a separate treaty of peace with the Cheyennes and Arapahoes, and, as these treaties are yet incomplete, it is made known that the hostilities heretofore existing on the part of the troops as against these Indians will cease.

2. By the terms of the treaties these tribes will ultimately be located in the Indian country to the south of the State of Kansas, but as they are to be allowed to hunt game outside the settled limits of Kansas, Nebraska, and Colorado, in the prairie country to the south of the South Platte, it is hereby ordered that this treaty-right be respected on the part of all these tribes, although the treaty limits the right to the Cheyennes and Arapahoes alone.

3. Commanding officers of posts and of troops *en route* are hereby required to treat all such hunting parties in a friendly spirit, but to neglect no precautions for safety, as troops should observe always, no matter where they are; and all troops are commanded to spare no proper effort to keep the peace with these Indians, because it is the earnest wish of the Government of the United States that war should be avoided, and the civil agents of the Government have a full and fair chance to reduce them to a state of comparative civilization.

4. The commanding officers of the Departments of the Missouri and the Platte, charged with the police of the Plains within the limits of their commands, may also use force, if necessary, to restrain citizens, either on the border or who travel by established roads, from committing acts of violence against the Indians, trading with them without license, or doing any thing calculated to disturb the pacific relations thus established with these tribes.

Various presents are also to be given to the Indians: $20 apiece now, and $40 when settled on the reservation, a suit of clothes annually; $30,000 a year is to be expended for their benefit.

EUROPE.

ITALY.—The attempt of Garibaldi upon Rome has resulted in total failure. Upon the arrival of the French troops at Rome he fell back to Monte Rotondo, where he threw up some intrenchments. He was summoned by the King of Italy to disarm; but refused to comply unless a change was made in the Italian Ministry, which would put the Government in accord with the national will. On the 4th of November he was attacked by the Pontifical and French troops, and totally defeated. Garibaldi was captured and sent to Florence as prisoner of war. He claimed to be an American citizen, and demanded his rights as such under the law of nations. General Failly, who commanded the French troops, says that his loss was 2 killed and 36 wounded, and that of the Papal troops 20 killed and 123 wounded, while the Garibaldians lost 600 killed, with wounded in proportion, and 1800 prisoners. This great disparity of loss is attributed to the new French Chassepôt gun, which is stated to be even more efficient than the Prussian needle-gun.—A Conference of the European Powers to settle the affairs of Rome has been proposed. The Pope at first objected; but finally withdrew his objections, and the probability is that it will be held. In the British Parliament Lord Stanley explained that England had been invited to join in a general Conference, but the Government had refused to do so unless a distinct plan of action was first proposed. A participation in such a Conference, he said, would only add to the responsibilities of England.

France.—The French Chambers opened on the 18th of November. The Emperor's speech declared that it was "necessary to accept frankly the changes which have taken place on the other side of the Rhine, and to proclaim that so long as our interests and our dignity shall not be threatened we will not interfere in the transformation effected by one wish of the population." The Emperor dwelt at some length upon the beneficial effects of the late Exhibition in the interests of general peace; but added, "These incontestible pledges of concord do not allow us to dispense with improving the military institutions of France; it is for us a necessity to bring to perfection the military organizations, as our weapons are the army and navy." But the modifications proposed in the military law, he said, would "achieve the object which he had always had in view: the reduction of the effective strength of the army during peace, and its increase during war."—The official "Blue Book" of the French Government touches upon the prominent topics of political interest. It says: "The Government will soon fix upon the time for the return of the French troops from Italy. The Sultan of Turkey, though he has declined to adopt the course advised by France, is endeavoring to restore tranquillity and peace to the Island of Crete. The relations of France with the United States have regained their usual warmth. France, following her old traditions, beholds with true sympathy the efforts made in America to efface the traces of civil war."

Great Britain.—The British Parliament opened on the 19th of November. The Queen's speech was read by commission. The most important parts are in effect as follows: "The sovereign of Abyssinia, in violation of all international law, continues to hold in captivity several of my subjects, some of whom have been specially accredited to him by myself; and his persistent disregard of friendly representations has left me no alternative but that of making a peremptory demand for the liberation of my subjects, and supporting it by an adequate force. I have accordingly directed an expedition to be sent for that purpose alone." A band of Italian volunteers, says the speech, without authority from the sovereign, having invaded the Papal territory, the Emperor of the French felt called upon to dispatch an expedition for the protection of the Sovereign Pontiff and his dominions. That object having been accomplished, the Queen hopes that the French troops will be speedily withdrawn, in order to remove any possible ground of misunderstanding between the Governments of France and Italy. "The treasonable conspiracy commonly known as Fenianism, baffled and repressed in Ireland, has assumed in England the form of organized violence and assassination. These outrages require to be vigorously put down." The remainder of the speech is devoted to purely local topics, no allusion being made to the relations between Great Britain and the United States.——In regard to the Abyssinian difficulty the original cause is stated to be the non-acceptance of an offer of marriage made by the Abyssinian King Theodore to Queen Victoria.——The Fenian movements excite considerable apprehension. In Dublin several trials and convictions have taken place. Two men, Warren and Halpin, both claiming to be American citizens, demanded to be tried by a mixed jury. This was refused, and they were convicted and sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment; another, Costello, was sentenced to twelve years. —In Manchester, some time since, two reputed Fenians were being conveyed by the police to prison; the guards were assailed by a mob, the prisoners released, and a policeman killed. Four persons were tried on charge of murder, one was acquitted, the others, named Gould, Larkin, and Allen, were found guilty, sentenced to death, and, in spite of strong efforts for the commutation of their sentence, were executed on the 23d of November. Occasion of these executions was taken for riotous demonstrations in several cities, one being in London. The excitement of course extended to the Fenians and their sympathizers in the United States. November 28, being Thanksgiving Day, was seized as an occasion for a kind of funeral ceremony in New York. Many thousands of Irishmen walked in procession through the streets, following hearses inscribed with the names of the executed persons.

Germany.—The Parliament of the North German Confederation was opened on the 15th of November at Berlin. The King of Prussia, in his opening speech, declared that the relations of the Confederation with the other nations of Europe were every way satisfactory; and that the other Powers all appreciated the pacific aims of Prussia. In settling the relations between the two South German States now allied with Prussia with the Confederation, the Prussian Government would endeavor to reconcile the views of its Catholic subjects, and the interests of the whole Fatherland.

Turkey.—The Governments of France, Russia, Prussia, and Italy have addressed a joint note to the Sultan, in which, after reciting the various representations which have been made to induce him to grant the demands of the Cretans, and to ameliorate the condition of the Christian inhabitants of Turkey, they declare that they will hold the Sultan responsible for whatever consequences may arise from his refusal to accept their advice.

Editor's Drawer.

NOW has arrived the season of snows, and sleigh-rides, and pleasant fireside gatherings, and long evenings for readings and chattings, and cozy, cheery dinners, and concerts, and lectures, and all that! How sonorously does Emerson usher in the wintry king:

"Announced by all the trumpets of the sky
Arrives the snow; and, driving o'er the fields,
Seems nowhere to alight; the whited air
Hides hills and woods, the river, and the heaven,
And veils the farm-house at the garden's end.
The sled and traveler stopped, the courier's feet
Delayed, all friends shut out, the housemates sit
Around the radiant fire-place, inclosed
In a tumultuous privacy of storm."

The Rev. Dr. D——, a local elder in the Methodist Episcopal Church, having left the

traveling ministry, became a clerk in the General Land Office at Washington. He did not, however, entirely neglect polemic theology, as the following anecdote shows: Finding in the same office a Presbyterian minister of the genuine old "blue stocking" school, he engaged in repeated controversies, which, however, were brought to a summary close by the following big gun which the Doctor got off amidst tremendous applause from the listening clerks:

"EPITOME OF CALVINISM.

"1. A man gets religion when he doesn't want it.
"2. When he gets it he does not know it.
"3. If he knows it he has not got it.
"4. If he has it he can not lose it.
"5. If he loses it he never had it."

A STORY is told of Senator Morgan and an office-seeker that is worthy of preservation in the Drawer:

The seeker was in Washington. His claim for place was a fair one, his papers strong, his friends active, influential, and persistent. But, somehow, things did not work together for good in his behalf, and he began to lose confidence in every thing and every body, and to realize the fact that when the American citizen becomes a politician and legislator his promises, in the language of Counselor O'Botherem, "Banish like the skeesmatic taints of the rainbow, which the wary huntsman vainly to no purpose endeavors to ensnare." As a last resort, he was advised by a legal and military gentleman of experience and astuteness in emergencies of this sort to go to Governor Morgan, lay the case frankly before him, and solicit his support. The seeker, acting upon this suggestion, proceeded forthwith to the Senatorial abode, was ushered into the reception-room, and awaited the advent of the Senator. The interview was brief, and not altogether satisfactory, judging from his account of it, which was something like this:

"Well, you saw Governor Morgan?"

"Yes."

"How did he receive you?"

"Oh, admirably! No one could have been received with greater dignity or respect. In fact, he received me as the toast to the memory of Washington is received at public entertainments —*standing and in silence!*"

And that was all the seeker took by his motion. The office was given to another.

SPEAKING of Washington reminds us of an incident that shows how applicants for office are rewarded when the appointing power is an expert. A member of Congress from one of the New York districts said to his friend, who was Clerk of the House:

"Here is a good fellow that ought to be provided for; can't you do something for him?"

"Don't see how I can; haven't a place vacant."

"Well, *make* a place!"

"Didn't think of that; perhaps I can. Let me see—ah! yes—there's a man down stairs who runs the steam-engine that pumps air through the ventilators; I can make your friend an *assistant-engineer*, at $1200 a year," which was done.

A day or two afterward the new appointee happened, oddly enough, to be down in the engine-room (it was the only time, the place being a sinecure), when a gentleman who was curious to know something of the mode by which the Capitol was ventilated walked in, and, after looking at the engine, said:

"A very nice engine! Of how many horse-power is it?"

"Horse-power! It ha'n't got no horse-power at all—*it goes by steam!*"

AN Indiana correspondent, many years ago foreman of the Wilsontown Iron-Works, Lanarkshire, Scotland, tells us of a character then under his supervision, named David Henderson. "Davie" had previously been sexton of a church six miles from the works. While one day digging a grave for a young child, a person asked him: "Hoo's trade, Davie, this guid weather?" [Grave-digging in that place was paid according to size.] Davie looked up, shook his head, and replied: "Trade, ye're speerin'? Awfu' dull! I ha'ena buried a leevin' soul this sax weeks but smouts [little children], and thae dinna pay weel."

"Davie" died while I was at Wilsontown, and I assisted in laying him out. He had been sick a month, had not been shaved, and of course looked quite rough. Some one said to Nell, his wife, "Davie looks unco gruesome [grim] like; had we no better shave him?" Nell replied: "Ne'er fash yer thum'; just let him that taks the hide tak the hair too!"

IF Archdeacon Denison, of England, could be made a candidate in that country, and this for some high distinction in the gift of the noble army of martyrs who are in favor of, but are not favored with, short sermons, he would receive the largest vote ever cast for a mortal. In a recent speech at Wolverhampton he said that, generally, sermons were very dull things indeed. He was dining lately with an English gentleman who had been a long time in India, and the conversation turned upon preaching. He (the Archdeacon) remarked that he aimed at preaching *ten minutes* in the morning. "Dear me, Sir, where do you live?" asked the gentleman; "*I should like to come to your church every Sunday!*"

LAST winter, when Bishop —— was making his annual visitation to the churches of his diocese, he came to ——. A little boy overheard some ladies returning from church make certain complimentary remarks about the Bishop. One thought him very handsome; another that his appearance was angelic. Knowing that the Bishop was to be at his father's house after service the boy went home, and after being some time with his mother asked where the Bishop was. Mother answered, "With papa in the other room." The little man opened the door, peered into the "other" room, and beheld the paternal and the Bishop enjoying their weeds. After staring a little he returned to mamma and the ladies and asked what "angelic" meant. On being told, he said: "Ma, do all the angels sit in parlors, *with their feet cocked up on the table, and smoke cigars?*"

What an absurd question!

COLONEL ISAAC BARNES, of Boston, who died a few years ago, was an officer under the United States Government. He was a man of great wit and humor, full of rare and racy stories, which

he always told with the most imperturbable gravity, while his listeners were convulsed with laughter. His stories always received a flavor from his peculiar voice, which was quite thin and pitched upon a high key, and, in his later years, "turned again toward childish treble."

In his last sickness he very forcibly illustrated Pope's well-known line of the

"Ruling passion strong in death."

His physician came in an evening or two before he died, and asked him how he was feeling.

"Sha'n't live till morning," said the Colonel, feebly.

"Oh yes, I think you will; you don't seem to be very near your end."

"Yes, I am," piped out the Colonel.

The doctor then felt of his feet, and finding them quite warm, he said to him: "Your feet feel quite warm; I think there is no immediate danger."

"Can't help it; sha'n't live till morning," persisted the sick man.

"But," said the doctor, "your extremities are warm, Colonel. Did you ever know any one to be very near dying whose feet were as warm as yours are?"

"That's nothing to do with it. I sha'n't live till morning," wheezed out the Colonel, as if he were determined to die.

"You are quite unreasonable, Colonel," gently interposed the doctor. "*I* never knew a man to be very near his end whose feet are as warm as yours."

"Well, *I* have."

"Who, pray?"

Turning toward the doctor with a droll twinkle in his eyes, he laboringly gasped out:

"*John Rogers!*"

Before the battle of Lookout Mountain, Tennessee, the Eleventh Army Corps, which had been in camp near that mountain, left their camp in light marching order, to participate in the battle of Mission Ridge. The Quarter-Masters of the different regiments were left with a sufficient guard in charge of camp and garrison equipage until the return of the troops. During the battle of Lookout Mountain the Quarter-Master of the Hundred and Forty-first New York Volunteers —who, by-the-way, was not particularly distinguished for his bravery, but exhibited a fondness of display—arranged himself in the most elaborate style, and, mounted upon his horse, with field-glass slung over his shoulder, rode out to witness the battle. Seeing a single mounted officer a short distance to the right, evidently upon the same mission as himself, the intrepid Quarter-Master rode toward him. When within a few feet of him, much to his surprise he discovered it was General Joe Hooker, who, having dispatched his entire staff with orders to the different commanders, was momentarily left alone. Wishing to send an order to General Osterhaus, he motioned our non-combatable friend to approach, and addressed him thus:

"Lieutenant, do you see that column moving to the left? That is General Osterhaus's division. Give my compliments to the General, and direct him to move his command by the right flank."

The Quarter-Master, thinking if the General knew he was a non-combatant he would not send him, replied, with some pomposity:

"I am Quarter-Master of the Hundred and Forty-first Regiment New York Volunteers."

"I don't care a —— who you are! Obey that order at once!"

The only alternative was to go; so, putting spurs to horse, our heroic friend disappeared, and under a heavy fire of artillery rode up to General Osterhaus, and said:

"General Osterhaus, Joe Hooker told me to tell you to march your division by the right flank."

The General, scanning him closely, asked: "What staff are you on?"

"I ain't on any body's staff."

"Then I shall not obey the order."

"Do as you —— please; that's what Joe Hooker told me to tell you." And with that he was off at a break-neck pace, avoiding "Joe Hooker," and returning to camp with the determination never again to let his curiosity overcome his courage.

Ah! dear young mothers who read the Drawer, do we not make your dear hearts merry by reproducing the following cheery lines to the only monarch tolerated by our "fierce Democracie" —the King of the Cradle:

"Draw back the cradle-curtains, Kate,
While watch and ward you're keeping,
Let's see the monarch lie in state,
And view him while he's sleeping.
He smiles and clasps his tiny hand,
As sunbeams in come streaming;
A world of baby fairy-land
He visits while he's dreaming.

"Monarch of pearly powder puff
Asleep in nest so cozy,
Shielded from breath of breezes rough
By curtains warm and rosy;
He slumbers soundly in his cell,
As weak as one decrepit,
Though King of Coral, Lord of Bell,
And Knight of Bath that's tepid!

"Ah! lucky tyrant! Happy lot!
Fair watchers without number,
To sweetly sing beside his cot,
And hush him off to slumber;
White hands in wait to smooth so neat
His pillow when it's rumpled,
On couch of rose-leaves fresh and sweet,
Not one of which is crumpled!

"Will yonder dainty, dimpled hand—
Size, nothing and a quarter—
E'er clasp a sabre, lead a band
To glory and to slaughter?
And, may I ask, will those blue eyes—
In baby *patois* "peepers"—
E'er in the House of Commons rise,
And strive to catch the Speaker's?

* * * * * * *

"Then take your babe, Kate, kiss him so,
Fast to your bosom press him!
Of mother's love what does he know,
Though closely you caress him?
Ah! what a man will be that boy,
What mind and education,
If he fulfills the hope and joy
Of mother's aspiration!"

Mr. D——, of this city, has the honor of submitting to a jury of his peers the following warlike and loyal *jeu d'esprit:*

When the secession fever was at its height a son of a well-known clergyman of the town determined to secede, and announced his determination of going to Richmond.

"What to do there?" quoth Mr. D——.

"To get into the Engineer Corps."

"You had better get into an *apple-core*, and then you can *se-cede* without further trouble."

This was a prompt and truly American reply, and in this way was the Northern heart "fired" for the struggle!

We have a little revelation from Springfield, Massachusetts. A lady, young, attractive, and just married, left her home in that city and went into the country accompanied by her husband. Soon after her *début* as Mrs. H—— she attended a sewing society. After the usual subjects of conversation had received attention the lunar eclipse was alluded to.

"Mrs. H——, did you sit up to see it, eh?"

"No, I did not," was the reply; "Mr. H—— sat up. In Springfield, where I came from, they are *such* a bore—*we have them so often!*"

V——, an ignorant but well-meaning man, was elected Sheriff of —— County, Ohio. At the close of the first term of court after V—— had entered on his office he undertook to announce the final adjournment in the usual form: "Hear ye! hear ye! the Court of Common Pleas of —— County is now adjourned *sine die*." Just as he had completed the sentence a young attorney at his elbow whispered: "V——, you were wrong; you should have adjourned court *sine Deo*." At once V—— began again, in his bawling tones, as all were leaving the court-room, and pronounced the formula: "Hear ye! hear ye! the Court of Common Pleas of —— County is now adjourned *sine Deo!*" The disappointed suitors thought V—— was right.

The following incident, narrated by a clergyman, occurred not long ago in Tompkins County:

In the town of L—— lived an old fellow who was known as a drinking, swearing old reprobate—and, some said, given to stealing occasionally. During the course of a "revival" in the vicinity "Old Joe" made professions of religion, and was to be baptized. "Old Joe" having expressed his preference for "immersion" instead of sprinkling, the ceremony took place at a convenient spot near an old saw-mill. While the congregation were waiting expectant, an old Dutchman was observed to clamber up hastily among the timbers of the old mill. The ceremony proceeded with due solemnity till just as the minister and convert were leaving the water, when a voice called out, far above the crowd: "*Souse him agin, Elder! souse him agin! he's a dirty dog!*" Having spoken, the Dutchman scrambled down and disappeared.

It is claimed and conceded that woman's love is stronger and more enduring than man's. For proof of this a correspondent relates the following incident:

In the town of J—— lived a happy pair, of the Hard-Shell Baptist persuasion. The husband had imbibed the notion that a man had good and lawful right to whip his wife. This opinion was the strongest when he had imbibed freely of the spirit of his jug, instead of the better spirit. On one of those occasions he felt it a duty to flagellate his better-half. She made complaint to the good deacon of the church, and a day was appointed to discipline him. The church was gathered together, and the loving couple appeared together as was their wont at religious service. The meeting was duly opened, and the culprit called up, and, having heard the charge, was asked what he had to say. He turned to his dear wife, and said: "Bathey, did ever I lick you?" She promptly replied: "Yes, many a time! *and whose business is it?*"

Every thing being satisfactory they received the benediction and departed—all parties well pleased at the happy termination of this difficulty.

In the old town of W——, in the Pine-tree State, lived one of those unfortunate lords of creation who had, in not a very long life, put on mourning for three departed wives. But time assuages heart-wounds as well as those of the flesh. In due time a fourth was inaugurated mistress of his heart and house. He was a very prudent man, and suffered nothing to be wasted. When the new mistress was putting things to rights, while cleaning up the attic she came across a long piece of board, and was about launching it out of the window, when little Sadie interposed, and said: "Oh, don't, mamma! *that is the board papa lays out his wives on, and he wants to save it!*" Nevertheless, *out it went.*

Joe S—— resides in Southern Oregon. When his wife arrived in San Francisco, *en route* to join her lord, a gentleman asked her if she came by water.

"Yes, I came by steamboat."

"What steam-ship?"

"Well, I don't know what the name on't was; Sary Navady [*Sierra Nevada*] was on to the blankits, but I don't r'ally know whether 'twas the name of the *chamber-maid* or the name of the *steamboat!*"

Evidently not an operator in "Pacific Mail."

A Washington official noticed in that city a few days since a sign which read thus:

WoDNcoL,

which hieroglyphics were meant to inform people at the Federal capital that wood and coal were for sale by the intelligent freedman who occupied the premises. The stock of the "house" consisted of two barrels of anthracite, and about an eighth of a cord of bass-wood.

During the session of the last Legislature at Albany one of the representatives from this city, Mr. James Irving, knowing the frauds that had long been practiced by hay-dealers in using *logs* of wood to bale hay, determined to procure the passage of an act that would protect New Yorkers from this outrageous swindle. Toward the close of the session an opportunity occurred that enabled him to act, and he pushed his little bill through the House. It went up to the Senate, where, unfortunately, it met a different fate.

"How came your bill to be defeated?" asked one of Mr. Irving's friends.

"Why, you see," replied James, "it was referred to a committee the chairman of which was from a *heavy lumber district* up north, where *logs* are legal tenders and *hay don't count!*"

Every body has experienced all the sweetness and delight of calling some one "darling." The old man's darling, the husband's darling, the

wife's darling, the mother's darling, the lover's darling—all have known something about it; but turn you to Webster, or Worcester, or Johnson, or search through Mrs. Cowden Clarke's Concordance, or Crabbe's Synonyms, and you will find no definition of the "article" or noun so delicious and entirely satisfactory as the following, which we clip from a country newspaper. It would be a pleasure, if we knew it, to give the author's name:

"It is the dear little beaming girl who meets one on the door-step; who flings her fair arms around one's neck, and kisses one with her whole soul of love; who seizes one's hat: who relieves one of one's coat, and hands the tea and toast so prettily: who places her elfish form at the piano and warbles forth, unsolicited, such delicious songs; who casts herself at one's foot-stool and clasps one's hand and asks eager, unheard-of questions, with such bright eyes and flushing face, and on whose light, flossy curls one places one's hand and breathes 'God bless her!' as the fairy form departs!"

Whether true or not we are unable to say, but the Drawer has heard that at a recent social gathering of medical gentlemen, given in honor of a prominent practitioner from a neighboring city, a lady, not more noted for her beauty than wit, rallied Dr. B—— on his limited practice. This spurred the Doctor up a little, and brought the reply: "The druggists think differently, for I send so many prescriptions that 'the Glorious Company of the' Apothecaries praise me?"

"Ah!" answered the lady, "but what say the 'Noble Army of Martyrs,' your patients?"

The raid by the Government Inspectors on the whisky distillers and tobacco dealers has sent consternation into the dens of all who are rogues. For the tipplers we have small sympathy; but what shall we say for the chewers and smokers? So many respectable people, so many nice people, so many pious people, do so love the consolations of the weed! One of these, doubtless a saintly old man, has written six lines that should have made King James ashamed of his "Counterblast to Tobacco," and that should cause our relentless revenue-inspectors to treat with tenderness those crooked people who are a little unsound on the tobacco question:

"Much meat doth gluttony procure
To feed men fat as swine,
But he's a frugal man indeed
That on a *leaf* can dine.
He needs no napkin for his hands
His fingers'-ends to wipe,
That hath his kitchen in a box,
His roast-meat in a *pipe!*"

He was a clever man who said that "men of letters are a peculiar class. They are never commonplace or prosaic—at least those of them that mankind care for. They are airy, wise, gloomy, melodious spirits. They give us the language we speak, they furnish the subjects of our best talk. They are full of generous impulses and sentiments, and keep the world young. The air is full of their voices. Their books are the world's holiday and play-ground, and into these neither care, nor the dun, nor despondency can follow the enfranchised man."

The following queries are submitted to the consideration of our country readers, who, in the long January evenings, can write up and send us answers:

Is the man who thrashes his wife and children a "Family Miller?"—When a smile plays about your mouth what is its little game?—When a man loses his temper does he ever offer a reward?—Is it a policeman's duty to take up a bill?—What is the "number" of the thread of an argument?—Is the needle-work of scolds cross patch-work?

Hopkinton sends its little contribution in the shape of the following copy of an account recently presented to an estimable lady of that place:

Hopknton 14 1867

Worked for Mrs Claflin halling timbers.....	100
planting man an horse an boy on day.....	500
howing man and two boys the after noon.....	300
	900

P Raftary

The vicissitudes of fortune to which the "able editor" of many a rural journal has been subjected has again found expression from the pen of Albert F. Yost, Esq., who has just emitted himself from the responsible editorship of the Wyoming *Republican*, published at Tunkhannock, Pennsylvania. Mr. Yost thus paints his emotions at the unhappy event:

"With this half-sheet, dear reader of the *Republican*, it is our intention to bid you a sorrowful farewell. This may surprise and disgust you, for we are vain enough to believe that our paper has been a welcome visitor—not up to the standard in any respect, but it was our design to improve as we went along—and you are all loth to see it go under. Yet such, you see, is its manifest destiny. We are flat broke—so completely strapped that if one-hundred-acre farms were selling at twenty-five cents a-piece we couldn't muster enough to buy a wild plum-tree. That is why we are compelled to stop.

"Our people have a wrong conception of us, we fear. Understand that we were born pretty much in the manner children are born now—a good while ago, it is true, but that don't affect the truth of our statement. Being born in the flesh we are too material, we fear, to get quite fat on promises, with glimpses of success in the future, and nothing to appease the clamorous demands of the present. When we came into this beautiful world money happened to be very scarce, and we knew by intuition that we were to be the architect of our own fortune—were bound to hew our way through the awkwardest material, and under the roughest circumstances, *but we are not prepared to weather it in Wyoming County.* There don't appear to be enough of the true Christian element among you—are too selfish, don't want to get acquainted with any body but yourself—allow a friendless stranger to seek his company among the low and vulgar, or if he is too refined for that, he may mould and rot in his own individuality. You are not sociable enough. We might possibly give you some advice, but we forbear. Look at your rickety town with your eyes open. Rid yourselves of some of the rich fossils of last century, and it will do you incalculable good. Elect men to fill your Borough offices who are enterprising, and if you haven't them import them. Devote more energy and money to the cause of education. Build a respectable institution of learning in an inhabitable spot. And in advance of all pay your debts, and do not suffer the sheriff to settle with your creditors. This advice won't be included in any one's bill.

"We came into the county two months ago with the full intention of keeping 'the *Republican* running or bust.' We go back with the not very pious but quite forcible legend of 'Busted, by ——' fearfully and painfully distinct upon every part and parcel of us.

"Our professional brethren will let us down easily as possible under the circumstances. We are sorry that in our retirement we will not be able to subscribe for all of our exchanges. If any have words of comfort and consolation to administer to us in our 'critical condition' we will be glad to know it; and if any feel like dropping a tear, we say, quite parenthetically, let it drop. If any have a job for us, please address us at Bloomsburg, Pa.

"To our readers we also say farewell; and though we have never seen very many of you, we feel just as

friendly toward you. We regret that our relations are thus abruptly suspended, and that you owe us so much money, but your easy consciences will fix that all right, we have no doubt.

"We then slowly vanish from public view like foam upon the ocean—a little heavier, but as beautiful—and lose ourself once more in our quiet and happy family, and become plainly A. F. Yost."

At a recent meeting in Kentucky, held for the purpose of helping along the building of a railroad, one of the speakers, remarking that the Ohio River was getting too low for navigation, and warming with animation, said, with great emphasis: "We are getting short of water!" Pausing a moment to recover his thoughts (or wind), he was surprised to see an inebriated Kentuckian arise and say: "All you've got [hic] to do then, is to [hic] *put in more whisky!*"

Bishop Quintard, of Tennessee, is one of the live bishops of the American Episcopal Church, a man of remarkable energy, fine ability, of child-like simplicity of character, with a thorough contempt for every kind of sham. He was one of the dignitaries who attended the Pan-Anglican Council, and while in London frequently addressed audiences quite unlike those he is called upon to address in the mountains of Tennessee. On one of these occasions (it was not in church) he "brought the house down" by illustrating his point with the following story of a negro plantation preacher:

I was visiting a plantation, and the bell was rung, and the negroes, numbering some five hundred, gathered in the parlors and piazzas of the house—belonging, unfortunately for himself, to a bachelor. After reading a chapter to them I preached, and said that I would hold a service the next day to baptize such as should be presented. I baptized between seventy and eighty, and, after a service, I fell into conversation with "Uncle Tony," a plantation preacher. I asked him about various Christian doctrines, and finally said:

"And what about the resurrection?"

With a very solemn face he replied:

"You see, massa, intment is intment."

"Yes."

"Well, you see dere is a speritual body, and dis body made out of dus'."

"Yes."

"Well, you see, when the Angel Gabriel comes down from Heaben, and goin' up and down de Riber Jordan, a-blowin' of his trumpet, and the birds of Heaben singin', and de bells of Heaben ringin', and de milk and de honey rainin' down on all de hills of Heaben, he will bring de speritual body wid him down from Heaben, and take dis here body up out of de dus', and take the intment and rub it on, den stick togedder—and dar dey is!"

The negro, far more acutely than his white brother, feels the intellectual inferiority that "doth hedge him in," and will keep him hedged until he determines to educate himself. An instance of this lowliness occurred in the case of an old "uncle" who professed to be indifferent as to a future state, believing that "dey'll make niggers work eben in heaben!" A clergyman tried to argue him out of his opinion by representing this not to be the case, as there was no work for him or any one else to do. His answer was: "You gwo 'way, massa; I know better! If dere's no oder work for culled pussons up dar, dey'll make um shub de clouds along!"

We can appreciate the kindly feeling that prompted the editor of one of our religious weeklies to introduce a poem in these words: "The following lines were written more than sixty years ago, by one who has slept many years in his grave merely for his own amusement!"

For brevity and aptness we have seldom read a more appropriate tombstone inscription than this:

To the Memory of Mary Mum.
Silence is Wisdom.

The following was lately perpetrated on a member of the Nashville bar by Judge Brien, of the Ninth Judicial Circuit, while presiding in a case of some importance. During the argument of one of the counsel, who at the moment was reading very loudly and impressively some point of law that he desired to impress on the mind of the jury he was interrupted by the Judge, who, with an air of great candor and gravity, said:

"Mr. Sperrlock, don't read so loud, please; you will *disturb and wake up the jury!*" one of whom had fallen asleep.

In 1853, at a General Term of the Supreme Court of this State, held in the Eighth District, two young and clever lawyers were in attendance, both of whom were subsequently elevated to the Supreme Bench, and one of whom is now in active service. They were appointed at that term to examine candidates for admission to the bar, and report to the Court in writing. The examination was made, and with becoming gravity and decorum the following report was delivered:

SUPREME COURT, ALLEGHANY GENERAL TERM.

In the Matter of Certain Young Men.

The undersigned, to whom the Court
Referred the Students' class,
To ascertain and then report
Whether the same could "pass,"
Have been attended at their room,
This morn from eight to ten,
And diligently have put through
Those interesting nine young men.
On various subjects of the law,
Commercial, Common, Civil,
Of Nature, Nations, and of God,
And some laws of the D—l.
We have examined them with care,
And their acquirements seen
(The questions on the last-named law
Were chiefly put by Green),
And find their knowledge just enough
To warrant a report,
That they be suffered to come in
And *practice on the Court.*
Wherefore we've come to the conclusion,
May it please the Court, to urge ye
That all shall be admitted to
The benefit of clergy.*
And though we had some doubt at first
(A subject we were vexed on),
We think this class ought not to loose
Their "Parsons" (Day) and "Sexton."
In testimony of which fact,
For want of room at bottom,
Our hands and names here on the back
Deliberately we've sot 'em.

September 7, 1853.

* The benefit of clergy was defined by some of the class "the right of Christian burial;" by others "the privilege of being attended at the gallows by a priest."

An excellent regulation is that which requires newly-ordained ministers to have a diploma, or certificate of ordination, or some sort of official license to act as clergymen; but never, until the following reached us from Missouri, were we aware that in that region it is called a *pedigree*. The importance of such documents is seen in the following:

Last year a man named C——, who had been a chaplain in the Confederate service, returned to one of the back counties in Missouri, and married a widow with several children. The couple quarreled, and a divorce was pending in the court, and the lawyers and young men around town had counted on some rare sport, when, to their disappointment, the clerical man and his better-half "vamosed the ranche," and were next heard of in one of the border counties in Arkansas. The following letter was addressed to the County Clerk in Missouri, and will explain the present domestic condition of this couple:

"Pope Co., Ark., *July* 30, 1867.

"Dear Friend,—I wish to inform you about my situation. C—— broat me to Arkansas, and has cut up heare as bad as ever, and left me agane. My boy told heare that C—— left Mo. on account of a rit that was aganste him, and he denies it, And you all noa about it, I want you to fix out C——'s pedagre, and send it to me, dont fale, The boy is afrade of C——, and C—— threatens him, When we come here he tried to get a licens to preach, and could not get them—They wanted him to send to Missouri for his pedagre, I want you to start that letter with his pedagre so that I can get it by the Second Monday in September, I will stay till it comes, and then come back to Missouri."

A clerical friend, who took a little vacation last autumn in the Adirondacks, favors us with the following notice affixed to the door of a tavern in that region, and copied by him *verbatim* for the Drawer:

"Notes is hear By Given By the under Named Over Sear of Deastrict No 5 that the None resadent road tax will Bee worked Beetweean the 10 day of June and the first of October townShip 33 N½ 105 days townShip 34 200 days On the road from Seedr river Bredge to Speedges meder Juden Lake June the 3 1865

"John Brooks
"Over Seedir on deastrict No 5"

We are quite willing to concede the sincerity of certain men who are opposed to Foreign Missions, deeming that here in New York is a missionary field larger, more easily worked, and more promising for results than any that are now sustained at such heavy expense abroad: but, while avowing our own conviction in favor of foreign effort, it may not be inappropriate to state the action of a good man in Bishop Neely's diocese (Maine). On being solicited to aid one of these foreign projects he gave twenty-five cents, but stopped the agent as he was departing, and said: "*Here's a dollar to pay the expense of getting that 'quarter' to the heathen!*"

Of the numerous fluids which an active competition has caused to be prepared and submitted to the palate of the American citizen, we have recently been informed of one which has not yet found its way into the vocabulary of Monsieur Blot, although he must have heard of, and perhaps has sat in gustatory judgment upon it. A few days since Bridget Mulrooney was sent by her mistress, who kept a first-class boarding-house in West Street, to the warehouse of the "Great American Tea Company," to buy a pound of those delicious leaves whose extract doth "cheer but not inebriate." Thus she to the clerk:

"I want a pound of *tay*."

"What kind of tea?"

"The kind me missus gets."

"Well, what kind, and what price?"

"Sure, and I know nothin' about the price."

"We have four-shilling, six-shilling, eight, ten, and twelve-shilling—all sorts; only tell me *what* you want."

"Well, I know nothin' at all about the price, but I know the kind; it's *boardin'-house tay* that we want, so jist give us a pound o' that."

And having obtained the requisite avoirdupois of the pure "boarding-house" chop, she returned to the edifice so dear to her.

A Boston correspondent thinks it quite evident that Mr. Webster, in his quotation at the New Hampshire Festival, had in mind Wordsworth's Sonnet to Wicliffe, which runs thus:

"As thou these ashes, little brook! wilt bear
Into the Avon, Avon to the tide
Of Severn, Severn to the narrow seas,
Into main ocean they, this deed accurst
An emblem yields to friends and enemies
How the bold Teacher's Doctrine, sanctified
By truth, shall spread, through the world dispersed."

Mr. Webster, it will be remembered, gave it as follows:

"The Avon to the Severn runs,
The Severn to the sea;
And Wicliffe's dust shall spread abroad
Wide as the waters be."

An admirer of the Magazine in general, and of the Drawer and Dodge Club in particular, thinks the following from the "*Dark Dépôt*" City worthy of perusal:

Sam B——, a young lawyer, who has heretofore figured in the Drawer, was noted as a wag as well as a lover of the ardent. During a recess in the court-room, Charles F—— (who, from driving a milk-wagon, in which vocation he was succeeded by a younger brother, had risen to prominence at the bar) inquired what beverage he liked best for a steady drink.

"Well," replied Sam, "after a thorough trial, I think the water from my grandfather's well is about the best steady drink I can find."

"Do you indulge in the use of water as a drink as much as formerly?" inquired F——.

"Well, no; since I left off taking milk of the F——s I have used *much less!*"

An audible smile in court.

General Kilpatrick proved himself a gallant soldier, if he was now and then a trifle vain. In the winter of 1863–4, while stationed at Stevensburg, Virginia, many Senators and Representatives from Congress, with their wives and daughters, visited his camp. Among the ladies was Miss H——, who was much engrossed in the business of the Sanitary Commission. One day, in the presence of Miss H——, the General spoke in strong terms against the Commission, its uselessness, and of having been personally annoyed. "Why," said the General, with an air of some importance, "I have myself contributed more than five hundred autographs!"

"Oh, well, General," replied Miss H——, "that has not raised us a vast revenue; you know we have always sold *your* autographs *two for a cent!*"

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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WAR CRITICS.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF THE WAR.

BY A VIRGINIAN.

[Tenth Paper.]

ANTIETAM.

September 6, 1862.—We have news that the enemy has crossed the Potomac, and his advance, five thousand strong, marched into Frederick City this morning. General Pope has been relieved of command, and will go West. McClellan leads the army in the field, and Banks remains in command at Washington. This afternoon a column of twenty thousand infantry with sixty pieces of cannon moved up G Street, heading toward Frederick. Events are progressing so rapidly that we have no time for speculation. Lee is actually across the Potomac. It must be their necessity, and not their hopes, which urges them to this desperate venture. I rejoice in it, however, for it can terminate but in one way, and that promises a more speedy conclusion of this harassing and wasting strife.

The question for immediate consideration is, what shall I do? Pope's departure leaves me

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1868, by Harper and Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

without a place, unless I hunt up that squadron of cavalry and take command—a proposition for which I am not at this time prepared, and which does not warm my fancy in the least. My recommendation for leave of absence I despise, although my old comrades of Banks's Staff, with flattering unanimity, insist that I shall return to my position among them, and the General has kindly sent me an invitation to that effect. But this would keep me from the field while my blood is boiling.

September 7, *Sunday.* —Fair and warm. I saw General Pope to-day in citizen's dress, and accompanied by a portion of his Staff, *en route* for the West.

September 8.—About half past eleven at night I was aroused by a friend who brought me a military telegram. It contained an order to report in the morning to General McClellan at Rockville. Although this order dispelled some comfortable dreams, I was too deeply interested in the great game on hand not to welcome the summons with pleasure. So when I slept again my visions assumed a different character.

September 9, *Tuesday.*—Warm and cloudy. Immediately after breakfast I reported to the head-quarters of the army, and showed my telegram. I was informed this order had precedence over all others, and I must report forthwith at Rockville. I made such arrangements as I could to get my servant and baggage to the camp, and about three in the afternoon took the Rockville road on horseback. It was hot and dusty, and the route covered with army trains and stragglers.

About sunset I reached the General Head-quarters, located on an open hill half a mile south of the village. The camp was pitched in the form of a hollow square or parallelogram, the officers' tents facing inward upon a grassy court, while an exterior line accommodated servants, orderlies, and messes. Every thing was quiet and formal, and trig sentinels paced their beats, halting all strangers who attempted to enter the martial precinct.

Presently I found Colonel Ruggles, late of Pope's Staff, who had also been transferred. He called an orderly to take my mare, and then introduced me to General Marcy, Chief of Staff. Having paid my respects I accompanied Ruggles to supper at the mess-table of Adjutant-General Seth Williams. After a pleasant meal I was presented to the Commander-in-Chief, who greeted me cordially, recalling the last time we had met at Charlestown, Virginia. He formally requested me to become a member of his Staff, to which I formally consented. Maps of the district were then produced, and upon the face of them the General pointed out the location of his troops, and traced his proposed movements.

He said he had authentic information that the enemy, about a hundred thousand strong, lay behind the Monocacy. He had not turned toward Hagerstown, as had been reported, nor had he yet advanced into Pennsylvania in the direction of Gettysburg, but his left was at New Market, on the Baltimore turnpike, and he occupied Ridgeville, on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. The General named about eighty thousand men, which we had posted at Poolsville, Barnesville, Goshen, and Mechanicsburg, and proposed to advance his whole line to Paris Ridge, occupying Ridgeville, Damascus, Clarksville, and Barnesville. Sugar-Loaf Mountain was already occupied, and the advance on Ridgeville ordered. I criticised the map, which was very imperfect, and gave all the information required in regard to the crossings of the Monocacy and the country behind as far back as Harper's Ferry and Hagerstown.

We then discoursed generally on the condition of the army and the aspects of the war. The Commander's views were clear and satisfactory, his tone confident, and his manner engaging. As I rose to retire he took my hand warmly, thanked me for the information I had given, and expressed his gratification at having me attached to his Staff. I replied, the position I had always most coveted was that in which I could be most useful. I hoped I was now in the right place.

September 10, *Wednesday.*—Fair and warm. This morning I was introduced to the Topographers, and obtaining from them some drawing materials, made three copies of a map indicating the positions referred to last night, and transmitted them respectively to Generals Burnside, Sumner, and Franklin. The day passed without any startling news or notable event.

The calmness and coolness of the moral atmosphere in which I am enveloped here contrasts strongly with the red-hot turbulence of my late surroundings. I am suddenly transferred from the Dramatic to the Methodical school of war. For the professional soldier, who expects to spend his life in the service, and looks to the camp as his natural home, this methodical system is undoubtedly the most attractive; but as a citizen volunteer, burning with bitter impatience, and looking only to the end to be accomplished, I feel more sympathy with the passionate and rasping energy of Pope.

September 11, *Thursday.*—Cloudy, and promising rain. We move to Clarksburg this morning, from which I infer that the occupation of Parr's Ridge has been accomplished. Tents are struck, the wagons loaded, men and horses harnessed for the march. The officers are sitting around in groups, smoking, reading newspapers, and discussing war and politics. The tone at these head-quarters is eminently conservative and dignified; but what has conservatism to do with war? War is necessarily and essentially radical. About four P.M. we took the road to Clarksville; not having eaten any thing since breakfast, I stopped in a village to get a lunch. The inhabitants collected around, and finding me approachable, began their usual complaints of pig-shooting, sheep-stealing, rail-

burning, and bullying, by the soldiers, with half a dozen applications for the return of fugitive slaves. I advised them to obtain the names and regiments of the offenders, and then make their complaints in form to the Provost Marshal of the Army. A fellow observed that my advice was like granny's receipt for catching birds by putting salt on their tails. I acknowledged the resemblance, and promised my interlocutor that if in the course of the war a better plan suggested itself, I would write to him; meanwhile, they might advertise their niggers as usual, and take steps to recover them under the Fugitive Slave Law.

At Middlebrook we found Sykes's Division encamped in a meadow by the road-side. Our leader stopped at General Sykes's tent, where he remained a long time, leaving the Staff in the road. While we waited it became quite dark; and having dismounted, I leaned against a tree and slept. I was awakened by the restiveness of my mare, when I found it raining, and my companions about leaving. I mounted and followed them to a meadow on the Little Seneca, where our Staff-train had halted, and we were about going into camp. Hungry, sleepy, and weary, I had neither servant, nor baggage, nor mess. In this desolate condition I sat for half an hour, when Colonel Ruggles joined me, much in the same case. Being better acquainted, he presently secured food and shelter for us both. Seeing a group of officers in front of a tent, we approached, and found some good toddy circulating. An orderly took our horses, and we allowed ourselves to be enticed. Colonel Knipe, of the Forty-sixth Pennsylvania, coming to report, informed me that my servant and baggage were with his regimental train, and would be delivered at head-quarters at the first practicable day.

While sitting here I fell into conversation with an officer who seemed familiar with Berkeley Springs, and several incidents in my family history which I supposed were not generally known. He questioned me intelligently in regard to the geography of the country in our front, and discussed the forces and intentions of the enemy in a cool and masterly manner. He presently invited me to accompany him to his tent, where I recognized General Marcy, our Chief of Staff. He showed me telegrams from various points satisfying him that the enemy had no troops in front of Washington, but had his whole power massed behind the Monocacy. The positions he had held east of that line, at Sugar-Loaf Mountain and New Market, having been abandoned without serious resistance as we advanced. There was also information of a movement in force toward Hagerstown. General White, of the National Army, was at Martinsburg, with twenty-five hundred men; Colonel Miles, at Harper's Ferry, with about ten thousand. To envelop and destroy this force was doubtless part of the enemy's plan, and with the *éclat* of this success, and the spoils captured, he might be content to retire without a general battle, already perceiving that the political advantages hoped for in the beginning would not justify such a hazard. These dispositions place the enemy in position to retire quietly by way of the Shenandoah Valley, should he think proper to do so. To save the commands at Martinsburg and Harper's Ferry, and to prevent the enemy's getting off without punishment for his adventurous insolence, is our mission, and to accomplish it we must press him actively.

September 12, *Friday.*—Cloudy and warm. We struck tents and took the road early. A gentle rain had laid the dust and clouds obscured the sun, so that the riding was very pleasant. We halted in Clarksburg for an hour and then passed on to Bennett's Creek near Urbanna, where we encamped in a pleasant grove carpeted by a beautiful natural sward. From time to time guns were heard at the front; but these familiar sounds seemed rather to stimulate our cheerfulness and give a zest to the social enjoyment of the hour.

September 13, *Saturday.*—Fair and pleasant. Making an early start we entered Frederick City about ten o'clock A.M., and were welcomed with a spontaneous ovation that stirred every soul to its depths. The whole city was fluttering with national flags; while the streets through which we passed, from the sidewalks to the house-tops, shone with happy human faces. It seemed as if the whole population had turned out, wild with joy. Handkerchiefs fluttered and flowers showered upon the moving troops; and when the Commander and Staff appeared the crowd became so demonstrative that we were forcibly brought to a halt. The officers of the Staff received their due share of the floral honors, but the General and horse were absolutely covered with wreaths and bouquets; while old men, women, and children crowded around, anxious to touch his hand, or by some word or act to testify their enthusiasm for the leader of the National power.

As soon as the General could release himself from this pleasing but rather embarrassing position he rode to Burnside's head-quarters on the Baltimore turnpike, and then dismounting entered the General's tent. While waiting outside I fell into conversation with a cavalry officer, who narrated the following incident of the occupation which took place on yesterday: Our advanced cavalry met that of the enemy in the streets and drove them through the town. Being reinforced the enemy returned, driving our men back as rapidly as they had advanced. Meanwhile a section of artillery had been unlimbered and posted to support the cavalry, the guns charged with canister and the gunners with the lanyards taut, ready to open at command. As our squadrons rushed back in disordered flight a stupid trooper rode between the gunner and the piece, thus drawing the friction primer and discharging the gun full in the faces of our men, killing two outright and wounding half a dozen. Our infantry having



HALT AT CLARKSBURG.

arrived in the mean time, the rebels abandoned the town, retiring westward by the Hagerstown road. While the Commander tarried with General Burnside I rode into the city again, accompanied by some young Staff officers, and hoping to meet some former acquaintance among the citizens.

As the Corps of Burnside and Sumner moved through the town General McClellan and Staff took position on a side street to review the column. The troops made a fine appearance, and the cheering was incessant. As this continued for several hours it became monotonous, and I again stole away to seek a dinner for myself and horse.

Lee entered Maryland evidently indulging in the belief that the State would rise and welcome the Southern army. His proclamation was plausibly framed to engage the good-will of the inhabitants, and the conduct of his troops as constrainedly regular as was possible under the circumstances. The observation of a few days was sufficient to disenchant him. In the districts which he visited the mass of the population was of undoubted and uncompromising loyalty. Yet the open defiance and hatred of this class was not so discouraging as the coldness and even terror with which the Maryland secessionists regarded their ragged and needy liberators. In truth, the spirit of rebellion which had boiled over scalding hot in April, 1861, had by this time simmered down to a tepid sentimentalism which manifested itself in weak social snobbery, silly songs, intriguing, speculating, and blockade-running. There were, indeed, some more daring spirits left, who, in spite of the Federal martial law, would on occasions drink themselves drunk to the success of "the good cause," and hurrah for Jeff Davis at the risk of a night in the guard-house. But that living, practical faith which is willing to undergo hard knocks for opinion's sake, and take pay in Confederate promises, is totally lacking in Maryland. In brief, except a few young Hotspurs attracted by the love of adventure, and a few cock-eyed politicians who have compromised themselves unwittingly, rebel Maryland seems to prefer the sideboard to the field, and from all accounts Lee will lose two by desertion where he gains one by recruiting.

After a sumptuous dinner my kind hostess urged me to tarry all night, that she might have an opportunity of fitting up my scanty and tattered wardrobe. Although my needs were sufficiently apparent I was obliged to decline her kindness, and, mounting my well-fed horse, started off in search of the General Staff. I presently met an officer who informed me that I was called for at head-quarters. Hurrying out on the road which leads in the direction of the Aqueduct, I found the General and suite dismounted and sitting in a field by the road-side. I had been called to furnish some information in regard to the country in front, and, General McClellan being busy at the moment, I posted Captain Duane of the Engineers on the subject of the roads and topography. We encamped for the night in an open field to the west of Frederick and in sight of the city.

General Marcy here informed me that great apprehension was felt in regard to the safety of Miles at Harper's Ferry, and asked my opin-

ion as to the probability of a successful defense. I said that by holding on to Maryland Heights Miles could certainly maintain himself against the whole Southern army, and at the same time prevent their occupying Harper's Ferry in any force. The question of food and water could be easily solved by removing provisions to the Heights, and maintaining his lines around certain springs on the mountain-side, which I thought would afford a scanty but living supply of water for a time. With even ordinary determination on his part, I thought it impossible for the enemy to carry the crest. Colonel Miles was thoroughly acquainted with the defensible points about Harper's Ferry, having been in command there a long time and also present during Saxton's defense, when the whole subject was fully discussed and proved. With this foreknowledge, and ample time to prepare, I thought it likely he would adopt the course I suggested, and if so, could certainly hold it until we relieved him. Marcy said it would be sufficient if he could hold on for forty-eight hours, but he apprehended a stampede and a premature surrender.

September 14, *Sunday*.—Pleasant. On rising this morning I heard cannon sounding to the westward, and evidently nearer to us than Harper's Ferry. I also observed our columns moving in the same direction, and winding over the Catoctin Ridge, which divides Frederick from the Middletown Valley. We were presently in the saddle; and on arriving at the summit of the mountain with one accord drew rein to admire the scene which presented itself. The Valley of the Catoctin, which lay beneath us like a map unrolled, is one of the most fertile and best improved districts in Maryland. As far as the eye can reach, north and southward, it is dotted with handsome farm-houses, and pretty thriving villages, and checkered with cultivated fields and scraps of woodland, enlivened by silvery streams and traversed by fine public roads. The western horizon is limited by a mountain range which rises abruptly to the height of a thousand feet. This ridge, about four miles distant, is a continuation of the Great Blue Ridge of Virginia, here called the South Mountain, and within sight is crossed by two great highways—the national turnpike passing over Turner's Gap immediately in front of us, and a less important road passing at Crampton's Gap opposite Burkittsville, about five miles to the southward, and leading directly to Maryland Heights and Harper's Ferry. From both these passes we could hear the sullen booming of the guns, and see the white wreaths of smoke rolling up the blue face of the mountain. Across the lovely valley, by every road and pathway, our columns of horse, foot, and artillery were moving, all centring toward the defiant batteries.

Comprehending the beauty and thrilling interest of the scene at a glance, the Commander rode rapidly forward to Middletown, where he stopped at Burnside's quarters, located in an orchard at the eastern end of the village. While the chiefs were in consultation I rode down street hoping to gain some information from the inhabitants, whom I have understood were intensely loyal. As the village had a tidy, comfortable aspect, and the future was uncertain, I undertook to forage a little on my own hook, and sent a boy to purchase me some provisions. He presently returned with a good-sized loaf of bread which looked savory, but alone, suggestive of drouth. As he handed it to me I perceived it had been cut, and lifting the cap, found the crumb had been neatly excavated, and a pound of delicious butter inserted. This pleasant little surprise is always associated in my memory with Middletown, and induces me to think there is more merit in the place than appears at first glance.

At Burnside's tent I found General McClellan still apprehensive in regard to Miles, and desirous of getting a messenger through to him, "with the order to maintain himself at all hazards, and promising relief by to-morrow morning." I was requested to look through the village to seek a citizen who for pay or patriotism would undertake the service. I found many willing in spirit but weak in flesh. The Chief of our Secret Service was more successful, and on returning to report I was informed that a messenger had been found.

About two o'clock P.M. it was ascertained that the passage of South Mountain would cost us a battle; and following the Commander through Middletown we rode forward about two miles, and ascending a spur of the mountain took a position between two of our batteries. From this point we had as comprehensive a view of the position as could be conveniently obtained. The windings of the main turnpike through cleared fields were visible from the valley to the summit; but the flanking roads and positions to the right and left of the turnpike were a good deal obscured by forest which covered the ridge continuously. By both these flanking roads our columns were already ascending to the attack—that on the left commanded by Reno, while Hooker led the forces on the right. At the same time Gibbon's Brigade was advanced on the national turnpike in the centre to amuse the enemy with a feint attack. Generals Cox and Wilcox with their brigades had already made a lodgment on the left summit, and the continuous peals of musketry from that quarter showed that they were stoutly resisted. Sturgis was ordered forward to support them; and as his glittering column was seen ascending the steep road Reno, who had been riding with McClellan, started forward, saying, "I must see to this matter in person."

There is nothing like the master's eye "when work is to be done," and for an hour after Reno's departure the redoubled roar of musketry proved the truth of the proverb. In time the sounds waxed fainter and fainter, the line of white smoke disappeared over the crest, and

then news came that the position was carried and the enemy retreating.

Simultaneously with this action the column under Hooker, supported by Meade, was seen crawling up the rocky and difficult ascent on the right. Slowly trailing across the open ground, now entering a piece of wood, and again emerging on the upper side, winding over spurs and up ravines, the march resembled the course of a black serpent with glittering scales stealing upon its prey.

At length we had a glimpse of Hooker's command in some open ground on the summit, moving in column of companies, and heading in toward the Gap. They presently disappeared in the wood, and then came the distant muttering of musketry, which continued with little intermission until after dark, and always approaching the Gap. As Hooker moved in from the exterior position on the right, we could discern a dense and continuous column of the enemy moving to meet him by a road diverging from the National turnpike at the Summit House. This we ascertained was Longstreet's reinforcing column, and it seemed a heavy one; but after a short time it was seen retiring by the same route. All the while the batteries posted on the different eminences were unremitting in their activity, but so broken and densely wooded was the field that comparatively little artillery was used, and that probably with but little effect.

From the position of the Staff we also had a good view of Franklin's operations at Burkittsville and Crampton's Gap, between three and four miles distant, and as matters in our immediate proximity seemed to promise a fortunate conclusion, we found leisure at intervals to turn our glasses in that direction. From the summit the enemy's guns were working industriously, no batteries replying from our side, but the line of musketry smoke was evidently advancing up the ascent, and that indicated a victory there.

About sunset it was understood that both our flanking columns had established themselves solidly in positions commanding the main pass. The enemy had contested the ground with the greatest obstinacy, making repeated and determined efforts to recover what they had lost, but all in vain. As they still maintained a defiant attitude, Gibbon was ordered to advance on the centre, and carry the main road. This he did in gallant style, deploying his lines on either side of the turnpike, and moving a section of artillery on the road. His advance was difficult and slow, as the enemy had greatly the advantage of position, and disputed every step with bitter tenacity. This fight took place after dark, and the General-in-Chief, riding to an adjacent knoll, continued to overlook the sparkling combat until after nine o'clock. About that time the fires died away, Gibbon having advanced apparently about half-way up the mountain.

Returning on the road to Middletown we stopped at a brick house by the road-side, in and around which a number of wounded had been collected. They were lying about the yard in such numbers that it was with difficulty we rode through without treading on them. The surgeons occupied one of the rooms amputating and dressing the wounds, and the patients were then laid in the yard, bedded on wisps of straw, pillowed on knapsacks, and covered with blankets or over-coats. There they seemed to lie comfortably enough, some nibbling crackers; others, assisted by a comrade, taking a little drink; but among them all I heard neither groans nor complaints.

Indeed I regarded their repose with a feeling of envy, for I was so spent with fatigue that my whole frame ached like a neuralgic tooth, and I could find nowhere to lay my head.

General McClellan occupied a room in which was a table, two or three chairs, and a couple of tallow-candles, without other furniture or embellishment. Here, surrounded by the officers of his Staff and the chiefs of the army, he discussed the events of the day. We had carried all our points, and inflicted heavy loss on the enemy, capturing between one and two thousand prisoners. Our own losses had been heavy, and chief among the slain was the gallant Reno. Sturgis, who was present, in his rough way narrated the particulars of Reno's death. The heat and crisis of the battle was over, and the enemy, driven from his first position, formed on the opposite side of a deep ravine. Reno pushed forward beyond the skirmish line to reconnoitre, when he was struck in the body by a musket-ball. As they were carrying him to the rear on a stretcher he hailed Sturgis in his characteristic cheerful manner—"Hallo, Sam, I'm dead!" His tone was so firm and natural that his friend could not believe him seriously hurt, and replied, "Oh no, General, not so bad as that, I hope." "Yes, yes," he repeated, "I'm dead—good-by!" and died a few minutes after.

I was deeply shocked at this news, not that I had any special acquaintance with the gallant dead, but I think that in Phil Kearney and Reno the country has lost two of its most zealous and competent defenders. Sturgis states that the enemy's loss on the left has been enormous. In attempting to push forward a section of artillery to clear out the ground beyond the ravine he found the road so encumbered with heaps of dead bodies that he was obliged to detail a regiment of infantry to throw them out of the way before the guns could be got through. A Captain Russell, of the Maryland Cavalry, brought news that White had retired from Martinsburg, and joined Miles at Harper's Ferry, and that the whole force there was withdrawn from Maryland Heights, and concentrated on the open ridge above Bolivar. This movement I don't like, and don't understand. The enemy still holds the pass in front of us—Turner's Pass, and it is uncertain whether he will retire during the night, or reinforce and show fight again to-morrow. He evidently considers the

point of great importance, and seems very reluctant to yield it.

September 15, *Monday.*—Pleasant. At daylight I was aroused by the proprietor of the house, who, attracting my attention with several respectful punches in the ribs, desired me "to git up and let his women git down stairs." Hoping that these movements betokened a good breakfast, I gathered up my sore bones and cleared the way. In due time I visited the kitchen, where the women were cooking, elbowed and crowded by a dozen hungry Major-Generals. I managed to secure a brace of hot biscuits with butter and milk—a scanty but satisfactory meal. Looking through the window at the same time, my satisfaction was increased by seeing my mare unsaddled, cleaned, and munching oats.

The news is that Franklin has been completely successful at Crampton's Gap, and is already over the mountain, while the enemy in our front has withdrawn under cover of the darkness and has fallen back to Boonsboro. Banks's Corps, under Williams, is up this morning, and I met my old friends Brigadiers Crawford, Gordon, and Gorman.

After breakfast the General and Staff rode forward to view the battle-field. We ascended by the old road on the left to the ground where Reno's Corps fought. By the way we passed considerable bodies of rebel prisoners *en route* for Frederick, and under the trees large collections of their wounded, who had been brought together for treatment by our surgeons. Near the summit we saw several burial-parties digging trenches for our own dead, which had been gathered up and lay in ranks, their faces decently covered with hats or blankets. I counted one hundred and twenty bodies thus laid out. On the summit and the slope beyond the earth was thickly strown with the rebel dead, who lay as they fell, in all their squalor and hideous distortion. Numbers of them lay in the laurel-thickets, half hidden among the blood-stained leaves, their hands and mouths filled with moss and sticks grasped in the death-agony. Near a cabin riddled with musket-balls we saw the lane mentioned by Sturgis, formed by parallel stone-walls, which had served the enemy as a rampart. It had been cleared of the dead to admit the passage of the artillery, and the bodies lay on either side in heaps as high as the walls. There were several officers among them, but their rank we could not ascertain, as the soldiers had entirely stripped their coats of the gold-lace and other insignia of rank. The clothing of all we saw, prisoners, wounded, and dead, was ragged and filthy in the extreme. In the laurels beyond the summit I saw a number of dead bodies, and among them several still living, but too far gone to bear moving. One sat up, his head supported by a musket thrust bayonet-end into the ground. He seemed entirely unconscious, and gave no evidence of suffering. Amidst all this agony, blood, and distortion, I remarked one dead face, white as wax, and wearing a sweet, placid smile, as if life had passed away in a pleasant dream. The expression of that face was startling and unspeakably touching. I have never seen any thing like it, before or since, on the field of battle.

In my musings I had lost the General, and started down the mountain again to seek him. Repassing the burial-trenches, where the men were still at work, I could not but compare the appearance of our dead, stretched in their neat over-coats or blankets, with their names pinned on their breasts by friendly hands, with the ragged corpses that lay upon the hill beyond. I know the men are of the same flesh and ancestry, brethren in every sense of the word, and that those bloody rags conceal many a manly form, and many a heart once warm and generous and brave; yet while my philosophy sees through the squalid covering, an involuntary instinct leads me to hope that I may die in a clean coat and be buried by my friends.

Continuing to descend the mountain without overtaking the Staff, I left the old road, and crossing a meadow, reached the National turnpike at the base of the mountain, where Gibbon had commenced his fight on the evening before. A number of fresh graves indicated the ground, and riding up the hill some distance I came upon the rebel position, indicated by a line of dead still unburied. Ascending to the Mountain House, I diverged to the right by the road upon which we had seen the enemy's columns moving on yesterday afternoon. In this direction the contested ground was indicated by lines of the enemy's dead, lying generally along the fence-rows and thicketed ledges of rock which they had sought for the partial shelter afforded. Following up this road for a mile, I came to a cabin where lay several grave cases of the enemy's wounded; and in a lofty wood, behind another rock-break, lay a dozen or twenty bodies, marked with their names and regiment, belonging to South Carolina. The road, fields, and forest were covered with arms and equipments, and swarmed with curious visitors from the neighboring country, who helped themselves to whatever they chose to appropriate.

This ground on the right, over which Hooker advanced, is excessively difficult, rugged, rocky, and covered with dense forest. By the signs it was a rough road, and roughly contested.

Returning to the tavern at the Gap I met the General and Staff just coming out. When he had viewed the field to his satisfaction, we took the Boonsboro road, descending the mountain-slope westward, the whole route covered with our moving columns.

Arrived at Boonsboro, the General stopped at a white house in the outskirts of the village, and I was presently sent forward with a message to General Mansfield, ordering him to turn his column on to the Sharpsburg road. Mansfield was now in command of Banks's Corps, and riding forward I exchanged salutes with

many old acquaintances among the officers. I found the head of the column had already passed the Sharpsburg road, and so closely packed was the street with troops and supply trains that it was impossible to turn it. Not finding Mansfield immediately, I got General Williams to halt the corps until the proper orders could be given for changing its direction. General Mansfield presently came up, and a way was made across lots by tearing down some fences. On my return I met a citizen acquaintance, who gave me some information of the enemy's movements. On reporting to General McClellan, I repeated the information I had gathered. "The enemy's cavalry, under Fitz-Hugh Lee, had retired by the Hagerstown turnpike." He responded quickly,

"I know it, Pleasonton has followed and has taken two hundred and fifty prisoners."

Then—"The enemy's supply trains and reserve artillery are moving on the direct road to Williamsport."

His prompt reply was, "The signal officer reports ninety-two pieces of artillery, and that the trains are crossing into Virginia."

"The masses of his infantry have fallen back on Sharpsburg behind the Antietam."

"Your news, Colonel, is all corroborative. There we are going immediately to attack them."

As I rode up the mountain this morning I passed the rear-guard of a supply train. The men were marching at ease and talking. One cried, "Hurrah for little Mac! Boys, I'm a McClellan man!" Another said, "I'm for Burnside!" A grim old Sergeant then spoke up: "Boys, I'm no man's man; I'm for the flag, and that alone!" The prompt response rung out from a hundred voices: "That's so."

As I was leaving Boonsboro, Gordon, of Banks's Corps, rode up and exclaimed, "Isn't this glorious?" "What?" I asked. "Oh, the victory of yesterday and the enemy's retreat." I answered, coldly, "Yes; a good beginning, but I am waiting for the end."

Pushing through Keedysville for a mile or more the General, followed by his retinue, ascended a hill looking across the Antietam, and halted for the purpose of reconnoitring the enemy, who appeared in some force on the opposite bluff. No sooner had we appeared than two batteries opened fire upon our cavalcade, and so perfectly had they got the range that we were immediately ordered to retire behind the hill. I ensconced myself under a cut in the road, and took the opportunity of dining on the remains of my loaf and butter. The Commander remained on the hill, and continued his observations for half an hour or more under an incessant fire, the enemy's shells skimming the crest to the right and left of him in nervous proximity. Many officers seemed annoyed that he should thus needlessly expose himself, but I commended it, for an intelligent soldiery sees and remarks a general's unruffled demeanor under fire. The firing continued as long as the Chief stood there, and recommenced from time to time whenever a living object appeared above the crest of the hill. After dark General Marcy led the Staff and escort back to Keedysville, where we halted in a pretty grove adjoining a church, and there passed the night *sub cœlum*.

September 16, *Tuesday*.—Cloudy and warm. I rose feeling fresh and well, and on going to breakfast was informed that Miles had surrendered Harper's Ferry, with his whole command, between ten and eleven thousand men, with immense stores of provisions and ordnance. This, too, with Franklin's victorious columns in sight, and the booming of the guns firing a national salute in his ears!

Well, well! we must eat and live notwithstanding; so I got a comfortable breakfast, and then returned to my grass-plot to resume my sleep, consoling myself with the idea that we had probably got to the bottom of our reverses and humiliations, and the darkest hour is that just before the dawn.

The Commanding General rode again to the front, leaving the body of his retinue awaiting orders in the grove. Shortly after his departure there was a sharp cannonade, which continued for an hour, and then ceased. We remained in the same spot the greater part of the day, lounging and conversing, and hoping that something would turn up to relieve the tedium of inaction. Growing impatient at length, about the middle of the afternoon, I mounted and rode to the front. I observed heavy masses of our infantry lying on their arms on either side of the Sharpsburg turnpike, and behind the hill we had visited on yesterday. Numerous batteries were moving on the road to take the positions assigned them. I found the Commander with a portion of his Staff at Newcomer's brick house, where he had taken quarters. He was just about riding when I arrived, and I joined him. We rode several miles to the right, crossing the Antietam, and flanking Sharpsburg in that direction. On the way a citizen joined us, who reported that the cavalry of Miles's command, about two thousand strong, had escaped during the night before the surrender, and, moving up the tow-path of the canal, had taken the direction of Hagerstown; there they struck Longstreet's supply and ordnance train, capturing a hundred and ten wagons, destroying sixty loads of ammunition, and sending off the remaining wagons into Pennsylvania. We continued our ride across fields and through woods in the direction of the Sharpsburg and Hagerstown pike, hearing artillery and musketry in front. At length we reached Hooker, who occupied a position which had cost him some fighting, and the dispute was not yet ended, apparently, the skirmishers still keeping up a bickering fire in the wood, and a battery, which the General was overlooking, still sending an occasional shell.

Hooker looked fresh and game as ever, explained his position clearly, and spoke confi-

dently of the coming struggle. It was now gray twilight, and as we rode away I passed the General, doubting whether he would recognize me. He did, however, and we exchanged pleasant greetings. I observed that his tall white horse, relieved against the dark background of the wood, made him a most conspicuous mark, and was pained with a presentiment that this gallant chief would be the next victim to the fortunes of war.

It seems that we have spent the day manœuvring and studying the ground. I don't like the delay. We should have attacked on sight, Monday evening, or this morning at all risks. We might then have got Lee at a disadvantage. But while we take time to concentrate he will do the same or escape. If he is here to-morrow it will be because he feels quite confident of his game. We are entirely too methodical.

By the time we got back to Newcomer's house it was dark and threatening rain. As the accommodations were limited, a number of the aides were allowed to return to the head-quarters camp, in the rear of Keedysville. I joined them, and after a tiresome ride arrived at the designated spot, but found neither wagons nor tents. I returned to the village in company with two young officers, and after some palaver got supper at the house of a poor widow. My companions started again to look for the camp, but I determined to pass the night where I was. I secured my mare in the yard, unsaddled and foraged her, and then stretched myself comfortably on the floor for the night.

September 17, *Wednesday.*—I arose delightfully refreshed, and observed the clouds, which threatened rain. My good hostess and her daughter had a comfortable breakfast all ready, of which I partook with "gusto." During the meal I heard the opening cannon. The women looked flurried, and as the sounds continued several neighbors came running in, exhibiting great alarm. Being for some time past accustomed to eating and sleeping to the sound of cannon, I continued my meal indefinitely, quite amused at the fidgety struggle between politeness and terror manifested in my entertainers. Having at length concluded, I packed up some bread and meat, with a large pickled pepper, for a lunch. I then proceeded to harness my mare, and at length to pay my bill. By this time the guns were pounding away rapidly, and the women, who had broken down entirely, were wringing their hands and weeping aloud. I encouraged them by telling them we would presently drive the rebels across the Potomac, and then started at a full trot for the front.

At Newcomer's I found the Commander-in-Chief, surrounded by a number of subordinate generals, planning and receiving orders. Thus far the great argument had been opened and conducted solely by those stately and bombastic orators—the cannon. The dispute presently assumed a closer and more conversational tone as the angry chattering of the musketry prevailed. About half past seven o'clock this had swelled to an ominous roar, accompanied by repeated and triumphant cheers. The General-in-Chief, followed by all his attendants, hurried to a bluff just behind the house, whence they had a splendid view of Hooker's advance driving the enemy before them in rapid and disordered flight.

Horses were forthwith ordered, and we rode rapidly across to a commanding knoll on the eastern side of the Sharpsburg turnpike, about the centre of our line of battle, and nearly opposite the town of Sharpsburg, whose locality was indicated by the belfry of a small church which peered above the opposite hill. This was the same point from which the General reconnoitred the enemy on Monday afternoon, and afforded the most comprehensive view of the field that could be had from any single point.

Our order of battle, as detailed to me by McClellan on yesterday afternoon, was as follows: Our right wing under Sumner was established across the Antietam, and would swing round, closing in upon the enemy's left and forcing it back upon the centre, thus cutting off the roads to Hagerstown and Williamsport. Our left, under Burnside, was ordered to force the passage of the Antietam at a stone bridge a mile below the central turnpike, and driving the enemy's right back on Sharpsburg, would bar his retreat toward Antietam Ford on the Potomac and Harper's Ferry, thus (to use the General's own words) pinching him up in a vice. Our centre was refused, and lay behind the stream ready to act as circumstances might require. This is precisely the same plan used at South Mountain, and was probably suggested by the successful result there.

According to my judgment any plan well executed will answer. From our present standpoint we can see the ground on which Hooker is still advancing. Burnside's initial operations we can not see at all. Immediately in front of us lies Fitz John Porter's Corps, our centre and reserve, the infantry sheltered from the enemy's shot and concealed from his observation by a hill, the crest of which is crowned with batteries actively engaged. To the right of this force, formed on the Sharpsburg turnpike, which approaches the central Antietam bridge by a ravine, is Pleasonton with his cavalry, also in reserve.

The enemy's lines, occupying the ridge which conceals Sharpsburg from us, and thence westward along the Hagerstown pike and the wood behind the Dunker church, are only indicated by the smoke of his guns and an occasional horseman showing himself over the summit to reconnoitre. Meanwhile Sumner had crossed and taken full possession of the position in front of the Dunker church, driving the enemy back into the wood. Several brigades, which I understood to be Richardson's Division, advanced to a position still nearer the centre, confronting the enemy between the Dunker church and the town. To meet them the enemy's lines

moved out into the open ground and opened fire, when a portion of our troops broke in confusion and ran down the road toward the central bridge. In a few moments, however, they were rallied, and returned to their positions, showing great steadiness for the rest of the day. The rebel line also stood as straight and firm as a stone-wall, although under a heavy fire both of artillery and musketry. I saw the shells strike them frequently, and when there appeared symptoms of wavering I could see the officers collaring the men and forcing them back to their places.

Our troops fought splendidly, and made several advances at a run, but the force seemed entirely too light and too much isolated to effect any decisive purpose. They did their part, however, and gave their *vis-à-vis* full occupation. A portion of Sumner's advance had pushed forward nearly to the line of fence in front of the Dunker church; but they seemed to be so cut up and reduced in numbers that they took shelter behind a slope in the field, and only kept up a light skirmishing against the wood.

During these operations the clamor of the artillery along the whole line of battle (several miles in extent) was incessant. We could hear the distant muttering of musketry from the flanks, but Sumner's movement had evidently come to a stand. This produced a lull in the battle within our sight, and I had leisure to remark upon the head-quarters group immediately about me. In the midst was a small redan built of fence-rails, behind which sat General Fitz John Porter, who, with a telescope resting on the top rail, studied the field with unremitting attention, scarcely leaving his post during the whole day. His observations he communicated to the commander by nods, signs, or in words so low-toned and brief that the nearest by-standers had but little benefit from them. When not engaged with Porter, McClellan stood in a soldierly attitude intently watching the battle and smoking with the utmost apparent calmness; conversing with surrounding officers and giving his orders in the most quiet under-tones. General Marcy, his Chief of Staff, was always near him, and through him orders were usually given to the aides-de-camp to be transmitted to distant points of the field. Several foreign officers of the French, Prussian, and Sardinian service were present. Every thing was as quiet and punctilious as a drawing-room ceremony.

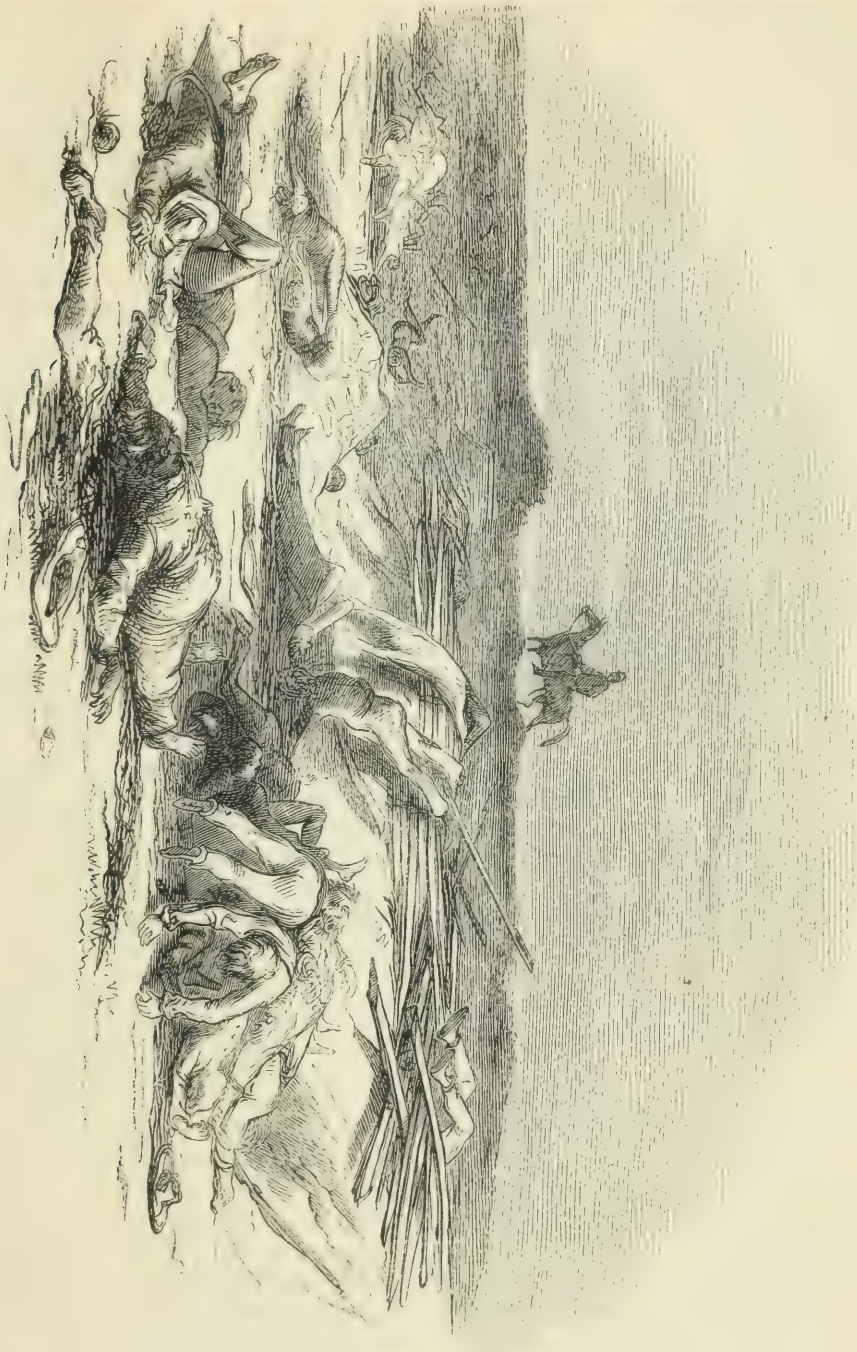
While the activity of the infantry within sight seemed to have been temporarily suspended, the thunder of between two and three hundred pieces of artillery still kept up the continuity of the battle. The shells had set fire to several barns, which were in full blaze, while at intervals I recognized from among the enemy's guns the sudden spring of that tall mushroom-shaped cloud which indicates the explosion of a caisson or ammunition-wagon, showing that our artillery was doing good work.

Franklin's Corps having arrived on the field he is ordered to fill a gap between Sumner and Hooker, occasioned by the rapid advance of the latter doubling back the enemy's left. Shortly after this order was sent I observed a sudden movement from the line of wood behind the Dunker church, and in a moment, as it appeared, the whole field in front was covered with masses of the enemy, formed in columns of grand divisions, advancing at a run, with arms at right shoulder shift, and yelling like demons. I could see the heads of four columns, which seemed to be composed of a brigade each; but the extreme left of the movement was masked by a wood and the smoke of a burning farm-house. The attack was evidently made to recover the wood and position from which they had been driven by Hooker at the commencement of the fight.

The rush of this fiery avalanche swept away the feeble remnant of Sumner's command as the flame of a torch scatters the swarms of blue flies from the shambles. As these, in their disordered and more rapid flight, unmasked the front of the rebel advance there was a swell in the chorus of the battle so vast and voluminous that it seemed as if heaven and earth vibrated with the stunning roar. Cannon and musketry mingled in a tonic outpouring that exceeded in grandeur all sounds I ever heard, except, perhaps, Niagara. The check of pulsation produced by this sudden apparition was relieved by an officer, who whispered: "That's Franklin. Hear him!"

The rebel columns had swept on, disappearing entirely in the dust raised by their own movement through the trampled field, the rolling smoke of the burning houses, and the sulphurous cloud which rose like a snowy mountain over the assailed position. We could distinctly see Sumner's débris rallying behind the wood, forming in line, and returning to the combat. Higher and higher rolled the white clouds, steady and unbroken; the roar of ordnance continued for twenty minutes or more, when, emerging from the smoke, flying in the wildest disorder, thinned and scattered, we saw the enemy returning to the wood from which he had advanced. Shot and shell followed with vengeful rapidity, and anon our ordered lines were seen sweeping over the disputed field to resume their position in front of the Dunker church. As the smoke and dust disappeared I was astonished to observe our troops moving along the front and passing over what appeared to be a long, heavy column of the enemy without paying it any attention whatever. I borrowed a glass from an officer, and discovered this to be actually a column of the enemy's dead and wounded lying along a hollow road—afterward known as Bloody Lane. Among the prostrate mass I could easily distinguish the movements of those endeavoring to crawl away from the ground; hands waving as if calling for assistance, and others struggling as if in the agonies of death.

I was standing beside General McClellan during the progress and conclusion of this at-



BLOODY LANE.

tack. The studied calmness of his manner scarcely concealed the underlying excitement, and when it was over he exclaimed: "By George, this is a magnificent field, and if we win this fight it will cover all our errors and misfortunes forever!"

"General," I said, "fortune favors the bold; hurl all our power upon them at once, and we will make a glorious finish of the campaign and the war."

"Colonel," said he, "ride forward to Pleasonton and tell him to throw a couple of squadrons forward on the Sharpsburg road, as far as they can go, to find out what is there."

I surmise, from this order, the General had suspected the enemy's line immediately in front of our centre was weak. I rode down the turnpike, leaving Porterstown to the left, and near the central bridge found General Pleasonton, to whom I delivered the message. He responded promptly by throwing forward two horse-batteries, which took position across the Antietam on either side of the turnpike.

Thus far we had heard nothing and seen no results from Burnside's wing. The General was impatient, and frequently asked: "What is Burnside about? Why do we not hear from him?" During the morning he sent several messengers to hasten his movements; but we only heard vaguely that he had not yet effected a crossing and could not carry the bridge.

Meanwhile the news from the right showed that matters were taking an unfavorable turn there. Hooker was wounded and withdrawn from the field. Mansfield was killed, and a number of other valuable general officers *hors de combat*. Our right wing seemed to have spent its aggressive power, and held its ground because the enemy was equally incapable of aggression.

About one o'clock we had news that Burnside had carried the bridge; but there seemed to be a lull in the battle along the whole line from right to left. An aid was wanted to carry another urgent message to Burnside. General Marcy asked me if I was ready for the service. I promptly led up my mare, but the General observing that she was sweltering from my recent ride, called Colonel Key, whose horse was fresh, and asked him to ride over to General Burnside's position and ascertain what was the cause of the delay. I was extremely anxious to see what was going on there, and begged to be permitted to carry the message, but Key would not yield. He returned with the information that Burnside had effected a crossing and thought he could hold the bridge.

The Commander-in-Chief replied, "He should be able to do that with five thousand men; if he can do no more I must take the remainder of his troops and use them elsewhere in the field." Next came a feeble note from Sumner, complaining that his command was entirely used up, and he must have reinforcements.

On the reception of this the Commander mounted, and, accompanied by a portion of his Staff, rode over to inspect the situation on the right in person. Not being one of the fortunate ones called, I remained with General Marcy and the body of the Staff at the redan. Pending the general lull some of the younger officers visited their haversacks and spread a lunch on the grass. The sight of it reminded me of nature's claims, and I got out my sandwich and pickled pepper, which afforded me a satisfactory dinner.

As the afternoon wore away, and while the Commanding General was absent, the fires of death were rekindled along the whole line. Since the overwhelming repulse by Franklin of the enemy's powerful attacking column he seemed to have yielded the contested ground on the right, and to have fallen back to a more sheltered line between the Dunker church and the town. Yet, though his infantry was less demonstrative, his artillery appeared to be stronger and more active than during the forenoon. About this time we witnessed one of the handsomest exhibitions of gallantry which occurred during the day. A battery of ours was seen entering the field in the vicinity of Richardson's Division; moving at a walk and taking position, apparently in advance of our line, it opened fire at short range, and maintained its ground for half an hour under the concentrated fire of at least forty guns of the enemy. As they moved in with the utmost deliberation I saw a number of shells strike and overthrow men and horses, and during the combat the battery sometimes appeared covered with the smoke and dust of the enemy's bursting shells. Unable to sustain the unequal contest they at length withdrew to shelter, and then we saw parties returning to the ground to bring off the wounded in blankets and to remove the limbers of two guns the horses of which had been killed. This, I afterward ascertained, was Graham's Battery United States Artillery, and I was further informed by Lieutenant Elder, who commanded a section in the action, that in half an hour they lost eleven men and seventeen horses. The affair was observed from head-quarters with the greatest interest, and elicited the warmest commendation, especially from the foreign officers on the ground.

At length, about four o'clock in the afternoon, the cumulating thunder on the left announced that Burnside's advance had at last commenced (three hours too late). The advance was distinctly visible from our position, and the movement of the dark columns, with arms and banners glittering in the sun, following the double line of skirmishers, dashing forward at a trot, loading and firing alternately as they moved, was one of the most brilliant and exciting exhibitions of the day. As this splendid advance seemed to be carrying every thing before it our attention was withdrawn to the right by the appearance of large bodies of the enemy with glittering arms and banners moving up the Hagerstown road toward the Dunker church with the apparent intention of renewing the attack in that direction. In a short time, however, this menacing cloud was dispelled by the concentrated fire of forty-two guns which Franklin had in position.

Meanwhile Burnside's attack had carried the height overlooking Sharpsburg on the left, having driven the enemy and captured the guns; but a counter attack on his troops, exhausted with their victory, sent them streaming down the hill again, and the last rays of the setting sun shone upon the bayonets of the enemy crowning the hill from which ours had just been driven. At this crisis the General, followed by his whole retinue, rode forward to a bluff nearer the scene of action. It was nearly dark when we reached the point, yet the sullen boom of an occasional gun, and the sparkling lines of musketry on a line about midway between Sharpsburg and the Antietam, showed that ours still held on to a portion of the field they had wrested from the enemy. About this time Burnside's messenger, asking for reinforcements, arrived. It was too late to repair errors or initiate any new movement, and they were not sent.

By eight o'clock the wailing cries of the wounded and the glare of the burning buildings alone interrupted the silence and darkness which reigned over the field of the great battle. The General then led us back to the head-quarters camp, established in the rear of Keedysville, where, forgetting the events of the day for the time, we supped heartily and slept profoundly.

September 18, *Thursday.*—The sun obscured with clouds, which lifted early. I had gone to sleep, firmly convinced that we had thrashed Lee soundly, and that he would escape in the night; or, otherwise, we would open the attack at daylight and finish him. Some time between

midnight and morning, being awakened by the going and coming of messengers to the General's tent, I heard McClellan's voice charging some officer with the following message:

"They are to hold the ground they occupy, but are not to attack without further orders."

I was so much annoyed and disappointed at hearing this order that I slept but little thereafter. Hesitation is always adverse to fighting, and I feared we would thus lose the fruits of a victory already achieved. On rising I found my man John arrived with my baggage, which was joyfully welcomed. He had missed me at Rockville, and since had followed steadily with Colonel Knipe's wagon until he found me here. My traps were unloaded, and the wagon returned to Crawford's train, to which it belonged.



LAST OFFICES OF FRIENDSHIP.

General Marcy informs me that we will have thirty-two thousand fresh men to put into the fight to-day. The enemy is still before us, and clearly in no condition to open the battle; we will renew the attack when our reinforcing troops are up and ready. I expressed to General Marcy my conviction that the enemy was beaten, and in no condition to resist a determined attack, and urged an immediate advance with a zeal and earnestness which, but for the General's friendship, might have provoked a rebuke.

After breakfast the Commander and Staff started for the front. We opened with a few guns, as if to feel the enemy's presence; but there was no response, and the sounds died away without renewal. Crossing the Antietam by an upper ford, we visited Sumner's position. The Generals remained for some time in consultation, and I understood the veteran Sumner was opposed to a renewal of the battle. From hence we rode across to the wood from which Hooker had driven the enemy yesterday morning. We here found Generals Franklin, Smith, and Slocum, with their Staff officers, lying *en bivouac* behind the wood.

While the chiefs consulted I rode over a portion of the field which had been the scene of the most determined conflict. The wood was scarred and torn with bullets, while in every direction our men were engaged in gathering up and burying the dead. Large parties were excavating trenches, along the brink of which the bodies were laid in ranks. Others performed the last offices for a comrade, scooping a grave apart, and marking the spot with a board inscribed with his initials, his regiment, and date of death.

Immediately in front of this wood was a field which yesterday morning bore a crop of standing corn, but was now so trampled and torn with artillery wheels and shot, blood-stained, and lumbered with dead bodies and broken arms that scarce a trace of its agricultural wealth remained. The very attitudes of the dead seemed to indicate that the struggle here had been more fierce and determined than usual. One lay with his musket grasped firmly in one hand, and his ramrod in the other raised in the air, as if in act of loading. Another, with staring eyes and hands clasped together extended toward heaven, as if in prayer. A third hung across the remnant of a fence, doubtless killed as he was getting over. These were all bodies of the rebels, already far advanced in putrefaction, hideously swollen, and many of them black as soot, reminding me of certain representations of the charnel-houses of Florence during the great plague to be seen in the wax museum of that city. Many were so covered with dust, torn, crushed, and trampled that they resembled clods of earth, and you were obliged to look twice before recognizing them as human remains. Beyond this mass, which even in death seemed convulsed with the passion, terror, and agony of violent conflict, lay a well-defined line in close double ranks of those who died in line-of-battle, with calmer faces and more natural attitudes than those who fell in the onset or in flight.

From this point I observed that the enemy's sharp-shooters were still firing from the wood and stone fences beyond the Dunker church, and being warned by one of our surgeons not to venture farther in that direction I dismounted, and, leading my mare, continued my circuit on foot. I met several parties of ours engaged in succoring the enemy's wounded who still lay upon the field, and carrying away on stretchers such as could bear moving. Among these I



VIEW FROM MY TENT.

remarked one who seemed a mere boy, who told me he was from South Carolina. He had fallen early in yesterday's fight with a musket-ball through his thigh, and lay during the whole day between the fires trampled over alternately by the contending forces, and receiving in addition a severe contusion on the cheek from the fragment of a shell. I spoke to him cheerily, and told him our surgeons would take good care of him and he would soon get well. He turned his large hazel eyes upon me with a wistful expression, and replied in a voice touchingly soft and boyish: "I know they will do all they can for me, and I hope I'll get well." Further on I saw a wounded rebel sitting bolt upright on the side of his stretcher while his two carriers were laughing and swearing in great astonishment. One of them called to me, "Colonel, look at this Reb; he has got up of himself and asked for a drink of water!" The man's face was swollen and bloody, his eyes closed, and he nodded at intervals as if he was drowsy. On examination I perceived that a musket-ball had entered his head just where the eyebrows meet and came out at the back, the brains oozing from the anterior orifice. Yet he sat up without support and drank heartily of the water offered by the soldier.

Returning to our position I rode to the right along our line of batteries, looking grim and sulphur-stained, like dormant volcanoes, the artillerymen stretched beside and beneath the guns, resting and dozing, while behind lay groups of dead horses, and on the flank a line of our infantry, tall, manly fellows, in clean blue over-coats, "with back to the field and feet to the foe," sleeping the sleep of death; yet beyond these, in a field near the Hagerstown road, I saw a burial party who had collected some twenty or thirty bodies in a rain-washed gully, and were covering them carelessly by shoveling down the loose dirt from the sides.

In the midst of all this hideous and putrefying humanity lay that portion of the troops who were not dead, on their arms and ready to renew the conflict, but altogether strangely hilarious and recklessly at their ease. Some were cooking, and apparently enjoying their bit of breakfast although the mephitic atmosphere would have tried the stomach of a horse. Others laughed, talked, smoked, and sung snatches of droll songs; while one fellow, sitting on the stark corpse of a comrade, entertained himself and a small circle of auditors with a fiddle, sadly cracked and out of tune. Some slept so calmly and profoundly that I was frequently unable to distinguish the living from the dead, unless by observing closely the color of the hands or the light heaving of the chest. Last night a young officer, attached to the Staff of one of the Generals, was sent to call an orderly who was wanted to carry a message. The service seemed light, for beneath the stars the sleepers lay thick as leaves in November. Seeing a fellow booted and spurred he took him by the shoulder and called; but instantly drew back in horror, for he had shaken a corpse. The next he touched more lightly and called again. This man, too, was stark and bloody. Another, and another, and another, he tried fifteen or twenty, but all "slept the sleep that knows no waking." He returned to the General with a face resembling those he had attempted to arouse, and reported that "the men were all dead." Taken all in

all, it was the most tragic and tremendous picture of war that had yet met my eyes.

When the interview with Franklin was concluded we rode back to Keedysville, passing by the way several field hospitals for the wounded which had been established in the neighboring farm-houses and barns. The numbers collected in and around these places seemed immense.

On returning to camp I opened my recovered trunk and refitted. At the same time there was a rain which laid the dust and freshened the air most agreeably. A messenger arrived from Governor Curtin, reporting that he had forty thousand men in arms on the Pennsylvania border; but being State troops they refused to cross the line. This is all the better as they would only be in the way here.

It is five o'clock in the afternoon and we have not attacked. The enemy will undoubtedly escape, and we have spent the day gathering up a few thousand worthless muskets and a few hundred lousy prisoners. We have reports that the enemy was reinforced last night. Where in the name of God would he get reinforcements from?

September 19, *Friday*.—Bright and pleasant. Colonel Ruggles was up nearly all night writing orders and receiving dispatches. I slept by snatches, and heard enough to confirm my surmises that the enemy would retreat during the night. We are advancing this morning, but too cautiously to effect any thing. The Grand Army is closing upon the field vacated by the enemy, and every body looks triumphant; but I feel as if we had not done enough to wipe out Harper's Ferry, and had lost an opportunity which may never again be presented to us. The empty name of victory is not sufficient; we needed a result crushing and conclusive, and have failed to obtain it.

The Staff was called and we rode immediately into Sharpsburg, the General, suffering from indisposition, moving in an ambulance drawn by four grays. The village of Sharpsburg has been riddled with balls and shells. There is scarcely a building that has escaped; and in a brick house on the public square I counted six holes. The old Union flag-staff was perforated; and I visited a parlor in which a 10-pounder shell had exploded, cutting the walls and ceiling, but leaving a handsome pier-glass unscathed. Many of the inhabitants left when the battle commenced; those who remained staid closely in their cellars, and thus escaped the shell. I hear that a child was killed, but no other citizen injured. Some of



CONFEDERATE PRISONERS.

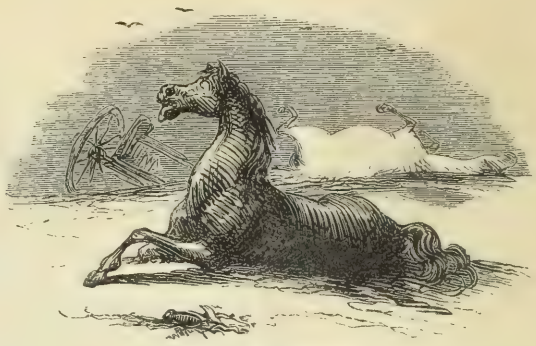
the enemy's soldiers were killed in the houses, and several horses are lying dead in the streets and stables. The abandoned dwellings and stores were plundered as usual; but all things considered, the village has escaped remarkably well.

While the General tarried at a house in the town I took the opportunity to inspect the battle-field. As I rode along the Hagerstown turnpike I observed a few dead of the enemy lying beside a stone-wall; while on either side, in the fields, the débris of battle lay thick. Approaching the Dunker church, I came upon the hollow road leading from the turnpike to the right through farms down to the Antietam Bridge. This road the enemy had occupied the greater part of the day, and were only driven from it late in the afternoon. It was so encumbered with their dead bodies as to be impassable, and it seemed in some places as if they had been heaped up with fence-rails and other material to form a defense against our musketry. They were elsewhere corded up in heaps of twenty or thirty, while the standing corn in the field to the right seemed to be also full of them. The open ground from this road to the wood last occupied by Franklin, and over which the enemy had moved to the grand attack witnessed from head-quarters, was covered by the dead lying as they fell, as it might be described without exaggeration, by brigades and divisions in line of battle. An officer who with his regiment moved over this ground before the wounded and dying had been thinned out and removed, said it appeared as if the enemy's whole line had laid down by order, while the few who escaped were in proportion as the skulkers to the rear in a well-maintained fight. We have no record in our wars of such slaughter in proportion to the space occupied and numbers engaged. These bodies were in the last stages of putrefaction, and several hundred had already been buried.

Riding hence I followed the contested positions around to the extreme right, the ground clearly indicated by the lines of dead bodies.



MOURNING.



THE DEAD HORSE.

I here saw a horse that had been killed by a cannon-shot half reclining with his head erect and fore-leg advanced as if about to rise. He had stiffened in that position, and remained for a week or ten days. The wood behind the Dunker church was thickly strown with bodies yet unburied, the Federals lying on the outer edge, and the rebels on the verge next to the village. These latter for the most part lay behind outcropping ledges of rock used for protection. There appeared behind this position a line of improvised defenses built of fence-rails, behind which the troops of the enemy's left had passed the night, as appeared by the scattered straw bedding. There were quantities of muskets which had evidently been abandoned by those deserting to the rear during the night. The Valley of Virginia is said to be alive with unarmed stragglers, as they say, making tracks for home. Behind these lines I saw numerous graves where the enemy had buried their own dead. The graves must have covered several hundred.

Passing through the village I then rode over the ground to the bridge below where Burnside had operated. The position occupied by the enemy was trampled and rutted, and exhibited the usual relics of a battle-ground; but the dead had evidently been all removed and buried. I saw but a single body, that of an artilleryman, blown to fragments, and lying under a tree near the Boonsboro turnpike. From the town to the bridge the ground descends in rolling terraces, and midway down Burnside's last position was indicated by a line of dead behind the worm-fences of a country lane, probably a hundred bodies in all. Some few bodies lay on the Sharpsburg side of the bridge. Whether it was that the field had been cleared of arms and débris I do not know; but I saw nowhere on this flank the indications of heavy and desperate fighting that appeared on our right and northern flank.

The guns sounding in the direction of Shepherdstown quite briskly I hurried back to Sharpsburg, where I found head-quarters stationary and quiet. It is ascertained the enemy has got over the river safe, abandoning only some disabled guns and several thousand wounded. Still our troops are pouring through toward Shepherdstown in fine order and high spirits.

I have been conversing with General McClellan, and surmise from the tenor of his inquiries

that we will cross at Harper's Ferry. Any where so that it is not too long delayed. Late in the afternoon we returned to the Keedysville camp where we spent the night.

September 20, *Saturday.*—Cloudy and cool. It seems that head-quarters felt some apprehension of a raid from Stuart's Cavalry last night, all our forces having pushed forward and left us unguarded.

The General again went to the front in the ambulance. My mare having cast a shoe, I stopped in Sharpsburg to have it renewed, the Staff moving on toward Shepherdstown. Meanwhile there was some rapid artillery firing in that direction, and as soon as ready I hurried forward. The enemy's rear had been pressed yesterday morning, and there were some indications of fighting and hasty movements along the road in the dead horses and abandoned material, which, however, did not amount to much.

Passing our forces lying in the woods behind the river bluffs, I rode to the summit occupied by our batteries. We had thirty guns in position bearing on the high grounds above Reynold's mill. The gorge of the river is too deep and the bluffs too precipitous to permit our guns to sweep the ford below. The opposite bluff, between the mill and Shepherdstown, is a sheer precipice fringed with cedars which seem to be occupied by rebel sharp-shooters, who are peppering away at our stragglers endeavoring to get back over the ford. Those who attempt it seem to be successful; but some are grouped beneath the cliff who can not be induced to hazard the shot, and who will doubtless be taken. Our thirty-two-pounder howitzers are dealing in grape and canister, but the sharp-shooters don't appear to mind them.

It seems that Porter, who was in the advance, pushed a brigade across last night to make a lodgment on the other shore. This morning it was attacked by the enemy, and on being pressed, was ordered to re-cross. In doing so the brigade loses about a hundred men in killed and wounded, and two hundred in prisoners—an aggregate of three hundred men; and yet, from what I hear, I fear this despicable affair will check our pursuit of the enemy.

While we lay here the enemy opened with some guns in reply to ours. The shells whistled through the tree-tops but hurt nobody that I heard of. When the affair concluded we rode back to a brick house beside which General Fitz John Porter's head-quarters were located. Some fifty or sixty wounded lay in and around the house, the results of this morning's work.

Our forces are being distributed along the river, indicating a defensive rather than an aggressive policy. Williams, with Banks's Corps, has gone to Harper's Ferry; Couch to Williamsport; Burnside is at the mouth of Antietam, and Porter confronts Shepherdstown.

In due time a lunch was spread for us by General Porter's aids, and our digestion assisted by some charming music from one of the Regular bands. About sunset guns were heard in the direction of Williamsport, but the sounds presently died away, and we rode back to our new camping-ground located in a field south of Sharpsburg, and near enough to enable us to enjoy the fragrance of the battle-field to our contentment.

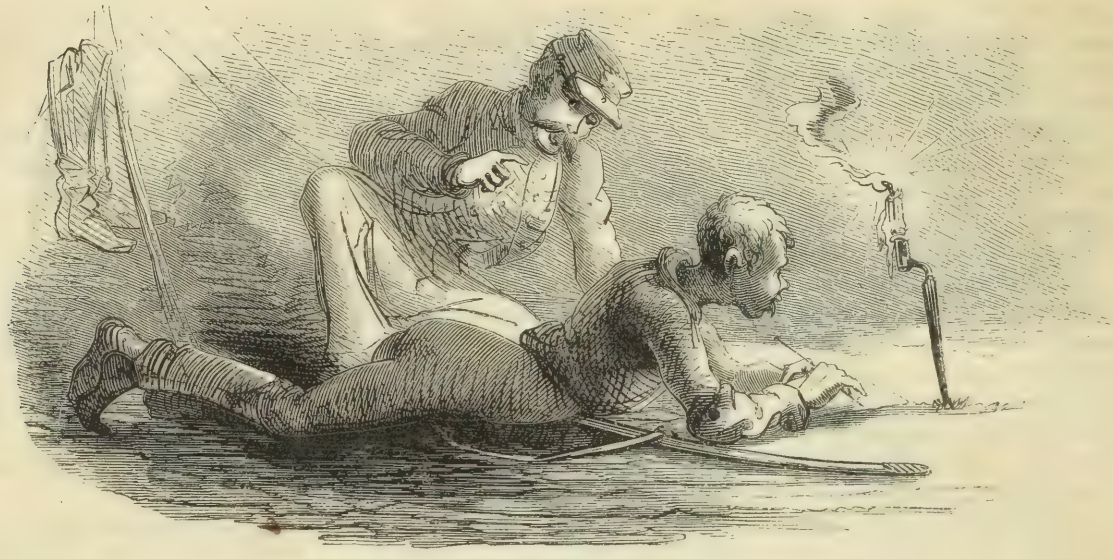
On the road between Sharpsburg and the Potomac I passed several large collections of rebel wounded abandoned in the retreat. When not suffering too much these fellows seem plucky and light-hearted—on the whole rather pleased at their relief from hardship and danger. There are also in the adjoining fields considerable bodies of unwounded prisoners who smoke, eat, and sleep as if to make up for lost time.

September 21, *Sunday.*—Foggy morning and clear, warm day. I was sent for by the Commander-in-Chief, and on entering his tent found General Pleasonton, our cavalry commander. They were consulting about a cavalry expedition to Romney and Moorfield, and desired information about the country. I gave the required information and then handed my improved map to Pleasonton, offering to accompany him if desired. Suggestively, I then showed the Commander my map of the Valley and Central Virginia, got up during Pope's campaign. He was much pleased with it, and ordered a copy to be made for his own use. He then stated that he had ordered the occupation of Harper's Ferry and Shepherdstown, and recalling our entrée into Charlestown with Banks's column, in February last, he said, with great animation: "In two days, Colonel, we will again see Charlestown, your old home, and in three at most we will be in Winchester." I went out from this interview filled with joy, for I thought the days of treason numbered and already saw the dawn of a glorious peace.

September 22, *Monday.*—Foggy morning, clear and warm day. Porter reports that Lee's whole army is in front of him, near Shepherdstown. This would seem to me to be good news, and just what we would wish to hear; yet I am given to understand that it changes our programme, and this magnificent army, thoroughly equipped and supplied, full of courage and confidence, is to stand on the defensive before its half-starved, defeated, and disorganized adversary across the river. Adieu my budding hopes, which, like Jonah's gourd, have withered in a night!

As the active operations of the Maryland campaign are concluded, we have time and opportunity to sum up its conduct and results.

It has seemed to me that General McClellan's plans were eminently judicious, and his movements as prompt as were possible under the circumstances. In taking command of the army for the defense of Maryland he was obliged to reorganize the remains of the Peninsular force, combined with those of the Army of Virginia; all the troops worn out with fatigue and more or less depressed with recent military reverses, their wasted columns strengthened with new



WRITING HOME.

regiments not yet tried in battle. It was essential that the General should carefully estimate the weight and understand the temper of this new organization before testing it in a decisive conflict with an enemy that all must acknowledge was not one to be despised, and who was now doubly dangerous as embarked in an enterprise where success would seem to promise fulfillment of his most extravagant hopes, and which would be contested with all the confidence engendered by recent successes and all the energy of desperate necessity. McClellan certainly had every reason to be satisfied with the temper of his new command. There was unity among the chiefs and among the men. All recollection of past fatigues, disasters, and humiliations seemed to have been lost in an indignant outburst of patriotic enthusiasm. Indeed, their morale seemed to improve from day to day, and whenever McClellan appeared the air was rent with cheering. The men were certainly content with their Commander, and intended to show their regard for him on the day of battle. This is worth something; but the enthusiasm of the American volunteer for any individual leader, either in war or politics, is an unreliable and evanescent sentiment. There are other causes more characteristic and more reliable that stir the blood of the National soldiery. Who that has not experienced it can estimate the renovating influence on both the physical and moral man of the transfer from the savage, sickly swamps of the Chickahominy, or the melancholy wastes around Manassas and Centreville, inhabited by fear, hatred, distrust, and treachery, to the pleasant and plenteous fields of Maryland, whose loyal population at every step welcomed their deliverers with manifestations which could not be misconstrued? And, reasoning from what I felt and heard and saw, our glorious reception in Frederick was worth to our army a reinforcement of twenty thousand fighting men.

In regard to the wretched business at Harper's Ferry I do not see that General McClellan can be held in any way responsible for it. He claims, indeed, to have urged the withdrawal of the forces there in time to have prevented the possibility of such a misfortune. His counsels having been rejected he pressed forward with anxious determination to relieve the place, and would have been in time had there been even a decent effort made for its defense. Could any one have believed it possible that ten thousand National soldiers, with full supplies of food and ammunition, a powerful artillery, and almost impregnable position, would have been surrendered, after a loss of less than fifty men killed and wounded, and in sight of the victorious advance of the relieving army?

At Antietam my own impression is that McClellan was overcautious, and erred in deferring his attack until Wednesday. He should have pitched in on Monday afternoon, or certainly on Tuesday. By waiting he lost all advantages arising from the disjointed condition of the enemy's forces, and gained less than they did by the delay. The plan of the battle was well enough, and had it been fully carried out would have insured the destruction of his adversary. Hooker's movement was prompt and successful, and even after his fall the ground gained was gallantly maintained by Sumner and Franklin. The movement on our left was a complete failure in point of time, it being the Commander's intention that both attacks should be made simultaneously or nearly so. But so dilatory were Burnside's operations that half a day elapsed between them, and our power was thus wasted in partial attacks, which the enemy, operating on the interior line, was enabled to resist by concentrating superior forces on all points menaced. In consequence, the results of the battle on the 17th were not sufficiently decisive, and Lee, although fatally damaged, still held on to a portion of the field and his defiant attitude.

I am of opinion that General McClellan committed an error in not renewing the battle on the 18th. The impression made by the con-

duct of the enemy and the aspect of the field was that Lee was badly beaten, and could not have sustained another determined attack. I have since understood that his army suffered heavily from desertion during the night of the 17th and 18th, and had he known his own weakness the morning of the 18th would scarcely have found him in our front. On the night of the 18th he confessed judgment, and, retiring behind the Potomac, yielded to us all the moral as well as material advantages of a victory. Twice between the morning of the 19th and the 22d General McClellan had evidently made up his mind to institute a vigorous pursuit, from which I have supposed he was diverted by weak-kneed counselors—respectable book soldiers—who, like a certain colt I wot of in my boyhood, concentrated all their wits in finding something to scare at. In a conversation with the General he explained his course by saying: "Our army is much used and wasted—the enemy still strong and defiant. The hazards of war are great, and a defeat at this crisis would be fatal to the Government and the cause. Time alone is the most deadly and efficient enemy of the rebellion; while time will but serve to develop the unmeasured strength and unlimited resources of the nation. We have already made a call for three hundred thousand fresh troops. While we are resting and refitting this formidable requisition will be organized and drilled into efficiency, and thus strengthened we may march with certainty to conclusions which in our present condition are not sufficiently assured. In brief, the cause of the nation is too precious to be put to the hazard where there is even the remotest risk of failure." If not conclusive, these reasons are certainly worthy of respectful consideration, and there is at the same time an air of dignity in this renunciation of personal ambition in favor of the public safety. Yet I doubt if such high-toned abnegation will be at all appreciated by an earnest and exacting people; and in concluding to sit down on this side of the Potomac, and permitting the public enemy to escape, I fear our General has thrown away the thread of his fortunes with the probability that he will never find it again.



BOOK SOLDIERS.

THE CEDAR.

Old cedar drowsing on the crag,
Rough like thyself, and weather-wrinkled,
The sumac flaunts her ruddy flag,
The swamp with purple bloom is sprinkled;

A rainbow walls the forest glade,
The maple's crimson heart is bleeding,
But thou, if Summer bide or fade,
Exempted bush, art still unheeding.

Years ere the mother acorn grew
Wherein yon stalwart oak was nourished,
If stories of thy birth be true
Thy greenery on this gray crag flourished.

But haply thou, so might it please,
Couldst gossip of remoter ages,
And send, Methuselah of trees,
Deliverance to the battling sages;

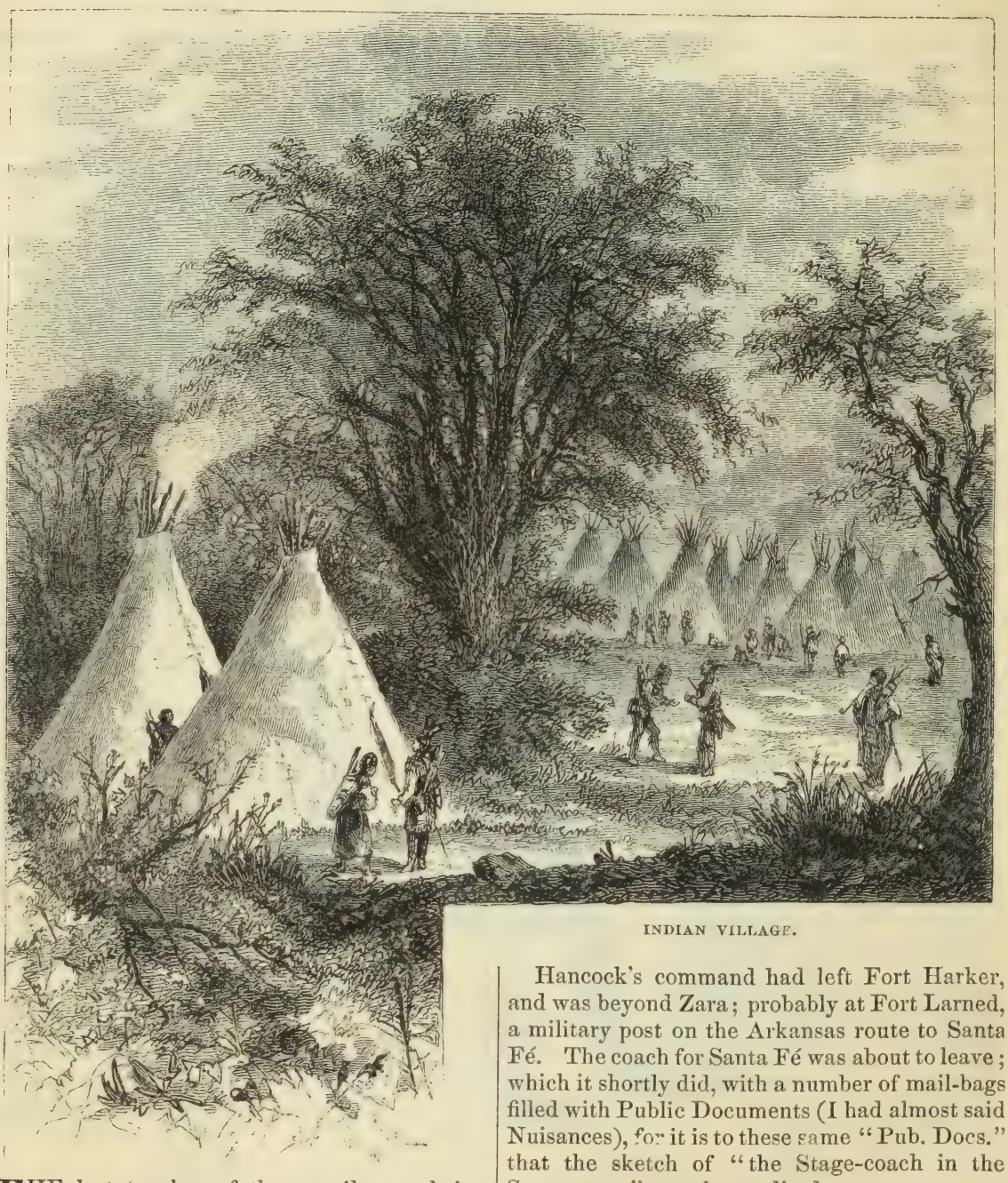
Refute the learnéd *pros* and *cons*,
Of rigid fact a fair imparter,
Revivify the mastodons,
Unfold the mysteries of strata;

Then tell the poet tales of Pan,
Of times when, lured by dulcet flutings,
A vegetable Caliban
Forsook thy gnarléd convolutings,

And joined his brothers of the bole,
In roystering pairs and reeling triads,
To chase the Oread from her knoll,
And shock domestic Hamadryads.

Yet guard the secret of thine age,
Grim dwarf, I shall not plead to know it;
Thy truths might stultify the sage,
And fancy best befriends the poet.

A SUMMER ON THE PLAINS.



INDIAN VILLAGE.

THE last touches of the pencil were being given to the sketch that opens this article when, glancing over the picture, my thoughts wandered back to that bright morning of the 2d of April, when the Commander-in-Chief of Harper's met me on Broadway and demanded, with a tone of surprise, "Why are you not with General Hancock's Indian Expedition?"

That was all. The Commander continued his constitutional walk down Broadway, and the Special Artist—the writer hereof—did not find it requisite to devote more than a half hour to getting ready his baggage, *i. e.*, sketch-book, pet "Ballard," and a few minor necessaries. Then away over Erie, Atlantic and Great Western, Ohio and Mississippi, Pacific, and Union Pacific, Smoky Hill Division. The third morning after I was at Junction City, Kansas, nearly two thousand miles from New York.

Hancock's command had left Fort Harker, and was beyond Zara; probably at Fort Larned, a military post on the Arkansas route to Santa Fé. The coach for Santa Fé was about to leave; which it shortly did, with a number of mail-bags filled with Public Documents (I had almost said Nuisances), for it is to these same "Pub. Docs." that the sketch of "the Stage-coach in the Snow-storm" may be credited.

The Companies' Special Messenger, and the Special Artist—not the Companies'—completed the contents of the "hack." At dawn on the following morning the coach had arrived in the centre of the Smoky Hill River, at a point near Fort Harker. We remained in the river until a team was obtained from the fort to pull the Pub. Doc's. coach across. A freezing snow-storm had set in; the Jehu was wet, and became very profane in his allusions to Pub. Docs.; the Messenger was in a soaked condition, and so was the Artist, for we had all taken a lift at the wheels of the coach and a bath in the "Smoky." The snow came faster and faster; the undulations of the Plains were in bridal-costume, and were beautiful to me, but not to the driver, for he exhausted his stock of condemnatory oaths, and had just recommenced

the list, when the ranch where we were to breakfast became visible—a black speck far in the distance.

The breakfast was poor, though expensive to the dental-organs as well as to the pocket. I mention this fact, as it will tend to increase the interest in the sketch of the Coach in the Storm.

Breakfast over we "pulled out" for the next station. The coach and mules were soon as white as the plains, and the road was so completely hidden as to be easily lost; add to this the weight of the Pub. Docs., and it is not wonderful that we made that day but twelve miles' travel before our coach was stuck fast in a snow-drift; then darkness sent its twilight message that it would soon be night.

That it would be impossible to get the coach out of the drift before morning was too evident; that the mules would freeze if they were left out in that storm was apparent also. It was speedily decided, in council, that the driver should attempt to take his stock to the next station, while the Messenger and the Special Artist should stay by the coach to guard the treasure and the Pub. Docs.

On leaving us the driver gave vent to the longest, most emphatic, and unsurpassable bull-whacker oath that it has ever been my bad fortune to listen to. Coming, as it did, from a man who had nine chances out of ten of freezing to death before morning, it was simply horrible. The driver gone, we turned our attention to the making of our coach more comfortable, which we did by lining it with our blankets to keep out as much of the wind and snow as possible. Then came the question of food. We had corn in two states: the liquid extract, bottled; and one single hermetically-sealed can of the corn in a solid state, half-cooked. By means of the coach-candles, which unfortunately were not of the edible kind, we cooked the corn, a little of it at a time. A snow-ball melted with each installment of corn furnished the liquor for our soup.

Housewives, do not fail to preserve this recipe, and if it be possible to add such appetites as we had, be assured that you will have a most enjoyable dish. It should be served hot. The corn eaten, we undertook a hot punch, which resulted in being one of the best that I ever tasted.

By this time the wolves had gathered about the coach, and such music as we had that night was not conducive to sleep; so we neglected to court the drowsy god, but we did some talking.

I wish there were space in this article to give the story told by the Messenger. He had traveled over the route for several years, had been very lucky, and was not averse to mentioning the fact. There had never been, he said, such preparations for an Indian outbreak as the redskins had been making during the past winter. All they are waiting for now is the grass, and when that is sufficiently grown to subsist the ponies you will see the Indians out on the war-path. They have their arms and ammunition ready. They'll talk peace to Hancock and the others now—that's to gain time—but before the summer is over you will see some Indian deviltry, and the soldiers will learn what nonsense



THE COACH IN THE STORM.



INDIAN PONY IN SPRING.

it is to undertake to fight Indians during the summer season. Now is the time to go for their villages. They know that they can't escape, because their ponies are too poor to carry them; so they will stay by and fight. If the Indians are whipped at this time of the year there will be some show for peace during the rest of the summer; otherwise they will fight all summer, and make peace in the fall.

This is from my diary, written up that night in the stage-coach, and the statement seems rather too near the truth, as shown by the experience of the past summer, to have been guessed at by the Messenger.

So the night passed, and when we dug our way out through the drift that had enveloped the coach during the night we saw a morning the full glory of which it would be difficult to describe. The air was strangely clear, and the cloud effects were fantastic as they were magnificent. Over the snow-clad billows of land there danced and sparkled fresh colors from the brilliant pallet of nature, ever changing, always new. But what was all this sublimity to us when our situation was considered? Hungry mortals in a snow-drift can hardly be in a frame of mind to enjoy the cold beauties of nature.

Teams and men came in sight, and were not long in rescuing our coach from the drift. We were soon on the route again, and the following morning reached Fort Larned, near which the command of General Hancock was encamped to await the arrival of a number of Indian chiefs, with whom a council was to be held.

A day or two passed before the chiefs arrived. Late one afternoon the Indians came. Ten or twelve were chiefs, all of whom announced themselves as hungry, and unwilling to talk until they had been fed. A Sibley tent was arranged for them and food provided. When night came a large log-fire was built near General Hancock's tent, and the several officers of the command were notified that they were expected to don their loudest garments and assemble at the council-fire. The artillery officers were the most successful in their get-up, and I may say, on the authority of more than one Indian chief, that their clothes showed them to have been successful warriors.

Two hours after dark the Indians came out of their tent, formed in line—their agent, Colonel Wynkoop, being on the right—and marched toward the council-fire, where they seated themselves on logs provided for them at the right hand of General Hancock.

A hand-shaking ensued; pipes were filled and lighted by the Indians; then Hancock made a speech, which was interpreted, sentence by sentence, to the Indians. Hancock's speech was a simple statement of the reason of his presence there. He had heard that some of the tribes had bad hearts and would go on the war-path—those Indians he should fight. The Indians would not be permitted to kill white people and stop travel over the overland routes. He wanted all the Indians to be at peace and to be friendly with the white man, who would then be kind to them, and would see that they were well taken care of.

The Indians then proceeded to talk. They wished for peace, but did not like the idea of having railroads built through their country.



INDIAN PONY IN AUTUMN.

Their words were good enough, but there was a certain something in the manner of the Indians which indicated that they were only talking to gain time.

Hancock asked why more of their chiefs were not present. The Indians replied that their ponies were too poor to travel. The General then told them that he would move near their village, so that all the Indians could see his soldiers, and all the chiefs could come for a talk.

This did not seem to please the Indians. They did not care to have the white men near their village, and gave unsatisfactory accounts as to its location.

On the following morning Hancock broke camp and moved his command up the Pawnee Fork. At evening a number of Indians came to the camp; they received a hospitable welcome, and went off promising to bring the head chiefs of the Cheyenne tribe to see General Hancock when the sun should be "so high" the next morning—pointing to that part of the heavens which would indicate about nine o'clock.

The Indians did not come, though Hancock waited until noon for them. Then he moved toward the village, and at a distance of five or six miles from it met Roman-Nose, the war chief of the Dog-Soldier band of Cheyennes, with about three hundred of his warriors. They were drawn up in line of battle, and formed one of the most picturesque arrays possible. Hancock halted his command, formed in line, and, accompanied by Generals A. J. Smith and Custer, rode forward to meet the war chief, Roman-Nose.

I have never seen so fine a specimen of the Indian race as he—quite six feet in height and finely-formed, dressed in the uniform of a United States officer, and provided with a numerous quantity of arms, he rode his well-formed pony up to Hancock and proposed to talk. From his manner it was quite evident that he was indifferent whether he talked or fought. His carbine, a Spencer, hung at the side of his pony, four heavy revolvers were stuck in his belt, while his left hand grasped a bow and a number of arrows—the bow being strung and ready for instant use.

Hancock told Roman-Nose that he would go into camp at the first good place, and then he would talk; he could not camp where he was, as there was neither wood nor water. A few Indians remained with Hancock, but Roman-Nose rode back to his "braves," or, in Plains' parlance, "bucks," and they all moved off toward their village.

Hancock did not move forward for some time, as he expressed himself anxious that the Indians should reach the village and inform the inhabitants of his peaceful intentions before the command came in sight of it. While waiting for this the Indians who remained produced their pipes and kin-ne-ki-nic, seated themselves in a half circle, and proceeded to smoke. They faced toward the south, the owner of the pipe filled and lighted it, then passed it to the Indian at the eastern end of the semicircle; this party took the pipe, made several motions with it, the purport of which was that he had not forgotten his friends who had gone to the "Happy Hunting Ground." Then he took a long draw at the pipe and blew the smoke upward—an oblation to the Great Spirit. Next three or four whiffs were taken and inhaled; then the pipe was passed to the next Indian, who made his signs, took his whiffs, and passed the pipe. It was smoked by each Indian in turn, till the western end of the half circle was reached; the pipe was then passed back to the eastern end, and the smoke commenced again.

Sometimes more than one pipe is in circulation at the same time, but the pipe is always passed in the same manner. The Indians do not care to smoke the white man's tobacco until it is mixed with their preparation of roots, herbs, bark, and marrow from the bones of the buffalo. An Indian will light a match, and with it his pipe, in a wind that a sailor would consider too great to think of attempting the feat. The Indian strikes and holds the match as near the ground as possible, then holds the pipe along the ground and lights it.

As the command moved toward the point where the Indian village was supposed to be located it became evident that the red-skins had made preparations for visitors. Every particle of grass had been burned off the country, making it necessary for Hancock to march his command to a point less than a mile distant from the Indian village before he could go into camp. A small party rode to the village, and found that the squaws and children had all left it, and that the Indians that remained were enjoying a dog-feast.

I will simply state that dog is not such bad eating; but the quantity which the Indians insist on one's consuming is discouraging in the extreme. You eat a reasonable meal to assure your host that you appreciate his hospitality, when another Indian secures you, and more dog must be eaten. This is continued till you have satisfied yourself of the flavor of various canines, and are absolutely incapable of enduring more dog.

Two of the chiefs went to Hancock's camp, and told him that all the women and children had become frightened and had gone away; also that some of their young men were hunting buffalo up on the Smoky Hill, and that they could not say what they would do. All this looked suspicious, and Hancock set a watch upon the village. Shortly after nine o'clock at night it was discovered that the Indians were abandoning it.

Custer was ordered to take his command—about six hundred men of the Seventh Cavalry—and surround the village, but not to enter it, or to attack the Indians. The surrounding was effected with great celerity; no noise whatever could be heard in the village; and closer examination revealed the fact that the Indians



INDIAN VILLAGE ON THE MOVE.

had abandoned it and moved northward toward the Smoky Hill.

Many of the *tepes*, or "lodges," had been cut in such a manner as to render them unserviceable. From some, large pieces had been cut and carried off, to be used as temporary shelters. The only human beings that we could discover were an old Sioux, lame and helpless, and a little half-breed child, of not more than nine years. The child was covered with blood and moaned terribly, having suffered a most abominable outrage from the Indians before they left.

A guard was at once placed over the village, and strict orders were issued that nothing should be disturbed. Custer was ordered to have his command ready to move at daylight, for the purpose of overtaking the Indians and forcing them to return. He moved with the greatest rapidity, and reached Lookout Station on the Smoky Hill while the station was still burning. There he discovered the half-consumed bodies of the station-men among a pile of ashes. He at once dispatched a messenger to Hancock stating these facts, and also that he would find it necessary to go to Fort Hays, twenty miles east, to procure rations for his men and forage for his horses, before he could continue his pursuit of the Indians.

Upon the receipt of this intelligence Hancock ordered Smith to burn the Indian village, and destroy all the articles that could be of any use to the Indians. A number of articles were found in the village which the Indians had taken from the bodies of the soldiers killed near Fort Phil Kearney. The village was burned, but not before a careful inventory had been taken of all the property to be destroyed. I have heard some estimates of the value of this property that were ludicrously large. The loss inflicted upon the Indians could easily be made good by them in a single summer.

It may be well to give some general facts with reference to the Indians, and their idea of the value of different articles. An Indian *tepe* is usually composed of from ten to twelve buffalo hides, from which the hair has been removed and the skin nicely dressed. A fair average of the number of Indians to a *tepe* is seven; and of this number two are probably warriors. A nicely-dressed buffalo-robe is to be had from the Indians for ten or twelve cups of sugar, or about seven pounds' weight. A ten-dollar bill is also equal to the value of a buffalo-robe. A pony is worth ten or twelve robes (sugar currency); and a *tepe* is valued at two ponies. The poles, over which the skin is stretched, are more difficult to obtain than the robes for covering, and appear to be quite as valuable to the Indian.

There is no recognized price for squaws, as their qualifications are taken into consideration, and a price is demanded in accordance with their capability to render service. The general run of them may be purchased for a pony, a small quantity of flour and sugar, a little tobacco, and a bottle of whisky. But woe betide the purchaser if he should locate at any point convenient of access to the Indians of the tribe to which the squaw belonged. While she

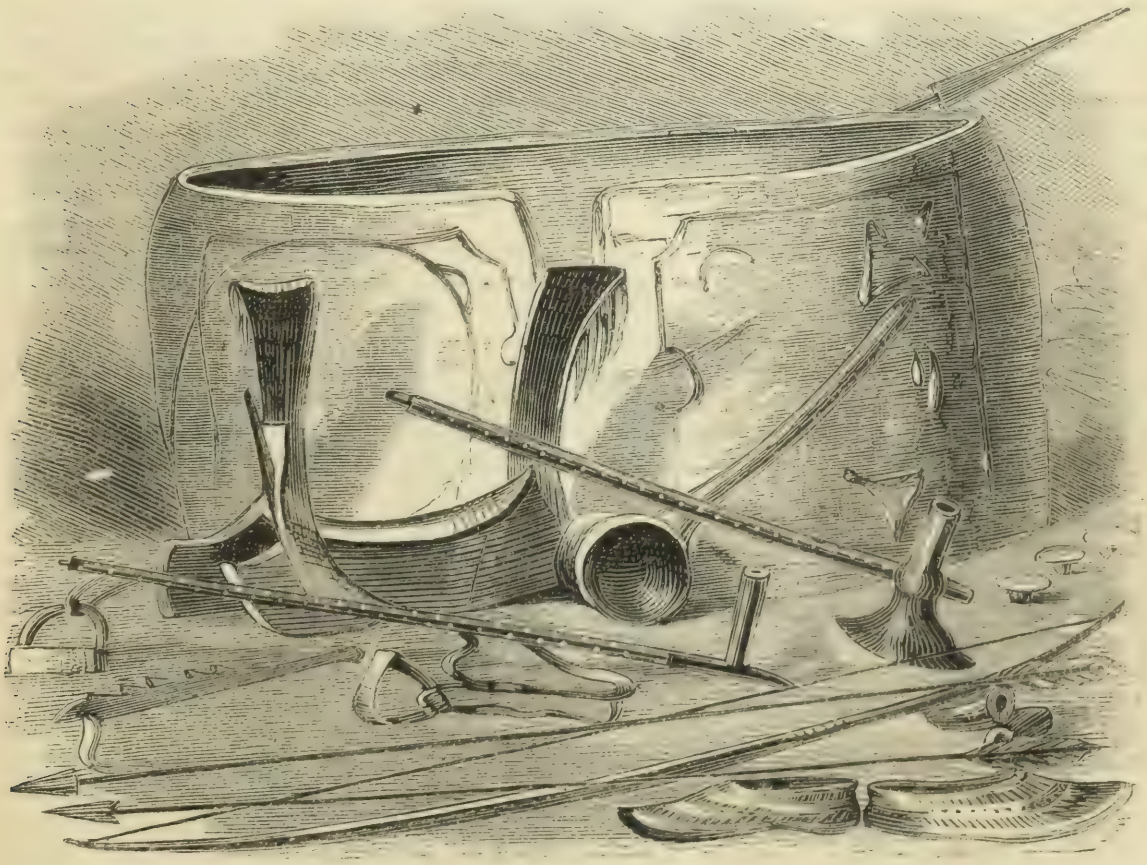
is with the band the squaw is kicked about and whipped by any "buck" that takes a notion to do so. When she becomes the white man's squaw affairs are changed. There is not an Indian in the tribe who does not claim relationship with her. She is sister to the majority of them, and as near as cousin-german to the rest. They meet her with an embrace; and she feels that she must give each one some token of her regard. The result of all this is, that the white man soon discovers that he has married the whole tribe—that is, so far as his property is concerned.

One of the favorite diversions of the Indian is to set the squaws to fighting; this done, he sits down and enjoys the sight. If any particular squaw does not "come to the scratch" with sufficient energy the possessor of her takes his whip to encourage her to renewed exertion. No slave was ever more abused than is the squaw, and yet she does, without complaint, all the drudgery; and I have frequently seen them armed with rifle and revolvers, riding man-fashion on a sorry beast, keeping at a very respectful distance behind their lords.

I remember the extreme anxiety of one Indian to effect a trade with an army officer. The Indian came into Fort Dodge and saw the wife of the officer; and, like many others, was greatly charmed. The following day he came into the post with a pony, two squaws, and a quantity of other merchandise, included in which was a fat canine. All of this the Indian would give for the white man's squaw. When he found that no trade could be made a more disgusted Indian would be difficult to imagine.

After burning the Indian village Hancock moved south to Fort Dodge, where he met a number of chiefs of the Kiowa and Arapahoe tribes. They all talked peace and asked for presents. From Fort Dodge Hancock marched to Fort Larned, where he held a council with Sa-tan-ti, the war chief of the Kiowa tribe. Sa-tan-ti's talk was the finest specimen of Indian oratory that I ever listened to. His talk opened with an allusion to the fact that Colonel Leavenworth, agent of the Kiowa tribe, and who sat near him, had misappropriated the goods of the tribe, and had not dealt justly with them. "Sa-tan-ti wants an honest agent." He then proceeded to tell what an excellent friend Sa-tan-ti was of the white man, and showed how much better peace was than war. The talk impressed Hancock and Smith so favorably that they felt impelled to do something for so good an Indian. Hancock gave him a coat with all the insignia of the rank of a Major-General of the United States Army, adding thereto a rather grandly-plumed military hat and a yellow silk sash. Besides these tokens of esteem Sa-tan-ti secured rations, and a few other things that make glad the heart of an Indian.

Hancock was disposed to think well of Satan-ti, and resolved to make an example of his case. "If it should prove that Sa-tan-ti was only talking to gain time," said he, "we shall have the satisfaction of having given him all he asked, and of having treated him with the



INDIAN IMPLEMENTS.

utmost kindness. There are neither soldiers nor other white men near the range of the Kiowas, so that they can have absolutely nothing to complain of."

The ranchmen and others conversant with Indians were certain that Sa-tan-ti was only endeavoring to gain time, and this proved to be the case; for on the morning of the first of June Sa-tan-ti, dressed in the good clothes that he had received at the Council, made a raid on Fort Dodge, and stampeded nearly every animal that belonged to the post. He had the politeness, however, to raise his plumed hat to the garrison of the fort, though he discourteously shook his coat-tails at them as he rode away with the captured stock. There is more Indian in this performance of Sa-tan-ti's than one would at first imagine. Sa-tan-ti went off, after the Council at Fort Larned, boasting that "he had out-talked the big white chief, and the white chief had the first talk too. Sa-tan-ti goes to his village to have a dance now."

From Fort Larned Hancock marched north to Fort Hays, where he found Custer awaiting the arrival of rations and forage, which should have been ready for him weeks before. Hancock remained but two days at Fort Hays; then started east with the battery that had formed a portion of the expedition. During the greater part of the month of May, Smith and Custer waited for the promised rations. The men were suffering from scurvy to an extent that was positively frightful. The officers, one and all, depleted their purses to procure from sutlers and others the anti-scorbutic food for which the soldiers were suffering. Buffalo hunts were organized, and every possible exertion made to secure for the soldiers a beneficial change of rations.

Meantime the men were deserting to the number of fifty a month, and despite all the efforts made to overtake them, they escaped with their horses, arms, and accoutrements. There seems but one way of accounting for this persistent desertion. Many of the men had enlisted under assumed names, and gone out on the Plains just to see the country, purposing, no doubt, to take advantage of any chance that might appear to afford them a bettering of condition. They were perfectly aware that the extent of the punishment which could be inflicted, in the event of capture, would be six months in the guard-house, and in all probability not even that. In less than one year the Seventh Cavalry has lost by desertion nearly eight hundred men. Some of these men were killed by the Indians, a number escaped south to Council Grove, where they joined the bands of desperadoes which infest that region; others are now among the mines of Colorado; and a few are busy among the breaks of the Platte, cutting ties for the Union Pacific Railroad.

By the last of May the grass had become well grown in every place except in the immediate vicinity of Fort Hays. Accounts of Indian depredations were brought in continually from the stage ranches along the Smoky Hill. Some of these reports were based on facts; others were the stories of frightened ranchmen, after the following style:

One afternoon a man came galloping into camp, with the story that there were more than two hundred Indians in the immediate vicinity of Lookout Station; a wagon proceeding toward Downer's Station, with an escort of five men, had barely escaped capture by them. He had gone out immediately to make sure of the number of Indians, and, if possible, to determine to which tribe they belonged. He was satisfied that they were Cheyennes, and numbered about four or five hundred. There could be no doubt of it, as he had been within sixty yards of the Indians, and had narrowly escaped being captured by them. I will mention here that distance on the Plains is very deceptive, but hardly to the extent the investigation of this individual's story would lead one to suppose.

Custer determined to make a night attack on these Indians, and at sunset left camp at the head of three hundred troopers. About midnight the command reached the vicinity of Lookout Station. Custer and one or two of the scouts rode up to the stockade occupied by the few soldiers who composed the garrison of the station. The men were all on the alert, but those who had seen the Indians were not discoverable. The General then went to a cave which was occupied by the stage men and carpenters who were rebuilding the station. Here he found a social game of "draw poker" going on.

"Have you seen any Indians near this place?" asked the General.

"What's that, stranger? I raise that blind," quoth one of the gamesters.

"Indians? I chip two better. Dang me ef I know," remarked another. "I'm a rar hos ef I kere."

It was too evident that there was no valuable information to be obtained here, so the General withdrew. A moment after one of the poker players remarked,

"Fellers, did yer ever see 'Wild Bill?' That was the chap; purty boy, wasn't he? Looked as ef he wanted a hand in, didn't he though?"

A man was found who had seen what he took to be Indians. Then one of the men who had been with the wagon was discovered. A careful examination of the ground where the Indians had been seen showed that it had been lately traversed by a herd of buffalo. The night ride had been for nothing.

On the first of June General Custer left the camp at Fort Hays with about three hundred men and a train of twenty wagons. The plan of campaign, as then proposed, was to move north to Fort M'Pherson, thence up the south bank of the Platte River to Fort Sedgwick, where rations, forage, and a few fresh horses were to be obtained before starting southward

to Fort Wallace, on the Smoky Hill. It being considered certain that there were considerable bodies of Indians somewhere near the forks of the Republican River, there seemed to be no doubt that they could be found during the march between forts Sedgwick and Wallace.

The march from Fort Hays to Fort M'Pherson was made over one of the most interesting portions of the Plains. The country is broken into bluffs and cañons, never flat and uninteresting, as seems to be the general supposition of persons not familiar with the physical geography of that particular section of our country. The banks of the little streams are fringed with trees of all descriptions, ash and walnut being as plenty as the cotton-wood. Game was abundant, and furnished a continual and much-needed supply of meat for the command. On the Saline River a camp-ground was discovered that had been lately occupied by the Indians. From the number of elk bones which were strewn about one might have thought that the Indians had done little else than kill and eat elk during their sojourn in that place.

At some little distance from the village site, and on a prominent knoll, we discovered a small scaffold. It was evidently the last resting-place of some Indian: its investigation proved very interesting. The scaffold was constructed of small saplings, the body was placed on the top where it was carefully covered from the weather with the canvas cover of a captured wagon. The Indians had left with the body what they consider the necessary outfit for a trip to the "Happy Hunting Ground," such as arms, ammunition, food, and clothing, a handsome parflèche, a number of carefully-braided lariats and a small portion of the scalp of some murdered white woman. The white man's clothing seemed to have been highly valued, for several articles of his wearing apparel were found with the body.

The Indians say that the white man cuts down and burns all the trees that he finds, and in this manner will soon deprive the Indian of the wood with which to cook his food; also that an Indian can find beneath the tree all the fuel that he needs. This is not the only thing of which the Indian complains in the destruction of the few trees on the Plains. There are numerous cotton-wood groves, which, for years, have been used by families or bands of Indians as the last resting-place of their dead. It is not in the ground, shaded by the fine old grove, but among the branches of the trees that the Indian deposits his dead. The body is covered with different wrappings, the first usually a blanket, and the last a mat made of small willows.

When the contracts are let for the supply of wood needed at the different Government posts the contractor and his men repair to some favorably-located grove, and proceed to cut and haul the wood to the fort. It is not difficult to imagine that the Indians object to this, and proceed at once to attack the men who are engaged in the destruction of their burial-places. This is the only real wrong to the Indians that has come under my observation, and for this there are many palliating circumstances. In many instances the wood used for fuel at Government posts is only to be obtained at a distance of fifty or sixty miles from the fort, and even then the supply is limited.

During the march from the Saline River to Fort M'Pherson the command was camped for one night on ground that was subsequently discovered to be perforated with the holes of rattlesnakes. The shelter-tents were just pitched when the snakes made their appearance. The soldiers were quickly at work with sabres and sticks. As this is no "snake-story" I prefer not to mention the number of rattlers that were placed *hors de combat*. My tent companion, Major Elliot, murdered five good-sized rattlesnakes in the vicinity of our tent; but inasmuch as the Major was caterer of our mess, it was in a measure his duty to secure all the prairie-eels that might come within reach. The cook for our mess was a character, by-the-way, whose recent importation from Schleswig-Holstein is a sufficient assertion to indicate his slight acquaintance with the English language. This individual was averse to snakes of all kinds, and particularly so to rattlers. On this occasion he was rushing wildly from one point to another to escape the neighborhood of snakes, and finally returned to the mess-tent to discover five or six large snakes lying at length on the mess-chest. His horror knew no bounds. He was absolutely frightened out of his wits.



INDIAN GRAVE.



RATTLESNAKE CAMP.

With the exception of ours there was not a mess in camp that afternoon that did not enjoy broiled or fried rattlesnake. "Schleswig-Holstein" could not be brought to cook the snakes, so we dined out. About eleven o'clock that night the occupants of our tent were startled by an energetic yell from the region of the cook's tent. We rushed out and met our Teuton. Words came faster than ideas, but we gathered from the jangle that a snake had got into his tent and tried to make a hole of his mouth. The affair was too ludicrous to refrain from laughter. The Major rushed into the cook's tent, and found a large snake rattling away as if he were as badly frightened as the cook had been. The snake was killed, and broiled for breakfast. "Schleswig" took revenge on the bones, which he pronounced "so tam goot as de eel." From that time there was not a more energetic snake-hunter in camp than our "dog-robber" "Schleswig."

The mention of "dog-robber" brings to mind a scene that occurred in our tent while we were encamped on Walnut Creek. We had laid in a store of provisions of different descriptions, and were well satisfied that so long as we retained possession of the mess-chest containing them we should not suffer for lack of food; but in this instance we reckoned without our key, for the detailed men, who were employed as orderlies, took advantage of a dark night to desert. They carried with them our entire stock of provisions, as well as four of the best horses that belonged to the command. Lieutenant Brewster, at that time one of our mess, made the discovery. No one of the party who saw the Lieutenant that morning, as he came into tent to announce the fact, will ever forget the expression which decorated his ordinarily genial phiz. He did not say d——, but his whole countenance expressed it.

"Gentlemen," he remarked, "the 'dog-robbers' have gutted our mess-chest. The white sugar, nutmegs, and lemons are gone!"

The situation required an explanation, when information was gained that "dog-robber" was the name by which the soldier designated the cooks and detailed soldiers who were the occupants of the second table of an officers' mess.

During the march northward the distance traveled each day would not exceed an average of twenty-three miles. No Indian trail of sufficient freshness to follow was discovered until the command reached the vicinity of the Republican River, and then the trail indicated too small a body of Indians to make it worth while to pursue, as it was evident that the horses of the pursuing party would be worn out in a futile endeavor to overtake the well-mounted scouting parties that had made the trails.

On the morning that the command crossed the Republican a war-party of thirty or forty Indians was discovered about two miles distant from us. Two companies were sent after them. The Indians moved off across a small creek that flowed through deeply-cut banks. In crossing this, or rather in clambering up the steep banks after the stream was crossed, a considerable number of men and horses fell back into the water. Before a crossing could be effected the

Indians were far away. Upon a close examination of the trail it was ascertained that the Indians were mounted on stage-horses, and this alone was sufficient to make the abandonment of the pursuit the wisest course to pursue.

The horses which are used by the Overland Stage Companies to take their coaches over the Plains are, as a general thing, the best that can be secured. On the Smoky Hill route the stage-horses are worth about two hundred and fifty dollars each. They are selected by very knowing horsemen, and, when captured by the Indians, are considered great prizes.

Between the Republican and Platte rivers a great number of antelopes were killed, and many of the young ones captured. These were quickly tamed, and became the favorite pets of the camp. Several juvenile coyote wolves were also held as captives, but they could not be brought to the same degree of sociability that the little antelopes evinced.

As the command marched out of the breaks or bluffs of the Platte into the broad valley through which the river flows we saw a large train of wagons moving hastily into corral. It was evident that the bullwhackers took the cavalrymen for Indians, and were making preparations for a fight.

The next movement was up the valley of the Platte to Fort M'Pherson, where rations and forage were secured; then the march was continued twelve miles further up the river to a camp-ground near Jack Morrow's ranch. Abandoned ranches all along the Platte showed that the Indians had been at work. Grave after grave was passed. Some had a rude board, with a simple inscription—"Unknown Man killed by Indians," and the date; but more frequently the simple mounds of earth near an abandoned ranch were all that told the fate of the poor mortals who had ventured to make a home on the Plains.

While in camp near Jack Morrow's General Custer was visited by Pawnee-Killer, a Sioux chief, who brought with him five or six



UNKNOWN.



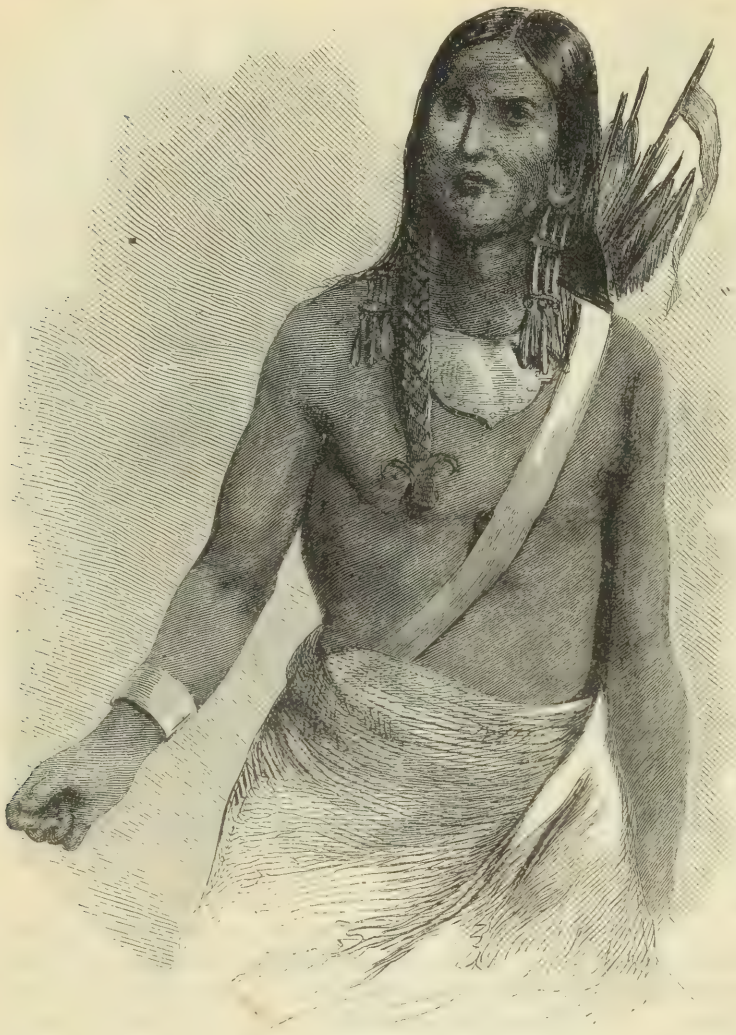
LITTLE BILL.

"braves." Ostensibly the visit was for the purpose of having a talk, but in reality to obtain rations, information, and, if possible, ammunition. Pawnee-Killer said that the Cheyennes were bad Indians; he was tired of them, and would be glad if General Custer would let him bring his band to a camp-ground near some fork, so that they might be fed and enabled to keep away from the Cheyennes until they were whipped and at peace again. He was anxious to know where Custer would go next, but failed to discover.

While the talk was going on "Little Bill," one of the pet antelopes, was making a careful investigation of the bead-work on the clothing of the Indians, dividing his attention between them and a pail of water which, for the refreshment of the thirsty, was placed in the centre of the tent. The tameness of the antelope seemed to strike the Indians as peculiar; but when they saw the little fellow attack one of the dogs that came into the tent their astonishment was too great to be contained, and they complimented "Little Bill" with a succession of how-how-hows!

Pawnee-Killer departed with a generous supply of sugar, coffee, and hard bread, promising to bring his band to a point near Fort M'Pherson, and to remain there peacefully until the trouble with the Cheyennes should cease.

The day following General Sherman arrived. He was doubtful about the intentions of Pawnee-Killer, and expressed his belief that there was no reliance to be placed on what he had said.



HOW-HOW!

On the 15th of June Custer marched away from the Platte, moving southward. For fifty miles the country was the most broken that we had met with. The undulations were abrupt, and but for the absence of timber one might have thought it the very broken country directly in the rear of Vicksburg.

When Custer reached the forks of the Republican, after a four days' march, he went into camp, to await further instructions from Sherman, under whose direct orders he was then acting.

On the 23d of June Major Elliot left camp with an escort of ten men, and proceeded toward Fort Sedgwick with dispatches to Sherman and Auger. On the same day sixteen wagons were sent under the escort of Lieutenant Sam Robbins to Fort Wallace, where they were to be filled with rations and returned as quickly as possible.

Just at dawn on the 24th Custer's camp was attacked by Indians, who attempted to stampede the animals. They were discovered in time and driven off. One of the videttes was badly wounded, and lost his carbine and ammunition, both of which were carried off by the Indians, who suffered no loss whatever. Immediately after this attempt the main body of the Indians withdrew to a prominent knoll about a mile from the camp. Here they formed in line, flashed their signal mirrors, and were soon joined by parties of Indians who seemed to come from all directions.

One of Custer's scouts, an interpreter named Gay, rode out and made first "peace," then "circle" sign. The peace sign is made by riding toward the party with whom it is desired to communicate, making the horse take a zig-zag course. I do not know how to describe it better than to say that the course of the horse would resemble a Virginia rail-fence. The "council" sign is made by riding in a circle, then forward, circling again, and so on.

A small party of Indians rode toward Gay and told him that they would talk if the white chief would only bring a few of his officers with him. Gay replied that in such event there must only as many Indians come as there were white men who came toward them. Returning to Custer, he told him that it was Pawnee-Killer and some other Sioux chiefs, who were anxious to "talk."

There is a point which now enters into the case that it may be well to mention. Sherman told Custer, while on the Platte, that he hoped that he would be able to see Pawnee-Killer; and if he did see him, he thought it would be advisable to send a company of cavalry with him to his village to make an effort to bring the Indians to the vicinity of some military post.

The attempt that Pawnee-Killer had just made to stampede the animals, and the full paint with which the warriors had decorated themselves, the tied-up tails of the ponies, and other signs were not very favorable indorsements of the "talk" which had been held only a week previous at the camp on the Platte. Nevertheless Custer determined to hear what Pawnee-Killer might have to say; so, accompanied by five or six persons, he rode out to meet him. The Indians, true to their natural instincts, had double the number to meet the party, and others were continually advancing nearer and nearer. Pawnee-Killer would give no reason for his recent attack, and continually demanded that Custer should tell him why he had left the Platte. Finding that he could discover nothing from Pawnee-Killer as to the location of his village or of his present intention, the General told him that he should follow him. Pawnee-Killer then said "his heart was good." Thunder-Lightning and The-Man-who-walks-beneath-the-Ground—two chiefs who were with

Pawnee-Killer—also remarked that "their hearts were good." Then all of them requested that Custer would give them "sug" (sugar), coffee, and some ammunition, none of which they received, however.

Returning to camp, Custer had the "general" sounded, and in twenty minutes was moving off after the Indians. The chase was soon found to be useless, and the command returned to its lately-abandoned location.

Half an hour after the return a small party of Indians were discovered on the bluffs near. Captain Louis Hamilton was ordered to take twenty men and pursue them. After a chase of nearly eight miles the band of ten or fifteen Indians suddenly increased to nearly three hundred. These in a few moments completely surrounded Hamilton's little party, who, however, succeeded in beating off the Indians and in holding their ground. The skirmish lasted over an hour. The Indians rode rapidly about the party, yelling and shooting, but doing no other damage except killing one horse. The loss to the Indians was three killed and several wounded. Hamilton succeeded in bringing his men into camp in safety.

On the morning of the 26th the wagon-train, under the escort of Lieutenant Robbins, was attacked while on the return from Fort Wallace to the camp on the Republican. The attacking party was composed of Cheyennes and Sioux, to the number of seven or eight hundred. The manner in which Robbins handled his little force against this large body of Indians was admirable. Lieutenant Cook, Acting Commissary, had charge of the wagons, and kept them moving forward in double column. The horses of the cavalrymen were placed between the wagons, and were thus in a great measure sheltered from arrows and bullets. The fight was kept up for nearly fifteen miles, when Robbins had nearly reached the two companies of Captains West and Myers, which Custer had sent to meet the train, fearing that an attack would be made upon it.

We afterward learned that on the same morning a hard fight took place near Fort Wallace by a company of the Seventh Cavalry, under Captain Barnitz. On this occasion the Indians abandoned their old style of circle-fighting, formed in line, and charged after the manner of a squadron of cavalry. This made the fighting desperate, it being mostly hand to hand. In this fight some of the bravest and most efficient non-commissioned officers of the Seventh Cavalry were killed, and their bodies mutilated in the most horrible manner. When an Indian was shot off his pony, two red-skins would ride their ponies up to him, pick up the body, and carry it to a place of safety. Those who were in the fight state that they never saw such excellent riding as the Indians exhibited on this occasion.

On the 27th Major Elliot returned from Fort Sedgwick, having made his trip of over two hundred miles in safety. Lieutenant Robbins came into camp on the morning of the 28th, also the companies of West and Myers. It was amusing to listen to the accounts which the men had to give each other. During the past few days they had all seen service of some kind, and each had his experience to relate. The different yelps of the Indians were imitated, and all the newly-learned characteristics were canvassed, and, as far as possible, accounted for. When the men mounted at the "water-call," some were seen to mount from the right-hand side, Indian fashion; others to get on their horses' backs by catching hold of the animals' tails and giving a spring—also an Indian fashion. There was not a trooper in camp who had not made an effort to ride beneath his horse instead of above him.

Will Comstock, the scout and guide who had accompanied Lieutenant Robbins, had seen what he termed "Indian letters"—characters cut in the bark of trees. These he declared to indicate that the Indians had moved to the west, and camped somewhere on the head of Beaver Creek.

Will Comstock deserves more than a passing notice, for he was the "character" of the expedition. No Indian was ever half so superstitious as Will. He had his "medicine" horse, "medicine" field-glass, "medicine" every thing, in fact. Even Will's evil-looking dog was "medicine," and had a "medicine" collar. If he had bad luck his "medicine" was bad, and something must be done to change the condition of things. While on the Platte Comstock saw a locomotive for the first time. His surprise was inexpressible.

"Good medicine! good medicine!" shouted Will. "Look! look at the tu-te!"

The telegraph wires which stretch along the valley of the Platte hum and sing like the strings of a large Æolian harp as the wind sweeps across them. Will hears the sound, and avers directly that the wires are talking "medicine." If, during the march, Will arrives first on the bank of a stream he locates himself in the most favorable spot, and indulges in a monody. This he declares to be the best kind of "medicine." Yet, for all this, Will Comstock is fearlessly brave. He is quiet and unassuming in manner, small in size, and compact in proportion. He is one of the best riders on the Plains, with which he is probably more familiar than any other white man who roves over them. Learning one day that there were buffalo in Central Park, he came to me to know whether there were any good buffalo-horses in New York; "for," said he, "when I come to New York, you and I will have to run them buffalo in the Park, sure."

It must seem strange that the Indians so seldom molest the telegraph-wires, which bear our messages across the Plains to the Rocky Mountains, and thence to the Pacific Ocean. This is another case of "medicine." Shortly after the wires were erected the attachés of the Telegraph Company invited a number of In-

dian chiefs to meet at a certain point, and from thence to travel, one party east and the other west. When they were separated by nearly a hundred miles they were permitted to dictate messages, which were flashed from one party to the other. Two days subsequently the chiefs met and compared notes. Naturally they were greatly astonished, and expressed themselves convinced that it was the "Great Spirit's" talk which the wires did. At all events it was decided that it would be well to avoid meddling with the telegraph wires.

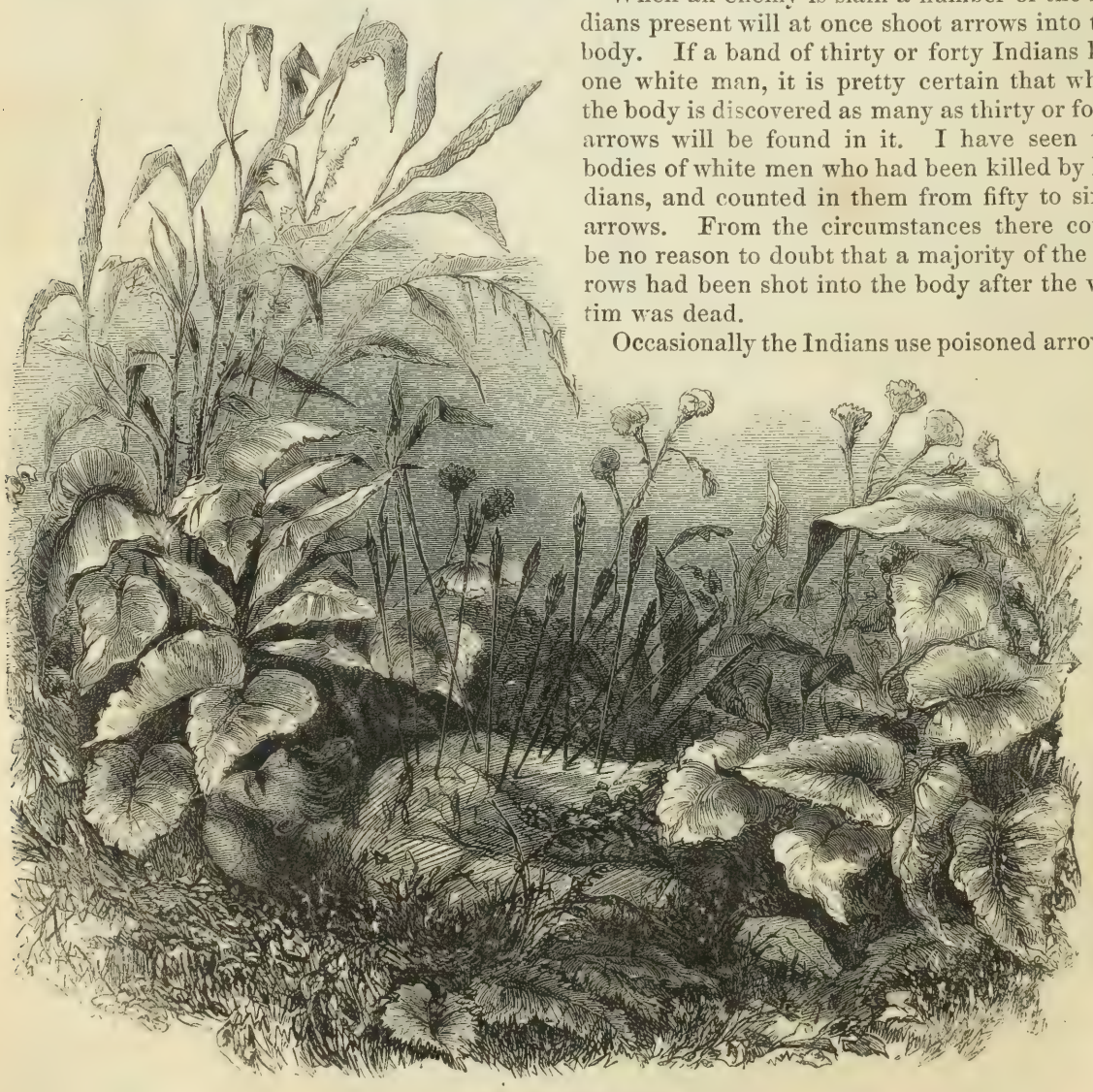
As if to strengthen this opinion an affair occurred soon after, which made it evident that there was a potent something connected with the iron string. A young Sioux Indian determined to show that he had no faith in the Great Spirit's connection with the wires, so he set to work with his hatchet to cut down one of the telegraph-poles. A severe thunderstorm was going on at a distance; a charge of electricity being taken up by the wires was passed to the pole which the Indian was cutting, which resulted in the instant death of the Indian. For a long time thereafter the telegraph-line was not molested.

While remarking on this "medicine" idea it may be of interest to mention the fact that the Indians have many very excellent remedies for the various diseases to which flesh is heir. These are generally applied by the squaws. If they fail the sick Indian is turned over to the "medicine men," who proceed to kill or cure the patient as quickly as possible. Some idea of their method of treating a case may be formed when it is known that an Indian, suffering with a sore throat, has had his palate extracted with a pair of bullet-moulds, handled by an expert medicine man. Naturally the patient died, but then it was evident nothing could have saved him; for the medicine man, under whose care he departed for the Happy Hunting Ground, was one of the most famous in the tribe.

The "counting coup," that an Indian always does when he has time, is, next to scalping, the most satisfactory thing to him that can be accomplished. If a pony is captured, or a wagon, or, in fact, any thing but a human being, each Indian present at the capture is not content until he has struck the object a blow with his whip, bor, or the end of the lariat. "It makes their hearts strong," they say, "and that is very good for the Indian."

When an enemy is slain a number of the Indians present will at once shoot arrows into the body. If a band of thirty or forty Indians kill one white man, it is pretty certain that when the body is discovered as many as thirty or forty arrows will be found in it. I have seen the bodies of white men who had been killed by Indians, and counted in them from fifty to sixty arrows. From the circumstances there could be no reason to doubt that a majority of the arrows had been shot into the body after the victim was dead.

Occasionally the Indians use poisoned arrows,



THE COUNTING COUP.

but this is not very frequently the case. The poisoned arrow is dangerous, and death frequently results from a slight wound by them. There are many different methods employed by the Indians to poison their arrows. Rattlesnake poison is frequently used, but this is not nearly so fatal as when the head of the arrow is poisoned with meat. The wound made by these arrows is much like that to which surgeons are exposed at the dissecting-table.

The way in which the arrows are prepared is simple. The liver of a deer or antelope is kept in some moist place until it reaches a state of putrefaction. Into this the iron head of the arrow is thrust, and a small quantity of the decayed matter is taken up; the arrow, then carefully dried, is ready for use. I remember to have seen a horse that had received a slight wound from one of these arrows. The animal died in a very short time, suffering the greatest agony.

For signaling the Indians have a simple and effective code which they work by means of small mirrors, from which they flash the sunlight, first in one direction, then in another. In this way they communicate intelligence from bluff to bluff, a distance of eight or ten miles. I do not know that the code used by them has ever been deciphered. The sign-language used by the Indian is very complete. Their pantomimical power seems perfect. There are no two tribes of Indians that use the same oral language, but all are conversant with the same pantomimic code.

Their ideas of the life hereafter present some strange coincidences with those of Christendom. The Indian has his Paradise, or happy hunting ground, and his Inferno, the abode of bad spirits, also his Purgatory. His "medicine" arrows are his Bible. He is convinced that a good record in this world, particularly as a warrior, will entitle him to a favorable location in the Happy Hunting Ground; but he must be buried in good state, and receive a proper outfit at his burial, to enable him to make a respectable appearance when he presents himself at the gate.

If an Indian loses his scalp he has little chance to obtain the hoped-for entrance to the Happy Hunting Ground. He would rather be burned alive than be hung; for, in the latter case, the spirit goes straight to the abode of bad spirits, and has no hope even of so good a place as Purgatory. It seems to be generally supposed that in scalping the Indian removes all the fleshy covering of the skull on which hair grows. This is erroneous; for, usually, the portion of the scalp removed does not exceed four inches in diameter. He may take more, and sometimes does, but it is when the victim has fine hair, such as will be of use in decorating a hunting-shirt or a pair of leggins. One reason why the Indians have such an aversion to fighting against negro troops is because of the penchant which the darkeys have for taking their hair. One scalp will meet with nearly as



THE SCALP-LOCK.

great a pow-wow in a negro camp as it would among the *tepes* of the Indian.

The negroes make admirable Indian fighters, and seem to enjoy the sport. Moreover, they do not desert; and as a general thing are under an excellent state of discipline—that is, if the officers who are over them are of the proper stamp. It is but just that the colored soldier should have his due. They did capital fighting last summer, and won the commendation of all the frontiersmen who saw them while engaged in an Indian fight.

A word should be said with reference to the half-breed Indians that are to be found with every band of warriors. Charley Bent will be a good example. He is the son of Colonel



CHARLEY BENT.

Bill Bent by a Cheyenne squaw. Charley was well brought up, and received a good education at the academy in St. Louis. Shortly after the Sand Creek affair he joined the "Dog-Soldier band" of Cheyenne Indians, with which he has ever since continued to roam. He makes occasional visits to traders' camps, but does not care to frequent Government posts, as there are too many crimes laid at his door to make such localities entirely safe for him. The last visit that he paid to his father's ranch on the Purgatory River was not of the most peaceful character. The Colonel tells the story:

"My daughter saw something that looked like an Indian's head sticking up over the bank of the main irrigating ditch, through which the water ran past the house. She went out to look at the object, and discovered Charley. She told him to stay there until she went to the house and got him some clothes. He said 'No,' that he was after the old man, meaning me. I was off in New Mexico at the time, and she told him so, and asked the durn'd scoundrel to come to the house. 'No,' he said; 'I only wanted the old man,' and, uncocking his rifle, he went off. That's the last that we've seen of him."

Charley Bent speaks English perfectly, and is quite intelligent; but there is no doubt that he is one of the worst Indians on the Plains.

From the camp at the forks of the Republican, Custer marched his command up the south bank of the river some fifty or sixty miles, and from thence south to the Platte, which he struck at Riverside Station, forty miles west of Fort Sedgwick, from which place he learned by telegraph that orders had been sent out to him from Sherman, and that these orders had been intrusted to Lieutenant Kidder, who with an escort of ten men had started out to deliver them. Copies of the orders were, however, transmitted to Custer. The new instructions directed that he should proceed direct to Fort Wallace, where he would, in all probability, meet Hancock. The fact that Lieutenant Kidder had not succeeded in overtaking the command occasioned very considerable uneasiness in the minds of the officers; for it seemed certain that some misfortune had befallen him.

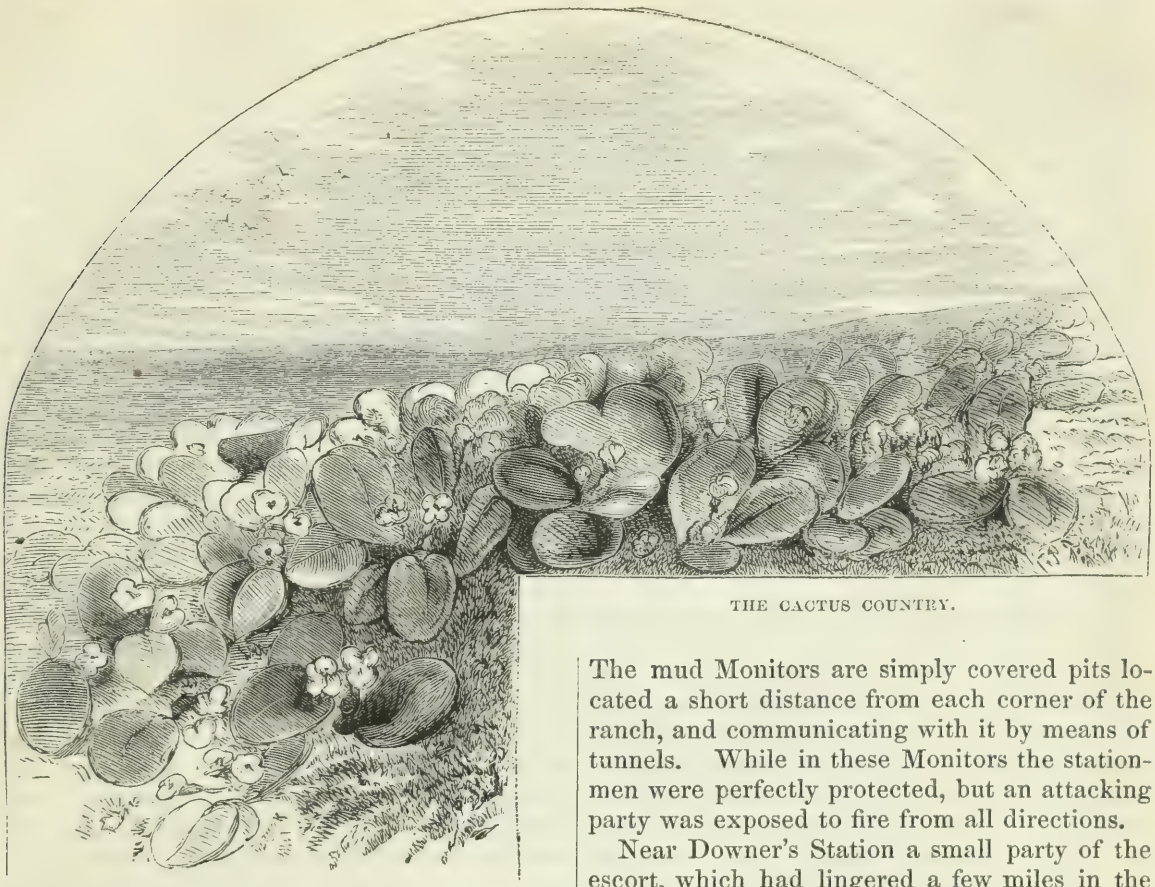
The stay of a single day on the banks of the Platte River cost the command a loss of thirty-five men by desertion. This out of a force numbering less than three hundred men was a serious misfortune. Halting at noon to graze the animals, ten more men attempted to desert—five mounted, and five dismounted. Custer ordered Major Elliot and one or two officers to pursue the deserters, and shoot them if any resistance was offered to being captured. As Major Elliot rode up to one of the men on foot he was met by a lowered carbine. The Major shot the man down and continued the pursuit. Two more of the deserters were wounded before their capture could be finally effected. The five mounted men escaped. During the afternoon march it was discovered that a general émeute had been arranged by the men to take place that night. As it did not occur, it was evident that the summary measures of the afternoon had a salutary effect. For days after this there were no more desertions in the Seventh Cavalry.

The morning following the command reached the "prickly pear country;" by some this portion of the Plains is called the "Cactus Country." As far as the eye could reach the Plains seemed as if covered with a most gorgeously-colored tapestry carpet of the most brilliant crimson and yellow. Mile after mile the column marched through this strange scene, beautiful to the eye, but dreadfully uncomfortable to the feelings. The dogs were placed in the wagons, out of which they persisted in jumping; then they went howling along the column, pricked at every step by the sharp thorns. For two days' march we moved through this sharp country. Once out of it, I do not think that there was a man in the entire command that would have willingly gone through it again.

Chief Creek, one of the heads of the Republican, was reached and crossed at a point fifty miles west of the forks near which the command had camped for so long a time. Two days more, and the wagon trail—made at the time of Lieutenant Robbins's trip to Fort Wallace—was struck. Here, too, was discovered the trail of Kidder's party. They had mistaken the Fort Wallace trail for the rout taken by the command. On the following day the bodies of Lieutenant Kidder and his party were found, but in such a mutilated condition that it was impossible to distinguish the body of the Lieutenant from those of the men. One thing was evident: they had been killed almost without a fight. Why this should have been the case was impossible to understand. The party numbered twelve in all. They had each a Spencer carbine and a hundred rounds of ammunition, two revolvers and a liberal supply of cartridges. The only account of the affair that can ever be known we gathered by a careful examination of the trails. From these we learned that the party was moving at a walk along a high "divide" about a mile distant from Beaver Creek. When they first discovered the Indians Kidder left this "divide" at once, and at a gallop made for the basin, where he was surrounded and forced to fight at a disadvantage.

The Indians had attacked in two parties, numbering something over a hundred each. But very few shots could have been fired by Kidder's party with their carbines, as there were not more than ten or a dozen cartridge shells to be found. They may have used their revolvers, but there was every reason to believe that they had been overpowered by the Indians on the first attack. From appearances one or more of the men had met death by torture.

One of the bodies we recognized as that of Red-Bead, a friendly Sioux, who had accompanied the party as guide. The body had been



THE CACTUS COUNTRY.

scalped, but the hair trophy had not been carried off—a fact that made it certain that the attacking Indians had been Sioux—probably Pawnee-Killer and his band. Indians will scalp one of their own tribe who is found with an enemy, but the scalp is invariably left near the body. The remains were buried by Custer's command. Then the column moved on, reaching Fort Wallace on the evening of the day following. The garrison of the fort had fought two fights with the Indians, in both of which they had lost a few men killed and wounded. The loss of the Indians was unknown.

The Smoky Hill stage-route might be considered as closed, there having been no coaches through for a number of days. Indians were known to be in great numbers along the entire route. General Custer determined to rest the command for a few days, when he would take a sufficient escort and push through to Fort Hays. This would enable him to ascertain the actual condition of affairs along the route. On the evening of July 15 he left Fort Wallace with an escort of seventy-five picked men and horses, under the command of Captain Hamilton. With these he marched rapidly, and reached Fort Hays, more than a hundred and fifty miles distant, in a little less than three days' time.

At every station along the route we received intelligence of Indians; sometimes they had been seen in large bands, sometimes in small. They had made but few attacks, as they seemed anxious to avoid too close proximity to the mud Monitors that had been constructed for the defense of the ranches used as stations. The mud Monitors are simply covered pits located a short distance from each corner of the ranch, and communicating with it by means of tunnels. While in these Monitors the station-men were perfectly protected, but an attacking party was exposed to fire from all directions.

Near Downer's Station a small party of the escort, which had lingered a few miles in the rear, were attacked by a large band of Indians. Two of the men were killed, but the remainder reached the command in safety.

The Indian campaign was over, and at Harker, an individual clad in ragged buckskins took the cars for the East. It was the Special Artist leaving the Plains after a horseback ride of nearly three thousand miles. A peace has lately been made with the Indians. This they will keep through the winter. If, when the grass is come again, they are not out on the war-path it will be contrary to the teachings of all previous experience.

The Indians feel that they are rich when at war and poor while at peace; naturally they prefer war; that is, when they can have it, as they invariably do, entirely in their own way—war when there is good grass for their ponies to subsist on, and peace when there is none. Riches and glory are the Indian's sure means of reaching the Happy Hunting Ground. These are nowhere to be secured so easily as on the war-path against the whites.

There are many old chiefs who prefer peace, but the young men are invariably for war. The chiefs can not control the "bucks," who take the war-path as naturally as the quail does the bushes or the young ducks the sedge.

I have yet to meet the frontiersman who does not prefer peace with the Indians to war; and it is due these hardy men to say that few can realize the outrages that they suffer at the hands of the red-skin before they reach the trusty rifle that hangs in the antlers over the mud fire-place of the ranch, which is their home only so long as they are suffered by the Indians to occupy it.

THE WOMAN'S KINGDOM:

A LOVE STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

CHAPTER IV.

IT is an undoubted fact, that when that event happens, the most vital in human life—the first meeting of two persons who are to influence one another's character and destinies in the closest manner, for good or ill, happiness or misery, nay, even for virtue or crime—the sky does not fall, no ominous signs appear in the outside world; nay, the parties concerned, poor puppets as they are, or seem to be, are usually quite unconscious of what has befallen them, and eat, drink, and sleep just as composedly as ever.

Thus the two Misses Kenderdine, after shaking hands with the two Stedmans over the gate, went calmly on their usual stroll along the cliffs, discussing in feminine fashion their new acquaintances, and speculating about them with an indifference that was perfectly sincere; for though these schoolmistresses were young enough to have the natural lot and future of womanhood running a good deal in their heads, especially at holiday time, when they had no more serious business in hand, and Letty's continual "difficulties" always kept the subject alive, still they were neither of them silly school-girls, in love with every man they met, or fancying every man in love with them. Letty, perhaps, had a slight tendency in the latter direction, which her experience rather justified than not; but Edna was free from all such folly, or only regarded the question of love and matrimony in its relation to her sister.

So they discussed freely and openly the two young men.

Edna had been most interested in the invalid, as was natural; her heart warmed toward every kind of suffering; while her sister had chiefly noticed the big healthy-looking brother, who was evidently "a man with no nonsense about him," by which Letty meant no sentiment; for she who had been haunted by sentimental swains, poets addressing verses to her, and artists imploring to sketch her portrait, disliked sentiment above all things.

"Besides, this doctor does really seem a gentleman, in spite of his shabby coat. He might be spruced up into a very good-looking fellow if he had somebody to see after him. You are quite sure he is not married, Edna? And where did you say he lived? I wonder if it is in a respectable street, and what sort of a practice he has got."

"Letty," cried Edna, turning sharply round, half amused, half angry, "you are not surely going to—"

"No, you foolish child; not being quite a simpleton. I am not surely going to—to marry him—your friend with the shabby coat. Nor even to let him fall in love with me, if I can help it. But if he does, you can't blame me. It's all my unfortunate appearance."

Edna attempted no reply—where was the use of it? Indeed she shrank back into total silence, as was her habit when the sense of painful incongruity between herself and her sister, their thoughts, motives, and actions, rose up more strongly than usual. She wished there was no such thing as falling in love—as Letty put it—or that Letty would fall in love honestly and sincerely, once for all, with some good man—she began not to care much who it was, if he were only good—marry him and have done with it. These perpetual "little affairs" of her sister's could not go on forever. Edna was rather weary of them; and wished, more earnestly than she liked to express, that she could see Letty "settled"—fairly sheltered under the wing of a worthy husband who would at once rule her and love her—pet her and take care of her; for indeed she needed taking care of more than most women of six-and-twenty. Perhaps Dr. Stedman might be the very sort of man to do this. He looked like it. There was a steadfast honesty of purpose in his eyes, and a firmness about his mouth, which seemed to imply sterling worth. But, though a good man, his expression was not exactly that of an amiable man; and Letty was a person likely to try a husband's temper considerably at times. Besides, what if he were poor? Indeed the fact seemed self-evident. A poor man—as she said herself, and Edna confessed the truth of this—would never do for Letty Kenderdine.

Edna's thoughts had galloped on thus far in a perfect steeple-chase of fancy, when she suddenly pulled up, reflecting how exceedingly ridiculous it was. She almost despised herself for speculating thus on so slender a foundation, or no foundation at all, and bent her whole attention to the outer world.

Every thing was so beautiful in the still evening—the sea as calm as the sky, and the cliff-swallows skimming airily between both. Even Letty, whose thoughts there is no need to follow, for she never thought much or long about any thing, noticed them, and called them "pretty little things;" while Edna, who had a great love for birds, watched them with a curious tenderness—the creatures that came so far from over the waters—guided unerringly—to make their nests here; as (Edna still firmly believed in her deepest heart, though her twelvemonths' life with Letty had somewhat shaken the outworks of that girlish faith) Heaven guides all true lovers that are to be husband and wife—leads them from farthest corners of the world, through storm and trial, danger and death, to their own appointed home in one another's arms.

So she left her sister's lot—her own she never thought of—in wiser hands than hers; trusting that He who mated the swallows and brought them hither from across the seas, and made them so content and happy, hovering about in the spring twilight, would in time bring Letty a good husband, and relieve her sisterly heart from the only real care it had—the unknown future of this beautiful, half foolish, half worldly-wise woman, who, though her very flesh and blood, was so unlike herself that it puzzled Edna daily more and more both to understand her and to guide her.

The two sisters went back to their dull lodgings, which, in common with all lodgings, looked especially dull and unhome-like at this hour. They sat down to their innocent milk supper, and the one glass of wine which Letty still indulged in, as a last relic of invalidism, though saying each day she would give it up. And then they settled themselves to sewing, at least Edna did, Letty declaring she never could sew with the poor light of two mould candles. She amused herself with lying on the sofa and talking, or chatting, the sort of desultory chat which people who live together naturally fall into—it is only strangers who maintain "conversation." Besides, Letty's talk was never conversation; it rarely rose beyond ordinary facts or personalities; generally of a trivial kind. Clytie-like though her lips were, they did not drop pearls and diamonds; but then they never dropped toads and adders. She was exceedingly good-natured, and never said sharp or unkind things of any body; in this having the advantage of Edna, who sometimes felt sorely tempted to be severe and satirical, then blamed herself, and took refuge in mild generalities, as now.

The two brothers would have been more amused than flattered had they known that on this momentous evening of their first rencontre with the two young ladies, which meeting had conveyed to both an impression of undefined pleasantness, as the society of all good women ought to give to every good man, their fair neighbors' conversation was, from the time of re-entering the house, strictly on the subject of clothes

"Alas!" Letty broke out, almost as soon as supper was over, declaring the matter had been on her mind all day—the spring weather was coming on fast, and they had only their winter garments with them, and no possibility of getting more.

"For we can't buy every thing new, and our last summer's things are locked up at home; and besides, I almost forget what we have."

"Nothing very much, I fear."

"We never have," said Letty, in a melancholy voice. "When I was in situations I was obliged to dress well; but now? Just think, Edna, to-morrow is Sunday, and we have only our brown bonnets and our winter cloaks; and it will likely be as hot as to-day, and the sunshine will show all their shabbiness. It is very provoking; nay, it is exceedingly hard."

"It is hard, especially for you, Letty."

And Edna glanced at her beautiful sister, upon whom any thing looked well; yet whose beauty would have borne the most magnificent setting off that wealth could furnish. How splendid she would have looked in silks, laces, and jewels—the prizes that in all ages there have been found women ready to sell their souls for! Was Letty one of these? Edna could not believe it. Yet she knew well that dress, and the lack of it, was a much severer trial to her sister than to herself—that Letty actually suffered, mentally and morally, from a worn-out shawl or an old-fashioned bonnet, while as to herself, so long as she was neat and clean, and had colors matching—no blues and greens, pinks and scarlets, which poverty compelled to be worn together—it did not materially affect her happiness whether she had on a silk dress or a cotton one.

This catastrophe of the winter-bonnets was annoying; but it was a small annoyance—not worth fretting about when they had so many more important cares, and many a blessing likewise. Her mind, which had been wandering alternately back to the house and the school to which in a short time they must return, and dwelling on a few pleasant fancies left by the evening walk, felt suddenly dragged down into the narrow ways of ordinary life—made narrower than they need to be by this hopeless way of looking at them. She did not like it, for monotonous and commonplace as her life had been—ever since she was twelve years old—first school life, then governess life in a dull country city family, there was in this young schoolmistress's soul a something which always felt like a little bird that would stretch its wings, feeling sure there must be a wide empyrean waiting for it somewhere. In her long pauses over her needle-work this little bird usually sat pluming its feathers and singing to itself, till some chance word of Letty's silenced it—as was wisest and best. For Letty would not have understood the little bird at all.

Edna fastened its cage-door, and determined to make the best of things.

"Yes, as you say, it is hard, but be patient this one Sunday, and before the next I will see what can be done. Suppose I take the coach to Ryde, and choose two plain straw bonnets and trim them myself—with green perhaps. You always look so well in green. Then we should be quite respectable while here, and they would last us as second-best all summer."

Letty brightened up amazingly. "That is a capital thought, Edna. You are the very cleverest girl! I always said, and I will say it, a great deal cleverer than I am, if the men could only find it out."

"They never will, and I don't want them," said Edna, laughing. "And now let us come to bed, for it is quite time."

As the sisters passed up stairs, both cast a glance on the shut parlor-door opposite, behind which was complete silence, as usual of even-



BEDTIME.

ings. The brothers did not seem to have such long tongues as the sisters.

"I wonder how they contrive to amuse themselves, these two young fellows," said Letty, yawning. "I hope they are not as dull as we are sometimes."

"Men never are dull, I suppose," replied Edna, in her glorious maiden ignorance. "They have always something to do, and that alone makes people cheerful. Besides, they don't dwell on trivial things as we do; their minds are larger and clearer—at least, the best of them must be so," she corrected herself, reflecting that she was speaking more out of her ideal than her actual experience of the race. And with a feeling of weariness at the smallness into which her daily gossip with Letty sometimes degenerated, Edna thought she would really like, just for a change, to have a good, sensible talk with a man. She wondered what those two men down stairs talked about when they were alone, and whether their chief conversation, corresponding with that in the next parlor, was on the subject of clothes. And the idea of Dr. Stedman discussing the shape of his new hat, or Mr. Stedman becoming confidential with his brother on the question of coats and trowsers, proved so irresistibly ludicrous that Edna burst into one of her hearty fits of laughter—her first since Letty was ill—which did her so much good that she was sound asleep in five minutes.

And what of the two men, fated to influence, and be influenced by, these two young women, in the way that human lives do act and react upon one another, in a manner so mysterious that all precautions often seem idle—all plans vain—all determinations null and void—and yet we still go on working, planning, and resolving—deliberately laying out the pattern of our own and others' future, of which we can neither forecast, nor control, nor, alas! recall, one single day.

They did not talk over their neighbors; it is not man's way, or not the way of such men as, with all their faults, these two Stedmans were—honest young fellows, from whom neither sin nor folly had rubbed off the bloom of their youth, or led them to think and talk of women as, God forgive them! men sometimes do—men, who

were born of women, who once hung as innocent babies at some woman's breast.

They came indoors, Julius with evident reluctance.

"Why didn't you give me another turn on the cliff, Will? I wanted two or three more minutes to study that head."

"Miss Kenderdine's?"

"Isn't it grand, now? Bring me my sketch-book, and I'll have a try at the profile. Finest profile I ever saw. It might be useful some day, when I get well."

"You'll be well sooner than you think, old boy."

And that was literally all which passed concerning the two sisters.

The brothers spent their usual silent evening, Julius drawing and William immersed in a heap of medical literature which lay on a table in the corner, into which he plunged at every possible opportunity. For he knew that time was money to him, in these early days when he had more leisure than fees; and besides, he had a genuine love of acquiring knowledge, all the stronger, perhaps, that he was of too cautious, modest, and self-distrustful a temperament to strike out brilliant ideas of his own. But he had the faculty, perhaps safer for ultimate success, of acquiring and assimilating the ideas of other men. And consequently he had a keen delight in what is called "hard reading."

His head, as he bent it over the chaotic mass of books, had a finer expression than its ordinary one, which was a little heavy, and sometimes a little cross. But both these expressions originated in a sort of undeveloped look he had, as if in him the perceptive and the practical had been well cultivated, while the fancy lay dormant. A strong contrast to that sweet, sensitive, poetic head of his brother's, where the balance lay in precisely the opposite direction. Any superficial observer would have wondered how they got on together at all, except for the patent fact that people sometimes fit into one another precisely because they differ, when the difference is only difference and not contrariety.

"There! I think I've got it at last!"

"Got what?" said the doctor, rousing himself and rubbing his fingers through his short curly locks till they stood out all round his head like a *chevaux-de-frise*.

"That profile, of course. Come over and tell me if you think it like. Pretty well, I think, for a study done from memory. I must get her to sit to me. Will, couldn't you manage it somehow? Couldn't you cultivate their acquaintance?"

"I? Nonsense! I never knew what to say to women."

"Then how, in the name of fortune, do you mean to make yourself into a London physician? If a doctor can't be sweet to women he never earns even salt to his porridge."

"As probably I never may. And then I'll keep on being a poor hospital doctor, or doing a large practice gratis, as I do now."

"More's the pity."

"Not at all. It is practice. And it saves one from rusting to death, or eating one's heart out in disappointment before the good time comes, as I suppose it will come some time. And now give me your sketch to look at."

He examined it, minutely, deliberately rather than enthusiastically, taking exception to certain points of feature both in it and the original, but on the whole very laudatory of both.

Still, Julius put up the port-folio half dissatisfied.

"You are so confoundly cool about things. Why, Will, it's the finest subject I ever had. A perfectly correct face. Not a feature out of its place, and the coloring glorious. What a blessing to have such a model always at hand! I could understand Raffaelle's carrying off the Fornarina, and Andrea del Sarto marrying his beautiful Lucrezia, if only for convenience."

"You scape-grace," cried the elder brother, laughing. "If I thought you were going to make a fool of yourself—"

"No, no; my fool-days are done. I'm nothing but an artist now. Don't make a mock of me, Will!—a poor, helpless fellow that can't even walk across a room."

"Yes, you could if you tried. I told you so yesterday. Will you try?"

Julius shook his head. "That was always your motto—'Try!' You should paint it on your carriage when you hunt up the Herald's College to get arms for your two-horse brougham, in which you come to visit me in a two-pair back in Clipstone Street, or Kensal Green Cemetery. I don't know which, and don't much care."

The elder brother turned away. He was used to these sort of speeches—hardened to them, indeed; yet they could not fail slightly to affect him still, with the sort of feeling—half pity, half something less tender than pity—with which we are prone to regard weaknesses that we ourselves can only by an effort comprehend.

"Well! in the mean time, as to your walking. I have often told you, Julius, some of your ailments are purely nervous. I mean, not exactly imaginary," seeing that Julius winced, "but in the nerves. And the nerves are queer things, my boy: very much guided by the will, which is a queerer thing yet."

"What do you mean? That I could walk if I tried?"

"Not precisely. But that if you were forced to walk—if some strong impulse came—say a fire in the house, and you were compelled to escape for your life—you would find you could do it. At least that is my opinion."

"Opinions are free, of course. I wish for your sake I could gratify you, William. I would not then be detaining you here from your practice, your profession, and all the enjoyments of your life, in waiting upon a miserable fellow who had much better be in his grave."

The quick, irritable pride—the readiness to take offense—William Stedman was familiar

with these vagaries too. But the next minute they were gone, as they always were. In the sweet nature no bitterness ever lingered long. Julius held out his hand to his brother with a childlike expression of penitence.

"I beg your pardon, Will. You're the best old fellow alive. Give me your hand, and I'll try to walk, or at least to stand."

"That's right."

"Will it—will it be very painful?"

The doctor hesitated; and as he looked at his brother, there came into his face that deep tenderness—wholly a man's tenderness—which none but strong men ever feel, and rarely feel except to women.

"Painful, lad? Yes, it may be painful. I am afraid it will be, at first. I wish I could bear it for you. Which is a silly speech, because I can't. Still, won't you try?"

"I will—with somebody to help me."

Ay, that was the key to his whole nature—that sensitive, loving, delicate nature. He could do almost any thing, with somebody to help him; without that, nothing.

The brother held out a steady hand; and then slowly, shrinkingly, trembling all over with nervous apprehension, Julius tried to raise himself in his chair, and stand upon his stiff limbs. So far he succeeded; but when he attempted to move them, the pain, or the dread of pain, was too much for him. He fell back white and exhausted.

"It won't do, Will; it won't do."

"Not this time. Wait a few minutes, and then—"

"Must I try again? Oh, couldn't you be kind to me, and let me rest?" said the poor fellow, piteously.

"If I did, it would not be real kindness. Let me talk to you a little common-sense—you're not an invalid now, nor a baby either. Will you listen to me?"

Julius opened his eyes from the sofa where his brother had tenderly laid him down, and saw Will sitting on the table opposite, playing with a paper-cutter, but keenly observant all the while.

"Yes, I'll listen. But it will be useless; you can't give me my legs again. Oh, Will, it's easy for you to speak — such a big, strong, healthy fellow as you are! And I was the same once or nearly so, till I threw my health away. It's too late now."

"Too late, at twenty-five? Bosh! Look here, lad. As I told you before, a doctor has a pretty severe handful with fellows like you. He has to fight against two things—the reality and the imagination. You are ill enough, I know—at least, you were when you were down with that rheumatic fever."

"By George, I was ill! Never suffered such a horrible pain in all my life. Don't tell me that was fancy."

"No; but the pain has left you now. Your last bad attack was the night you came here. I do not believe you will have any more. Your feet don't swell now; your joints are supple; in fact, your legs are as sound as my own. Yet there you sit, and let them stiffen day by day; or rather, I'm such a fool as to let you, because I happen to be brother as well as doctor. Once for all, Julius, do you wish to be a cripple for life?"

"No. Oh, my God, no!" replied Julius, with a shudder.

"Then try once more, before it is too late, and you really do lose the use of your limbs. Walk, if only three steps, to prove to yourself that walking is possible."

Julius shook his head mournfully.

"It is possible," cried Will, almost angry with earnestness. "On my honor as a doctor, there is no physical reason why you should not walk. I am sure of it."

"Of course it is only my 'fancy,' which you are always throwing in my teeth. I suppose I could jump up this minute and run a hurdle-race across the cliff for your amusement. I only wish I could, that's all! If you are right—and of course you always are right—what an awful humbug I must be!"

"I never said that—I never thought it," replied the elder brother, very patiently—far more patiently than his looks would have given reason to expect. "You are no humbug: no more than was a certain patient of mine, who fancied he could not use his right arm; went about with it in a sling; won unlimited sympathy; learned to write with his left hand; for he was an author, poor fellow!"

"Ah! according to you, half the 'poor fellows' in the world are either authors or artists."

"He would come to me," William went on, "with the saddest complaints and the most hopeless forebodings about his arm. Yet if I got him into an argument, and made him forget it, he would slip it out of the sling, and clench and flourish it in his own excitable manner; nay, I have seen him hammer it on the table as orators do. And when I smiled he would suddenly recollect himself, pull a pitiful face, and slip it back into its sling as helpless as ever."

"The hypocrite!"

"Not a bit—no more a hypocrite than you or I. He was an exceedingly honest, good fellow, but he was afflicted with nerves. He had not the sense to fight against them manfully at first, till afterward they mastered him. He had a great dread of pain: his imagination was so vivid, and he yielded to it so entirely, that at last he could not distinguish between what he felt and what he feared, until his fancies became only too sad realities."

"How did he end?" said Julius, roused out of the contemplation of himself and his own sufferings.

"I can not tell, for I lost sight of him."

"But how do you think he would end?"

William was startled by the excessive earnestness of the question. "I could not say—indeed, I should hardly like to speculate. In

such cases, these delusions are generally only the beginning of the end."

"Isn't it a strange thing," said Julius, after a long pause, "that we none of us know, have not the dimmest idea, how we may end? Here you and I sit, two brothers, brought up together, or nearly so; living together, with one and the same interest, and—well, old fellow! with a decent amount of what folk call brotherly love—yet how shall we both end?"

He put his thin hand on William's arm and looked at him, or rather looked beyond him into vacant space, with that expression of sad foreboding constantly seen in faces like his, which is at once cause and effect, prevision and fulfillment.

But it fell harmlessly on the unsuperstitious doctor.

"How shall we end? I trust, lad, as we began—together. And that is as much as either of us knows, or ought to know. I don't like to look far ahead, myself; it does no good, and is often very silly. Come, we both have preached quite enough, let us practice a little. Will you walk back to your arm-chair?"

"You are the most obstinate, determined fellow. I do think, if I were lying dead, you would coolly walk in with your galvanic-battery to galvanize me to life again."

"Perhaps I should, because I should never believe you dead. Fellows of your temperament take a vast deal of killing. Besides, I don't want you to be killed. There's a deal before you yet. Will Stedman can never set the Thames on fire, but perhaps Julius Stedman may."

Julius again shook his head, but smiled and made an effort to rise.

"Give me your hand, Will. It's just like learning to walk again, as if I were a baby. And you did teach me to walk then, you know. You'll have to do it again now."

"Very well. Here is a finger; now toddle away, and don't be frightened, you old baby."

Julius tried, walked two or three steps with difficulty, and many an expression of suffering, then he succumbed.

"I can't, Will, I can't do it; or, at least, it isn't worth the pain—'*Le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle*,' as I used to say so often. It wasn't true then; it is now. Never mind me: let me be a cripple for life, or let me die."

"Neither the one thing nor the other. It isn't likely, and I'll not allow it. Cheer up, my boy! You've made a beginning, and that was all I wanted. You have had plenty of exercise for to-night, and now for a sound sleep till morning."

So saying he took his brother up in his arms, lifting the thin, slight figure as easily as if it had been a woman or a child, and carried him off to bed.

CHAPTER V.

A BRIGHT, cheery, sunshiny Sunday morning, such a Sunday as makes every honest heart glad, down to the young 'prentice-boy who sings, in that pleasant old English song—

> "Of all the days throughout the week
> I dearly love but one day,
> And that's the day that comes between
> The Saturday and Monday:
> For then I'm drest in all my best
> To walk abroad with Sally—"

And though not dressed in all her best, and having no one (save Edna) to walk abroad with, even Letty Kenderdine enjoyed this Sunday; ay, though she had to attire herself for church in the obnoxious brown bonnet and well-worn cloak—the cloak of two winters. But under it her tall figure, now lithe and upright with renewed health, looked so exceedingly graceful, and above the brown bonnet-strings, carefully tied, bloomed such apple-blossom cheeks, that when she saw herself in the glass even Letty was contented. Perhaps all the more so because her beauty had not been quite unbeheld.

Passing through the hall, Dr. Stedman, who chanced to open his door at the same moment, had bowed to her with a courteous "good-morning," not pausing to say more; though she declared to Edna he looked as if he should have liked it, and she was certain he blushed. However, he had given the mere salutation and walked rapidly on ahead, till the sisters lost sight of him.

"Very good manners. He evidently does not wish to intrude," observed Letty.

"No gentleman would," said Edna, "unless quite sure that we desired his company."

"I wonder where he is going? Probably to church—so you see he must be quite respectable."

A little lurking devil in Edna's spirit inclined her to begin and argue that question, and prove how many bad people went to church, and how many good people conscientiously staid away; but she restrained it, and soon forgot the evil spirit in the delicious calm of their walk through lanes green with budding hedge-leaves and sweet with the scent of primroses to the tiny old village church. Such a contrast it was to their London church—so different was this day to their terrible London Sundays, with the incessant stream of feet pattering along the dusty, glaring pavement, church-goers and holiday-makers all hurrying on to their worship, their amusement, or their vice, with much the same countenance, and perhaps with not such a vital difference in their hearts! Edna often used to think so, and then rebuked herself for her uncharitableness.

But, in truth, she hated London—she hated above all things London Sundays. Her Sundays here, in the gray little church, with a green vision of the outside world showing through its unpainted windows and open door, recalled to her the sweet peaceful Sabbaths of her child-



IN THE FREE SEATS.

hood, when she was a little country girl in Hampshire, and was taken across fields and woods to just such a village church as this. As she sat there, in the free seats (which Letty did not like at all), there came back into her head a poem which, in her dreary school-days at St. John's Wood, she had learned, and the schoolmistress had reproved her because there was "love" in it. But Edna had fancied it because there was in it a feeling like those country Sundays; and oh! how unlike the Sundays at St. John's Wood! It was something about—

"There the green lane descends,
Through which I walked to church with thee,
O gentlest of my friends!

"The shadow of the linden-trees
Lay moving on the grass,
Between them and the moving boughs,
A shadow, thou didst pass.

"Thy dress was like the lilies,
And thy heart was pure as they:
One of God's holy messengers
Did walk with me that day."

And so on, and so on—sweet stray verses, which all the service long "beat time to nothing" in Edna's brain. A strangely simple, yet acute and tenacious brain—a strangely young heart, that in the midst of all its cares could go back upon lots of silly childish poetry. Yet she did so, and recalled the exact state of mind she was in when she learned it—poor little sixteen-year-old girl, brimming over with romantic dreams, none of which had ever come true. No, not one; nor did she expect it now; yet they were to this day vivid as ever. And as, with a half-comical application to the present, her fancy went over the lines—

"Long was the good man's sermon,
But it seemed not so to me;
For he spake of Ruth the beautiful,
And still I thought of thee.

"Long was the prayer he uttered,
Yet it seemed not so to me;
For in my heart I prayed with him,
And still I thought of thee"

—she still felt, as she remembered to have done then, that it would be the summit of earthly happiness to go peacefully to church—just such a village church as this, and on just such a summer Sunday morning—and sit there, with the beloved of one's heart, worshiping and loving, with the prayer that has its root in

love, and the love that is worth nothing unless it is a perpetual prayer.

"What a dear little church this is!" she whispered to her sister as they went out.

"Very; but a rather common congregation. I saw scarcely any one above the class of farmers, except in the rectory pew. And did you notice a bonnet there — straw, with a green trimming and a wreath of pink daisies all round the face? That is how I should like my bonnet, Edna. Please remember."

"Very well."

"Dr. Stedman did go to church. He sat just behind us. Didn't you see him?"

"No. In truth, I had forgotten all about him."

"Hush! there he is."

He might have overheard the remark, for he passed close by the sisters, passed again with only a bow—not manifesting the slightest intention of stopping and speaking, like the rest of the congregation, who lingered in friendly groups all the way between the church-porch and the lichgate. Presently his long strides took him far away down the road.

"What very odd manners!" remarked Letty, a little annoyed.

"I think they are the manners of a gentleman who has the sense not to intrude upon two ladies who have neither father nor brother to make his acquaintance desirable—or even possible," said Edna, determined to hold to her resolution, and allow no loop-hole of civility through which the enemy might assault their little encampment, and bring about that passage of arms for which Letty was evidently accoutring herself—making ready for a tournament which, in Edna's mind, was either foolish child's play, or a battle royal for life and death.

Not that any idea of so serious a crisis struck her on that bright Sunday morning. She simply thought that her sister wanted a bit of flirtation, and was resolute she should not have it. At which Letty sulked a little all the afternoon, and spent a long, leisurely, lazy Sunday, without referring again to either Doctor Stedman or his brother.

After tea she insisted she was strong enough to go to church a second time, but recalled her wish when she looked out on the sweet Sabbath evening. "We'll take a walk instead, if you are not too good, Edna."

Edna was not in the least too good. She longed to be out in the green lanes, enjoying the birds' Sunday hymns, and the incense of the Sunday flowers, and the uplifting of the elm-trees' tall arms, in a dumb thanksgiving for being again clothed with leaves: all creatures, great and small, seeming to feel themselves happier and merrier on a Sunday than on any common day. So she brought down Letty's hat—deposing the obnoxious brown bonnet—wrapped her up well in a warm shawl, and went out with her, having first cast a glance to see if the opposite door were shut. It was, and the blinds were down. The brothers seemed seldom or never to go out of evenings.

The sisters crossed the threshold with light steps and lighter hearts. But as they did so the grim invisible Woman, sitting there, laughed at them, knowing she had her will—not they.

And what of the two, divided from them by just a wall, on this momentous, monotonous Sunday—the two young men, about whom, whether they thought or not, they said nothing?

Julius Stedman had been terribly depressed all day. There came upon him one of those moody fits to which, even in health, he had been subject, and which now were so severe as to try to the utmost both body and mind; and the cloud did not lift off for hours. Except during church-time, his brother never left him, but hovered about him with a tenderness less brotherly than sisterly, alternately reasoning and jesting, reproving and persuading, but all in vain. He lay silent, shutting out daylight and cheerfulness, refusing to do any thing, or to suffer any thing to be done for him. At last, *apropos* of nothing that William could discover, unless it was the ringing of the bells and the closing of the hall-door, indicating the departure of somebody to evening church, Julius said, "I should like to go out."

The Doctor remonstrated. It was late—the dew would soon be falling.

"What do I care? What need I care? It will do me no harm. Or if it did, what matter? You can't cure me, Will, with your cleverness. You had better kill me off quick."

"How? Mention the easiest way."

"Oh, any thing. I hate this shilly-shally work — one day better, the next day worse. Your prognostications were all wrong. This place does not cure me, and never will."

"Shall we go back to London?"

"Horrible! No. Besides, didn't you tell me you wanted a fortnight's quiet reading before your hospital lectures began?"

"I'll manage about that, if you would like to go home. In fact, though it isn't much of a home we have, I think we should be better off there than here."

Then, with the contrariness of sickness, Julius veered round, and argued energetically, almost irritably, on the other side.

Dr. Stedman could not repress his annoyance. He was a man who always knew his own mind, and his brother's indecision tried him severely.

"Have it which way you like," he said, sharply. "You are as bad to deal with as any woman. Stay or go—which you choose; only let me know, that I may take my measures accordingly."

"As bad as a woman," repeated Julius, mournfully. "Yes; I suppose I am. Not half a man, and never shall be. Ah! I wish I had some woman about me; she would pity me; she would understand me. Nay, Will, don't look savage. I didn't mean to vex you."

"Nor did you vex me; so don't be fancying that among other nonsense," returned Will,

with some impatience. "Just let us try to have an ounce of common-sense between us. The larger matters we can settle to-morrow. At present the question is, Will you or will you not go out this evening? Say yes, and I'll go and fetch the chair."

"Thank you. But it's late, and it's Sunday evening."

"Pshaw!" The Doctor rose, searched for his hat, and was off in a minute.

In ten minutes more the brothers were out on the cliffs, in their accustomed mode of progression, along the familiar way. Doubtless, a weary life for them both; an unnatural life for two young men, in the very flower of their age, and both in the most critical time of their career; a time when to most men every week, every day is of moment as regards their future. Yet here they were, passing it in compulsory idleness. No wonder both were silent, and that the lovely evening did not steal into their hearts as it did into those of the two young women. Nay, their forced companionship seemed to throw the brothers wider apart than it had done the sisters. True, Will and Julius never quarreled as Letty and Edna sometimes did—bursting into a thunder-storm of words, ending in tears and kisses of reconciliation—womanish but safe. On the contrary, each fortified himself behind his masculine armor of steely reticence, smooth and cold, feeling all the while that within it he was a dull fellow—a solitary fellow—even with his own brother beside him. Such lonely moments come to all people—before marriage—(Heaven help them if they come after marriage!) and it would be well if brothers and sisters, fathers and mothers, recognized this fact—as a law of God and necessity—that all the love of duty never makes up for the love of choice.

What poor Julius was thinking of as he sat, helplessly propelled along, and looked listlessly on the sweet landscape that he had neither strength nor heart to paint—what William felt as he expended in pushing the Bath-chair the manly strength that would have enjoyed a good twenty-mile walk across the island, geologizing, botanizing, and what not—must remain alike unknown. Certainly, neither brother communicated his feelings to the other. They were uncommonly dull company this evening, and that was the truth of it.

The cliffs were deserted—all the good people at church. Only, just as they were returning home, Julius pointed out two figures standing on the cliff top, sharp against the sky.

"Two ladies, I think they are—a very tall one and a very short one."

"It is probably the Misses Kenderdine. They were out, for I saw their door open as we passed."

"Hurry back then, Will. Don't let us meet them. They will only look at me with their confounded pity. I hate being pitied. Make haste!"

The doctor did his best, but there were some steep little ascents and descents which required all his skill and strength. In one of these his pilotage failed. In turning past a large stone the wheel came off, and the chair toppled over, landing its occupant ignominiously on the grass.

A slight, almost ridiculous accident, if it had not happened to an invalid, and to such a nervous invalid as Julius Stedman. As it was, his brother was seriously alarmed. But Julius, whose state could never be counted on with certainty for five minutes at a time, seemed to take his disaster easily enough. Nay, the little excitement roused his mobile temperament into healthy vitality. He sat on the grass, perfectly unhurt, and laughing heartily.

"I never knew such a 'spill.' Done as cleverly as if you had done it on purpose—perhaps to attract the attention of those ladies. They evidently think we have had a frightful accident. See how they are running to the rescue—that is, the little one; the other is too majestic to run. She stalks down, Juno-like, to offer her benign aid to me, miserable mortal! And, by Juno, what a gait she has! Never did I see such a handsome creature! No, I thank you, Miss Kenderdine," added he, when a second time led away by her impulse of kindness, Edna came hastily down to the scene of disaster. "No, I'm not killed—not this time. But I seem always destined to fall into sudden misfortune and have you appearing to me as my guardian angel."

Edna did not laugh, for she caught sight of Dr. Stedman's anxious face, and guessed at once that the position of affairs was rather serious—the chair useless, no carriage attainable, the dews beginning to fall heavily, and they on the cliff-top, at least a quarter of a mile from home, with an invalid who could not walk a step, and was too heavy to be carried.

"What is to be done?" said she in a low tone, to the elder brother, while the younger, oblivious of his disaster, became absorbed in conversation with Letty, who, arriving stately and slowly, had just begun to hope, with condescending interest, that he had not hurt himself. "I see how things are. What must we do?" repeated Edna, in unconscious fraternity. "Shall I run and fetch assistance?"

"No; it would only annoy him. Besides, there is no need. We must get him to walk home. I know he could walk if he tried."

Edna looked amazed—a little indignant.

"You think me cruel, I know; but we doctors are obliged to be so to some sort of patients. And it is the real truth. He is quite capable of walking a short distance, and I shall be rather thankful for any thing that forces him to acknowledge it. Am I very hard-hearted, Miss Kenderdine?"

"I can not say. I suppose you know best."

This little conversation was carried on confidentially over the broken wheel, but there was no time for discussion. Every minute the air grew more chill and the grass more dewy; the tide was rising, and the wind that came in with

it began to blow freshly from over the sea. To healthy people it was delicious—intoxicating in its pure saltness; but to the invalid, though apparently he did not notice it, being engaged talking to Letty, who was sympathizing with him in the most charming manner—to a person in Julius Stedman's condition, Edna felt that it might be most dangerous.

"We must get him home somehow at once, and I see but one way," said the doctor, with a professional air, decisive and dictatorial, which at any other time would have amused Edna. "Will you help me, Miss Kenderdine? If I support him on one side, will you let him lean on you at the other? I am sorry to trouble you—very sorry; but it is a case of emergency. And if, as you said, you are accustomed to sick-nursing—"

"Yes; and I think I can do this. I have almost carried Letty many a time. Though I am small, I am very strong."

"I can see that."

"But how will you persuade him to walk?"

"Will you suggest it? It might come better, coming from a stranger. Try, please; for we have not a minute to lose."

Nobody knew exactly how it was done—probably by the invalid's being taken by surprise, and left no chance of refusing; but it was done. Between his two supporters Julius was marched remorselessly on, half in jest, half in earnest, across the smooth down. And then, no doubt, it was rather pleasant to be assisted in his steps by one charming girl, and have his progress watched and encouraged by another. Be that as it may, Julius did walk, with the assistance of his brother and Miss Kenderdine, the whole quarter of a mile; and when he reached the garden gate, so far from being exhausted, as they had expected, he turned, with his countenance all beaming—

"How cleverly I have done it! I do think I shall get back the use of my limbs. Will said so—but I never believed him. I say, old fellow, don't be too conceited—but you were right, after all."

The doctor smiled. Edna saw something in his face that touched her even more than the delighted excitement in that of the invalid.

"Oh, if you knew what it feels like!" said Julius to Edna. "To have been tied and bound for weeks to that chair—to feel as if one should never walk any more; and now, I do believe, if you would let me, I could walk quite alone."

"Try," said the doctor, composedly.

"Oh, do try!" cried Edna, eagerly.

The young man did try, and succeeded. Very tottering steps they were, and not many of them, for his brother would not allow it; but he did really walk—alone and unassisted. And only those who know what it is to be deprived for a season of the power of locomotion, or of any power which we use so commonly and thanklessly that we need to lose it before we fully recognize its blessing, can understand the ecstasy which lit up every feature of the poor fellow's face, and was reflected in the faces round about him.

"I declare I am just like a baby—a baby first learning to walk," said Julius, viewing first one leg and then the other—patting them and looking down upon them as if they were quite new acquaintances or lately-recovered friends. "Don't laugh at me, please, you two young ladies. Will, there, won't; he knows I always was a simpleton. And then I have been so ill, and the future has looked so terrible. Don't laugh at me."

"We are not laughing," said Letty, whose good-nature had really been roused—so much so as to forget herself, her "unfortunate appearance," and the sense of dignified propriety due to both, in the warm human interest of the moment. "Indeed, we are exceedingly glad to see you better—are we not, sister?"

But Edna was so moved that she was actually crying.

"How good you are!" said Julius, taking her hand and pressing it warmly. While the whole four stood silent something—they knew not what—seemed to come creeping round them like an atmosphere of peace, and kindliness, and mutual sympathy—compelling them into friendliness, whether they willed it or not. And as they stood at the front door, the soft, gray, misty twilight was drawing a veil over the sea, and the robin-redbreast, from his nest at the cliff's edge, gave one or two good-night warbles over his mate and his little ones, and the first star came out, large and bright, in the zenith. This sunshiny Sunday was making a good end.

"Come in now," said the doctor, for nobody seemed disposed to stir. "At least, we must. Julius, say good-night, with many thanks, to these two ladies. Are you quite warm, lad? I wish I had ordered a fire."

"Ours is lit," said Edna; and with a glance at her sister, she did on the impulse of the moment what seemed a simple thing enough, yet was the very last thing which, an hour ago, she would have thought of doing—the thing of all others she had determined not to do—she invited the brothers into their parlor.

"It will prevent all danger of a chill," said the little woman, turning to Dr. Stedman with quite a grandmotherly air. "Your room will be warm in half an hour; and, meantime, he can lie down. We have a capital sofa; indeed, Mrs. Williams told us it was better than yours, and we offered to exchange."

"Do not think of such a thing," said Julius. "I shall soon be well; indeed, I feel myself well now. It is astonishing what good this evening has done me; or rather, not astonishing—a little society cheers one up so much. Well, I may go in and sit by that nice blazing fire!"

"By all means, since these ladies are so kind."

The doctor helped his brother in, made him

comfortable on the sofa ("and how cleverly he did it too—wouldn't he be uncommonly good to his wife, that great big fellow!" remarked Letty afterward), and then was about departing, as if he hesitated to consider any one but Julius included in the invitation.

Letty said, in her most stately but most fascinating manner, "she hoped Dr. Stedman would remain." So he remained.

It was the first evening they ever spent together—these four; indeed, it could scarcely be called an evening, for Dr. Stedman carried his brother away remorselessly at the half-hour's end. Its incidents were unimportant, and its conversation trivial, as is usually the case with first acquaintance. Only in books, seldom or never in real life, do youths and maidens dash into the Romeo-and-Juliet passion of the instant. Nowadays people—even young people—rarely fall in love; they walk into it deliberately and open-eyed, or slip into it gradually unawares. It is all one.

> "Come he slow, or come he fast,
> It is but Love that comes at last."

The only notable fact in the evening's entertainment was that, ere he sat down, Dr. Stedman pointedly took out his card and laid it before the sisters.

"I think, Julius, before we intrude upon these ladies' hospitality, we ought to tell them who and what we are. Miss Kenderdine, my brother is an artist, and I am a doctor. There are only us two; our parents are long dead, and we never had a sister. We live at Kensington, where I have taken the practice of the late Dr. Young."

"We knew Dr. Young," replied Edna, with very considerable relief; "and we heard he had a high opinion of the gentleman who afterward succeeded him. That must have been yourself?"

Dr. Stedman bowed. "Then," he added, smiling, and in his smile the not quite good-tempered look before spoken of certainly disappeared—"then I may be considered to have given in our certificates of character?"

"Not mine," observed Julius from the sofa. "I may be a most awful scape-grace for all these ladies know; a ne'er-do-weel, hanging round the neck of my respectable brother like a millstone or an old man of the sea; a poor artist—disreputable, as most poor artists are. Nobody can expect the luxury of a character unless he is rich; and I am as poor as a church mouse, I assure you, Miss Kenderdine. All our money came to Will there; his grandfather's pet he was, and he left him his heir, but he halves it all with me, and—"

"Julius, what nonsense you are talking!"

"I always do talk nonsense when I'm happy; and I am so happy to-night I can't think what has come over me. So now you know all about us, Miss Kenderdine; and you may either make friends of us or not, as you choose."

"Say, rather, acquaintance; friendship does not come all in a minute," said the doctor, regarding his brother, who sat looking so handsome and bright, pleasant and lovable, with something of the expression, deprecating yet proud, with which a parent regards a spoiled child, for whom he feels bound to apologize, but can not quite see the necessity, and thinks every body must secretly be in as admiring an attitude as he himself. In fact, the big brother's evident admiration of the sickly one struck the sisters as something quite funny—if it were not so touching and so unusual in its way.

"Well, then—we being two lonely brothers, and they two sisters, thrown together in this not too lively abode—will they kindly permit our acquaintance, after the pattern of Queen Elizabeth's celebrated letter—'Yours as you demean yourselves, Edna Kenderdine and—' I have not heard your sister's Christian name."

"Letty—Letitia," said the owner of it, looking downward.

This was the only information vouchsafed to the two guests by their hostesses. As Letty said, after they were gone, the two brothers, who were evidently gentlemen, must have seen at a glance that she and her sister were gentlewomen; and any further facts were quite unnecessary.

Edna thought so too; still with her exceeding candor, and perhaps a lurking pride, she would have liked them—the doctor especially—to know that Letty and herself were only schoolmistresses.

CHAPTER VI.

Why do people take to loving one another—or liking, the customary and safe preliminary to loving? And how does the love first come? Through what mysterious process do young folks pass, by steps rapid or slow, according to circumstances and their own idiosyncrasy, out of the common world—the quiet, colorless, everyday world—into that strange new paradise from which there is no returning? No, none! We may be driven out of it by an angel with a flaming sword—out into the wilderness, which we have to till and keep, changing its thorns and thistles into a respectable ordinary garden—we may pass out of it, calmly and happily, into a new earth—safe, and sweet, and homelike; but this particular paradise is never found again—never re-entered more.

Why should it be? All life is a mere progression—a pressing on and on; and death itself—we Christians believe—but a higher development into more perfect life. Yet as nothing good is ever lost, or wholly forgotten, one can imagine even a disembodied spirit sitting glorious before the great white throne, recalling with a tender sweetness the old earthly heaven which was first created by that strange state of mind—that intoxicating idealization of all things within and without, as if every thing

were beheld with new eyes—the eyes of a creature new-bound; the condition which silly folk call being "in love."

It has its sillinesses—no one will deny; its weaknesses and madnesses; but it has its divine side too, chiefly because then, and not till then, comes the complete absorption of self into some other being dearer and better, higher and nobler than one's self, or imagined so; which is the foundation of every thing divine in human nature. If men or women are ever good at all—ever heroic, unselfish, self-denying—they will be so when they first fall in love; and if the love be worthy, that goodness will take root and grow. As a tree is known by its fruits, so a noble love, be it happy or unhappy, ennobles a whole life. And I think no friends—no parents especially—if they are real friends, real parents, true as tender, generous as wise, can see two young people standing at the enchanted gate without a prayerful thankfulness; ay, thankfulness. For it is the gate of life to them, whatever be the end.

Neither friends nor kindred stood by these four to watch or warn them, to help or to hinder their footsteps, in entering this unknown paradise; they walked into it deliberately, day by day and hour by hour, from that first Sunday night when Julius Stedman lay on the Misses Kenderdine's sofa, talking to one and gazing at the other, with all his heart both in his lips and eyes.

He was the grand foundation of the acquaintance, the corner-stone which seemed to make it all safe and right and natural. The sacredness of sickness was upon him and around him; for after the exertion of that night he fell back considerably, and for some days made his brother and his friends—in the anxiety they grew into friends—very miserable about him. The Misses Kenderdine were by no means strong-minded women, to fly in the face of the world, and make acquaintance with, or suffer themselves to be made acquaintances by, any stray young man they happened to meet. They had a keen sense of decorum; but then it was the decorum of true womanliness, the pure simplicity of soul which sees no harm in things not really harmful; the sweet dignity of maidenhood, which, feeling that, known or unknown, met or unmet, there can be to any woman but one man alive who is a possible husband, regards the rest of the sex with a gentle kindness—a placid indifference—nothing more.

At least such was Edna's condition, and by the strong influence of her character she turned Letty into the same, or an imitation of the same, for the time being. After a long consultation between themselves, the sisters agreed that it would be ridiculous in them to stand aloof from the poor sick fellow in the next room, and his grave, anxious brother, who seemed wholly absorbed in nursing him, because these happened to be young men, and they themselves young women; and no regular introduction in society had taken place between them.

"But we know all about them nevertheless," argued Edna. "I quite well remember that when I was urged to send for Dr. Young to you, and found he had died suddenly, his successor was very highly recommended. It must have been the same Dr. Stedman. Had I sent, and had he attended you in the fever, how very funny it would have been!"

"Yes, indeed. Suppose we tell him what a near escape he had of either killing or curing me!"

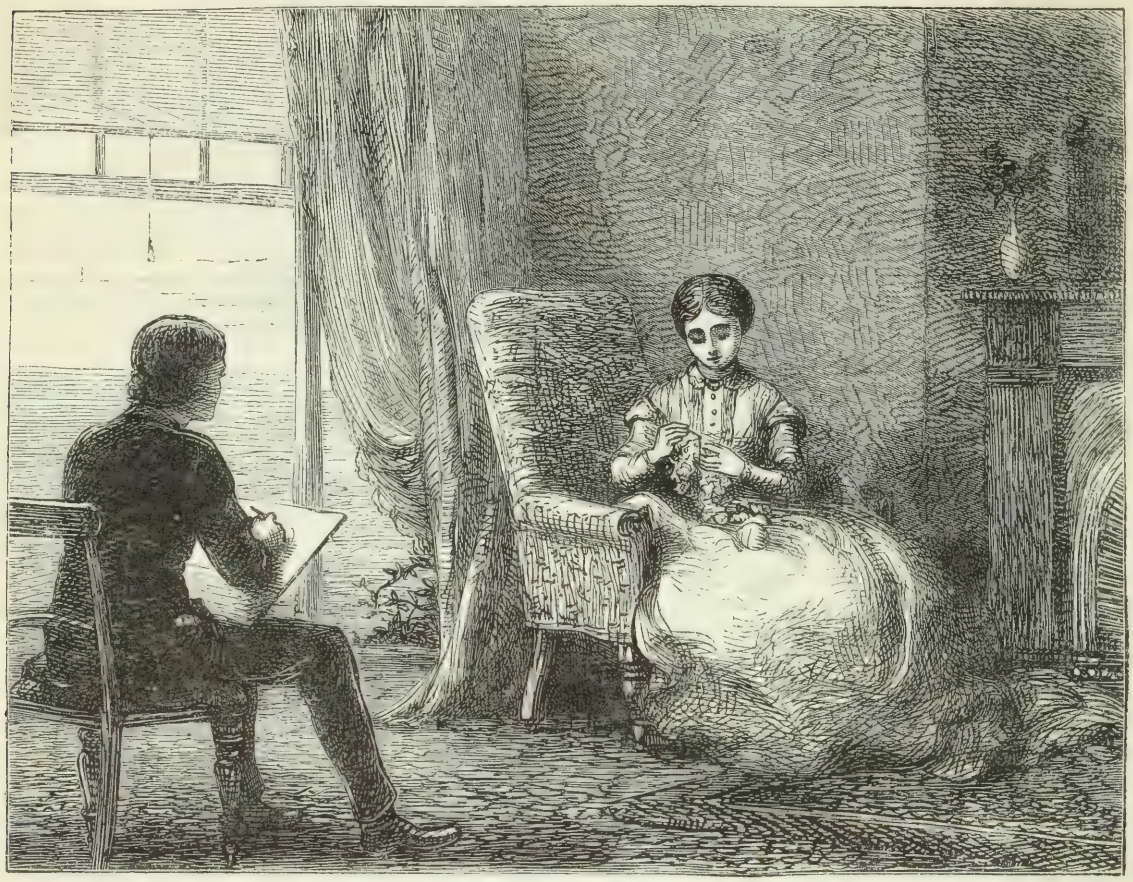
"I think not, dear. As you say, there is no necessity for them to know any thing about us. I do not mean even to tell them that we live at Kensington; but it is a satisfaction to know something about Dr. Stedman, and it warrants us in being kind and civil a little to that poor sick lad—he looks no more than a lad. And how very ill he seemed this morning!"

So Edna reasoned with herself, most simply and sincerely; as she drifted—they all drifted—into that frank association, which, the first barrier being broken, was sure to come to people living in the same house, having nothing in the wide world to do but to go out and come in, and watch each other's goings out and comings in, innocently enough; but yet with a certain interest that appeared to waken up into new life the whole party, especially the invalids.

For Letty was a little of an invalid again. She took a slight chill; and Dr. Stedman prescribed for her, in a very reticent, formal, but still pleasant but friendly way, which further helped on the intimacy between them. And as for Edna, her chief friend, as she openly declared, was Julius. He took to her suddenly and completely, with a kind of childlike dependence, so affectionately persistent that there was no withstanding it. Soon it became quite natural for him to send for her in to sit with him when his brother went out, to beg her to accompany them and "see that nothing happened to them" in the daily walk that Will shortly began to insist upon, first round the garden, and gradually lengthening, to the total abolition of the Bath-chair. He talked and jested with her alternately, for she was a merry as well as earnest little woman: he tyrannized over her, making her see to his little comforts, which she did in quite a motherly, or, rather, as he declared, a "grandmotherly" way; sometimes he even presumed to tease her, but all in such frank, boyish, and yet perfectly gentlemanly fashion, that the result was inevitable—Edna grew exceedingly fond of him.

"Fond of" is the word, that gentle tenderness which almost invariably, though not always, precludes the possibility of any thing more.

This firm alliance, open and free, between Julius and Edna, made things progress amazingly, and threw the two others together more than Letty's sister would, a week ago, have dared to risk. But then, Dr. Stedman, the more she knew of him, seemed the more unlikely to fall



THESEUS AND ARIADNE.

into the ranks of Letty's victims, being exceedingly sedate and middle-aged for his years, and apparently not at all disposed to make the best of his opportunities. He would walk by Letty's side for hours without detaching her from the others, or talking to her very much himself; he seemed to like looking at her as any man might, and that was all. Obviously he was incapable of flirtation, did not seem to understand what it meant, carried on all conversations with the sisters in the most open, grave, and courteous earnest; as Letty declared, it would have been quite impossible for her to set up a flirtation with him, even had she tried.

To do her justice, she did not try. She too was subdued by the shadow of heavy sickness, which she had so lately escaped, and which still hung over the two brothers. Her sympathy was aroused; she thought less of herself and her charms, and was consequently more charming than she had ever been in her life.

Did the young men see and feel it? this extraordinary fascination, half of soul, half of sense, which breathes in the very atmosphere of a beautiful woman, if she has any thing womanly in her at all. And Letty had a good deal. There was in her not a particle of ill-nature, that "envy, malice, and all uncharitableness," which women have sometimes sore need to pray against. She was always gentle and lady-like, and extremely sweet-tempered. If taken altogether, her character was chiefly made up of negatives, her beauty was a thing so positive that it supplied all deficiencies, at least for a long time. In the eyes of men, probably for always.

Julius had his wish, and made sketches innumerable, sometimes open, sometimes surreptitious, of her flexible figure and lovely face. Of evenings he used to repeat them from memory, and make compositions out of them. Dr. Stedman was called out of his medical researches for endless criticism upon Miss Kenderdine —they always called her Miss Kenderdine, and her sister Miss Edna, though why, nobody knew —as the gardener's daughter—

"Gowned in pure white that fitted to the shape,
Holding a branch to fix it back."

Miss Kenderdine in medieval costume, as Kreimhild in the Niebelungenlied, and Miss Kenderdine, with her hat off, and sea-weeds in her hair, standing with the tide rolling in upon her feet, musing pensively with head bent forward—a veritable Ariadne of Naxos.

"That's the best, I think," said Will, whose comments were always sharp, short, and decisive.

"I think so too," replied the other, lingering over his work with an artist's delight. "There is a wonderful deal of the Ariadne in her face naturally."

"Yes. The features are of the true Greek type—sensuous without being sensual, pleasure-loving, but not coarse. She ought to marry a rich man, and then she would do uncommonly well."

"Probably; so would most women," said Julius, with come sharpness.

Will did not notice that, but still gazed in keen criticism on the sketch.

"Ay, it's like her; a true Ariadne face—that, Theseus lost, would take up very comfortably with Bacchus."

"Horrible!" cried the artist. "I never knew such a matter-of-fact, abominably blunt fellow as you. You might as well say that if Miss Kenderdine were disappointed in love she would take to drinking."

"She might. I have seen some terrible cases of female Bacchants under similar circumstances. But I beg your pardon. You need not tell her I said so. Besides, she is never likely to be disappointed in love," added the doctor, as he put down the sketch-book, and ceased the conversation.

It was the only conversation that during the first fortnight the brothers held concerning their new acquaintances. Indeed, there was not time, for, excepting the late working hours—after nine or ten o'clock—scarcely an hour passed when the occupants of the two parlors did not meet, or sit waiting, expectant of the chance of meeting. Not that any walks or talks were purposely or systematically planned—still they always seemed to come about, and at length both sides seemed to make reasons or excuses for them.

"We are just a lot of children out on a holiday," said Julius one day, when they were all sitting eating their combined lunch on a primrose bank, with larks singing madly overhead, the salt wind freshening all their faces, and far away the outline of white cliffs and blue sea stretching into infinite brightness—infinite peace. "Just mere children, Miss Edna, and oh, do let us enjoy ourselves as such. We shall have hard enough work when we get home."

"That is true," said Edna, with a half sigh; and she too gave herself up to the enjoyment of the moment.

None the less enjoyable that it was, strangely enough, the first time in their lives that these two young women had had any frank association with men—good, pleasant, clever men. To Letty the opposite sex had always come in the form of lovers—not always satisfactory, especially in the amazing plurality with which they had blessed Letitia Kenderdine; while Edna knew nothing about men at all. That cheerful, frank intercourse—social, moral, and intellectual—which, within limits, does both sexes a world of good, was to her not only a novelty, but an exceeding pleasure. She was not a stupid woman—indeed it sometimes dawned upon her that she might have a few brains of her own, since she could so readily enter into the talk of these two men, who both, in their way, were undoubtedly clever men—thoughtful, original, and with no folly or coarseness about them, such as would at once have repelled these maidenly gentlewomen. Neither of the brothers attempted in the slightest degree to make love to Letty, and both treated Edna with a grateful politeness, a true heart courtesy, that did her own heart good. For, she argued to herself, it was not like the civilities shown to Letty; it must be sincere, since it was shown to a poor, plain, little schoolmistress. She had taken care to let their new friends know they were only schoolmistresses, teaching tradesmen's daughters in a London suburb—so much, no more; and she had noticed with approbation that neither brother had made the slightest further inquiry; nor had their respective positions in life, or pecuniary affairs, or family connections, been again referred to.

Thus they spent day after day, these four young people, in as complete an Arcadia as if there were no such a place as the common, working-day world, no sound of which ever reached them. This little Isle of Wight, which was not then what it is now, but far simpler, far lonelier, far lovelier—though it is lovely yet—might have been an enchanted island of the sea—an Atlantis, such as weary mariners sailed after in vain—where no one toiled and no one suffered; no one hated, or quarreled, or betrayed; but all within was as sweet and peaceful as without, and where these young people seemed to live a life as innocent as the birds, and as peaceful as the primroses.

Letty even forgot her new bonnet. Edna never took that expedition to Ryde; it seemed a pity to waste a day thereon; and for two Sundays more the sisters went contentedly to church in their winter's clothes. But it was spring in both their hearts all the while.

This was, they agreed, the most wonderful spring they had ever seen. The primroses were so large; the hyacinths so innumerable and intensely blue, and the trees came into leaf with such especial luxuriance—all in a minute, as it seemed; some days you could almost see them growing. The twenty-ninth of May the oaks were full enough to shelter a moderate-sized King Charles; and on a certain country walk Edna discussed eagerly with Julius that celebrated historical fact, which he had tried to illustrate by a large cartoon in the previous year's exhibition at Westminster Hall.

"Did you compete for the prizes?" she asked, walking along by his side, while the others went on ahead, this being their usual way, because Letty disliked being hindered with Julius's still feeble steps.

"I tried, but I failed. I always do fail, somehow."

"That is hard. I wonder why it should be so, when you are so very clever," said Edna, innocently.

"Perhaps other people—Will especially—think me cleverer than I am. I don't know how it is," added he, mournfully, "but I always seem to miss the exact point of success. I get near it, but I never touch it. I am afraid my life has been—always will be—a failure."

"Many lives are, that do not show it outside," replied Edna, more sadly than her wont. For she too, on that sunshiny day, with all things

luring her to enjoyment, had become slightly conscious of something lacking. Did the others feel it, she wondered? Was Letty there, as happy as she looked, when stopping with Dr. Stedman on the summit of the steep cliff, up which she herself had managed to climb with Julius, indulging him with the fancy that he was helping her, while, in reality, she supported him—a common fiction.

"My brother and your sister have got on ahead of us," said Julius, pausing, breathless. "They seem capital friends. He admires her extremely, as, indeed, every body must do. She is the most beautiful person we ever saw."

"Yes; all people say that. I am quite used to hearing it now."

"Of course you are, which must be my apology for making the remark. The fact is so patent that it ceases to be either a compliment or an impertinence."

"It would never be an impertinence, said as you say it," replied Edna, gently, for she saw that the young man was a little annoyed in some way. "Yet, I will confess, you are the first person whom I ever heard call my sister handsome without its making me angry."

"What an odd observation to make! How it might be misinterpreted!"

"How? That it meant I was jealous of her? Oh, how very funny! What an altogether ridiculous idea! Me jealous of my sister because she is so beautiful, while I myself am—well!"

"Never mind what you are," interrupted Julius, blushing, for he felt he was treading on the very bounds of incivility.

"Oh, but I do mind a little. I confess I should like to have been handsome, too. But as it can't be, it can't be; and I have now grown quite used to being plain."

Julius was fairly puzzled. It had been his trial, and a not inconsiderable one, in his acquaintance, or friendship, or whatever it was, with this sweet little woman, that she was so plain. To his keen artist eye her want of complexion, of feature, and general brilliancy of effect, was sometimes really annoying. She would have been so attractive, so original, so altogether charming—if only she had been a very little prettier.

Of course he would not betray this, and yet he did not like to tell an untruth, or to pay a silly compliment, which the candid Edna could at once have discovered and scorned. A bright thought struck him, and he compromised with it.

"Plain, are you? Every body doesn't think so; Will doesn't. The very first night he saw you, when you sat adding up your accounts, he told me what a nice face you had."

"Did he? I am sure I am very much obliged to him."

"And your sister?" continued Julius, still watching the other two with an intentness that might have seemed peculiar had not Edna now become accustomed to his artist way of staring —"quite in the way of business," as he took care to explain. "What does your sister think of Will?"

"I really can not tell," replied Edna, smiling. "In truth I have not the slightest idea."

She might have added—once she thought she would, and then despised herself for such an unsisterly betrayal—that Letty's thoughts did not much matter, as she was not in the habit of thinking long or seriously about any thing. So she held her tongue, and the brotherly earnestness of her companion's next speech shamed her still more.

"I hope she likes him; she ought—you both ought, for I am sure he likes you, which is a great deal to say for Will, as he does not usually get on with young ladies. Yet he is a wonderfully good fellow, Miss Edna; a fine fellow in every way, as you would say if you knew him."

"I have no doubt of it."

"Brothers don't often pull together as well as we do, yet we are very unlike, and I have tried him not a little. When I get strong—if I ever do get strong—"

"You certainly will. Dr. Stedman said so to me only yesterday."

"What was he saying about me? You see, Will and I don't talk much either of or to one another, and I should like to know what he could find to say."

Edna hesitated a moment whether or not to repeat this, the only bit of confidence that had ever passed between herself and the doctor, and which had at once amazed and puzzled her for the time: it seemed so very uncalled for. Then she thought she would tell it, for it could do no possible harm out of its anxious brotherly affectionateness. And it might even do good, by rousing Julius out of that languid indifference to the future, that loose grasp of life, with its duties and pleasures alike, which was such a sad, nay, a fatal thing to see in a young man of his age.

"It was very little your brother said; only he told me his firm conviction that you had no real disease or feebleness of constitution. You would be all right if you could once be roused out of your melancholy and moody fits by any strong feeling of any kind: made to take care of your health, work hard, though not too hard, and finally marry and settle."

"Did he say that? Did he want me to marry?"

"Very much indeed," replied Edna, laughing. "No match-making mother was ever more earnest on the subject. He said that a good wife would be the best blessing that could happen to you, and the sooner it happened the better."

"Were those his words? Exceedingly obliged to him!"

From the tone Edna could hardly tell whether the young man was pleased or vexed, but he blushed extremely: so much so that she began to blush too, and to question within herself whether she had not gone a little too far, and in her sublime grandmotherly indifference had

overstepped the boundary of maidenly propriety. But at this instant the other two returned, and the conversation became general.

Edna was glad Dr. Stedman had called hers "a nice face." It showed that he liked her, and she had rather thought the contrary. Scarcely from any expression or non-expression of the fact, but because he did not seem a person who would easily like any body: but once liking, his fidelity would be sure for life. Or so at least fancied Edna in her simple speculations upon character, in which she was fond of indulging—as most people are who do not take very much trouble in thinking about themselves. She must think about something, and not being given to lofty musings or abstract cogitations, she thought about her neighbors; and for the remainder of that walk about that special neighbor who had been her first acquaintance of the two; since Dr. Stedman had more than once declared, when they were jesting on the subject, that his acquaintance with the sisters dated from the moment when he had been moved to such deep sympathy by Miss Edna's arithmetical woes.

She was glad he liked her, for she liked him; his keen intelligence, less brilliant than Julius's, but solid, thorough, and clear; his honesty of speech and simple unpretending goodness—especially his unvarying goodness to his brother; over whom his anxiety and his patience seemed endless; and Edna could understand it all. In the few private talks she and Dr. Stedman had together, their conversation seemed naturally to turn upon the nearest subject to both their hearts—their respective sister and brother.

Was he falling in love with Letty, or fearing Julius would do so? Either chance was possible, and yet improbable; nay, in the frank pleasure of their intercourse, Edna had almost ceased to dread either catastrophe. Now, as they turned homeward along the cliff, she noticed that Dr. Stedman looked exceedingly thoughtful—almost sad—that he either walked beside Letty, or when she was walking with his brother, he followed her continually with his eyes.

No wonder. Edna thought she had never seen her sister so irresistibly attractive. If half the men in the world were on their knees at Letty's feet, it would have scarcely been unnatural. And yet—and yet—

Edna did not like to own it to herself—it seemed so unkind, unsisterly; still, if, as a perfectly unprejudiced person she had been asked, was Letty the sort of girl likely to carry away captive Dr. Stedman, she should have said no. She should have thought a man with his deep nature would have looked deeper, expected more. With all her love for Letty, Letty would have been the last person in the world whom, had she been a man, she, Edna, would have fallen in love with; if Dr. Stedman had done so, she was a little surprised and—it must be confessed—just a trifle disappointed.

Chiefly so, she argued internally, because she felt certain that Letty would never look at him, and then it might turn out such an unlucky business altogether—the worst yet; for the doctor was not a person to take things easily, or to be played fast and loose with, as was unfortunately rather Letty's way. Edna felt by instinct that he would never be made a slave of—much more likely a tyrant. And if he should be very miserable—break his heart perhaps—that is, supposing men ever do break their hearts for love—Edna would have been so very sorry for him.

She watched him closely all the road home. She did not even ask him to come in to tea, as both brothers seemed half to expect, and as had been done more than once before the quartette started together for their evening ramble. Nevertheless, one was arranged—to look at a wreck which had been washed ashore the previous winter, and which Julius wished to make into a sketch for a possible picture. And though there was some slight opposition from Edna, who thought the walk would be too long for Letty, and from Dr. Stedman, for the same reason as regarded his brother, Julius was obstinate, and carried his point.

So they parted; for the brief parting of an hour or two, which scarcely seemed such at all.

Letty threw off her hat and lay down, with both her arms over her head, in an attitude exquisitely lovely.

"I am quite tired, Edna; that doctor of yours does take such gigantic strides, and he talks on such solid subjects, it quite makes one's head ache to follow him. I wonder why he chose me to walk with, and not you; but these wise men like silly women. I told him so. At least I owned I was silly; but of course he didn't believe it."

"Of course not. But what was he talking about?"

"Oh, nothing particular," said Letty, with a slightly conscious air. "Men all talk alike to me, I fancy."

Edna asked no more questions.

THE MAIDEN'S TEST.

A GIRL stood under a holly-tree,
As she tried the country test,
Counting the thorns on a holly leaf,
To see who loved her best.

"Loves—loves me not"—the test came wrong,
And she threw away the holly;
And cried, with a pretty pettish pout,
"Your test is naught but folly!"

The leaf was wrong. My test was right,
I prov'd it in a minute:
"I do confess," she quick replied,
"Your test has witchcraft in it."



JOHN A. ANDREW.

JOHN ALBION ANDREW OF MASSACHUSETTS.

BY A MEMBER OF HIS CHURCH.

THE first time I saw Governor Andrew was in 1841. Our church had lately been established, in Boston, on what we called "The Voluntary Principle," or Free Seats, and the expenses met by a subscription; "The Social Principle," or united study of religion and united action; and "The Principle of Congregational Worship." This last not only included congregational singing and responses to prayer, but also lay preaching, and the conducting of the various services by the brethren and sisters of the church. John Andrew himself sometimes preached in those days, and often conducted the Bible class or social meeting. His name stands on the church-book opposite to the date September 30, 1841.

The customs of the church suited him. He was naturally a religious man, but he put a great deal of common-sense into his religion. There was no sentimentalism about him, and very little interest in purely speculative inquiries. But his large nature was very receptive of the emotional element. He was fond of prayer meetings and conference meetings. He was social and friendly, and after he was Governor of Massachusetts, and in the midst of the great responsibilities of the war, he would often stop after church on Sunday, and talk for half an hour with any of the members who happened to stay —calling them always Brother A. or Sister B., as of old. Whatever comes of good manners—civility to all, a becoming attention to all claims —this was natural to him. But the mere etiquette and propriety of conventional usage he seemed never to notice. In this matter he was like John Quincy Adams, who once presided over a Unitarian convention, and began his remarks thus: "Brethren and sisters." Whereupon Father Taylor, the Methodist sailor-preacher, being afterward called upon to speak,

began: "I have seen a wonderful thing to-day. I have seen the man whose hand wielded the armies and navies of the nation, and who could hurl their thunderbolts against the enemies of the land—I have seen him rise and say to this company, 'Brothers and sisters.' But it is all right," continued Father Taylor, "for there will be only brothers and sisters in heaven. There will be no 'Honorable Mr. Christian' there, nor 'Judge Christian,' nor 'Colonel Christian;' but only 'Brother Christian.'"

Brother Andrew loved to go to Father Taylor's conference meeting, and talk with the sailors, and hear these rough sons of ocean when made tender by their sense of God's presence, and by the softening influence of home. He also, as he said, when "he wanted a good warm time," would go to the colored Methodist church, of which the pastor was Brother Grimes, who always had access to him when any thing was needed by his people. Here John Andrew was often found of a Sunday afternoon or evening, sitting among the colored people, joining heartily in their hymns, or listening with his open, sympathizing face to their prayers and exhortations. And we may be sure that if ever called on to speak in the colored church, or the sailors' church, he did not make the mistake which brought on one of our Boston merchants this remarkable comment from Father Taylor. The merchant, who was a liberal and kind man, and a true friend to the sailors, nevertheless happened, on one occasion, when asked to speak at their conference meeting, to fall into a patronizing vein. He told them that they were a very important class of citizens, and that the community were much interested in their welfare, etc. When he was through, Father Taylor indicated his opinion of this *de haut en bas* style of speech by simply saying: "If any other old sinner wants to tell his experience, now's his chance." I have often heard Brother Andrew laughing at this story, and I do not think he ever needed such a rebuke. He was always one of Father Taylor's best friends and helpers, and at his funeral the old sailor-preacher declined to offer a prayer, saying, "I can not do it. I can do nothing but cry."

As I said, John A. Andrew joined our church in Sept., 1841. His name stands the seventy-first on the list, in his own fair, large writing. It was six months after the church was formed. From that time to the end of his life he was a true, faithful, useful member of our body. I first saw him at a Sunday-afternoon Bible class, of which he took charge in his turn—a class consisting of fifty or sixty men and women. He looked like a curly-headed boy; but when he spoke his words were weighty with good sense and right feeling. I asked who it was, and was told it was a young lawyer in Henry Fuller's office named Andrew. His whole manner so impressed me that I went up and spoke to him, and then formed an acquaintance which only ceased with his death; and, as I believe, has not ceased with that, since that is only a change of place, but is no change of character. And Brother Andrew is not a man to forget his friends, in this world or any other.

One of the occasions in which he remains most in my mind is when he exerted himself to prevent a secession of members from the church in 1845, in consequence of an exchange of pulpits made by the pastor with Theodore Parker. Mr. Parker had then just published his book on Religion, and many of the best members of our church were so shocked at some of its contents that they believed it would be wrong to recognize him as a Christian minister. At the final meeting of the church John Andrew made a speech, which seemed to me at the time as powerful in argument and persuasive in appeal as any I ever heard. All the elements of the great lawyer and orator were in it. I can understand from having heard that speech what the Chief Justice of Massachusetts meant by saying, that though he had sat on the bench when Choate, and Webster, and the other great lawyers of the Suffolk bar had spoken before him, he had never been so moved as to be obliged to conceal his emotion, as when listening to Governor Andrew.

The chief charge against Theodore Parker, as urged by the seceders, was this: That since he rejected the supreme authority of the Bible he could not be properly regarded as a Christian minister. In reply, Brother Andrew showed: (1.) That the largest part of the Christian Church, namely the Roman Catholics, had always rejected the supreme authority of the Bible, regarding Tradition as of equal authority, and making the Church the final judge of truth; (2.) That the Quakers, a body of devoted Christians, rejected the supreme authority of the Bible, making the Inward Light superior to it as a source of truth; (3.) That the Swedenborgians do not recognize the supreme authority of our canonical Scriptures, since they take the liberty, on the authority of Swedenborg, to set aside the Epistles of Paul. Therefore, unless we were prepared to say that none of these were Christian teachers, we could not say this of Theodore Parker merely because he did not accept the supreme authority of the Bible. Moreover, he argued that our own particular church did not make faith in the Scripture its foundation, but *faith in Christ*, however known. Finally, he pleaded that the true way to treat all whom we supposed to be in error was not to go *from* them, but to go *to* them—not shut them out, but to take them in. Nor was it the right way, he contended, to leave a church because the majority conscientiously differed from us, but to remain in it and convince them. We never can do so much good by going only with those who agree with us; for if only those who agree together go together, each party in the church hardens itself in its own opinions, and truth and error never come in contact. Finally, said he, in closing: "Brethren! I do not believe in the principle of Come-outer-ism. I

am not a Come-outer. *I am a Stay-iner.* I shall not leave this church because the majority may differ from me, on this or other questions. You may, indeed, *turn* me out, but you can not make me go out of my own accord. This is my home, and here I mean to stay. If you turn me out of your meetings I will stand on the outside, and look in through the window, and see you. If I can not do this I will come the next day, and sit in the place where you have been, and commune with you so. I can not be excommunicated, for I shall continue thus always in your communion."

In our church Brother Andrew was always foremost in all plans and movements of benevolence, of charity, of reform. His contributions were large and generous—for the prisoners, for the freedmen, for the street boys, for the Colored Home. He followed his Master in thinking his duty came first to those lowest down and furthest away; and many a poor wretch who had no other friend found one in him.

He came into our church meeting one evening, after the John Brown raid, and told us that, fearing John Brown would have no proper legal defense, in consequence of the great excitement against him, he had telegraphed to Washington to engage the services of two of the most eminent counsel there, making himself responsible for the expenses of the defense. The members present, hearing this, readily collected one or two hundred dollars on the spot toward the amount needed.

Afterward, being examined at Washington as to the motive which led him to advance this sum for the defense of John Brown, he mentioned the fact that he had once, at his own expense, without fee or reward, gone to Washington to urge on the Attorney-General and President to pardon a man sentenced to death for piracy, without ever having seen or spoken to the man till he carried him the warrant of commutation. And he added, "I have sometimes done such things as that on other occasions." I have reason to believe that he had *often* done such things as that.

Another scene comes up before my mind. It was the day of the rendition of Anthony Burns. The excitement in the city was intense. The streets were densely packed with a crowd, not noisy, but whose faces gathered blackness as the fatal procession drew near. Attentive observers were very apprehensive of a bloody collision between the soldiers and people. A posse of many hundred constables, the marines from Charlestown, cavalry, infantry, and a light battery with shotted guns, were necessary to get Burns through Court Street and State Street. The escort were hissed, the soldiers greeted with shouts of "Kidnappers! Kidnappers!" various emblems were hung out of the windows. John Andrew's office, at the corner of Court Street and Washington Street, was the centre of the excitement, and full of people. Some of his friends were draping it in front with black. At the opposite corner swung a coffin, under which the escort must pass. But Andrew sat quietly at his desk, writing, the only calm man in the room. He alone seemed unexcited. He had done all he could before—now, he could do no more, and sat at his work as serene as if no such great event was passing before him.

So, too, I recollect his demeanor on another occasion, when perhaps more responsibility rested on him than at any other time in his life. It was on the 19th of April, 1861. The news had just come of the attack on the Sixth Massachusetts in the streets of Baltimore. I passed through the ante-room, crowded with fathers, mothers, and wives of these soldiers, and other persons waiting for all kinds of business, into the Governor's room in the west wing of the State House. Telegrams were arriving, officials coming and going, men from the Adjutant-General's office, the Quartermaster-General's office, and eminent men who came in to offer aid. In the midst the Governor sat at his table, calm in the midst of it all, attending to each piece of business in its order, hearing and answering all inquiries, considering and promptly deciding every difficult point, and writing and sending off that famous telegram which seemed to show, for the first time, that *tenderness* might be an element in war: "I pray you, Sir, to cause the bodies of our Massachusetts soldiers, dead in Baltimore, to be laid out, preserved in ice, and tenderly sent forward by express to me. All expenses will be paid by the Commonwealth." That telegram had much to do with the *tenderness* afterward felt and shown. It encouraged women to go as nurses to the hospitals and to be received in them, it encouraged the Sanitary Commission in its work, and gave a tone of humanity to what was to follow.

How many days I recall, during the war, in which, when I went to his room in the State House for some special business, I found him always the same—calm, tranquil, doing that enormous amount of work which tired his aids, exhausted two secretaries and two amanuenses, and yet left him open to all callers who really needed him! He was always cheerful, sweet, full of anecdotes and pleasant mirth, yet never losing his firm grasp of the helm—our "pilot who weathered the storm."

I often wondered at his unchangeable good temper, and remembered what he once said, on being told of a married couple who had separated because they could not live together: "How strange! why I never saw any one I could not live with!" His perfect temper enabled him to go on, like Goethe's star, without haste and without rest. He worked like the great engine in the heart of the steamship. The vessel may be rolling and pitching amidst frightful seas, her decks swept by successive waves, but there, in the centre of the ship, the engine works steadily on with tranquil accuracy but enormous power. Such force, so steadily exercised, was his. There was no jar, no strain, no hurry, no repose; but constant, equable mo-

tion, on and on, through all those weary years, to their triumphant end.

Another pleasant picture comes up in my mind of an evening in Washington at the end of 1861. Brother Andrew took me with him to the White House to see President Lincoln. It was about ten o'clock, but the porter said that the President had gone out with Mr. Seward; but, recognizing Governor Andrew, he added, "Walk in, Governor, walk in." So Brother Andrew went in, and looked through all the rooms of the lower floor. All were lighted, and all empty. Then he went up stairs, and I followed. We came to a door before which stood two pairs of little shoes. "This is the children's room," said he; "I should like to go in and see them asleep." He put his hand on the handle of the door, as if to open it, and then, changing his mind, turned away. But the impulse was such a natural one! In the palace of the nation, in the midst of the great rebellion, the image of these little children, quietly asleep, took his heart for the moment away from all great affairs of the State and nation.

In June, 1864, while the question of the pay of the colored troops was yet pending, Governor Andrew read to me a letter he had written on this subject to Charles Sumner and Thaddeus Stevens, in which, after arguing at length the legal claim of the colored soldiers to receive full pay, he ended by saying: "I shall never stop nor rest till I have obtained justice for the colored man. I shall neither forgive nor forget those who neglect or oppose it. I shall pursue it as long as I live; I shall not die till I have succeeded; or, if I should die, and have any standing in a higher sphere, I shall bring the case before the throne of Eternal Justice, and demand right *there* on behalf of the colored soldier." And so he did. He did not rest till those rights were secured.

But while he was doing all this work for the Massachusetts soldiers, and had his agents in every camp, seeing that their wants were provided for, he was equally active in looking after those who needed Executive protection at home. No Governor ever paid more attention to the prisons, alms-houses, school-ships, blind asylums, deaf and dumb asylums, normal schools, than he. He spent his Thanksgiving-day at Charlestown with the prisoners in the Penitentiary. And one who was with him there told me that, not satisfied with seeing the prisoners in the chapel, and addressing them there, he went into the cell of each man who was in solitary confinement, and insisted on being locked in with him, in order to find out what the punishment was, and to hear from the prisoner himself if he had any complaints to make, which he would not make in the presence of the officers. No wonder, therefore, when the warden announced to the prisoners his death, that there should have been sobbing all over the hall. He was no longer the Governor, but he was still their friend, and they knew it. As long as *he* lived the most lonely and abandoned among them was not quite abandoned.

I have before me a note from a lady in South Carolina, who has been teaching a school of colored people for some years, in which she describes her last interview with our friend, in his law-office in Boston. She had consulted him about a claim for damages for clothing, etc., lost on a vessel burned at sea. "I found him," says she, "standing talking with a gentleman on some minor law point, which he iterated and reiterated; but his listener failed to see the point, and always came back to that terrible 'But'—which must be so disheartening. When he left Governor A. turned to a lady sitting by, in whom he recognized, I think, some one formerly of his family. She wanted his influence to get a situation as copyist. He listened and advised, with the gentleness and tenderness of a brother, without preoccupation or hurry. Then came my turn. As he shook hands I said, 'I thought a teacher required some patience, but I believe a lawyer needs the most.' He laughed, drew a long breath, and rubbed his head with the same weary look I had seen before, and then immediately began to talk as eagerly as if mine were the only business in hand. I had written a statement of our shipwreck; and when I repeated to him that an officer of the boat was heard to say, 'There are niggers and nigger-teachers enough on board to damn any boat,' he looked as I imagine he might when he said, 'I never was mean enough to despise any man because he was ignorant, or because he was poor, or because he was black.' He then exclaimed: 'Prosecute them! I hope you will prosecute. I will do it for you.' Then he asked many questions about our work, laughing loud at the man who was 'jus crazy for larn,' and the woman who 'had been chasing that letter' (meaning B) 'the whole night, and couldn't catch him.' As I went away he said, 'Oh! I wish I were going too,' and gave us a fervent God-speed in our work."

And who that was present can forget that last day in office, when he made his valedictory address to the Legislature? He invited to his rooms a large number of his friends to go in with him and hear it. There you saw collected together a memorable company. There were men and women of all ages, from Levi Lincoln, then eighty-four years of age, to little boys and girls. Side by side were old abolitionists and old conservatives, orthodox men and radicals—those who had never met before in one room in their lives. It seemed like the scene which will be witnessed at the Resurrection of the Just. It was on this occasion that he showed himself to be, not the fanatic he was believed to be by the Southerners, but their best friend. In the large view he then took of public affairs we saw the statesman who could comprehend the full meaning of the problem before us. And it was at this time that he used the expression, that having formerly urged a vigorous prosecu-

tion of the war, he should now insist on a "vigorous prosecution of peace."

But the hold he had on the hearts of the people appeared on the day of the funeral. No such scene had been witnessed since the death of Abraham Lincoln. The streets were thronged with silent crowds, waiting, with serious faces, to honor with their love the passing funeral procession. The poor were there, the colored people were there, and many walked by the side of the coffin all the way to the cemetery—four long miles. Then, as the sun was setting, the coffin was opened as it rested on the grass, that all these humble friends might look on his face for the last time. I thought I saw in it an expression I had not noticed before—a grave dignity, calm, steadfast, on-looking—as though he were advancing to meet some grand order of beatified souls. It was as if all the Saints of God were coming to receive him to their holy homes. By a striking coincidence, this day of his burial was the Feast of All Souls—for no one more than he had cared for all souls.

I imagined, as I looked at his face, on that dying day, that he was being welcomed to his new sphere by those great fellow-laborers who had gone before. I thought that in that company would be the face of Channing, and the faces of all the heroes of the great conflict for spiritual freedom; and there, too, the forms of the brave young men who had fallen in the war, whom he had sent, and watched over, and loved, and mourned, as a father his children. There they seemed to stand, the noble boys, with fair brows and sunny curls, and eyes filled with the light of Heaven. I saw him in my mind going forward to meet them; and among them also were doubtless some of the poor negroes he had helped, poor no longer now—the sad hearts he had comforted, no longer sad—the widows, mothers, wives, children, whom his strong hand had upheld—the prisoners he had visited—the sailors he had remembered on the stormy sea. And was I mistaken if I thought I also saw there, among these angels of God, one face, full of supreme beauty—one face more loving than all the rest? Was it the radiance of that face which I saw reflected in his? And did I not hear that voice of sweetness and power saying to him: "Come, blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world. For I was an hungered, and you gave me meat. I was athirst, and you gave me drink. I was a stranger, and you took me in. I was naked, and you clothed me. I was sick, and in prison, and you came to me. For inasmuch as you did it to the least of these my brethren, you did it unto me!" I might have been mistaken in the *appearance*—I was not mistaken in the reality.

MOTLEY'S HISTORY OF THE NETHERLANDS.*

MR. MOTLEY has now completed his great work. In the seven volumes† of which it is composed are narrated the events of one of the most important periods in human annals. The history of this period is now written for the first time; and it is written for all time. No man after Gibbon will undertake to write the History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire; and no man after Motley, we venture to say, will undertake to re-tell the Story of the Rise of the Dutch Republic, and of the establishment of the State of the United Netherlands.

Leaving out of view the admirable introductory chapters which occupy a great part of the First Volume of the "Rise of the Dutch Republic," the History fairly commences with the "Request" presented in April, 1566, by the great nobles of the Netherlands to the base-born daughter of Charles V., Margaret of Parma, then regent of the Low Lands, wherein they asked that the Spanish Inquisition might not be established upon their soil. It closes forty-three years after, when the then reigning Most Catholic King recognized these Dutch States as an independent and sovereign republic, and requested as an act of grace that they would deal mildly with their Catholic subjects.

We have heretofore in this Magazine passed in brief abstract over the History of the Rise of the Dutch Republic, and of the previous volumes of the History of the Netherlands.* We now propose to touch upon some of the salient points of these concluding volumes. The events herein narrated commence in 1590, when the assassination of the weak Henry III. of France changed the whole political aspect of Europe, and induced the Provinces of the United Netherlands to enter again upon the great struggle with the overshadowing power of Philip II. of Spain; a struggle in which France and England soon became involved; so that in effect the History of the Netherlands becomes likewise the History of Europe, and for the time that of civilization. It is impossible within the limits to which we are compelled to restrict ourselves to give even an abstract of the battles and sieges, the negotiations and intrigues which ensued. To narrate these the ample pages of Motley are none too numerous. Let it be then borne in mind that Philip of Spain now thought that the time had come when he might assume the sovereignty of France, setting up in the mean while the Cardinal Bourbon, under the name of Charles IX., to do battle with the heroic Béarnese,

* *History of the United Netherlands: From the Death of William the Silent to the Twelve Years' Truce*—1609. By JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY. Volumes III. and IV.—Published by Harper and Brothers.

† *The Rise of the Dutch Republic*, Three Volumes, and the *History of the United Netherlands*, Four Volumes, really constitute a single work.

* May and June, 1856; March and April, 1861.

Henry of Navarre, to be known afterward as Henry IV.; and that the parsimonious Elizabeth of England emptied her purse to aid Henry in his struggle; for, as Mr. Motley remarks: "Spain was the great, aggressive, overshadowing power at that day, before whose plots and whose violence the nations already trembled, and it was France that now stood in danger of being conquered or dismembered by the common enemy of all." And France once added to the Spanish dominions, all Europe would be prostrate before that overshadowing power. To accomplish this the Duke of Parma, Philip's able general in the Netherlands, was ordered to bend all his energies toward the conquest of France, under pretense of assisting the Holy League. The Netherlanders, thus for a space freed from the presence of the great Spanish army, now withdrawn for the subjugation of their neighbors, saw an opportunity for striking a blow or two for liberty and independence. And not merely for that, but also for the cause of liberty throughout all Europe. Thus it happened, in the words of Mr. Motley, that

"The history of the United Netherlands at this epoch is a world-history. Were it not so, it would have far less of moral and instruction for all time than it is really capable of affording. The battle of liberty against despotism was now fought in the hop-fields of Brabant or the polders of Friesland, now in the narrow seas which encircle England, and now on the sunny plains of Dauphiny, among the craggy inlets of Brittany, or along the high-roads and rivers which lead to the gates of Paris. But every where a noiseless, secret, but ubiquitous negotiation was speeding with never an instant's pause to accomplish the work which lansquenettes and riders, pikemen and carabineers were contending for on a hundred battle-fields and amidst a din of arms which for a quarter of a century had been the regular hive of human industry. For nearly a generation of mankind, Germans and Hollanders, Englishmen, Frenchmen, Scotchmen, Irishmen, Spaniards, and Italians seemed to be born into the world mainly to fight for or against a system of universal monarchy, conceived for his own benefit by a quiet old man who passed his days at a writing desk in a remote corner of Europe."—*Vol. III. p.* 42.

But the Netherlanders needed, in the great struggle which they were to adventure, a statesman and a soldier to guide their dubious politics and lead their armies. Since the murder of William the Silent it was a matter of doubt whether such a man or pair of men, if the two requisites could not be combined in one, was to be found. But Providence is provident. Rarely at a great crisis in human history is a man needed when he is not to be found. Woe indeed for the times when a leader is wanted and none is at hand! For the Netherlands the question was, Would there be a statesman and a soldier ready to make use of this golden opportunity? Mr. Motley thus answers this question:

"There was a statesman ripe and able who, since the death of the Taciturn, had been growing steadily in the estimation of his countrymen, and who already was paramount in the councils of the States-General. There was a soldier, still very young, who was possessed of the strongest hereditary claims to the confidence and affection of the United Provinces, and who had been passing a studious youth in making himself worthy of his father and his country. Fortunately, too, the statesman and the soldier were working most harmoniously together. John of Olden-Barneveld, with his great experience and vast and steady intellect, stood side by side with young Maurice of Nassau at this important crisis in the history of the new commonwealth. At length the twig was becoming the tree—*tandem fit surculus arbor*—according to the device assumed by the son of William the Silent after his father's death. The Netherlands had sore need of a practical soldier to contend with the scientific and professional tyrants against whom they had so long been struggling, and Maurice, although so young, was pre-eminently a practical man. He was no enthusiast; he was no poet. He was at that period certainly no politician. Not often at the age of twenty has a man devoted himself for years to pure mathematics for the purpose of saving his country. Yet this was Maurice's scheme. Four years long and more, when most other youths in his position and at that epoch would have been alternating between frivolous pleasures and brilliant exploits in the field, the young prince had spent laborious days and nights with the learned Simon Stevinus of Bruges. The scientific work which they composed in common, the credit of which the master assigned to the pupil, might have been more justly attributed perhaps to the professor than to the prince, but it is certain that Maurice was an apt scholar."—*Vol. III. pp.* 2, 3.

Here we are fairly introduced to Maurice of Nassau, son of the Silent One, who was destined to play so important a part in the history of the coming years. Maurice should be ranked, if not in the first class of great generals—to which it would be hard to add a fourth name to the three of Hannibal, Frederick, and Napoleon—at least high in the second class, wherein belong the names of Gustavus Adolphus, Turenne, Marlborough, and Wellington. If he had wielded the great armies and mighty resources at the disposal of Napoleon it is hard to say how great a general he would not have become.

Mr. Motley* gives a graphic sketch of the constitution of an army of this time. One wonders at first that battles were won and sieges waged by such forces, until he remembers that the forces of the offense and defense were of about the same numbers and quality. Maurice really founded the modern school of military science. He first appreciated the importance of portable fire-arms. Those which he had were of the rudest; but he made admirable use of them. What he would have done with American rifles, Prussian needle-guns, and French Chassepôts one can only conjecture. He, moreover, first of any general since the old Roman days, perceived the military importance of the spade. The high-mettled chivalry of Spain and France jeered at his soldiers, whom they saw patiently digging like mere boors and day-laborers instead of careering about with sword and lance. But somehow they found sword and spear overmatched by spade and mattock; and, moreover, when need was, these dull diggers were found to make good use of warlike weapons.

If we had space to present a detailed account of military exploits we could hardly do better than quote in full Mr. Motley's stirring description of one of the earliest enterprises of Maurice,

* Vol. iii. pp. 92–99.

the surprise and capture of the Castle of Breda. The city was an important strategical point, and was, moreover, the patrimonial inheritance of Maurice. There was thus a twofold reason why it should be wrested from the Spaniards. In February, 1590, Maurice was visited by one Adrian Van der Berg, a boatman who had been wont to supply the castle with turf for fuel. His boat had so often gone in and out of the castle that nobody would suspect it of any hostile intent. Now if some scores of men could be hidden away in it, they would be able to surprise the strong-hold. Maurice caught at the suggestion, and intrusted the execution of the plan to Charles de Heraugiere, who selected threescore and eight men for the work. These, with himself and his lieutenant, Matthew Held, making seventy men in all, went on board the vessel, which was apparently filled with blocks of turf, and packed themselves closely in the hold. Their voyage was perilous, "for the winter wind, thick with fog and sleet, blew directly down the river, bringing with it huge blocks of ice, and scooping the water out of the dangerous shallows, so as to render the vessel at any moment liable to be stranded. From Monday night till Thursday morning these seventy Hollanders lay packed like herrings in the hold of their little vessel, suffering from hunger, thirst, and deadly cold." On the third morning they crept on shore, and warmed themselves at a lonely castle, and then at an hour before midnight re-embarked, and sailed on for two more days. On Saturday afternoon the vessel —a turf-boat to all appearance, but with threescore and ten stout Hollanders stowed away in its hold—got fairly up to the innermost water-gate of the castle, where the boat was duly examined by an officer, who only saw the stacks of turf whereof the freezing garrison were in sore want; of the seventy lying hid within a few feet of him he suspected nothing, otherwise their lives would not have been worth a penny purchase. In passing through the water-gate the vessel ran upon an obstruction and sprung a leak, so that the water in the hold, where the seventy lay packed, was knee-deep. The garrison, cheered by the prospect of fuel, dragged the boat through, made her fast to the guard-house, and began to unload the welcome turf. The seventy came well-nigh detection. They had all caught cold, and seemed likely to set up an irrepressible coughing and sneezing, which would have betrayed all. Stout Matthew Held had the worst catarrh, and, doubting whether he could restrain a cough or sneeze, gave his dagger to his nearest companion, begging him to stab him to the heart should he see the paroxysm coming on. But the wary skipper on deck began to have the pumps worked so vehemently as to drown the noise, and also hurried on the unloading of the turf. At last, saying that enough had been unloaded to warm the garrison for that night, he managed by aid of a few stivers for drink-money to get rid of his unwelcome aids, and the seventy were left to adventure their enterprise. So at midnight Heraugiere marshaled his men, dividing them into two companies, one under himself to attack the main guard-house, the other to seize the arsenal of the fortress. How they sped is told dramatically by Mr. Motley. The upshot was that these seventy, without the loss of a man, captured the castle held by five times their number of the famous musketeers of Italy, reputed to be the best soldiers of the time.

Another brilliant battle-piece describes the famous fight at Ivry, of which the idea of most men is derived from Macaulay's brilliant ballad. We, who have had occasion to study up the details of the great actions lately waged upon our soil, find it hard to gain so clear an idea of Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, or the Five Forks, as we can obtain from the account which Mr. Motley presents of the action fought well-nigh three centuries ago upon the banks of the Seine.

If we were to select the best battle-piece in these volumes it would probably be that of the action at Nieuport, fought early in July, 1600, wherein Maurice won a great victory out of the very jaws of destruction. This battle, though fought by less than 20,000 men on each side, stands as the first of the great actions waged upon the principles of modern warfare, wherein the result was decided by the brain of the general rather than by the nerve of the soldier. Here, for the first time, the three great arms of an army—infantry, cavalry, and artillery—were fairly handled by one leader. In Nieuport lay, potentially, Marengo and Austerlitz, Lutzen and Blenheim, Wagram and Waterloo, Gettysburg and Nashville.

The student of military history will read with especial interest the account of the siege of Ostend, begun in 1601 and lasting almost three and a quarter years. The problem for offense by the Spaniards and defense by the Netherlanders was that of the attack upon and maintenance of an open town, defended only by earth-works and outlying posts. In it were involved all the principles wrought out within our own day at Sebastopol, Charleston, and Petersburg.

War seemed, indeed, at this epoch to be the natural condition of mankind, not merely upon the Scheldt and the Seine, but upon what was then the far-away region of the Danube, where Moslem and Christian were striving for unholy mastery. Both ends of Europe were ablaze at once. There were not Germans enough every year for the consumption of the Turk and the Pope and the Republic, and other potentates and powers. So it happened that for a brief space the sweepings of Frenchmen, Spaniards, Italians, and Germans were tossed into Hungary. A single scene, narrated by Mr. Motley, gives us something of an idea of the warfare waged upon the Danube:

"The warriors grown gray in the religious wars of France astonished the pagans on the Danube by a va-

riety of crimes and cruelties such as Christians only could imagine. Thus, while the forces of the Sultan were besieging Buda, a detachment of these ancient Leaguers lay in Pappa, a fortified town not far from Raab, which Archduke Maximilian had taken by storm two years before. Finding their existence monotonous and payments unpunctual, they rose upon the governor, Michael Maroti, and then entered into a treaty with the Turkish commander outside the walls. Bringing all the principal citizens of the town, their wives and children, and all their movable property into the market-place, they offered to sell the lot, including the governor, for a thousand rix-dollars. The bargain was struck, and the Turk, paying him all his cash on hand and giving hostages for the remainder, carried off six hundred of the men and women, promising soon to return and complete the transaction. Meanwhile the imperial general, Schwartzenberg, came before the place, urging the mutineers with promises of speedy payment, and with appeals to their sense of shame, to abstain from the disgraceful work. He might as well have preached to the wild swine swarming in the adjacent forests. Siege thereupon was laid to the place. In a sortie the brave Schwartzenberg was killed, but Colonitz coming up in force the mutineers were locked up in the town which they had seized, and the Turk never came to their relief. Famine drove them at last to choose between surrender and a desperate attempt to cut their way out. They took the bolder course, and were all either killed or captured. And now—the mutineers having given the Turk this lesson in Christian honor toward captives—their comrades and the rest of the imperial forces showed them the latest and most approved Christian method of treating mutineers. Several hundred of the prisoners were distributed among the nationalities composing the army, to be dealt with at pleasure. The honest Germans were the most straightforward of all toward their portion of the prisoners, for they shot them down at once without a moment's hesitation. But the Lorrainers, the remainder of the French troops, the Walloons, and especially the Hungarians—whose countrymen and women had been sold into captivity—all vied with each other in the invention of cruelties at which the soul sickens, and which the pen almost refuses to depict."—*Vol. IV. pp.* 57, 58.

Nor was the war confined to Europe. In the far-off Indian Ocean and its islands Spaniards, Portuguese, and Netherlanders fought with varying fortunes, for in those sunny seas "the same fishermen and fighting men whom we have seen sailing forth from Zeeland and Friesland to confront the dangers of either pole were now contending in the Indian seas with the Portuguese monopolists of the tropics." These stirring episodes find place in Mr. Motley's history. That, for instance, wherein the Dutch skipper, Wolfert Hermann, with five little trading vessels manned by three hundred souls, pitched into the great fleet of the Portuguese admiral Mendoza, twenty-five vessels in all, the flag-ship alone being in men and guns of greater force than all the Dutch vessels; fairly routed it, sinking several ships, and forcing the others to seek refuge in flight.

The fighting in the Indies was for the right of trade to those regions, the monopoly of which was claimed by Spain and Portugal in virtue of papal bulls, the validity of which the Protestants of the Netherlands were by no means disposed to admit. The main exportable product of these regions was spices, and just now notably cloves. Pepper and ginger, nutmegs, cassia, and mace were but vulgar drugs, precious as they were already to the world and the world's commerce, compared with this most magnificent spice. King Cotton was not then fairly born. King Clove filled the throne of commerce. There were but five of the islands of the Indian Archipelago which produced this precious spice, the two principal being Ternate and Tydor.

"The world," says Mr. Motley, "had lived in former ages very comfortably without cloves. But by the beginning of the seventeenth century that odoriferous pistil had been the cause of so many pitched battles and obstinate wars, of so much vituperation, negotiation, and intriguing, that the world's destiny seemed to have almost become dependent upon the growth of a particular gillyflower. Out of its sweetness had grown such bitterness among great nations as not torrents of blood could wash away. A commonplace condiment enough it seems to us now, easily to be dispensed with, and not worth purchasing at a thousand human lives or so the cargo, but it was once the great prize to be struggled for by civilized nations. From that fervid earth, warmed from within by volcanic heat, and basking ever beneath the equatorial sun, arose vapors as deadly to human life as the fruits were exciting and delicious to human senses. Yet the atmosphere of pestiferous fragrance had attracted rather than repelled. The poisonous delights of the climate, added to the perpetual and various warfare for its productions, spread a strange fascination around those fatal isles. Especially Ternate and Tydor were objects of unending strife. Chinese, Malays, Persians, Arabs, had struggled centuries long for their possession; those races successively or simultaneously ruling these and adjacent portions of the Archipelago. The great geographical discoveries at the close of the fifteenth century had, however, changed the aspect of India and of the world. The Portuguese adventurers found two rival kings in the two precious islands, and by ingeniously protecting one of these potentates and poisoning the other, soon made themselves masters of the field. The clove trade was now entirely in the hands of the strangers from the antipodes. Goa became the great mart of the lucrative traffic, and thither came Chinese, Arabs, Moors, and other Oriental traders to be supplied from the Portuguese monopoly. Two-thirds of the spices, however, found their way directly to Europe."—*Vol. IV. pp.* 245, 246.

The fighting for cloves furnishes many striking episodes in the history of this long conflict. The net result was that the Portuguese, for the time at least, "were driven entirely out of the Moluccas, save the island of Timos, where they held a not very important citadel; and that the Dutch East India Company were left in possession of the whole field. The Moluccas and the clove-trade were its own, and the Dutch Republic had made manifest to the world that more potent instruments had now been devised for the parceling out of the New World than papal decrees, although signed by the immaculate hand of a Borgia."

Mr. Motley has fairly grasped the true idea of history. He tells indeed of battles and sieges; of cabals, intrigues, and revolutions, of those noted events which when condensed into tables form the bony frame-work of history. But the men who acted parts in the great drama are not in his view mere lay-figures, or even players who might to-day enact one part and to-morrow another. They are living beings, to set forth whom as they lived and moved is a part of his work.

For these men, moreover, he has a strong liking or dislike, which he is by no means chary in expressing. Herein he differs, pole-wide apart, from Prescott, with whom it has become a habit to measure him—for no other reason that we can see than that both happen to be Americans. No two men could well be more different; and no histories could well be more diverse than those which they have written. Prescott really cared nothing for the men of whom he wrote, more than if they had been so many soulless puppets. He undertook to redact what others had told of their doings; not to discover and declare what they were and what they did. If his authorities were reliable—as in the case of Ferdinand and Isabella, and measurably in the case of Pizarro—he writes true history; if, as in the case of Cortez, his authorities are worthless, the history, as such, is of no value. Prescott in some respects finds his best parallel in Gibbon; but with this great distinction, that Gibbon, while caring nothing for the result, carefully weighed his authorities. He would not allow them—at least not without due notification—to lie on his pages. Prescott gives Cortez, Bernal Diaz, and the rest of them, the largest liberty in this respect. If it were worth while to measure one historian with another, Motley should be measured with Macaulay and Carlyle. But here, while there are strong points of resemblance, there are still stronger of difference. Macaulay, in his brilliant fragment, is a special pleader always carried away by his devotion to a cause —that cause being British Whiggery; Carlyle every where, but notably in his life of Frederick, is overborne by the fancy—which he took up in his later and feebler days—of Hero Worship, which is in effect that every man—Napoleon being the single exception—who has done any thing notable is an idol before whom all weaker men should bow. All three of these historians introduce the dramatic element into their delineations of character. The idea is no new one. Historians of all ages have laid themselves out in the production of elaborate speeches which their characters might have been supposed to utter. Those given by the Greek and Latin writers, which our school-boys are wont to declaim in an English version, are sheer fabrications. It is not quite easy to know from Macaulay's abstracts how much belongs to him, and how much to the reputed speakers. Carlyle puts so much of himself into his reputed documents as to leave the reader in doubt as to their veritableness. Motley from the first struck upon the true method in this regard. "No personage," he says, in the Preface to the opening volume, "in these pages is made to write or speak any words save those which, on the best historical evidence, he is known to have written or spoken."

No other historian, we venture to say, has revivified so many dead men—has put life into so many dry bones—as has Mr. Motley. We know the men of whom he speaks, dead though they are for well-nigh three centuries, better than we do those who now live and act. Alva is for us more real than Hood; Alexander of Parma than Lee; Granvelle than Alexander Stephens; Philip II. than Jefferson Davis; the Duke of Lerma than Judah Benjamin; Spinola than Beauregard; Maurice of Nassau than Grant; Philip III. than Andrew Johnson; even William the Silent than Abraham Lincoln.

In the great gallery of historic portraits sketched by Mr. Motley the first place must surely be given to Philip II. of Spain. So thoroughly is it wrought out as the story goes on that the reader may fairly anticipate the elaborate summation given at the close of his reign. In September, 1598, the King, now seventy years old, lay dying in the palace cloister of the Escorial in tortures such as few men have ever endured. He had long been racked with the gout; and now ulcers which had formed on the breast and joints were opened, and the result was that innumerable swarms of vermin were generated, which literally devoured him alive. "That the grave-worms should do their office before soul and body were parted," says Mr. Motley, "was a torment such as the imagination of Dante might have invented for the lowest depths of his Inferno."

And yet, did we not know the edifying ends which murderers so often make, we might wonder at the manner in which Philip bore his agony and met the King of Terrors. "No torture," says Mr. Motley, "ever invented by Torquemada or Peter Titelman to serve the vengeance of Philip and his ancestors or the Pope against the heretics of Italy or Flanders could exceed in acuteness the agonies which the Most Catholic King was now called upon to endure. And not one of the long line of martyrs who by the decree of Charles or Philip had been strangled, beheaded, burned, or buried alive, ever faced a death of lingering torment with more perfect fortitude, or was sustained by more ecstatic visions of heavenly mercy, than was now the case with the great monarch of Spain."

After lying for ten days on his back, a mass of sores and corruption, his confessor told him that the only possible issue of his malady would be death. Philip thanked him most benignantly for the frankness which had removed all doubts from his mind, and thus enabled him to give his thoughts to the question of his eternal welfare. The first thing to be done was to send a courier to the Pope beseeching his benediction. This of course was not wanting. Then the King made his general confession, which lasted three whole days, his confessor having by the monarch's request drawn up a full and searching interrogatory. There was, it would seem, little to confess. He had never, he averred, consciously done wrong to any one; if he had ever committed an act of injustice it was unwittingly, or because he had been deceived in the circumstances. He lived three weeks after this, enduring terrible tortures,

which, according to unimpeached testimony, no saint could have borne with more gentle resignation, angelic patience, and benignity and thoughtfulness for others. He derived great consolation from the Holy Sacrament, which was frequently administered to him, and from the relics of saints, of which he had a large collection, whose genuineness was thoroughly vouched for. A bone of St. Alban, presented to him by the Pope, an arm of St. Vincent of Ferrara, and a knee-bone of St. Sebastian were among the most precious of these, and with them he was wont to rub his verminous ulcers. After giving careful directions for his funeral he said: "Having governed my kingdom for forty years, I now give it back, in the seventy-first year of my age, to God Almighty, to whom it belongs, recommending my soul into his blessed hands, that His Divine Majesty may do what he pleases therewith." Among other things he directed that thirty thousand masses should be said for his soul, five hundred slaves liberated from the galleys, and five hundred maidens provided with marriage portions. He then produced a written document which he handed to his son and successor, with the words, "Herein you will learn how to govern kingdoms." Then he produced the very scourge wherewith his father Charles V. was wont to flagellate himself during his retreat at the monastery of Juste, whereon were still, after more than forty years, traces of the imperial blood. Having thus taken leave of worldly affairs he received the rite of extreme unction, and for days thereafter lay upon his couch of unutterable pain, listening to the reading of pious works. When the supreme hour drew near he begged those about him to repeat the dying words of our Saviour on the cross, in order that he might hear them and repeat them in his heart as his soul was taking flight. His father's crucifix was placed in his hands, and he said, "I die like a good Catholic in faith and obedience to the holy Roman Church." Then a faintness came over him, and the attendants covered his face, thinking him dead. But he suddenly started up, kissed the cross, and fell back again into agony. The priests thought that he had experienced not a paroxysm of pain but a celestial vision. He never spoke again, though he survived for some hours, and at length breathed his last at five o'clock on the morning of Sunday the 13th of September, 1598.

Of the monarch who thus died in the odor of sanctity, Mr. Motley, after having passed in rapid review over the leading characteristics of his long reign, says, in summation:

"His power was absolute. With this single phrase one might as well dismiss any attempt at specification. He made war or peace at will with foreign nations. He had power of life and death over all his subjects. He had unlimited control of their worldly goods. As he claimed supreme jurisdiction over their religious opinions also, he was master of their minds, bodies, and estates. As a matter of course, he nominated and removed at will every executive functionary, every judge, every magistrate, every military or civil officer; and moreover, he not only selected, according to the license tacitly conceded to him by the pontiff, every archbishop, bishop, and other Church dignitary, but, through his great influence at Rome, he named most of the cardinals, and thus controlled the election of the popes. The whole machinery of society, political, ecclesiastical, military, was in his single hand....

"His power was unlimited. A man endowed with genius and virtue, and possessing the advantages of a consummate education, could have perhaps done little more than attempt to mitigate the general misery, and to remove some of its causes. For it is one of the most pernicious dogmas of the despotic system, and the one which the candid student of history soonest discovers to be false, that the masses of mankind are to look to any individual, however exalted by birth or intellect, for their redemption. Woe to the world if the nations are never to learn that their fate is and ought to be in their own hands; that their institutions, whether liberal or despotic, are the result of the national biography and of the national character, not the work of a few individuals whose names have been preserved by capricious Accident as heroes and legislators. Yet there is no doubt that, while comparatively powerless for good, the individual despot is capable of almost infinite mischief. There have been few men known to history who have been able to accomplish by their own exertions so vast an amount of evil as the king who had just died. If Philip possessed a single virtue it has eluded the conscientious research of the writer of these pages. If there are vices—as possibly there are—from which he was exempt, it is because it is not permitted to human nature to attain perfection even in evil. The only plausible explanation—for palliation there is none—of his infamous career is that the man really believed himself not a king but a god. He was placed so high above his fellow-creatures as, in good faith perhaps, to believe himself incapable of doing wrong; so that, whether indulging his passions or enforcing throughout the world his religious and political dogmas, he was ever conscious of embodying divine inspirations and elemental laws. When providing for the assassination of a monarch, or commanding the massacre of a townful of Protestants; when trampling on every oath by which a human being can bind himself; when laying desolate with fire and sword, during more than a generation, the provinces which he had inherited as his private property, or in carefully maintaining the flames of civil war in foreign kingdoms which he hoped to acquire; while maintaining over all Christendom a gigantic system of bribery, corruption, and espionage, keeping the noblest names of England and Scotland on his pension-lists of traitors, and impoverishing his exchequer with the wages of iniquity paid in France to men of all degrees, from princes of blood like Guise and Mayenne down to the obscurest of country squires, he ever felt that these base or bloody deeds were not crimes, but the simple will of the godhead of which he was a portion. He never doubted that the extraordinary theological system which he spent his life in enforcing with fire and sword was right, for it was a part of himself....

"Of this perfect despotism Philip was thus the sole administrator. Certainly he looked upon his mission with seriousness, and was industrious in performing his royal functions. But this earnestness and seriousness were, in truth, his darkest vices; for the most frivolous voluptuary that ever wore a crown would never have compassed a thousandth part of the evil which was Philip's life-work. It was because he was a believer in himself, and in what he called his religion, that he was enabled to perpetrate such a long catalogue of crimes. When an humble malefactor is brought before an ordinary court of justice, it is not often, in any age or country, that he escapes the pillory or the gallows because, from his own point of view, his actions, instead of being criminal, have been commendable, and because the multitude and continuity of his offenses prove him to have been sincere. And because anointed monarchs are amenable to no

human tribunal, save to that terrible assize which the People, bursting its chain from time to time in the course of the ages, sets up for the trial of its oppressors, and which is called Revolution, it is the more important for the great interests of humanity that before the judgment-seat of History a crown should be no protection to its wearer. There is no plea to the jurisdiction of history, if history be true to itself. As for the royal criminal called Philip II., his life is his arraignment, and these volumes will have been written in vain if a specification is now required....

"For indeed it seems like mere railing to specify his crimes. Their very magnitude and unbroken continuity, together with their impunity, give them almost the appearance of inevitable phenomena. The horrible monotony of his career stupefies the mind until it is ready to accept the principle of evil as the fundamental law of the world.

"His robberies, like his murders, were colossal. The vast system of confiscation set up in the Netherlands was sufficient to reduce unnumbered innocent families to beggary, although powerless to break the spirit of civil and religious liberty, or to pay the expenses of subjugating a people. Not often in the world's history have so many thousand individuals been plundered by a foreign tyrant for no crime, save that they were rich enough to be worth robbing. For it can never be too often repeated that those confiscations and extortions were perpetrated upon Catholics as well as Protestants, monarchists as well as rebels; the possession of property making proof of orthodoxy or of loyalty well-nigh impossible.

"Falsehood was the great basis of the king's character, which perhaps derives its chief importance, as a political and psychological study, from this very fact. Could the great schoolmaster of iniquity for the sovereigns and politicians of the south have lived to witness the practice of the monarch who had most laid to heart the precepts of the 'Prince,' he would have felt that he had not written in vain, and that his great paragon of successful falsehood, Ferdinand of Arragon, had been surpassed by the great-grandson. For the ideal perfection of perfidy, foreshadowed by the philosopher who died in the year of Philip's birth, was thoroughly embodied at last by this potentate. Certainly Nicholas Macchiavelli could have hoped for no more docile pupil. That all men are vile, that they are liars, scoundrels, poltroons, and idiots alike—ever ready to deceive and yet easily to be duped, and that he only is fit to be king who excels his kind in the arts of deception; by this great maxim of the Florentine Philip was ever guided. And those well-known texts of hypocrisy, strewn by the same hand, had surely not fallen on stony ground when received into Philip's royal soul....

"It is at least a consolation to reflect that a career controlled by such principles came to an ignominious close. Had the mental capacity of this sovereign been equal to his criminal intent, even greater woe might have befallen the world. But his intellect was less than mediocre. His passion for the bureau, his slavery to routine, his puerile ambition personally to superintend details which could have been a thousand times better administered by subordinates, proclaimed every day the narrowness of his mind. His diligence in reading, writing, and commenting upon dispatches may excite admiration only where there has been no opportunity of judging of his labors by personal inspection. Those familiar with the dreary displays of his penmanship must admit that such work could have been at least as well done by a copying clerk of average capacity. His ministers were men of respectable ability, but he imagined himself, as he advanced in life, far superior to any counselor that he could possibly select, and was accustomed to consider himself the first statesman in the world.

"His reign was a thorough and disgraceful failure. He had spent his life in fighting with the spirit of the age—that invincible power of which he had not the faintest conception—while the utter want of adaptation of his means to his ends often bordered, not on the ludicrous, but the insane.....

"If there be such a thing as historical evidence, then is Philip II. convicted before the tribunal of impartial posterity of every crime charged in his indictment. He lived seventy-one years and three months: he reigned forty-three years. He endured the martyrdom of his last illness with the heroism of a saint, and died in the certainty of immortal bliss as the reward of his life of evil."—*Vol. IV. pp.* 534–543.

Philip divided his great dominions. Flanders and the Netherlands were bestowed upon his daughter Isabella, whose mother was the daughter of the late Henry II. of France. It was claimed by Philip that Isabella was the true heir to the French crown, the Salic law, excluding females from the succession, being a "pure invention." Philip also laid claim to the throne of France for himself upon various grounds. It was asserted and currently believed that he had proposed to unite all these claims by taking to wife his own daughter, and that he had applied to the Pope for a dispensation to that effect. Monstrous as was the assertion, it was not without some show of probability. The monarch, it was said, who had taken to wife a girl of fourteen already solemnly affianced to his son, and who had long afterward married his own niece, could have no great scruples in taking one step further within the forbidden degrees of consanguinity. This charge, we think, has not been substantiated. At all events the plan was not carried out, and the hand of Isabella was bestowed upon her cousin, the Archduke Albert of Austria, who was also a Cardinal and Archbishop of Toledo, but had received a dispensation from his priestly vows, so that he might contract this marriage. Philip also formally renounced his claims upon the French throne, Henry of Navarre having been reconciled to the Church and become a good Catholic—or at least as good a Catholic as he had ever been a Protestant.

Spain and the Indies were given to Philip III., the son of the dying monarch. The Indies then meant all America, whether laved by the Atlantic or the Pacific; all the islands of the two western oceans, whose waters were a sacred highway to be traversed by no keel unless duly authorized by the European sovereign of the Indies; besides unknown tracts in Asia and Africa. The mother of Philip III. was the niece of his father, Philip II. The Prince bore in body and mind the penalty of this infraction of the laws of nature. For the first seven years of his life it was doubtful whether he would live from week to week. He was afflicted during childhood with a perpetual cutaneous disease—itch or leprosy, or something of the kind. However, he outgrew this, and came to be a tolerably healthy young man, with pink cheeks, flaxen hair, and melancholy, stupid eyes. His early years were miserable enough. He stood in perpetual dread of his father. The dark tragedy which had ten years before his birth cost the life of his half-brother Don Carlos, with all the exaggerations which were then believed, and which Schiller has wrought into immortal form, could not have been unknown to him. One

man alone was somewhat kind to the poor Prince. This was his chamberlain, the Marquis of Denia, who was wont to furnish him with a little pocket-money, and went with him on shooting excursions, the only indulgence permitted to him. Philip II. was jealous of even these slight kindnesses, and sent Denia away. But no sooner were the eyes of Philip closed than the new sovereign sent for Denia, created him Duke of Lerma, made him member of the Privy Council, master of the horse, and first gentleman of the bedchamber. In fact, the favorite of Philip became the real ruler of Spain; the poor young king was a cipher, and had no desire to be any thing else. When Lerma, as first valet, had brought him his shirt in the morning, seen to it that his bed was made, and that his clothing for the day was laid out, the monarch was satisfied for the time, provided always that his four daily meals of meats and pastry were properly prepared.

The chapter in which Mr. Motley sketches the social and industrial condition of Spain during the reign of Philip III. will compare favorably with that famous one wherein Macaulay describes the condition of England half a century later. If we were to sum up the whole in a sentence, we should say that Spain had then become infected with the two diseases from which she has never recovered—Laziness and Lying, with their inevitable consequences, Theft, Cheating, and Beggary. The chapters also in which are set forth the industrial and social condition of the Netherlands are full of instruction. The upshot is that, in spite of the enormous burdens of the war, the Dutch, by patient industry and bold trade, earned more than they spent, and so grew richer from year to year.

The History of the Netherlands is indeed essentially a tragedy; but, like all true tragedies, there is a vein of comedy running through it. Of the main actors in this drama, Henry of Navarre was undoubtedly the Garrick. We have heretofore styled him "heroic;" but the epithet must be received with many grains of allowance. He was an actor who could enter into the spirit of any part. Of his tragic *rôles* we have not here space to speak. His finest bit of comic acting was certainly his conversion to Catholicism. For reasons of state it was decided that he should be "converted," and the time for this operation was fixed for the 23d of July, 1593. On this day for six mortal hours the tough Béarnese listened to the learned expoundings of doctors and theologians; then rising from his knees he thanked them for the new light which had been shed upon his soul; said that in the privacy of his own closet he would invoke the guidance of the Holy Ghost, and would next day announce the result. Early next day, clad all in white satin, he presented himself at the portals of the cathedral, wherein were seated the Archbishop of Bourges and other gorgeous prelates. "Who are you, and what do you want?" queried the Archbishop. "I am the King," meekly replied the heretic Béarnese, "and I demand of you to be received into the bosom of the Roman Catholic Church." And then, throwing himself upon his knees, he solemnly renounced henceforward and forever all heresy, promising to live and die in the Catholic faith. How soon, and by what means he was to die, no man then could dream. Then, making his way through the great crowd, he knelt before the high altar, and, while the solemn ceremony of the mass was enacted, beat himself upon the breast at the proper moment, in a manner edifying to behold. Meanwhile he had found time to write to his mistress, or rather to one of them. He was sick of the whole business. But he was going to have a talk with the bishops, a hundred of whom were bothering him, who would make him hate Saint Denis as heartily as his mistress hated Mantes. However, to-morrow he was to take the perilous leap. Meanwhile he sent a million of kisses to his dear mistress.

Henry could play in farce as well as in tragedy or comedy. As evidence take a single scene. The time is 1596—three years after Henry's "conversion." The Béarnese, now become a good enough Catholic for the Pope, and having been duly anointed King of France with a mixture of several kinds of most miraculous oils, was not yet orthodox enough to pass muster with Philip II., who had yet some years of life in him, which he employed most religiously in stirring up disputes with France. Consequently Henry kept up a sort of alliance, offensive and defensive, with Elizabeth of England and the Dutch States. In fact, the negotiations with Elizabeth took a quite amatory form, though the "vestal Queen" was old enough to be the mother of the most unvestal King, being quite twenty years his senior. At this time Elizabeth had occasion to write to Henry through her special envoy, Sir Henry Umton. The King received the letters with rapture. Heaving a deep sigh he exclaimed to the Embassador, "Ah, what shall I say? This letter of the Queen is full of sweetness and affection. I see that she loves me, while that I love her is not to be doubted." Just then the beautiful Gabrielle d'Estrees, the favorite mistress of Henry, came along, and was duly introduced to Umton. After she had parted from them the King asked the Embassador what he thought of her. Umton answered rather coolly; in fact, as he wrote to a friend, he thought her a painted-up affair altogether. "But," said he to Henry, "I have the picture of a far more excellent mistress, and yet her picture comes far short of the perfection of her beauty." "As you love me," cried Henry, "show it to me." The Embassador would just show the picture, but would by no means let it go out of his hands. No sooner had the King caught a view of it than he exclaimed, "I knock under (*Je me rends*)." Then ensued a struggle for the possession of the precious picture. Henry being the younger and stouter of the two finally secured it, assur-

ing the Embassador that he would never give it up for any treasure, and that to possess the favor of the original he would forsake all the world; "adding also," wrote the Embassador, for the special eye of the venerable Queen, "many more such passionate and incoherent expressions of rhapsody, as of one suddenly smitten and spell-bound with hopeless love."

This picture about which these apish tricks were performed was that of a woman of three-score-and-three, in her youth far enough from good-looking, and now a long, scrawny old personage, with beady black eyes, a hooked nose, and a red wig. The man thus struck with sudden love was a middle-sized, alert, eager person, of three-and-forty, and who, thanks to a good natural constitution and early training as though he had been a peasant's child, might have passed for ten years younger; a man, moreover, from whose decalogue the Seventh Commandment had from his youth been practically most studiously expunged.

With the Twelve Years' Truce, agreed upon in 1609 between Spain and the Netherlands and all other high contracting personages concerned, Mr. Motley appropriately closes this History. The Spaniards certainly expected, at or before the end of the truce, to renew the effort for the conquest of the Dutchmen. But in the mean time broke out the great Thirty Years' War, which from the smallest apparent beginnings finally involved all Europe. It was closed by the Treaty of Westphalia, in 1648, and by it was settled for the two ensuing centuries—and for how much longer no man can now say—the balance of power among the European Powers. For the War of the Succession, the great campaigns of Frederick of Prussia, and even the mighty conflicts of the French Revolution and the Empire of Napoleon, left things at their close very much as they had been at their commencement. What the result of the movements of the last few years will be, which to us look like the consolidation of a genuine German State, and possibly of an Italian one, it must be left for another generation to determine.

But meanwhile, and among the things in the world's history so far closed that they can now be summed up, is that of the Thirty Years' War. Saving in Schiller's fragment it has never been fairly undertaken. Mr. Motley has demonstrated his fitness for this work, upon which he is now engaged. We venture to predict that his History of the Thirty Years' War will be worthy of the author of the "Rise of the Dutch Republic," and of the "History of the United Netherlands."

THE PORCH.

Do you remember, now the years have flown,
The low porch with the scarlet jasmine vine,
Where oft we sat of old, your hand in mine,
Both heart and hand my own?

Where oft we sat on summer moonlit eves,
When every sound all round us there was still,
Save the faint calling of the whip-poor-will,
And whisperings of the leaves—

These, and the sweet voice of the brook near by
That shone a line of silver in the light,
Wooing with plaintive melody the night,
That answered with a sigh;

Answered, at times, as though its heart were moved
By the sweet pleadings of the minstrel brook,
With faint, low breathings of the wind that shook
The listening leaves it loved.

That lightly shook the listening leaves above,
Waking soft whispers in the jasmine vine;
While your fair hand, still closer clasped in mine,
Nestled like some white dove.

The slanting summer moonbeams, clear and white,
Streamed through the lattice on the painted seat
Whereon we two sat, and, reaching to your feet,
Flooded the floor with light.

Adown the graveled walk the June rose shed
Its summer incense on the idle air;
Ofttimes you twined one with your shining hair;
The roses now are dead.

And dead the love that with our hearts was wed:
With you through weary waiting; and in me—
What matter is it now that both are free?
Love must have love, 'tis said.

You, with some new-found idol, yet may fill
The place left vacant; I, perchance, may cross
The path of one who shall supply your loss;
The Future waits us still.

But now the wind has stripped the vine of leaves;
The snow is lying on the winter-seat
Where oft we sat when life seemed all so sweet,
Those happy moonlit eves.

The slanting summer moonbeams flood no more
The diamond lattice with their silvery light,
But sharpened icicles all through the night
Make daggers at the floor.

A shudder creeps along the naked vine;
Alas! how cold the winter winds have grown;
How distant seem the years, forever flown,
When heart and hand were mine!

A LITTLE LEAVEN.

IT was a great shock to us. We looked at one another in silence, and from one another to the thin, blue trail of cigar-smoke which followed our brother's departure from the room. With all our calculations we had never calculated that Tom might marry.

We were sitting around the breakfast-table —Delphine, Litz, Tom, and I. The scented, sunshiny, June breeze lifted the curtains, fluttered the long ends of velvet ribbon about Delphine's throat, and rippled Litz's golden hair. It was late. The toast was cold; the egg-shells were empty. What had kept us there was the gossip by means of which we had come to grief. It had happened that, slipping topic after topic along the thread of our idle talk, we had come to the discussion of a certain Miss Dorme. I say *we*, meaning us girls. Tom, of course, wasn't saying any thing. He seldom did. We didn't know Miss Dorme personally, nor, I am sure, did we care about her; but, as luck would have it, we fell to picking her to pieces. I was puzzled to see Tom change color and shift his position once or twice. I don't think the others noticed it—they were not in the habit of noticing Tom. Finally he asked:

"Are you quite sure, girls, that you understand Miss Dorme's character well enough to judge it?"

He put the question in his slow way, and startled us all. It was so unusual for him to interfere with our sayings and doings. The answer, of course, devolved on Delphine, as all difficulties did.

"Certainly," she said, promptly, and rather loftily; "our judgment is founded on hearsay. We could hardly be expected to know any thing otherwise of a person who teaches school for a living, goes to Hicksite meeting, and talks politics in public."

Tom got up. He was a huge fellow, who might have measured his height with Saul. We could not tell that he was excited, but we felt that something unprecedented was coming.

"I don't know," he said, in his quiet way, "but I should have told you sooner, that I am going to marry Mildred Dorme."

No one spoke. I saw his firm, square mouth compress a little under his thick, brown mustache. He rested his two big hands on the back of his chair and went on:

"I haven't told you because I knew how different she was from you, and—and—I didn't see that telling would do any good; but I have been engaged to her for five years." His tone was peculiar, neither menacing nor apologetic, but just heavy; Tom was heavy himself. And leaving the bomb to burst, he lit his cigar at the mantle-piece and took himself off.

I will stop, while the fragments are flying, and tell you that we are the Inglis family, of E——. Perhaps you know E——? It is a delightful old town an hour's ride from New York, with a blue river flowing round it, and the church bells given by Queen Anne to ring over it, and with a general air of aristocracy and conservatism pervading its broad streets and century-old mansion-houses. We are one of the old families of E——, and we show it. At least Delphine and Litz do. As for Tom, neither his sensible brown eyes, nor his stout limbs, nor his hands, nor his hair, have an Inglis look about them; and for myself, I am loth to confess that, as far as looks go, there is a taint of Tom about me. Our father was a physician; a man who was proud of his descent, fond of his books, and contemptuous of traffic; one of the sort of men whose families are predestined to "embarrassed circumstances." He left us poor; he had now been dead ten years. When the estate was settled it was found that we could retain *The Junipers*—that was our home—and nothing more; nothing, that is, unless Tom could be looked at in the light of a legacy. Tom was seven years older than Delphine. He had already taken a clerkship in a bank at the time of father's death. Without any questioning as to what was to be done, he assumed the burden of our support and education; for we girls were then but children. As we grew up I think it never occurred to us that he might have taken another course. We agreed that it was vulgar for him to be a clerk; we thought the economies we were obliged to practice in living on his limited salary were hard, considering what claims we had; but services were seldom more impudently appropriated and less gratefully acknowledged than his. We snubbed him because his hands were big and his clothes ill-fitting. When he had worked for ten years like a slave he had nothing to show for it but our support; he had brought up three admired, well-bred young women! An imaginative man might have seen success in this alone; but Tom was not imaginative. For our part we had come in a comfortable way to regard him as the "capable spider" out of whom our maintenance was spun; as a sort of deposit of muscle and mind provided in the grand plan of creation for our peculiar benefit. And here the machine, whose "continuance in well-doing" we had never suspected, was sprawling suddenly into independent action. Like the philosophers, we were disposed to dispute the evidence of our senses.

Of course, seeing there were three women in the case, the silence with which we had received Tom's information did not last.

"It's just like a man!" said Delphine, straightening herself behind the tall, old-fashioned breakfast service—for we were grand sort of folks, you must understand, and used our silver, as we did our good-manners, every day.

"But Tom," said Litz, struggling out of a species of bewilderment, "isn't—"

"Isn't a man, I suppose," interrupted Delphine, who was apt to be rather intolerant of Litz's opinions in the more important considerations of life.

"Isn't like a man," said Litz, pettishly. And,

in fact, considering how Tom differed from the Ellicott Applebys of Litz's standard of manhood, her comment wasn't so silly as it seemed.

Delphine was *the* Miss Inglis. She was one of the sort who are called "magnificent creatures." She had purplish-black hair and fearfully dark eyes; a white skin which looked as though it would feel cold to your touch, and scornful, scarlet lips. Her hands were exquisite; so was her long, white throat. Litz was the youngest, and more like a bisque doll than a young woman twenty years of age. Litz and Anne of Austria are two of the few who have had green eyes—absolutely green—clear, deep, wonderful. Then her hair was golden, and her form and features quite faultless. She had the rarest type of the Inglis beauty. She was a silly little thing; no one supposed she had any aspirations beyond a gilded cage, or longings higher than for a lump of sugar. At home, any way, we reckoned her about as we did the canary. But every thing was pardoned to her beauty.

It is strange that it took what it did to make us understand—as we finally understood—how much more there was in Litz than we suspected. Delphine turned disdainfully from her sally with one sister.

"It couldn't be worse!" she said to me, with a species of despair. "To think of his bringing a low, dowdy thing, who talks of nothing but *isms*, here to displace *me!*" Miss Inglis spoke in her capacity as mistress of the house.

"Of course he'll have to bring her here," I said, in a rather suppressed way.

"Yes," said Delphine; "of course. If he'd made any thing of himself, as other men do, he might have had means at his time of life to have provided a separate home for his wife when he chose to marry."

I couldn't, some way, assent to this. There came into my mind a sudden sense that we were doing Tom injustice. Delphine went on:

"If he were any thing like us, and had married in our own set, it wouldn't have been so disgusting. But we have enough to contend with in keeping up our position on the niggardly allowance he makes us; and now to have him bring a preaching, speeching, dowdy old maid here, to bear our name, and be forever thrusting herself in the way, and trying to lord it over us in her school-marm fashion, is—is," said Delphine, reaching the climax of virtuous indignation, "too bad!"

"The idea, Del, of any body 'lording it' over you!" laughed Litz, whom that clause appeared to strike as particularly funny.

I guessed what Delphine was thinking of, and she confirmed my surmise in a minute.

"Only last night," she said, "Colonel Richmond was remarking he could pardon a woman every thing but being 'strong-minded.'"

"Well, Tom's wife won't expect to be any thing to Colonel Richmond," I ventured.

"Don't be a dunce, Nan. You know what Colonel Richmond is. Nothing would horrify him so much as the idea of—of being—connected"—Delphine colored a little at her own words—"with such a person."

Litz was looking with her wide, beryl-colored eyes into our faces.

"You don't suppose such a thing would make any difference?" she asked, as though Colonel Richmond's course were a matter of vital importance to her.

Delphine's scarlet lips curved a little more scornfully; that was all. She made no answer. It was quite amazing to me to hear her say what she had. She had too haughty a heart to disclose it often.

There was a pause. Litz went to the window and began crushing the great purple clusters of wisteria in her little pink palms. Delphine spoke again presently. She was quite too much preoccupied to be thinking of effects, but she certainly looked like a *Macbeth*.

"Do you suppose any thing could be done?" she asked, shortly. There had been creeping into my mind—I am afraid I too was a little slow, like Tom—but there had, I say, been creeping into my mind a conviction that there was an alternative to the disagreeable necessity of living with Tom's wife.

"Yes, I do," I answered.

Delphine looked at me swiftly. I did not quite understand her expression. She dropped her voice and said, in an approving tone:

"You think we could break it up?"

"Oh, Delphine!" I think I must have stared at her rather wildly. She looked back in her haughty, freezing way.

"What do you mean, then?"

I hesitated a minute. Litz had come back to the table and was listening; but I did not look in either of their faces as I answered:

"For my part I don't believe I could stay at home after Tom had brought Mildred Dorme here." I think I really had the most stubborn pride of them all.

"Neither do I!" said Litz, eagerly. "Let's all go off, and leave them *The Junipers!* My! wouldn't Tom be bothered!"

"Go?" said Delphine, slowly, with supreme scorn; "I'd like to know where you'd go to?"

"There are ways," I answered, resolutely, "we could find by which to live away from here."

"It is quite praiseworthy, Nan, for you to face the subject so; but I really did not know that you had any prospect for getting away from *The Junipers*," said Delphine, in her freezing way.

I knew what she meant.

"I am certainly not so fortunate as you and Litz, in having a lover," I retorted, rather bitterly; "but my chance for a home elsewhere may not be more remote than yours, nevertheless."

Delphine felt the thrust. It was unkind in me to give it. We did not banter about such things at home, though our dear five hundred friends were saying coolly enough among themselves that the Inglis girls were "not success-

ful in their efforts to marry." It was a singular and rather mortifying circumstance that Delphine, who was now twenty-four, with all her imperial beauty and wit and style, had never had an "eligible offer." Conquests she had made in abundance. Adulation had been to her like an atmosphere; but the net proceeds of her time and talents were included in the costly books, worn-out gloves, and withered bouquets which gave token of her various flirtations. It is an axiom of marriageable society that when the eldest of a fortuneless family stays "on hand" the chances of younger members diminish. No one expected me to set the river on fire, or perform any other wonderful feat, on account of the slight taint of Tom there was about me. But there was Litz? Litz, however, had followed in Delphine's footsteps. She had treated young Blake and young Brown and such other moths as had presumed to singe their ungilded wings in the blaze of the Inglis beauty in a high and mighty fashion quite wonderful to relate; and if she had not yet been sought, certainly she had not yet been to be won, unless, indeed, as we more than suspected, the elegant Ellicott Appleby had set on her hitherto unimpressed heart the seal of his fascination. Though perhaps the fact that the elegant Appleby had gilded wings had something to do with his attractions in Litz's eyes. We all believed she was a mercenary little thing. Be that as it may—though he had not yet given her the chances of saying yes or no to his pretensions, though his attentions to her were quite exclusive—we were satisfied to have it rest so. For Litz was young enough to wait; and then, too, there was a distant connection between the Applebys and ourselves, which might easily be made to account for the intimacy, in case, as we expressed it, that intimacy never came to any thing.

With Delphine it was slightly different. She was twenty-four. She was of the style whom it suits the many to admire—only the few to marry. It was natural that she should feel somewhat sensitive concerning Colonel Richmond. Colonel Richmond was a man of the world. His era of sentiment was passed. Undoubtedly he wished to marry, but he looked for a wife in a dainty way, as men do who may take their pick. Delphine, it must be confessed, had played her cards consummately. Matters had reached a crisis; and just at this crisis Tom must needs announce his coming marriage. *His* marriage—*with Mildred Dorme!* Delphine knew too well how sensitively Colonel Richmond prided himself on his blood and his birth to doubt his disgust toward such a person, and eventually toward the household over which she presided.

We let a week go by, and then we faced Tom for further developments. He meant to be married, he told us, in July. Delphine was our spokesman. She said, in a way she had—it was something like the way of a glacier coming down on a ship—a cold, glittering, rapid, remorseless way:

"Would you like to have any changes made in your room?"

"Nothing," said Tom, "that I will trouble you about."

"I don't suppose," she added, with a tinge of interrogation in her tone, "that it is necessary for us to call upon Miss Dorme."

"Not at all," answered Tom.

His dignity was a little alarming. It contrasted with Delphine's something as the dignity of the French *Tiers Etat* contrasted with that of the King's.

When we were alone Litz began to cry, quite overawed.

"If Nan goes, so will I!"

"Where?" asked la belle dame sans merci.

Litz was twisting an atom of a note, a scented, crested, cream-laid morsel, in her fingers.

"For that matter," she said, "I can spend a few weeks with Mrs. Appleby. I have just heard from her, and they want me any way to come and stay till after the ball."

"And then say you came to court Ellicott!"

"I don't believe they say any thing of the kind."

"Litz," said Miss Inglis, impressively, "take my advice and stay away from Mrs. Appleby's."

Litz was moodily silent for a minute.

"Yes," she burst out, "that's just like your advice! Stay away from there and let that sullen, sallow Bromaine girl take up every minute of Ellicott's time. He was going to ride with me this afternoon, and now his mother writes an apology for him, saying *she* has compelled him to pay a little attention to her guest. And that's the way it will be as long as she stays. If I don't go there I shall be completely left out!"

"Then you do go, it seems, to court Ellicott?" said Delphine, stingingly.

I saw at once that she shouldn't have said it. A strange, flashing expression crossed Litz's face. Evidently there was something deeper than we suspected in her feelings for Ellicott Appleby. She was stubborn, too, in her reply.

"I shall go," she said, curtly.

Delphine turned to me:

"Well, Nan, as you've no lover to visit you have probably changed your mind, and mean to stay at home?"

I had thought a good many thoughts during the week that had passed. I had realized that we had been extortionate with Tom; that he had some rights which even we were bound to respect. I felt as ill-natured as ever about his marrying, but I perceived dimly that I had no right to set myself against it. Delphine's bitterness vexed me too.

"No," I said, "I haven't changed my mind about going. On the contrary, I have made it up to go. We can't deny that, living as we do, we are dependent upon Tom; and I for one won't feel that dependence upon him is depend

ence upon *her*. I can't submit to be patronized by Mildred Dorme!"

"But what will you do?" inquired Miss Inglis.

"Go and earn my living," I answered. Delphine's face never changed.

"Oh, Nan, that would be horrid!" stammered Litz.

"Not so 'horrid' as the alternative," I answered.

"How do you propose to earn your living?" asked Delphine, with an indescribable expression.

"You know," I replied, coolly, "that I showed quite a taste at school for water-color painting. I think I can color miniatures."

"You will do, of course, as you see fit, you two," returned Miss Inglis. "I shall stay at *The Junipers*."

We all did therefore as, according to Delphine, we saw fit. Litz went to Mrs. Appleby's two days from the time she announced that such was her intention. Within a day or two she came down to *The Junipers* in trouble. The trouble, though, was not serious. She had bought a maize-colored *crêpe* for the midsummer ball which Mrs. Appleby was going to give Miss Bromaine, the West Indian heiress, who was her present guest, prior to that young lady's departure for Newport. The *crêpe* and trimmings had exhausted the remains of Litz's summer allowance, and she brought the goods to me in despair to know if I wouldn't help her make it up. I volunteered to make it entirely, and Litz, relieved, drove off with Ellicott, blithe and beautiful as possible. When she came again, though, to try on the dress, a new trouble had occurred.

"It is so dreadful," she declared, "to be there without a cent of money!"

"I should think so," said Delphine, who was just going to the parlor to receive Colonel Richmond. "You must have been crazy when you spent all you had."

"Yes, Litz; you might better have worn your embroidered mull," I acquiesced.

"You wouldn't say so, Nan, if you could just see that Bromaine girl's dresses, and hear the fuss they make over her elegant clothes. She has every thing, you know, from Paris. And I can't help feeling a little pride about my own looks."

"But you can't compete with her in dress, and you look better in a muslin than she does in a *moiré*." But Litz wasn't logical that day.

"I'd give a hundred days of my life for a hundred dollars!" she exclaimed, abruptly. "How much have you got?"

"I haven't spent any of my summer allowance. That's just a hundred, you know." She was silent a minute.

"I shall have to ask Tom."

"Oh, Litz! I wouldn't for any thing. In the first place, I don't believe he could give you any more just at this time; and then—"

"I don't want him to give it to me. I only want to borrow it," she interrupted, casting down her eyes. I was troubled.

"You don't mean that you'd spend money now, expecting Ellicott Appleby to pay it if you married him!"

"Such things are common enough," she said, stubbornly.

"Well, I know there's no use in asking Tom. Most likely he's drawn three months' salary in advance for his wedding expenses, and he couldn't give you a cent if he wished to," I said, disposing of the subject.

"What shall I do?" she returned, half spoiling her beauty by her expression of anxiety and irritation.

"Litz," I said, "I will let you have twenty-five dollars if you'll promise me faithfully not to trifle it away."

"Oh, Nan, darling, will you? You are too good; too kind!" she cried out, with her arms around me. "And I'll repay it, Nan," she added, with a dazzling blush, "a thousandfold."

"I don't wish you to repay it," I said; "only don't spend it for things you don't really need."

And so Litz's trouble was over for that day; and again she drove back with Ellicott to Mrs. Appleby's.

Neither Delphine nor I went to the ball. We had nothing to wear. Moreover, it was the day preceding my departure from *The Junipers*, and I had enough else to think of. We heard, however, that Ellicott was quite devoted, and Litz perfectly charming. She wore the maize-colored *crêpe* and a wreath of wheat. In addition, Mrs. Appleby loaned her her magnificent solitaire ear-drops.

"How foolish in Litz to accept such favors!" commented Delphine.

"Yes," I answered. We were standing on the dépôt platform waiting for the train I was to take to the city.

"I shall let you know where I am, of course," I said to my sister, "but I don't wish Tom to know at present. It would seem as if I had gone merely to be coaxed back."

"Very well," said Delphine.

"Litz will have to return before long—perhaps not for long," I added.

"Certainly. I wish she had not gone away. I have heard it rumored that Mrs. Appleby was bent upon a match between Ellicott and Miss Bromaine. It would be just like her to coax Litz to stay so that Ellicott would get tired of her."

"I think he and Litz are engaged," I replied, "from what she said the other day. She talked of borrowing money of Tom, and said she could make it up before long."

"I think she has the least moral pride of any one I ever saw!" was the answer. Let it be set down to Delphine's credit that she at least had an ample share.

"There comes the train. Don't get into the crowd, dear. Good-by." And so I turned my back upon Tom, and went out into the

world to see what I could do there for myself. I had seventy dollars in my porte-monnaie, with numerous advertisements. My first search was for lodgings. People wanted references. That an Inglis should be forced to give references was rather shocking. I thought of an acquaintance, however, a wholesale jeweler, and gave his address. I hired a room, paying a month's rent in advance. I intended to take my meals at a restaurant. It is cheaper, because one can proportion their food to their funds. Little to pay means little to eat. In the morning I started out for employment. My first call was upon my old drawing-master. He was a man of excellent manners, and was astonished, in a polite degree, at my undertaking. In the course of a ten-minutes' interview he deftly transposed me from the "talented Miss Inglis" of his previous acquaintance to An Applicant. He could do nothing for me, but contrived to bow me out of the room without derogation to his manners. As a matter of form I left him my address.

Having made this bold, cold plunge I proceeded to visit various photograph-galleries, and was somewhat surprised to find that there was no demand at this particular time for additional help in the line in which I applied for work. One of the proprietors with whom I talked, a gossiping, sandy-haired man, was rather affably encouraging, though not very definite. He said if it was quite convenient I might call again. Unquestionably it was convenient, and I called. He was still affable, a little less encouraging, and not definite at all. Nevertheless, I went a third time; he was simply affable.

A week passed. The weather was sultry and dispiriting. I was obliged to buy a looser pair of boots; walking so much on the hot pavements hurt my feet. I got no work, but a note came from Delphine:

"They are here, of course," she wrote. "She's a quiet thing; rather bookish in her talk, but not so 'low' as I expected to find her. I don't think she means to interfere with us, and you had better come home. Tom was put out beyond description to find you gone. I didn't think he had the sensibility of an alligator, but your running away hurt him. He showed that it did. I have said to Colonel Richmond that you were away visiting. My affairs prosper. Ellicott Appleby and Litz drove by yesterday. She has a new grenadine and a lace bonnet—one of Madame Zephire's, I should judge. Do you suppose she would take such things from Mrs. Appleby? I can't conceive where else she got them. Ellicott and she are continually together. She is looking very handsome. I repeat that I advise you to come home. When I told Tom that you refused to give him your address he said nothing, but he looked for all the world like an Inglis!"

I was discouraged and lonesome, and I cried over Delphine's not very pathetic note. But I did not think of following her advice. In those days I had spent by myself Tom's words used to come into my mind again and again. "I have been engaged to her five years," was what he said. There was a volume of dreary pathos in the sentence as I pondered on it. I guessed how long those five years had been to him, and to *her*. Perhaps at first he thought he should be able to support her away from us; then he had had to give this up because of our exactions. It was possible, also, that during those years he had had to endure that the woman he loved should misjudge his delay. I don't think he would have sheltered himself, even in Mildred Dorme's eyes, by making reflections upon his sisters, or by pitying himself for having to bear such a burden. Reticence and patience were peculiar to him. Any how, when it came to the point, I asked myself why shouldn't I accept my share in the struggle, as well as to make him bear all? Why should I compel him to support me, merely because he would? Nothing but a conventionality stood between me and the propriety of my earning my own living. It was merely because I was a woman that I claimed the privilege of being so helpless. I was young and strong. I felt a certain pride in my youth and strength. I am sure if Delphine had been aware of it she would have been "disgusted."

The long, hot summer days went by slowly. I ate as little as possible, but I craved nothing but fruit, which was expensive. Then I spent dreary, unavailable hours in my room, with its dusty carpet, fly-specked window, and lumpy bed; or I walked and walked on the trail of advertisements for copying, or any such thing as I thought I could do; but I was not successful. I did not hear again from Delphine or Litz. In fact I did not write to them.

Four weeks passed. On the following day my room-rent would again fall due. I had been obliged to purchase a thin dress and shawl of a material which would not require washing, in order to decrease my laundry bill. My money was fairly oozing away. I got up early that morning. It was a relief to be stirring; and having no other object I ventured to go again to the photographer who had once encouraged me. He recognized me at once, and greeted me with the same coarse, gossipy air and affable smile.

"Well, Miss, you are just in time to-day," he said, rubbing his hands. I felt my heart leap to my throat, and was conscious that a bright color blazed over my face and neck. I did not speak, though, but waited for him to go on.

"Now, here," he proceeded, opening a drawer and taking from it a roll of "ivorytypes," "here's a chance for you to do your prettiest. These have just come in from our establishment up at Newport, to be finished up. I'm just from there myself."

I looked hungrily at the roll the man held. It meant Work!

"Give me all you can," I said. "I will have them done in time, I promise you."

"Hold on a minute," he said, narrowing his light eyes. "Professor Varago" (that was my drawing-master) "is your reference, ain't he?" He took out a card and pencil. "Now give

us your address." While he was writing it I stood thoughtlessly turning over the pictures.

"Why this is Miss Bromaine," I said, speaking without a moment's thought, in my surprise at recognizing her face among the pictures of the roll.

"Certain," said the man. "You don't know her, do you?"

"A little," I replied, with embarrassment.

"She's the greatest 'swell' up to Newport," he continued; "worth a million or two. They're all by the ears up there over the goings on of her and that young Appleby she's engaged to."

"Appleby?" I felt my head swim.

"Know him too?" queried the photographer. "Appleby of E——, I mean. They'll have a nice thing, come to put their two fortunes together! This picture's for him; so you can make her as lovely as you like to;" concluding with a leer.

I hardly knew what I was doing. My employer finished writing my address while I still stared at the coarse, swarthy, pictured face before me.

"Oh," said he, taking the roll from my hand, "they hain't all so homely as this. You've got some beauties, I tell you, in that lot; here's one, now"—drawing it out—"I wanted to speak to you about this; it's to be finished up for the show-case. You want to make the eyes green—just what painters call beryl."

I had bent forward, stretching my hand out for the picture he held.

"Why where did you get this? Where was it taken?" I stammered.

"Oh, that's one of the Newport lot too."

"Why, no," I said; "this couldn't have been taken at Newport." My head felt bewildered as I contradicted him.

"Yes it was. I took her myself. Little beauty, ain't she?"

It was Litz.

I rolled the things together mechanically.

"Do you think you'll have any more for me?" I asked.

He stretched his freckled lids over his whitish eyes, looking critically at me.

"Something 'll depend on how you suit, you know, Miss."

When I found myself on the street I tried to collect my thoughts. Litz was at Newport, and Ellicott was engaged to Miss Bromaine! It had turned out as Delphine surmised. Mrs. Appleby, whom we had always called a compound of claws and velvet, had played her game well. She had kept Litz long enough for her conceited son to tire of her. If Litz had only not been such a fool!

Ah, if the poor child had been nothing worse! I had so many affairs of my own to think of I put her out of mind after a little, but with a heavy feeling concerning her that I could not account for. I had had no breakfast yet, so I went into Maillaird's, got a cup of coffee, a roll, and a melon. While there I made some plans. I found it would be necessary to indulge in a few comforts to keep up the tone of body and mind, now that I had got work. I should have to have a room into which the sun did not pour the day long. I never could paint in this I occupied. I must have a mosquito bar also. Then I had to supply myself with brushes and colors. The price I should receive would enable me to do all this, but in the mean time I must have some money in advance. I had my mother's watch; it had fallen to me in the partition of her trinkets; and I had calculated that in an extremity I could raise money upon it. Now I could do so with good courage, with the prospect of soon redeeming it. The person to whom I meant to apply was Mr. Launes, the manufacturer of jewelry to whom I had given reference. He lived near us in E——, knew us well, but did not go in our set, so there would be no danger of his telling tales; and, in fact, he was a plain, quiet man, who would not be apt to gossip about such a matter. When I had finished my breakfast I got into a stage and rode down to his place of business. I felt somewhat embarrassed in making my request. Mr. Launes, however, seemed, as it were, prepared for it, but this I attributed to his delicacy, and thanked him inwardly for not exhibiting any surprise. I received the amount, saw the watch put away, and bade him good-morning. Then, appearing somewhat embarrassed himself, Mr. Launes followed me to the door, and dropping his voice, said:

"It's a pity, Miss Inglis, about your sister's diamonds. I hope she'll be able to have them back before long."

I looked at him vacantly, without speaking. He colored at this.

"I beg your pardon. I—I—supposed of course you knew," he stammered. "I wouldn't have mentioned it otherwise for the world."

"I did not know, Mr. Launes; but I certainly should know. Please tell me what it is."

"The ear-drops, you know—Miss Litz's ear-drops. She had me imitate them for her in paste. She wanted to raise money for a few weeks upon the stones; such exquisite stones!"

"Oh, Litz!" I went down the long dark stairs from Mr. Launes's office to the street with a new horror added to my bewilderment. What had she been doing? Pawning Mrs. Appleby's ear-drops? It was hard to believe.

On getting back to my lodgings they told me that a lady was waiting in my room. I did not wonder who it could be. As my step fell on the stairs I heard my door open. In a moment Litz had met me. She had evidently been listening for me. I say "Litz." It was only her ghost. Wretched, faded, haggard, I could hardly recognize my own sister!

"Nan," she said, seizing my hands and hurrying me into the room; "oh, Nan, you must save me!"

"What is it?" I asked; "what does it all mean?"

"I have done so wrong," she sobbed, "and

it is all found out. You must save me!" I took her in my arms and stroked her fine, soft hair and heard her story.

On the night of Mrs. Appleby's ball, she began, she had discovered that Ellicott meant to follow Miss Bromaine to Newport. "He made all manner of fun of her," she said; "and declared that she looked as if she had 'fulled,' as old ladies say of flannel; but for all that I wasn't blind. I began to see that he thought her fortune was a very nice thing. But he loved me," said the poor child, piteously; "when I was present he couldn't keep away from me. And oh, Nan, it was so easy to believe that if I could only go to Newport, too, I shouldn't lose him. He had said every thing to me—every thing a man says to a woman he wants to marry. I was determined at any risk to go. The morning after the ball I came up to the city. I brought Mrs. Appleby's solitaire ear-rings with me and took them to Mr. Launes." Her voice would break at times, but she kept on with a dreadful sort of calmness, telling her story. "I had fac-similes made in paste, which I returned to Mrs. Appleby. Mr. Launes gave me five hundred dollars on the originals. Of course he didn't dream they weren't mine. I never once calculated the chance of discovery. I believed in a few months I should be married to Ellicott, and then I could easily redeem the drops. It was a horrible risk to take." She shivered and stopped.

"Well, Litz, they found it out?" I asked, as quietly as I could.

"Yes." Her throat seemed too full for her to say any more. She controlled herself, though, and went on. "Mrs. Appleby wore the paste drops one night and lost one. It was advertised at once, and so large a reward offered that it set every one to talking about the value of the stones; you know her diamonds are celebrated, they are so pure. One of the servants found it. Mrs. Appleby was sitting in the public parlor when it was brought to her. They talked of it, and it was passed from one to another; finally a connoisseur in stones, who happened to be present, took it. While he was looking at it something in his expression alarmed me. I was all unstrung any way with excitement. For two or three days Ellicott had not been near me. Just then he was down on the beach with Clara Bromaine. The gentleman who was looking at the drop carried it to Mrs. Appleby and said: 'Madam, this is not your stone. It is an imitation. Let me advise you not to pay the reward.' Of course there was great excitement. Oh, Nan, if I had only had the courage to go and throw myself into the surf! 'Get your other drop,' said the gentleman, 'and I think you will detect the fraud yourself.'

"When Mrs. Appleby came back to the parlor I had fainted. I hardly know what passed except that they discovered both the stones were false. I don't know whether it ever occurred to me to screen myself or not. I am thankful I did not attempt it, for of course the affair would have to make a terrible stir, and through Mr. Launes I should eventually have been found out. Mrs. Appleby was with me in her room when I came out of my faint; and I told her. Oh, Nan, I told her—" and she clung to me with a low wail.

"And then?" I asked.

"She acted just as usual; just as satiny as though nothing had happened; only she said she wouldn't have thought it of my Inglis blood; and she took down Mr. Launes's address so that she might get her stones back. She acted as much as though she thought it was a cheap way of curing Ellicott of his fancy. I told her I wanted to go home; and she made the arrangements for me to come down on last night's boat. All this was only day before yesterday," said the girl, in the weariest voice, her wide eyes fixed in a sort of stare; "but it seems like a thousand years."

My mind was in tumult. Litz had brought her disgrace to my poverty. What was to be done? I had risen and had folded the things I had taken off in an abstracted way. Litz was watching me feverishly.

"Nan," she moaned, "we'll pay the money some way, won't we? We won't let her say I am a thief."

I was trying, in my soul, not to be hard with her, but it all seemed so bitter, so difficult to face, that the words were wrenched from me:

"Oh, Litz, how could you?"

I did not know what a wild agitation she was suppressing under her quiet. My reproach did not seem to excite her; she did not grow any paler; she was white as a wraith any how.

"Don't you see any way to help it?" she asked, in a little, quavering voice, and almost before I missed her speaking she had swooned on the floor. I was still bending over her when there was a rap at the door. I opened it just a little. It was the presage, I supposed, of some new disaster. The person who had rapped pushed his way in.

"Tom!" and before I knew what I was about I was laughing and crying together in his great arms. Oh, what a relief it was!

He had found me out, he told me, through Professor Varago, whom he happened to meet. It wasn't necessary for him to say any thing about his feelings at the course I had taken. I could see all in the way he looked at me. Of course he knew nothing of Litz—nothing, that is, of her disgrace. Surprised to find her there, he lifted her on to the bed, and while I was trying to bring back her consciousness I told him what had happened as briefly as I could. When she came to she hardly seemed to recognize Tom. She lay there, her eyes set in a staring, expressionless way, deadly white, with her bright hair drifting around her, not noticing what he and I were talking of.

"You must all come home. That is the first thing to be done," he said, at last, after hearing

all; "then we must think how this money can be paid."

"Oh, Tom, how is it to be done?" I asked.

"I don't quite see; but then it must be. I have had some extra expenses, you know, lately. In fact my summer salary is all spent. I scarcely know where to borrow; there are some debts still which I have been unable to pay; we have once in a while had extra expenses, you know. In fact I don't suppose I could borrow without security. But we have *The Junipers*."

"Oh, Tom, our home! What should we do without our home?"

"To mortgage it would only be like having to pay rent for it, you see, Nan."

"But it has been as much as we could do to live without paying rent."

"We shall have to make some retrenchments. If we could have foreseen this I think it might have been better for me— But then Mildred is one who could do her share, you know, if it came to that." He started to say it might have been better for him not to have married. But he could not say it. He was rather pale, and his face was grave and tender. It made me cry to look into it.

"And so can I do mine for the future, Tom," I said, stoutly.

"We won't talk about that, Nannie. First, now, we must get Litz home. She is sick." There was in fact nothing else to be done but to return to *The Junipers*. It was very grateful to yield to Tom that day.

Mildred met us at the door. I thought of the shadow of disgrace we were bringing back with us, and went toward her more anxious than critical. She was a small creature. All the effect of her face was in her eyes; wide, brown eyes, full of penetration and patience. Beyond her eyes you noticed, indifferently, that her forehead was broad and low, her mouth firm, her cheeks without color.

"Where is Delphine?" I asked, when we had put Litz in bed.

"She is driving, to-day, with Colonel Richmond," said Mildred.

I think I dreaded this new blow more for Delphine's sake than any other. The mention of Colonel Richmond made me shiver. Mildred left me a few minutes alone. I suppose during those minutes Tom told her what had happened. She came back and stood beside Litz, and the tears came into her eyes. In fact the girl's look was pitiful; her eyes were dull and heavy; her face looked lifeless, utterly weary. She did not speak. It was as if hope and energy were all blotted out for her. Presently Mildred laid her hand on her head. Then she came to me and said:

"Perhaps I know more of sickness than you do. I think Litz is going to have fever."

I startled at this and we called Tom. He said he would go at once for Dr. Ellicott.

"No, no"—I put my hand on his arm to stop him—"we can't have him here." Dr. Ellicott was Mrs. Appleby's brother.

"True enough," said Tom, remembering. "Why," he added, turning to his wife, "your brother hasn't left E—— yet, has he, Mildred?"

"No," she said; "but then perhaps, Tom—"

"I dare say Chandler knows as much as the fashionable Dr. Ellicott," he interrupted; "and it would be better not to have any of that set, wouldn't it, Nan?"

"We couldn't have them," I answered.

"If you say so I will go for Dr. Dorme."

"By all means," I answered.

"It would be easy to have counsel if she is really ill," said Mildred, with a little of pride and anxiety in her tone.

When Delphine came in late in the afternoon from her drive she heard for the first of Litz's illness and of our return. She came directly to our chamber. Dr. Dorme had reached there but a few minutes previous, and stood over Litz at the bedside. Delphine was radiant that afternoon; her beauty all ablaze with some triumph and excitement. Dr. Dorme turned as she entered; a glow of animated admiration, of a keen, artistic delight, spread over his features. But before I had finished introducing them he lapsed again into his previous cold, self-concentred manner. For my part my heart sank, thinking of what was in store for Delphine. She sat down in a preoccupied way, and began to look out of the window, merely saying to me, with a brilliant smile,

"You were sensible to follow my advice." If she had looked closely at my face she would have suspected something; but she did not look. As soon as Dr. Dorme had left us she turned to me:

"Nan, you may give me joy."

"Delphine, something too dreadful has happened for us to talk of joy."

"What do you mean?" she asked, a little scornfully.

"Ellicott has jilted Litz."

"Of course; I expected that, when the little goose went off with them."

"And then—Delphine, try to pity her—she pawned Mrs. Appleby's ear-drops to get money to go with; and it is all found out."

Delphine had risen. She staggered back against her chair.

"Who knows it?" she asked.

"Every one, I suppose, by this time."

"A thief!" she said, between her teeth. "How can you ask me to pity her?"

I made no reply. In a few minutes she went into the next room. In a half hour or so she came back.

"Colonel Richmond offered himself to me this afternoon," she said, quite quietly. "Of course I shall release him at once."

That was her share of the trial. She was able to put in few words. Well, it was only natural that she should think of herself first.

Colonel Richmond called the following morning. Delphine had written a note requesting him to do so. I had never seen her chiseled face so entirely beautiful, her scarlet lips so

scornful, as when she went to meet him. Colonel Richmond was a hard man to say that to which she had to say. He had such haughty prejudices, such a fine, merciless sense of honor, that he would hardly be able to conceal what he would certainly feel as to Litz's conduct. When I looked at Delphine, though, as she went to the interview I knew that she meant to out-Herod Herod; to be more merciless, more haughty than any thing on earth but Miss Inglis could be. I suppose nothing could have surprised her more than his reception of her communication. He did not permit her to proceed. He had heard the circumstances, he declared to her, before their interview the preceding afternoon —which I dare say was a slight breach of truth. He was, however, as chivalrous and generous as possible, and reproached her for supposing that any such thing, quite beyond her control, could alter their relation. I believe Delphine felt worse about it than if he had acted as she expected. He even went farther than this. He discussed the matter of Litz's fault frankly, divesting it as a topic of all embarrassment, and said that society might blame itself for the wrecks it made, for its main business seemed to be planting reefs and allotting sirens to sing over them for the ruin of souls. Colonel Richmond had a habit of making such handsome little speeches! I shall never forget Delphine's look when she had told me all this.

"I'd give the world if he'd taken me at my word, and just ended it;" she burst out, abruptly.

"Delphine!"

"I would. I never understood him before; never felt that I should do him injustice when I married him."

"What do you mean?"

"Nan!" she said, startling me; "do you know that my pride triumphs—nothing more—in securing Colonel Richmond?"

"What do you care for but your pride, Delphine?"

"I don't know"—a look of passionate humility crossed her face, and vanished—"perhaps nothing"—her usual expression coming back.

The days that followed were crowded with troubles. Litz lay ill of a low, nervous fever, but I think she suffered least of us all. Dr. Dorme continued to attend her. We liked him as far as he would let us. He had a very distant manner at most times, refusing familiarity almost as if it were patronage. Sometimes, though, he was betrayed into showing how much culture and talent he had. He was Mildred's idol, and no wonder she was proud of him, for he had risen quite by himself; had acquired his profession, freed himself from debt, and spent two years studying in Paris. He had now just returned, and was about going West to locate for life. At rare times, when he lingered in making his daily visit, and talked of Art, and Books, and theories of life, and the like, we would almost forget for the moment the cloud hanging over us. I noticed he lingered longest always and talked the best when Delphine was by.

But meantime the trouble lived. The lines in Tom's face grew deeper. It was not easy to tell just where the necessary retrenchment should begin. I fancied a look of oppression in Mildred's face, and believed it was owing to Tom's reserve with her about our pecuniary troubles. He thought he was sparing her something by his silence, and she was too delicate to broach the matter, attributing his reticence to pride. Delphine said little, but I knew she was suffering exquisitely.

The evening of the day when Litz's fever broke we left her sleeping and went in to tea. We were each feeling that with her recovery came the occasion for the redemption of the diamonds. It was a relief to have Tom mention the subject.

"Well, girls," he said, "I have arranged the preliminaries. You will have to come up to the city to-morrow and sign the paper which mortgages *The Junipers*." There was no need of assenting, and no one replied. In the silence Mildred moved her chair; her lips parted; then she hesitated, opening and shutting her hand which rested on the tea-tray nervously. At last, moving impulsively, she got up and went over to Tom, laying her hand on his shoulder, and looking steadily into his face.

"It has seemed, Tom," she said, "as though you didn't want me to talk about this, and I have felt reluctant to be the first to speak. But now you must let me. There must be no false pride between us, must there?" She waited. He took her hands into his.

"I don't quite understand you, little woman; but I can answer your question. Nothing must come between us to trouble our love."

"That is all I want," she answered, in a quiet, contented tone, a soft blush flitting over her cheek. "I have money enough for what is needed. We must take it for this purpose, and not mortgage *The Junipers*."

"*You* have the money, you little church-mouse!" said Tom, laughing.

"Yes, Tom," she answered, with a kind of childish simplicity; "I have a thousand dollars."

She wouldn't tell him all the truth of her secret even then, nor explain that she had thought it would seem like urging their marriage to have told him before that she had saved this sum of money while the years of their courtship were wearing away. Ah, me! how we Inglis girls would have sneered at the little economies and devices whereby Miss Dorme, with her slender salary, saved up the price of our salvation! Delphine stared at Mildred for a moment. It was hard for her to comprehend the unobtrusive heroism of such a nature. But the glimpses we were getting into it in our constant association with the woman we had despised seemed to be like a little leaven infused into the great lump of our sodden pride and selfish ambitions. This leaven at that moment was working in

Delphine. She rose impulsively, went and put her arms around Tom's wife, and kissed her. She had not kissed her before. Afterward she told me that it was at that instant, she believed, that the resolution came to her to put her own selfishness under foot; to sacrifice her unworthy, unwomanly ambition.

We all went back to Litz's room together. Dr. Dorme had come in within a few minutes, and sat there waiting for her to wake. He was at the window where I had been at work during the afternoon with my colors, and was examining the picture on which I had been engage. It was very rare for him to take any such liberty, and he betrayed some annoyance at being discovered, looking at me apologetically. The picture was that of Litz. All of the others which I had received from the photographer that eventful morning were finished, returned, and paid for, and a promise given of as much work as I wished to do during the coming winter. Meantime I was retouching this of Litz, with all the skill and care I could bestow.

"Poor, lovely Litz!" said Tom, looking over Dr. Dorme's shoulder.

"Nothing more beautiful could have been made," added Mildred, following him.

Somehow as she said that Dr. Dorme glanced at Delphine; not as though he meant to, yet with a kind of involuntry contradiction of Mildred's words in his expression. Delphine caught his glance, and her proud, white face flushed as I believe no compliment had ever made it before. Dr. Dorme's eyes blazed exultantly a minute as he saw this, then his face clouded with an expression of self-denial, bitterness, and renunciation. For the rest of the time he remained that evening he avoided Delphine, avoided to look at or even attend to her when she spoke, so that she evidently noticed it.

It was a sultry night, and after undressing we put our lamp out and sat down by the open window a few moments before retiring. It was very dark outside, murky and still. Close as I was to Delphine I could only just see the outline of her figure. She sat in a crouching way, her head bent on her hands, with her elbows resting on her knees.

"Nan," she said suddenly, by-and-by, in a brittle voice, "I am going to give Colonel Richmond up."

I can't tell why this did not astonish me. Some subtle change in Delphine seemed to have prepared me for it. I did not answer, therefore; only reached my hands out for hers, took them down from her head, and held them. They were cold as ice.

"I am sick of myself," she went on, passionately; "all the while the idea weighs upon me of how unworthily my twenty-four years have been frittered away in schemes and sneers. I have such wild, wild thoughts of finding duties to fulfill and work to do, and happiness with it, that I can't rest! I do not love Colonel Richmond, and I will not do worse than all and make my marriage a lie!"

"It is strange, Del; it seemed as though he suited you once."

"Once!" she repeated, with some of her old scorn. "But that has nothing to do with it," she went on, more humbly. "I am eager, restless, insatiable of fulfillments; he is polished, unimpulsive, cold! If I marry a man he must be in earnest; a worker; not one whose life is only a show!"

Something—perhaps only the ripe berries of the mountain ash dropping on the gravel—came and went between her words. The fancy I had had of Mildred's influence being like a little leaven working in us all was in my mind.

"After all," I said, "Mildred's coming has been good for us, Delphine, hasn't it?" She freed her hands from me suddenly, and said, nervously:

"I don't know, Nan; I don't know! Come, let us go to bed, now."

Of course Delphine wasn't one to wait when she resolved upon a thing. She saw Colonel Richmond the next day, and told him pretty much, I suppose, what she had told me.

"He acted just as usual," she said, when she was telling me of the interview. "He said he had the profoundest respect and admiration for me, and all that. That at his age he could not pretend to that suffering of sentiment which younger men feel, and so on. That my decision grieved him; he would have been very proud of me as his wife; and he hoped we would still allow him to call us his friend. Of course I told him we should only be too happy to retain his friendship. So the whole thing is settled with complete propriety!" and she laughed a merry, light-hearted little laugh, which sounded almost strangely coming from Delphine.

Meanwhile Litz was convalescent. She seemed to mend from the moment she was told that Mrs. Appleby had received back her eardrops. Dr. Dorme had postponed his departure for the West beyond his intention on her account. There was no further excuse for his lingering now, and the day was fixed for his departure. He came and went to and from *The Junipers* in a wondrously capricious way, sometimes animated, sometimes depressed. As for Delphine, she was always gay.

The first chilly morning that came in September we had a little fire built on the hearth in the parlor, fetching the great brass andirons from the garret, as we did for a few weeks every spring and fall; and it made the room so cheerful that we brought Litz for the first time from her chamber to sit with us there.

It was a dazzling day; clear as crystal; a crisp prick in the blue air, and all the streets strewn gaudily with maple leaves. Delphine has been altering a white alpaca of her own into a *peignoir* for the invalid, which she put on for the first that morning, and as she lay in an easy-chair, covered with Mazarin reps, her fine,

rippling, golden hair hanging loosely about her, we could see that, spite of her wanness and pallor, her loveliness was coming back. Some way Litz's recovery was like a resurrection to us; not that she had been so extremely ill, but it was as if she had gone through a mental *via dolorosa* and emerged changed and redeemed.

As we sat there, innocently unconscious of what was in store for us, Mrs. Appleby's *Victoria* stopped at the door, and Mrs. Appleby herself, smiling and velvety, was in our midst. Pride is deep. I confess it was a satisfaction to me to have her call. I liked even such a gloss put over our poor child's dreadful doings. The others seemed indifferent. Satin itself is not smoother than was Mrs. Appleby's manner. Of course we were all thinking about the diamonds, and Ellicott's approaching marriage with Miss Bromaine. Equally of course we talked of remotest topics. In the mean time who should arrive but Colonel Richmond—his first visit since his rejection by Delphine! He had, however, kept his name familiar to us by sending fruit or flowers almost daily to Litz, and this morning he brought a dainty basket of luscious grapes, massed among their own broad, cool leaves. Mrs. Appleby's satin smoothness seemed to acquire a new gloss from Colonel Richmond's coming. She acted as though she felt both flanks supported. Rising, at last, to go, she kissed Del and me, smoothly, and then went and hung over Litz, gracefully conscious of the exhibition of magnanimity she was making.

"Now, little puss, make haste and get well. I am going to send the carriage to bring you to lunch with me the first day you are able to go out."

A slight shiver went over Litz; a small, bright spot burned in each of her white cheeks; but she raised her eyes frankly to Mrs. Appleby's.

"I know you mean to be very kind," she said, in her sweet, clear voice, which did not falter a bit on the silence of the little room; "but I don't think I can ever visit you again, Mrs. Appleby; and I wonder you can ask me to, after all that has happened—after what I did."

The formulas of sincerity are few. Mrs. Appleby did not know one. She was embarrassed a second, but she recovered herself, and said, looking as unconscious as could be:

"You ridiculous child!" and she pressed the pearl end of her parasol handle against Litz's cheek, kissed her, and went nodding out of the room as if she had been tipped all over with marabouts.

We all knew well enough that Litz's conduct was any thing but that of a "ridiculous child," but no one said any thing except Colonel Richmond. If Delphine had looked at him then she need not have called him a "man whose life was simply a show." He went straight across the room to Litz, took her hands up in a hearty, impulsive fashion, and said outright:

"Why, you little heroine!"

The child shut her eyes up quickly, and her mouth quivered. The Colonel looked unutterable repentance for what he had done, and then, with his usual tact, said some light nothings, and began bidding us all good-day in a fashion to contradict all inference that any thing had happened!

In the course of the afternoon Dr. Dorme came in "to enjoy the open fire." The following day was fixed for his departure, and naturally enough his talk turned upon his future prospects. It was, perhaps, rather irrelevant, though, for him to say as he did:

"One thing is certain; a man who has his way to make at the West has no right to take an Eastern wife where the conditions of society are so different; where she has, necessarily, to sacrifice so much of her preconceived notions of comfort."

"It is fortunate," said Mildred, a little mischievously, "that you haven't taken an Eastern wife, Chandler. You must get one who is morally as well as physically acclimated." Dr. Dorme started, and blushed like a girl. There are times when folks don't like their own opinions confirmed.

It was such a bright, glorious evening that we sat a little after tea without candles, letting the moonlight stream in. Delphine stood in a window, rather abstracted, a trifle sad, saying little. After a while Dr. Dorme went over to her.

"I wish you would get your bonnet and shawl and walk as far as Glech's with me. I am going to select two of Rogers's groups and order them packed to-night, and I would like the benefit of your taste in making the selection."

It was all very well to talk about Rogers's groups, but I can only say they must have found the decision a very difficult one, for it was ten o'clock, and we had all gone to our chambers, when they returned. After their return, too, a good while elapsed—I've no idea how long, for I went to sleep—but I was awakened some time in the night by Delphine, still dressed, standing over me with a candle in her hand:

"Open your eyes, Nan, and look at me."

"I see you as plainly as can be," I said, sleepily; "what is the matter?"

"I want to know what kind of a wife you think I'll make for a country doctor?"

I opened my eyes wide enough then, and sat up in bed.

"Delphine," I said, with conviction, "I think you're a brick!"

"Nan," returned Miss Inglis, "where *did* you learn such an expression—when you were off *earning your living?*" And then, sitting down on the edge of the bed, she told me the whole story: how something which she first saw in Mildred, and afterward in Chandler, completely shamed her. He was a revelation to her. Before she dreamed that she was loving him she found herself forming resolutions after the standard on which she saw he lived and acted.

"But, do you know, Nan," she concluded, "that though he felt attracted to me from the first, he had determined never to betray it. He says he should never have spoken if he had not overheard our conversation that night when I told you what I was going to do about Colonel Richmond."

"What in the world was he doing out there in the dark—making 'woful ballads to his mistress's eyebrows?'"

"Nonsense! It was the merest accident. Mildred had asked him to wait for a letter which she wished posted for the early mail; and he went out there because he wanted to smoke."

"Oh!"

So Dr. Dorme went off the next day, made his trip to the West, chose a location, and came back at Christmas for Delphine. She made a magnificent bride. Tom insisted on her having a white silk wedding-dress, and a "reception" after the ceremony. The service was performed in the little chapel, heavily hung with its Christmas wreaths of box and pine and holly. From Colonel Richmond's conservatory we had basket-loads of flowers for the rooms, and from Mrs. Appleby a nice piece of plate. Litz and I were bridemaids. The bride and groom took one of the evening trains to New York. Colonel Richmond begged permission to see them off at the dépôt. He told Delphine he had a secret to tell her, with which he couldn't intrust her till she was away from home. What he told her was, perhaps, under the circumstances, rather an odd thing to tell, but knowing the parties, not so odd either.

"Mrs. Dorme," he said, in his courtly way, "if I meet with the encouragement I hope for, between now and spring, I am going to ask Miss Litz Inglis to marry me. Will you wish me God-speed, as I do you?"

What I answered need not be told.

We are settled down at *The Junipers* for the winter, after the mixed pleasure and pain of the excitements of the past six months. I am getting on bravely with my work; studying some with Mildred, writing longest of letters to Chandler and Del, and watching Colonel Richmond's courtship.

Litz is changed. She is not a canary-bird any more. She is paler and gentler, with a quaint little dignity in her way that becomes her. One night at the opera she and Colonel Richmond sat beside Mr. and Mrs. Ellicott Appleby.

"She was not agitated in the least," the Colonel told me next day, rather exultantly, "even though it was so unexpected. After all she was a mere child, and it was a child's fancy; she will get over it entirely, don't you think so, Miss Inglis?"

"I think she is giving you very good evidence of some such consummation, Colonel," I answered, rather slyly.

MARY NEALY.

THE adventures of Mary Nealy—so illustrative of the perils of border life in the early days of our history—have been recorded in no historical work. It will be a service to the country's annals to rescue the strange story from the oblivion of mere tradition.

Mary was born near Charleston, South Carolina, in August, 1761. Her father removed his young family to Tennessee, the emigrants passing through Georgia to the place where now stands Chattanooga. The family was sent down the Tennessee River in canoes, taking with them their household stuff, clothes, and provisions, while the father drove his horses and cattle along the banks; the two parties joining each other at the Muscle Shoals, whence they proceeded by land to the locality afterward called Nealy's Bend, on the Cumberland River, near the site of Nashville. Here the adventurous pioneer lived several years. Mrs. Nealy took upon herself the task of teaching her daughters, hearing their spelling and reading lessons while she was spinning on her little wheel. When a school was established the sons were sent three miles to attend it every day, the path through the woods being so infested with wolves that they were usually obliged to go on horseback.

After the commencement of the Revolutionary struggle, the family, with others in the neighborhood, sought refuge in a fort; the men venturing out, as opportunity permitted, to attend to the cattle and cultivate their fields. Nealy was engaged in making salt, and was sometimes assisted by his daughter Mary, or Polly, as she was called.

One Sunday morning in the autumn of 1780 the young girl, wearing her best dress, left the station in company with her father, and walked with him to the bank of the river. Mary happened to be standing at some little distance from her father, when she suddenly heard the report of a gun, and saw him fall. Starting forward, she felt herself swooning, and had only time to see an Indian leap from his covert when she sank to the ground insensible. On recovering her consciousness she found herself in the grasp of two savages, who were dragging her off with all possible haste, evidently apprehensive of pursuit from the station not far off. No aid came, and the helpless girl was compelled to go on with her captors. They were three days without food; at length a bear was killed, and a piece of raw flesh was given to the starving captive. The eating of such food produced severe illness, which was relieved by the Indian prescription of a quantity of the bear's oil.

The prisoner was offered her choice between becoming the wife of the chief's son or the slave of his oldest wife. She chose the latter, and soon made herself so useful that the savages determined to spare her life. The party continued some time in Tennessee and Kentucky,

often encamping in cane-brakes. The hope of finding her way back to home and friends was still cherished by the unfortunate girl, and one night she attempted to escape. After leaving the encampment she chanced to step on a large fragment of cane, which ran entirely through her foot. She was of course recaptured, and suffered terrible agonies from the wound, which was not entirely healed for months. During this time, having learned something of the Indian language, she frequently heard the advice given to kill and scalp her, rather than be troubled with a poor cripple; and it is probable that nothing saved her but her knowledge of sewing and other kinds of work, which made her a valuable servant to her mistress.

One night, when the Indians had encamped on the banks of a small stream, a heavy storm came on. To obtain shelter Mary climbed into a tree completely canopied by a luxuriant grape-vine. In a short time after she had thus secured herself a fierce gust of wind uprooted a large tree near by, and it fell with a tremendous crash immediately over the place she had quitted. She heard the savages calling to her amidst the darkness and the driving storm, and when they received no answer, ascertained by their exclamations that they supposed she had been killed.

A flash of joy penetrated her heart; here was an opportunity of escape! She remained still, while the Indians called and shouted to her repeatedly. When they were silent, fear began to shake her new-born hopes. She had been severely punished for the previous attempt to escape, and threatened with the tomahawk if it were ever repeated. Should she leave the tree, the dogs would in all probability discover her and give the alarm. Uncertain what to do, she remained in the tree all night, not answering the calls which were repeated at intervals, in hopes the Indians would break up camp and depart before day, as they always did when apprehensive of pursuit.

They did not, however, quit the spot before day, when her place of refuge was discovered. She was compelled to accompany them in their northward course, and after crossing the Ohio she gave up in despair the faint hope that had remained of being restored to her kindred.

Fortune seemed to delight in mocking her with opportunities by which she could not profit. One night when they had encamped a snow-storm came on, and she was completely covered by a snow-drift. In the morning, as the Indians were preparing to continue their journey, she could be found nowhere, and the Indians concluded she had gone off during the night. Their anger was loudly expressed, and the most terrible tortures were threatened if she should again fall into their power. Hearing all this imperfectly, and only understanding that she was wanted, Mary rose from under her white coverlet in the very midst of the infuriated savages, whose shouts of astonishment and merriment, when they discovered the truth, were absolutely deafening. It was a bitter thought to her that, had she known how securely she was concealed, she might have remained in safety.

The morning meal of the Indians was a large black-snake, which was roasted and divided. A few inches only fell to the poor girl's share, but the piquant sauce of hunger made it seem delicious food. She was always permitted to share in every thing with her captors.

At one time, when the men were all absent from the camp, a large deer was seen making directly toward it. The old chief's wife ordered Mary to take a gun and shoot the animal, as she was known to be the best shot among all the women. The chief had expressly forbidden firing, on pain of death, in the absence of his men, the discharge of a gun being the appointed signal of the near approach of an enemy. Mary hesitated to obey her mistress; but, being urged, she fired and shot the deer. In a few moments the Indians came rushing in, expecting to encounter the foe. When informed that it was a false alarm, the chief raised his tomahawk to kill the white girl who had dared to disobey his commands.

His wife threw herself between him and the intended victim, exclaiming that she herself was the offender; but for a moment, as the uplifted weapon was whirled several times round the chief's head, Mary expected he would bury it in her own. Perhaps the prospect of plenty of savory venison for supper did something to pacify the angry warrior.

At another time, when by some means or other the small-pox was introduced among the party, the captive became desperately ill with the terrible disease. For ten days she was entirely blind, being left alone in a lodge built for her at some distance from the camp, near a spring. Her food was brought and left at the spring, to which she would grope her way once in twenty-four hours. Her sufferings were somewhat alleviated by an ointment made by simmering prickly-pear in bear's-grease, which a compassionate squaw prepared for her. During this season of distress she often wished for death; but the hope of being at some future day delivered from her cruel bondage would support her to a patient endurance of her protracted trials. Some of the articles in her possession had been taken from her; a knife was left, which she preserved with the greatest care, and took every opportunity when unobserved of cutting her name on the bark of trees, in the hope that the marks might lead to her rescue.

It is supposed that this party of Indians remained a year in the northwestern past of Tennessee, at the forks of Cumberland and Tennessee rivers, and near the junction of the Ohio with the Mississippi, afterward passing into what is now Indiana. Several white prisoners, meanwhile, were brought in from Tennessee and Kentucky; among them a man named Riddle and his two daughters, who were occasionally in Miss Nealy's company. At all

times when her health permitted Mary was engaged in some useful occupation, never caring how laborious it might be, as her mental disquietude was thus relieved. The only employment she objected to was the moulding of bullets, to which she was often compelled.

As the journey continued she became acquainted with a French fur-trader, whom she besought to aid her in effecting her escape. He would not listen to her entreaties, and she left him, indignant at his want of humane feeling. A little conscience-stricken, perhaps, for his refusal, he brought a blanket the next day, and offered it to her; but she rejected the gift, saying that she scorned to receive any thing from a heartless wretch who was too cowardly to give her the aid she required.

After they had passed into Michigan, where their numbers were increased by other captives, one of the females, weak from exhaustion and carrying an infant a few months old, failed to keep up with the rest, though assisted occasionally by the kind-hearted squaws. When they encamped at night a consultation was held among the men, and it was resolved to kill the child. They had built a large fire, and when the wood had been consumed to a bed of glowing coals one of the warriors snatched the babe from its mother's breast and threw it into the midst. It was instantly drawn out and thrown back into the arms of its distracted mother; again snatched from her and thrown into the fire, to be again drawn out; and this fiendish pastime was repeated amidst the screams of the agonized mother and hideous yells from the savages, who were leaping and dancing the while with frantic gestures, till life was extinct in the little victim, when it was torn to pieces by the murderers.

Scenes like this, which were not of uncommon occurrence, inspired Mary with a feeling of detestation toward the perpetrators of such outrages, which became habitual, and amounted to a vindictive hate, of which she could never wholly divest herself. She would never speak their language unless compelled by circumstances to use it; and she used to say that the only favor she ever asked of them was that she might be put to death. When, in after-life, a favorite grand-daughter, who had been born and reared in her house, expressed a desire to wear ear-rings, and was about to buy a pair, she persuaded her not to do so, speaking with melancholy earnestness on the subject, and saying she should never be able to look upon her beloved child without pain, if decorated with ornaments which would so strongly remind her of her savage enemies.

It was Mary Nealy's lot, at one time, to witness the punishment of a young Indian and his paramour for a crime rarely committed among the savage tribes. The criminals were bound to separate trees and stoned to death, the white prisoners being compelled to see the execution.

Many more incidents of adventure, peril, and suffering are remembered by the family and descendants of Mary Nealy as having occurred during her forest travel and sojourn with her wild companions. The limits of a brief sketch permit only the record of those necessary to illustrate the experience common to too many in those fearful days of our republic.

After a captivity of two years the prisoners were taken to Detroit, where the Indians expected to receive from the British government payment for the scalps they had brought. The savages received much attention from the English as important allies while encamped in the neighborhood of the city. Mary was sent every day to the house of a French resident to procure milk for a sick child of the chief. She saw the mistress of the house frequently, who became interested in her when she had learned her history. One morning she told her to come on the following day, to drop her milk-can outside the gate, enter the house without rapping, and proceed directly to a certain room.

The poor girl had been suffering from chills and fever for several weeks. The next morning, when she was ordered to go for milk, it happened that her paroxysm of fever was upon her. In her half-delirious state, revolving her plan of escape, she lingered, looking for a pair of silver shoe-buckles she wished to take with her, and was twice struck by her angry master before she set out on her errand. By the time she had reached the Frenchman's gate her senses were sufficiently restored to remember the directions of the day previous.

When the Indians came in search of her the woman of the house informed them that the girl had come to the gate, apparently in anger, had thrown down the vessel and departed, she did not know whither. The Indians made complaint to the city authorities, and on the following day men were sent to search the house; but no trace of the fugitive could be found.

All this time Mary lay quietly concealed in a small dark closet, the door of which, opening into a larger one, could not be easily discovered. She occupied that hiding-place for a month, sustained by the kind care of her benefactress. One day an accident had nearly betrayed her. Looking carelessly from the window, she was startled by seeing the face of an Indian whom she knew, and saw, by the gleam of his eyes, that he had also recognized her. She hastened to inform her protectress and implore her aid.

There was no time to be lost. She was immediately supplied with boy's apparel, her hair was cut off, and she was sent, accompanied by the son of her hostess, half a mile into the city, to the house of another kind-hearted Frenchwoman, who gave her shelter, and kept her concealed several weeks. Work was also procured for her from a tailor, and she was enabled to earn sufficient to clothe herself comfortably.

When the fear of pursuit was over she was

removed by night to an island in the river, where she found seventeen other captives whom she had met before in her travels through Indiana, Ohio, or Michigan; some of them having been purchased by the British authorities, some having escaped through the assistance of the French inhabitants of the city.

She remained but three weeks in this new asylum. On leaving the island the captives were conveyed down the lakes, stopping some time at Niagara, and down the St. Lawrence River. They were landed on the shore of Lake Champlain, where they were exchanged as prisoners of war. Before they quitted the vessel one of the British officers endeavored to exact a promise from the company, which consisted of women, old men, and boys, that they would not aid nor abet the Continentals against the royal government during the continuance of the war.

Mary, long after, was accustomed to relate, with much dignity and spirit, how she refused to give the required pledge; and how she challenged the officer to go ashore with her into a thicket of bushes, where she "would cut a switch and brush him till he would be glad to promise, on his own part, that he would never again be caught upon Provincial ground." She would describe the scene with as much pride at ninety as she could have acted in it threescore and ten years before. The others caught a portion of her spirit, and in very truth cut them switches as soon as they were on shore, daring the officer to come on, and giving three cheers for the brave young woman.

Her companions told her that they were in expectation of seeing one of the American generals in a few days, and that when he came he would provide her with a horse and saddle. She continued her journey with this company for several days; and when the others faltered from fatigue, and were unable to proceed, she went on in the hope of finding employment among the Dutch settlers, her only companions being an old man and two boys. After a day or two of weary travel in the snow these also gave up, and one morning she was left to proceed alone.

It was a sad day for her — tramping on through the snow and water, into which her feet plunged at every step; and toward evening a heavy rain drenched her garments. Yet her courage did not fail; for she had now before her the hope of eventually reaching her beloved home, and she felt that her success depended on her unwearied efforts. She could not persuade herself to stop for rest till after dark, when she came up to the door of a small cabin where a cheerful light was glimmering. Very cheering was the aspect of the huge blazing logs in the ample chimney; but other comforts there were none—scarcely even a morsel of bread, and not a bed could be furnished on which to lay her wearied limbs. She was, however, accustomed to hardships; and lying down on the floor, with her feet to the fire, without stopping to dry her clothes, she soon fell into a profound slumber.

In the morning she awoke in great distress from oppression at the lungs, and unable to speak except in a whisper. The woman in the cabin, though wretchedly poor, had a kind heart, and made the suffering stranger as comfortable as she could. Miss Nealy, from her acquaintance with Indian life, had acquired a knowledge of diseases and of medicine which now proved useful in her own case. She happened to have some medicines about her, which she directed the good woman how to prepare and administer. A severe attack of illness finally yielded to the youthful vigor of her constitution, strengthened by endurance of all kinds of hardship. But it was some weeks before she was able to travel.

In the fear of a recurrence of scurvy, from which she had previously suffered, she procured at a little settlement, a few days' journey from the cabin, a small quantity of snuff and other simple remedies prescribed by a traveler; spending almost the last penny she possessed for these and a little japanned snuff box, which she afterward presented to the lady from whom the writer of this sketch received the narration.

In this settlement she learned that a farmer who lived in the vicinity intended in the spring to remove with his family to the southwestern part of Virginia, and that his wife was in want of a "help" to spin, weave, and make up men's and boys' clothing. This was good news indeed! Mary lost no time in making application to be received in that capacity.

During the winter Mary labored assiduously, doing the washing of the family and milking the cows, in addition to the other employments for which her services had been engaged, thus leaving herself not a moment of relief from toil till late bedtime, and receiving in return only fifty cents a week, and but a small part of her wages in money. When the family set out on their journey she assisted in driving the stock, as well as in cooking and doing all kinds of work necessary in "camping out," performing almost the entire journey on foot, and being compensated for her laborious services with only food and lodging, and such protection as the company of those she attended afforded her. Yet throughout her life she seemed to remember that family with warm affection, and spoke of them with gratitude. It was her first experience since her doleful captivity of human sympathy and home feeling, and her generous heart overflowed toward those who gave it, her labors to serve them being counted as nothing in the balance.

When they reached the Susquehanna River, where she was to pay her own ferriage—such having been the agreement—she asked permission of the ferryman to paddle herself across in a small and leaky canoe lying on the shore near by. He consented, warning her, however, that it was unsafe; but she was a capital swimmer,

and intent on saving her money. This she did, and crossed in safety.

The people in the ferry-boat were less fortunate. When half-way across one of the cows jumped overboard and swam back to shore. The Dutch farmer requested Mary to return with him and bring the animal over; and she did so, getting the cow on board, holding her by the horn with the left hand, and thrusting the thumb and finger of her right into her nostrils, thus keeping the cow quiet for a distance of nearly a mile. A modern belle would laugh at such an instance of usefulness; but our grandmothers were more practical. Its happy consequences will soon be seen.

When the travelers arrived at their place of destination Mary obtained employment for a few days in a family. It happened that a farmer by the name of Spears, who lived in the neighborhood, called in and heard the girl's romantic history. His wife wanted some one to assist her in her household duties, and Miss Nealy was recommended to the place. She accepted the proposal to go at once, and, mounted behind her future father-in-law, rode to his house. Here she remained some time in service, waiting to find some party that might be going to Tennessee; for her fears of being recaptured by the Indians had grown stronger the further she traveled westward.

Another curious scene in this "owre true tale" must here be narrated.

When Mary's family had ascertained beyond doubt that she had been captured by the Indians they gave up all hopes of ever seeing her again. They mourned for her as for one dead. But there was one whose sorrow was all too quickly banished—the betrothed lover of the unfortunate girl. Judging that the smiles of a new love would be the best consolation for his loss, he speedily offered his vows to another comely maiden. While Mary was toiling to make her way homeward, he was preparing for his marriage with her rival.

About this time it happened that Mary's brother went on business into the interior of Kentucky. On the very night of his arrival at a rustic tavern he fell in with several travelers, who were relating their different adventures after supper. One of them, who had come all the way from Pennsylvania, described with graphic glee a remarkable scene he had witnessed of the crossing of the Susquehanna River by a Dutch emigrant family. He pictured the escape of their cow, and her recapture and conveyance across by the heroic young girl. This young woman, he added, had been a captive among the Indians, and had escaped from them.

Young Nealy listened to the story with aroused attention. "Did you hear the young woman's name?" he eagerly asked.

"They called her Polly," answered the stranger; "but I heard no other name."

"Did you observe that she was left-handed?" again the brother asked.

"She certainly was so," replied the stranger. "I noticed it both in pulling her canoe and in holding her cow."

No farther information could be given; but this was enough. The brother had no doubt that this was indeed his long-lost sister, and that her course had been directed homeward.

What was now to be done? Young Nealy was certain that no family would be likely to emigrate in a southwesterly direction in that time of peril. Mary had no chance of an escort to return home; and through the vast wilderness that intervened, how could an unprotected girl travel alone? He determined, therefore, himself to set out; to go to the ferry on the Susquehanna where the scene described was said to have taken place, and to trace his sister thence, if possible.

He set off accordingly, taking the precaution to make inquiry at every cabin and of every person whom he met, lest he should pass his sister on the way. One day in Virginia, when he stopped to feed his horse, he went to make the usual inquiries at a farm-house. He was told that a young woman who had been in captivity among the Indians, and had recently come into the country, was living with a family six miles distant. Nealy started up without asking any further questions, ran to his horse, flung the saddle on his back before the animal had time to taste his corn, and rode off in the direction pointed out. Before he had reached the house he saw a young girl out of doors about some work, and at once recognized his sister.

What pen can describe that meeting? That brother died about 1847, at his residence near Nashville.

Mary made immediate preparations to return home, and set out with her brother. They were exposed to many dangers on their way through the almost trackless wild. The howling of wolves, the screams of panthers, and the low growl of bears were familiar sounds in her ears; but nothing daunted her save the fearful thought of again falling into the hands of merciless savages. Even after her reunion with her family this terror so preyed on her mind that she had no peace. Her widowed mother yielded to her entreaties and removed to a more secure home in Kentucky.

The story of Mary Nealy's return to Tennessee and her strange adventures were soon noised abroad. Her former lover, repenting his infidelity, came once more to prefer his claim to her favor. It may be conceived with what scorn she spurned the addresses of a man who had not only lacked the energy to attempt her rescue from the Indians, and had soon forgotten her, but who was now crowning his perfidy by the basest falsehood toward the other fair one to whom his faith was pledged.

The family Bible furnishes the date of Mary Nealy's marriage to George Spears—February 27, 1785—at her new home in Lincoln County, Kentucky. After her marriage her mother returned to Tennessee with the rest of her family.

Mrs. Spears and her husband continued to reside for two years near Carpenter's Station, in Lincoln County; and during the three following years at or near Gray's Station, in Greene County, Kentucky. While living there it was her custom to accompany her husband to the field, sometimes in the capacity of guard, sometimes to help him hoe the corn; always carrying her children with her. On one occasion, while at work, they heard a whistle like the note of a wild turkey. One of their neighbors, an old hunter, cautioned them against following the sound, which he knew to be made by an Indian. He resolved to ferret out the mystery, and crept noiselessly along the ground, like one hunting the bird, till close to the spot whence the whistle came. Then he fired, and an Indian fell.

On one occasion, while in their dwelling at night, strange sounds were heard, that appeared to be close outside. Mrs. Spears looked through a "chink" in the cabin and saw the shadow of a man stealthily moving around the house. She awoke her husband; he climbed the ladder to the loft, and, putting his gun through an aperture in the roof, fired upon the savage. Five Indians started up and ran away. Spears continued firing, however, till the alarm was given at the fort, and aid was sent. A company of soldiers followed the trail of the Indians for several miles, and judged the number of the savages to have been about fifty. While living in this place Mrs. Spears received intelligence of the murder of one of her brothers by the Indians.

Mr. Spears had no fear of them, and was in the habit of going to the fort to try his skill in shooting at a target. When he did not return by dusk his wife would leave the cabin and betake herself, with the children, to the woods for safety; for her terror of the lurking enemies, whose cruelty she had so bitterly experienced, was inexpressible. One night, having thus left her home, she was standing, with her infant in her arms, under a wide-spreading tree, awaiting the return of her husband, when she heard the shrill note of a screech-owl directly over her head, and dropped to the ground as if shot. She often described, in after life, the mortification she felt on recovering from her fright.

In times of peculiar danger she was accustomed to do sewing and washing for two young men at the fort, in return for their coming home every night with her husband and lodging in the cabin.

On another occasion, when they had reason to believe that a large body of Indians was in the neighborhood, and were warned to leave the cabin without loss of time, Mrs. Spears hastily buried her dishes, and emptying out part of the feathers from her bed, put it on her horse, with such articles of household service as she could carry, mounted, taking her child in her lap—though within two weeks of a second confinement—and assisted in driving away the stock. The alarm was given that the Indians were near, and they must ride for their lives. Mrs. Spears urged her horse at full speed a mile and a half with all her incumbrances. A party of soldiers was sent out from the fort to reconnoitre the enemy, and struck the trail of some forty savages, but did not venture to follow them more than a few miles.

One day a man named Fisher came from the fort to Mr. Spears's field to bring a message. On his return he was pursued by Indians, and shot down and scalped in the sight of Mrs. Spears, before a gun could be brought to bear on the fierce assailants. Such incidents kept our pioneers in a continual state of suspense and dread. During the time they were living in the fort for greater safety their condition was but little more comfortable. Their cattle were continually driven off, and their hunters, as well as those who ventured out to till the ground, were murdered by stealthy foes, so that they suffered terribly for want of provisions. While living in the fort Mrs. Spears heard of two more of her relations being killed by the Indians; five of her family, in all, falling victims to savage ferocity.

The three oldest children of Mrs. Spears were born during those years of terror, when the border settlers suffered so severely. Mr. Spears was a man of intelligence and piety; their home was a happy one in spite of dangers; and in after life they were blessed with competence. Mrs. Spears had a gentle and affectionate nature; she was always modest and retiring, showing the strength and firmness of her character when sterner qualities were in requisition. A carriage was always at her disposal; yet she preferred riding on horseback when the journeys were not too long; and in traveling used a large, covered farm-wagon. Always liberal and charitable, her industry and systematic housewifery were admirable. Besides being skilled in weaving, sewing, and all domestic employments, she made salves, ointments, and decoctions for all the afflicted of her acquaintance, making her knowledge of medicine available to her friends and neighbors and to the poor gratuitously, while she accepted compensation from those able to offer it who came from a distance.

Medical practitioners were very scarce in that region, and her success soon made her so celebrated that her aid was sought in every direction. One young man was sent forty or fifty miles to her for the cure of a white swelling. She continued to ride her circuit till a few months before her death.

Some incidents in her experience, even after the cessation of Indian hostilities, are curiously illustrative of life at that period. One morning her husband went out a short distance, taking his gun, and bidding her follow him with his knife if she heard firing. Hearing a report soon afterward, she ran with the knife in the direction of the sound, and soon heard a second shot. Mr. Spears snatched the knife from her hands, and plunged it to the handle into a monstrous bear, which, Mrs. Spears used to say, "had in

its embrace our biggest and best sow. It was some time before the sow recovered her breath, as each shot caused the bear to hug the tighter, but not a bone was broken."

Mrs. Spears was fond of high-mettled horses, and was accustomed to ride a very spirited one. Her husband warned her that the animal was apt to run away, but she declared she would cure the propensity. This she did one day, when the mare had run about a mile with her, by suddenly checking her, so as to cause the animal to dash her head against the trunk of a beech-tree by the road-side, while the fearless rider sprang off in time to save herself.

At one time she was sent for in haste to attend a woman living on the opposite side of Greene River, several miles distant. Her own babe was too young to leave, and she set off on horseback, carrying it in her arms. Arriving at the river, she found that the ferry-boat had just pushed from shore. She called to the man to return, urging the necessity of her patient's case; but the man replied that his load was too heavy. On this the spirited matron urged her mare into the water, swam her past the ferry-boat, reached the opposite bank first, and was in time to thank the ferry-man for his humanity before his boat touched the landing. The child she carried on this occasion was accustomed to relate this anecdote, and its truth was confirmed by her old neighbors in Kentucky.

Mr. and Mrs. Spears removed with their servants—a negro boy and girl—to Illinois in 1824. Their three surviving children, all of whom had families, accompanied them. All had prospered and were in comfortable circumstances. They settled at Clarie's Grove, in Menard County. Mrs. Spears's solicitous care for the welfare and the moral and religious culture of her servants equaled that bestowed on her own children. When the boy came of age she gave him a liberal outfit, and his freedom; but he chose to remain with her, and afterward bought his parents from a relative of his mistress, residing in Missouri.

When between eighty and ninety Mrs. Spears visited her brother in Tennessee. Both he and his mother had been wounded by savages in the Indian war. On her way to visit him Mrs. Spears traveled in a large covered wagon with her grandson, and they camped out every night. One day Mrs. Spears had noticed a horseman pass them several times, looking attentively at one of her best horses. Apprehensive of thievish intent, she had her bed laid on the ground that night, that her quick ear might hear the sound of approaching footsteps.

In the dead silence of night she caught the sound. Half rising, with a loud voice she demanded "Who is there?" The intruder retired. In an hour or two the stealthy step was again heard. The watchful matron, starting up, repeated her question. When no reply came she charged the man with his nefarious design, and threatened punishment if he dared come again. The thief came the third time on horseback. Mrs. Spears, aware of his approach, prepared herself for him. As he came near she suddenly sprang out toward him, holding a large article of dress, which she flapped in his horse's face with so violent a report that the animal wheeled round in affright, and bounded swiftly out of her sight. Then she became uneasy lest the rider had been thrown and killed, till by laying her ear to the ground she could hear the regular receding tramp of the horse.

Having been a widow fifteen years, Mrs. Spears died at her residence at Clarie's Grove, January 20, 1852, surrounded by children and grandchildren, who still reverently cherish the memory of her virtues, and look to the example of her useful and religious life. Not without lasting benefit may any of us contemplate the character of those heroic matrons who bore so much of the burden in our struggle for Independence, and whose influence was so controlling and extensive, though unacknowledged in history, which deals only with the actions of men.

DERRICK HALSEY.

"LIFE has been a rare gift—a rich gift to me. So dear to me, in fact, that I care very little when or how I lose it. It's a play not worth the candle." And Derrick Halsey, as he spoke, lifted a pained, almost defiant face to the skies above him.

Trell Saunders, who was busy putting aside plow and harrow, now turned sharply around, folding his brawny arms over a chest that might have served as a model for a Hercules, while his broad-brimmed hat, pushed off his forehead, brought out in full relief his square, honest face.

"I am sorry to hear ye say that, Derrick," a perplexed look struggling on his kindly features; "you've got health, and a good bit of this world's goods."

"But I haven't happiness, Trell. I am a lonely, miserable man. I've had a tough job of it all my life"—his voice dying in a husky whisper, his face deepening in its pallor—"you can't know—it's no use to try to tell," with a sudden gesture of impotent pain.

Trell looked humbly away. For the dumb, pleading grief mirrored in that face he could offer no consolation.

"I feel fur ye, Der," he said at last, very gently. "But I must be goin'. Molly's getting the supper ready by this time, and the cows are thar waiting to be milked; and thar's the baby a-waitin fur me. You'd think me foolish, Der, if you knew how much store I set by that little mite of flesh and blood. I tell you, now"—putting on his coat, and taking his tin dinner-pail in his hand—"it's a pleasant thing to have a home and family. You see, I go home after working hard all day to find the house tidy and bright, and Molly, rosy-cheeked and smiling, glad to see me home again; and our baby—a little toddler, so high, just findin' out what his feet were made fur—crows and claps his hands,

and goes nigh mad out of pure joy at seein' me. And seein' all this makes me feel, here I'm loved, here I'm wanted; the world is wide and selfish; but no matter fur that, here's my niche, my world; here's where God has placed me, and I'm thankful fur it every day of my life."

Trell stopped suddenly, conscious of a vague remorse that his words were best said another time. "I must go now, Derrick. Good-night, and God bless you!"

The simple heartiness of the benediction touched Derrick deeply.

"I can't quite lose my faith in humanity while Trell lives," he said, watching his retreating form. "Helloa, Jennie!"

A beautiful blooded mare, who was pasturing in the meadow near by, came to him as he stood leaning negligently against the fence, and rubbed her head on his shoulder. He passed his arms around her glossy neck as if she were human, and laid his cheek to hers.

His eyes wandered wistfully to the forests so lovely in their greenness, the level meadows, the mountains defined darkly purple against the gold of the western sky. There was a hum of insects in the air, a twitter of birds down in the reedy marshes. Jennie, pricking up her delicate ears, suddenly started, a little restive at something, and Derrick, turning to see the cause of her fright, confronted a woman hurrying past.

"Why, Hetty," he said, hastily; "are you a ghost or reality?"

"There is nothing supernatural about me," she answered, in a pleasant voice. "It is all flesh and blood that frightened your horse."

"You have been to the village," he said, glancing at the packages she carried.

"Yes, and came back across lots—a saving of time and muscle."

"And an opportune arrival for me, Miss Hetty; for you have saved me the loneliness of my solitary walk home. Good-night, Jennie girl! And now, Hetty, for these traps."

She transferred her packages to him with an easy grace, and they sauntered slowly along the grassy path.

"Do these bright spring days find you healthy and happy, Miss Hetty?" said Derrick, with a swift glance at the fair face beside him.

"Yes, I am healthy, as you can not fail to see; and I would be unreasonable indeed did I fail to extract happiness from my daily life."

"Yes, it would be strange, possessing, as you do, youth, beauty, and a merry heart. It is best to make hay while the sun shines. And how is Rene?"

"Well for him, and preaching me a sermon of content daily!"

"You are a good sister to that boy, Hetty."

"No better than I should be. He's mine—mine only. Mother left him to me. 'Be kind to him,' was her latest prayer. Life will always be a thorny pilgrimage to him, carrying about as he must his maimed, misshapen body; and it is my duty to shield him with tender love. It may take the cruel bitter from his life somewhat."

"You may be thankful that he has a pure soul in his misshapen body; you may be thankful for it. You may go down on your knees and thank God that it is no worse—that he is not maimed in both soul and body." He checked himself suddenly.

"Trell Saunders has a pretty little place," he continued, as they passed a white frame house standing back from the road; greenness around it, flowers blossoming along the pathway, roses and honey-suckles clambering up the stoop. "Who'd think, to see Trell standing in the door kissing and tossing that youngster of his, that he'd been working like an ox all day? He is hard-working and poor, and yet a king might envy him. I envy him at times. Hard and rough as I am, I have longed for wife and children of my own—my own flesh and blood. I've longed for a love that would bear with my weaknesses and faults, cling to me whatever might betide, and go with me to the portals of the grave. I knew such a love once when I was a little shaver *so* high," reaching out his brawny hand to show her. "What other love could it be but a mother's? She was a hard-working, godly woman—a saint, if ever there was one. Hers was a slavish life. She gave her brain, blood, and muscle to her work, used up her vitality, and went down to the grave years before her time. She loved me with the true, unselfish, mother-love. I never had a childish grievance she was not willing to hear, a pain with which she was not ready to sympathize. I was working at Squire Decker's the summer she died. It was father's idea that I was old enough to help myself a little. 'A big sturdy lad of ten,' he called me, 'far too old to be babied by her;' so I went that summer to the Squire's as a sort of chore-boy, doing light jobs, and going home two or three times weekly. Well, one Monday morning I went away from home as usual, and mother walked with me to the turn of the road. 'Be sure and come home Wednesday night, Derrie,' she said as we parted.

"Wednesday came, and that morning the Squire came to me as I was picking apples in the orchard. 'Derrick,' said he, 'your mother is dead!' That's the way it came upon me; a thunder-bolt; no warning, no preparation, only the cruel, cruel word that she, who was all the world to me, was dead. You can imagine my feelings—I can't describe them. But how can you imagine them? You have never had all brightness, hope, and life almost, struck out of your existence so suddenly that a breath of joy ended in a gasp of anguish; a struggling against an adversary who held you down, pinioned, throttled. Ours was a strange home to me after mother was carried out from it forever. Father never understood or had patience with his children, and Susie and I feared and crept away from him. Susie was a shy, tender little thing of six, mother's baby and pet.

"'Mother said you must be kind to me, Derrie,' sobbed the baby, nestling her pink cheek against my rough jacket. 'She said, Always love me for her sake, Derrie—'

"Hetty!" Derrick started suddenly, and pointed to a hill just beyond them, upon whose eminence grassy mounds and simple gravestones were burnished by the red gleams of the setting sun, and pictured forth in melancholy beauty. "Mother sleeps there," said he, huskily; "and I tell the simple truth when I say that grave has kept me from becoming a blasphemer and profligate. That dust resting there was once animated with love for me; and that love—*her* love—could never meet with eternal annihilation. She could not die as the brute dies. Yes, I speak the truth when I say her memory has kept me from running into terrible wickednesses—wickednesses a woman like you don't think of. When goodness dropped out of sight in my mind the remembrance of her purity and truth still remained. I was her boy—the grave could not sunder us; somewhere she was keeping watch over me still. There isn't a Christian man in this neighborhood who reverences his mother more than I—poor sinner—do the memory of mine. Ay, Hetty; and there she sleeps—she sleeps!"

"Asleep in Jesus—blessed sleep!" said Hetty, softly.

"Mother's death never came so hard on me as on Susie; that is, in one way," said Derrick, taking off his hat, and nervously passing his fingers through his heavy masses of dark hair. "You know I was a boy, and could tussle my way far better than a shy, timid little thing who'd cry for an unkind word. She wasn't one of your plucky little creatures—clear girl to the back-bone. She would receive injuries meekly, and grieve over them when alone. Many's the time I've run, breathless and angered, to comfort her, and found her, her pink cheeks wet with tears, her golden curls—the curls mother was so proud of, and which I curled daily, rough boy that I was, over my freckled fingers—all rumpled and meshed together, and her little body convulsively shaken with the sobs she was trying so hard to repress. And then I'd take her in my arms—for the mother arms which would have clasped her so tenderly were cold and stiff under the coffin-lid—and I'd try to comfort her, and by-and-by, when the sobs had died away in low gaspings, she'd whisper, cuddling closer to my breast, 'Mother said you'd always be good to me, Derrie.'

"Our step-mother! I don't want to libel her, Hetty, for she's dead and gone now; her faults have been long buried, and God knows, after the seal of eternal silence has been laid on our lips we should be left to His judgments; the grave should shelter our imperfections and shortcomings. Still, if ever there was a hard, grasping woman, totally devoid of sentiment and motherly compassion, it was she. The world was to her only a vast money-making machine, human beings puppets played upon by the magic of the mighty dollar.

"'That big, lubberly Der ought to work out and earn his salt,' she told father; 'and as for Susie, the little curled doll, she'd have to make herself handy.'

"The child was only eleven when she sent her to Boston to learn a trade. The knowledge that she was going away among strangers excited her terribly. The thought was torture. She came to me trembling and weeping. 'I can't go away from you, Derrie, to strangers. Oh, I can't go. I shall die.'

"What could I do for her? My getting into a passion and defying our step-mother roundly mended matters not one whit—rather precipitated affairs. So Susie was taken to Boston, and placed under the supervision of a long-headed, scheming woman—hustled in with a crowd of apprentices, some of them wild, rude girls, unfit companions for my lily-bud. It all came about as I knew it would. She was overworked, snubbed, and bullied, and she grew mature prematurely. She was a woman in feeling and appearance when she should still have been a guileless child.

"She was a wondrously pretty creature, and I tell the plain, impartial truth when I say I've never seen the girl or woman whose beauty could rival that of my little sister when she was fifteen. Her head seemed fairly burdened with curly, gold-brown hair, and her eyes were deep violet, a color beautiful as rare, and her features were faultless. You may think I was proud of her, and how I loved her! She was mother's legacy to me. My love was idolatry almost. I would have died for her had it been necessary.

"I was working very hard about that time. My first aim being to gain a home for Susie and myself. Such a home as I meant that to be, and we could be so happy together! I was a youthful, hot-blooded enthusiast then; my visions of our future lives were noble indeed," a fine, sad smile crossing his face as he thought of those long-gone hopes and early dreams.

"By-and-by I heard that Joe Sharply was waiting on Susie. That put me in a white-heat of rage, for I knew Joe well—a miserable, licentious fellow, handsome enough to turn a silly girl's head, heartless and unprincipled, living on his wits. You must have known such men, stolid and cunning, thoroughly bent on carrying out their inclinations, at once bullies and cowards. But for once Susie turned a deaf ear to my admonitions, counselings were of no use, and then I forbade her to receive his attentions. She coaxed, cried, and treated me coldly, with no avail. For once I was stern with her. God knows I had her interest at heart, and thought only of her welfare. I had never thought another could come between us; but so it proved. Susie was cold and martyr-like. I was deeply hurt. She spoke no more of the home we were to share together, the pleasures in store for us. Still I kept up a brave heart. I felt by-and-by

she would see the danger from which I had preserved her.

"That summer I went away to Boston for Squire Decker. He had business there that required seeing to; but he was poorly, and trusted me in his stead. I found my old Susie when I bade her good-by. She threw her arms around my neck in her impulsive child-fashion, and cried bitterly:

"'You've been so cross to me lately, Der,' she sobbed, 'and I want to be good friends again, for I do love you, Der.'

"'And you know I do all for your good, my child,' I could not help saying.

"'Yes, Derrie, I believe you do. You have always been a good brother to me!' No music was ever sweeter to my ear than those sobbingly-spoken words.

"Well, I was gone for a couple of months, and came back in good spirits. I began to see my way clear now to build the home I had so often dreamed of. Squire Decker seemed out of sorts when I squared up accounts with him. 'It's too bad, Derrick, that that pretty sister of yours has married so miserably,' he said, irritatedly.

"Another thunder-bolt! How I found words to utter forth the emotions convulsing me I could not tell.

"'You don't mean she has married Joe?'

"'Eh?' with a keen, surprised look at me; 'unknown to you? worse and worse! and, to beat all, he's taken that foolish little thing out West pioneering. Why, any stronger-framed, stronger-willed woman would break down under the hardships she'll have to endure. It's a sin; it's a shame!'

"I could have fallen prone on the floor, weeping and moaning like a child; but stronger will achieved a victory over the weaker flesh. I had trusted and been deceived. The child had wrecked her life, and I had vainly tried to stay her from it. She had bartered my true love of a lifetime for the sensual, selfish affection of a profligate. But I knew, when the idol of her fancy stood unveiled in the broad glare of reality—the cruel, dissolute heart showing itself in its true colors, its mask of sentiment and tricksy garb of kindness cast aside forever—then her shipwrecked heart would give its first and last thoughts to me, and the blue eyes grow dim with bitter tears, and the fair head ache with its wild longing to rest on my breast again.

"It was useless to try to put aside her memory from my heart, and I settled down to a dull, plodding existence—all my old enthusiasm was dead—my life was paltry and meagre. Four years dragged by. I never heard from Susie—not one line. And this was the child I had so often gathered to my heart, who had been to me the purest and dearest of all God's creatures. The longing to see her—to know how her life had weathered the storms it must have met—if it lay stranded, bare, and tattered—dumb in the resignation of despair—so grew upon me that I could struggle against it no longer. Mother's words, 'Be kind to her for my sake, Derrie,' rang in my ears.

"'I'll go, mother,' I said at last. 'I'll put aside the past and seek her out.'

"It was not a difficult task. I traced Joe quite easily—he was notorious, you see, as a drunkard and scoundrel; he was a hard case even in that wild Western land. Susie's home! I was dumb when I looked upon it. A log-hut, surrounded by bogs, prairie, and unsettled land. A taint of miasma polluted the air; the very clouds hung gray and leaden. This was my girl's home. I remember how I stood leaning against a battered post, looking in at the slimy yard, the gaping chinks in the house, the paneless windows. A lank, hungry cur squatted upon the threshold, snapped its white teeth viciously at me, then sneaked away; and a woman, skeleton-like, and with eyes dim and sunken, came forward to view the intruder. She looked at me earnestly; then cried, in a low, pathetic way, 'Oh, Derrick! Derrick!' And then I had the poor, faded creature in my arms once more. I had found my sister at last.

"I can't tell you what a wreck she had become. You'd never have thought she was beautiful once. I can't begin to tell you either what a life that wretch had led her. 'The way of the transgressor is hard;' that's a text I've heard preached from; but I never wanted a sermon on it again after I caught sight of my sister. Joe had drank, gambled, fought, swindled; in short, gone through the whole list of crime, and was the worst scoundrel out of prison. He had threatened her life more than once, she told me, in a frightened sort of way, looking furtively around, if perchance his cursed presence might be near. Her third child lay dead in the room, a little mite of a creature with a ghastly, pinched face. She pointed to it dully—no tears, no complainings.

"'I wasn't strong enough to raise it,' she said. 'I've had three children, and not one has lived to call me mother. But I am glad they are dead, for life is cruel.'

"If ever man burned with desire to thrust a scoundrel out from a world he had burdened with his presence I did at that moment. If Joe Sharply had thrust his bloated body in my sight then, in my misery I would have hurled him into eternity. 'Oh, Derrick, I have wanted you so much—I have needed you so, Derrick!' That was what my poor girl spoke, crouched low beside her dead baby, her face hopeless in its despair.

"But I can't dwell on these things. Joe was off on a drunken bout—had been gone for days—so I took and buried the dead child; buried it out on the prairie, the arch of sky above it, two little graves beside it. And that picture of those three little graves, alone and uncared for, will haunt me forever. Susan clung to me like a child. 'Take me home with you,' she pleaded; 'you know we were going to live together

once, Derrick.' Oh that dead past! it seemed sacrilege to bring it up beside the present.

"That journey home with the poor, heart-broken woman, it seemed like a horrid dream. She wasn't the same she had been—she never could be again. Constant association with that creature had at first shocked and horrified her, then dragged her insensibly at last to his level. I procured a divorce for her with little difficulty; she could furnish enough proofs of his brutality to render it an easy matter, and I warned him never to cross our paths again. I've heard since he was stabbed in a drunken affray. If so, there's one more lost soul. That was six years ago when I brought Susan home. I've had her with me ever since, and we'll live together after this until death separates us.

"This is my poor girl's story; and, Hetty, when you hear vague rumors and waifs of scandal, remember her history, and temper judgment with mercy."

Hetty Dean looked up with saddened eyes—she even extended her hand, her warm, soft hand, and clasped his strong, browned one. "I want to tell you, Mr. Halsey, how—" But her sweet voice faltered here, and the sentence was left unsaid, while Derrick, with strangely-flushed face, shut the gate after her as she passed into her yard, and then walked on with his quick, firm strides up the long hill before him and down into the cool, gray valley beyond. It was in this valley, in the old stone farm-house standing back from the road, that the greater part of Derrick Halsey's life was lived.

It was the old homestead which, when John Halsey died, in his selfish, mercenary old age, had passed into the possession of his only son Derrick. There was a sunny slope of clover before the house, stretching down to the apple-orchard beyond, and stately old trees guarded the roadway leading to the gate. There was a wide, roomy piazza encircling the house, and the turf below it was neatly kept, the flower-beds nicely trimmed. But from the house itself issued no sound of voices; no breath of song or merry laughter. It seemed sleepily dozing off in the twilight, unwarmed by solid home-comfort. An old black dog curled up before the door, corpulent to the last degree and stiff with age, feebly wagged its tail as its master approached, then crouched closer, with a wheezy sigh, upon its mat of husks, looking pitifully up as if to say: "Take the will for the deed, if you please, Sir. I am glad to see you, even if I can't frisk and frolic as in my younger days." He understood its mute appeal, and stooping patted him kindly, stroking his shaggy ears.

A black, comely face suddenly thrust itself out from the door.

"That you, Master Derrick? Your supper be waiting."

Derrick went on into the spacious, heavily-raftered kitchen. There was no cozy home-picture here to greet him, only the table with its solitary place for him.

Margy came in after his supper was finished. "She's had one of her worst spells to-day, Sir. The appetite is on her strong."

He looked up, a trifle pale, his fingers nervously playing with the knife before him.

"She's been begging for you, Master Derrick; here she comes now."

There was a shuffling of feet in the hall, then the door was cautiously opened, and some one peered in with a low, gurgling laugh. Some one who had been a woman once, but was now the mere mockery of one, with her bent figure and cunning, torpid face.

"I'm coming, Der, coming from the bottomless pit. I hate Margy—I want brandy, Der—I will have it—will have it!"

The creature came nearer to him, throwing her arms around his neck with a maudlin cry. The man trembled, his lips growing white under his mustache, but he never once repulsed her or pushed aside her clinging arms.

"Not that now, Susan. It's growing dark; come out and see me light the lantern."

Her quick, insane eye caught the black woman's furtive shake of the head. "I won't go!" she cried. "Margy, I hate you! Der, I want some—I want some!"

He looked pitifully at Margy. "Take her back and give it her—she has to have it. Go with her, Susan."

She followed the woman like some hungry animal, and Derrick was left alone. This, then, was the cross Derrick Halsey bore; the living grief that corroded his life. This the secret that for six weary years he had striven to hide from the harsh judgments of the world. People dimly imagined all was not as it should be, a mystery enveloped the Halseys. The public was conscious there was a skeleton in their closet, and it had a natural desire to bring the uncanny thing to light. However, it had to own up to baffled curiosity, and in revenge it circulated strange stories and surmises until Derrick was surrounded by a misty, Bluebeard sort of atmosphere; and a mild flavor of something provokingly intangible added peculiar attractions to the Halsey homestead.

In those years of Susie's toil, neglect, and discouragement she had sought relief in the use of anodynes and stimulants, until she became at last, in a painful degree, a slave to the terrible habit. Never strong-willed, she had succumbed insensibly when put to the test; had entered the direful path abutting into hers. Spasmodic attempts at reform died away, the dignity and beauty of life was lost to her for evermore, and she was going on to the end trammeled soul and body. And for six intolerable years Derrick Halsey had tenderly cared for this misused, diseased woman. His pain and disappointment had been terrible at first; God and his own soul only knew how that man had suffered. As he had despairingly told Trell, "He had had a tough job of it all his life." Poor fellow! underneath his constrained, undemonstrative exterior he was tender and sens-

itive as any woman; craving love and sympathy, wanting to feel himself linked to the great human family by an indissoluble chain. But as his years dragged on a cruel famine of the heart preyed upon him; there were no lives opening broad and happily into his. Humanity was selfish, occupied to the seclusion of all else with its own individual cares. Men simply tolerated, not loved, one another.

"I feel adrift," he said; "the world's as empty to me as a last year's nest." And yet in the blank, featureless reaches of his life he had grasped one sunbeam. He had tried to put it away from him, doggedly striven to live down this weakness of the flesh as he called it; but in vain, for Hetty Dean, with her fair face and fairer soul, had nestled deeply in his heart; and looking at her it was not to be wondered at that this solitary, hurt man should have given to her the true, fervent love that comes but once in a lifetime.

People had wondered, as they always will, why Hetty Dean, an orphan, and not overrich, with a deformed little brother dependent upon her, had not married before this. It wasn't for the lack of chances; even the most envious were forced to acknowledge that; and once a loquacious gossip was forcibly silenced by Hetty's saying she did not, and never would, think that woman's chief mission in life was to secure a husband; life should hold for them higher, nobler aims. Not that she undervalued a true marriage, for if she ever met with one to whom she could truly pledge her fealty and love, whose hopes and beliefs she could share, and to whom she would be a visible Providence, then, and not till then, would she marry.

There was a young fellow over at Stonington who, if report spoke truly, had singled out Hetty as a prize worth the winning. He was straightforward and spicy, tender-hearted as a woman, yet keen and decisive if need be. As a matter of course it was not to be imagined that she could by any possibility prove indifferent to his suit. Doctor Hurlebut's son, and so wealthy! therefore gossips kindly settled the matter to suit themselves. The rumor of her probable engagement had come somehow to Derrick's ears, and a vague restlessness had haunted him ever since. What was Hester Dean to him, that he should be rendered miserable at the thought of her marrying another? Fool that he was not to have lived this passion down, and repressed nature as sternly now as he had done all his life! George Hurlebut was a fine fellow; rather immature, but still possessing kind heart and quick brain. Hetty needed a home and a protector, and he would give her these.

"Let her be happy," Derrick said, a quiet, decisive look on his face; "let her life round into his; she'll make of him a better, purer man; her life will develop his nobly. I have known all along that I never could marry while Susan lived. I could never willingly ask another to bear with me the shame and pain. I could bring no woman here. I knew that all the while. And Hetty'll marry George!"

There was a sudden wrench at his heart then, and he stood dumbly looking into the black night without. What good could life hold in store for him now? His tired, stricken soul refused to look further into the shadows. In this out-of-the-way corner of the world his life must creep on paltry and meagre.

Meanwhile the summer drifted slowly on, bringing the sultry August heats, and all the while Susan was verging nearer to the abysm of hopeless insanity. It was no wonder, then, that the days passed terribly to Derrick, leaving him haggard-faced and hollow-eyed.

Margy, best and most faithful of servants that she was, felt herself worn down. "I'm afeard we'll have to send her to an asylum," she said to him. "I don't see how we can keep her; I feel sometimes as if I'm going mad myself."

Derrick looked up with white, set face. "It is hard on you, Margy; and yet I can not send her from me. No one else can manage her; she will be abused. She's my flesh and blood; she's my mother's child. There was a time when we were all the world to each other. I've given up all for her, and I can not put her away from me now;" and, burying his face in his hands, he gave vent to tearless, choking sobs.

"That nigh broke me down," said Margy, months later, as she was relating the story to a compassionate listener. "I hadn't the heart to say more after that; so I left him goin' on in that awful way, and went back to that bloated, raving crittur we tended atween us. Ef our keepin' her could comfort the master any, she should be kept."

But the sore festered too deeply for faithful Margy's healing. She could not allay Derrick's heart-sickness and desolation. Once he had exulted that he was strong-brained, self-poised—so much so that if all the world were to trip off in a giddy dance to some far planet, leaving him in the awfulness of an unbroken silence, he could still commune with himself, and not become an imbecile. Now that presumptuous belief was painfully shattered. He craved human sympathy. In all the vast world of humanity did no heart but poor, black Margy's beat pityingly and kindly for him?

Well, be it so! He had faded into an unmeaning lay-figure. The world did not need him. After a short space of time the seal of eternal silence would be pressed on his weary lips, and kindly mother earth would take him to her breast. There would be no living ones to care for his grave; but nature's tears would rain upon it, and the wild grasses and weeds, "the green things growing," would cover with verdure his resting-place.

Weak, paltering fancies these, perhaps, but they accorded well with the state of his feelings now. He felt apathetic; there was a dull, nameless pain stealing at times over him, and a longing like that of a weary child for rest.

"You don't 'preciate life as you ought ter,"

said Margy one day, squaring her sturdy shoulders and scanning Derrick shrewdly, yet kindly, with her bright eyes. "Remember this, Master Derrick, 'The Lord is good to all, and his tender mercies are over all his works.'"

He looked at her fixedly, as if trying to gain a clearer insight into her words. "Eh, Margy! do you believe that for the truth, woman?"

"Yes, I do b'lieve—it's Divine. We must all hev our crosses to bear; but if we love and trust the One who sends 'em, we can't despair. And ef our poor little lives ain't jist as we want them to be, we must remember He directs 'em, and that we hev our duties jist the same. We don't none of us live to ourselves."

Derrick did not answer, but turned away, and went slowly out of doors. A wild voice called his name from a barred upper window; an insane glee of laughter smote upon his ears. A spasm of pain contracted his features, and he paused for a moment to look up at the bloated face and red eye-balls peering out through the bars; then he went on silent and sad.

The road was sandy. Patient horses panted through it, fetlock deep, dragging the wagon-wheels heavily after them, and the wild grasses and thistles that skirted it were gray with its floating, impalpable atoms. The sun shone down brightly; the beautiful earth lying warm and burnished in its light, while overhead masses of cloud idly trailed their white banners.

Derrick walked slowly on. He was communing with his heart—going back over his life with its disappointments and purposeless aims. He stopped at last beside a mossy fence, under the shade of a whispering pine.

"Margy is right," he said, simply. "I don't believe my life is any more of a benefit to my fellow-creatures than that thistle growing yonder. If one could only believe that these crosses and disappointments were ordered aright—were the sort of food our souls need to fit them for some great end—if one could feel that God underlies it all. It's so hard—so hard!"

As he stood leaning heavily against the fence, watching the slanting shafts of sunlight faintly brightening through the pine boughs, the rasping whir of a locust breaking the silence, he saw two figures coming around the curve of the road toward him. They did not notice him standing in the shadow, and he watched with hungry eyes the pliant grace of Hester Dean's figure as she came slowly on, tenderly careful of the diminutive, misshapen figure at her side. What a fair, innocent face she had! how it would have made the sunshine of his home! Then he shrank deeper yet in the shadow; the old weakness had possession of him still. Her very presence unnerved him in his jaded frame of mind.

She saw him at last, stopping before him, visibly astonished and frightened. "Why, Derrick—Mr. Halsey, are you ill?"

He tried to come forward and give her his hand, but only leaned back more weakly. "No, not ill; and yet not feeling very strong. These warm days depress one somewhat."

"But you really look far from well; and you should not venture out so in the heat of the day," looking compassionately at him from out her honest, tender eyes.

He did not dare look longer in them because of the wild, insane longing that urged him to clasp her fiercely, closely to his heart. His, and his only, she should have been. What had the right to set them apart?

"They say we are going to lose you, Hetty?" he said, in a vague, questioning way. She looked up wonderingly, then, meeting his gaze, blushed hotly. There was a choking in her throat when she tried to speak, and she almost sobbed instead. He stood still a moment looking on her. There was desolation and farewell in his gaze, as if he were renouncing a cherished hope forever. Then he turned and went down the road.

She looked after him eagerly. "Derrick!" she called at last, but too hoarsely and indistinctly for him to hear.

"He can't hear you, Hetty," said Rene, wonderingly.

"Never mind, Bud. I don't want him."

But it was an untruth. She did want him; she knew it now, as she watched his black figure going, oh so slowly, down the road—his head bent, his hands clasped listlessly behind him. She felt, too, that if ever she had had a chance to gain an insight into this man's soul, she had lost it forever. There was despairing renunciation in the look he had given her. He would put her from his life, and he would never know— But she would not even whisper to herself the secret that had taken possession of her. She drew Rene closer to her side.

"You are all the world to me now, Bud," she said, tenderly.

But the child, who had been peering vigilantly up the road for the past few moments, was all alert now, his eyes flashing, his face radiant.

"Look, Hetty! there comes George Hurlebut with that new team of bays; and we'll ride too. Won't we, Hetty?"

"Hush, Rene. George's team don't make any difference to us; we came purposely for the walk to the lake, you know."

She spoke hurriedly, trying to restrain the gleeful shouts and signaling fingers of the boy; but with indifferent success; for the handsome fellow who was tearing along the road reined in his mettlesome horses so suddenly that they were thrown upon their haunches.

"This is fortunate," he said, springing to the ground. "My lucky star sent me in your way to-day, Miss Hetty. Your cheeks—looking at you in a professional light, of course—are a trifle too pale for perfect health; therefore I prescribe a ride as just the tonic you need. Come, Rene, my little man!"

"Oh, Hetty, do please," said the boy, be-

seechingly; "and, Mr. George, I may take the reins and drive a little way, mayn't I? Oh, Hetty, you will, I know. Oh, Mr. Hurlebut, you are so kind," and the eager child willingly suffered himself to be lifted into the wagon.

"Surely, Hetty, you will have compassion on Rene?" said George, anxiously.

"Poor Rene, it would be hard to disappoint him now, when his heart is so set upon it. I'll ride a little way for his sake."

George Hurlebut's eyes grew dangerously brilliant—his lips curving into satisfied smiles. "I'll know the worst," he said, under his breath, as he took his seat.

Rene's treble pipe of a laugh rang merrily out as the blooded animals dashed off and his little hands closed over the strong reins. A turn of the road brought them past Derrick Halsey. He looked after them with sad eyes. "I didn't know the struggle would be so hard," he said, with infinite pathos in his voice. "I can't root the love of her out from my heart. I thought my home would be a heaven if *she* were there. Her fresh, pure life would fuse new tone and vigor into mine. Even late in the day I could find unspeakable rest and content in one true heart. We'd live together, we'd grow old together, we'd die together, if so God willed. But the dream is past, and the loss is great—oh, so great to me!"

He paused beside the gate. What a calm, stirless day it was! The insects droned sleepily, the leaves hung motionless from the trees. Then a sharp cry broke on his ear—a cry of wildest fear, and Margy came rushing toward him, breathless, horror-stricken.

"Oh, the well, the well! Trell's after her. Good God! it's too late now!" and down she fell, prone on the ground, hiding her face in the grass.

Derrick neither moved nor spoke, but with a sudden breath of horror turned his eyes to the meadow below the house. He knew, by fatal intuition, what she meant. The well, dry and deep there, curbless, its mouth overgrown with rank clusters of rag-weeds. The insane woman, who had escaped the vigilant eye of her keeper, and hastened madly to her doom. He saw her figure sharply defined on its very edge, saw Trell wildly tramping through the tall grass. Then he shut his eyes with a deathly faintness. When he opened them again Trell stood *alone* where she had stood a moment since.

"Bring ropes, bring ropes!" he shouted, hoarsely. "Throw them in after me. I'm going down."

It seemed ages before he clambered out again, with bleeding hands and white, worked face.

"Bear a hand," he said, "Derrick, Margy!"

Slowly they drew up something—a bruised, limp figure—the arms and feet hanging helplessly down—blood on the face, on the tattered garments.

"Derrick," said Trell, compassionately, "look away, man, for God's sake!"

He looked vacantly up; then he went down on his knees beside the motionless figure, lying stark and stiff where they had placed it.

"Susie!"

It never stirred. He stroked the faded brown hair, passing his hand over the rigid face.

"She be dead, man," said Trell; "it's no use."

"This is the baby I loved and cherished," moaned Derrick. "This was mother's little girl. She was pink-cheeked and golden-haired then. I'd a sworn she could never come to this. I tried to do my duty by her. Mother will know! mother will know! Susie! Where's her soul, Trell? Was I its keeper? Mother said, 'Be kind to my little girl for my sake.' She's gone now, Trell. I'm alone, all alone!"

His body rocked from side to side, his face grew ghastly. Then he fell motionless beside her.

A pleasant room with snowy curtain looped aside from the window; a stand with an array of vials upon it; a comely black face. These were the first things of which Derrick Halsey was vaguely conscious. The wind, too, was sighing drearily—drearily enough to render him sensible of the coziness of the room, with its bright fire on the hearth. It was so pleasant resting there on the soft bed, wrapped in a dreamy languor, too feeble to think even. A cold nose was thrust up into his hand, and the old dog's overjoyed whine made Margy hastily start up and look in upon the bed; then with a choking cry she was down on her knees beside it, audibly raising a thankful prayer. Then—was it moments or hours after he could not tell—Trell's sturdy, square figure entered the door, his brown eyes dimmed with moisture suspiciously like tears, his warm, strong hands grasping in their hearty clasp the thin, white ones on the counterpane.

"Trell!"

"Derrick!"

"What is it, Trell? Have I been sick?"

"Yes, my boy, you've weathered a heavy sea—you've come nigh the grave. But you're too weak to talk now, rest a bit first."

So Trell went away, and Margy, sitting in her easy-chair, found it impossible to remove her thankful eyes long from her master's face. The dog curled himself contentedly beside the bed, and Derrick smiled placidly, this bare consciousness of life was so sweet. By-and-by the curtains were drawn, there was a mellow glow of light pervading the room, and then Derrick childishly folded his hands and whispered a little prayer he had repeated years ago at his mother's knee.

When he awoke again it was morning, bright and beautiful, and close at his side stood faithful Margy with a basin of cool water, with which she laved his face and hands. Then there was a crisp slice of buttered toast and a cup of fragrant tea in readiness, which he ate and drank, and felt refreshed thereby. He heard voices in

the hall, and low as they were he distinguished the tones, and with a sudden longing called with all his weak strength, "Hetty! Hetty!" He feared he must be dreaming still as Hetty came softly through the door, and put out his thin, white hand, far whiter than hers now, to feel if she were indeed a reality; but the clasp of the soft hand was real.

"It's good to see the face of a friend once more. The world is dearer and kinder than I ever before felt it to be, Hetty. So Hurlebut has not taken you over to Stonington yet?" still keeping his hand in the warm clasp of hers.

She changed color at this, but answered, simply, "It was an untrue report, Derrick."

He looked up at her now, his eyes appealing, his voice growing unsteady. "Hetty, I need you so much; if you could only know how I have loved you!"

He stopped weakly, his face paler than before, these depths of love in his heart he could not put into words.

And the chance was hers after all, not gone forever as she had thought. Into this life, so thirsting for love, she could enter at last; she had found her mission; nothing should keep her from confessing the truth now.

"And I need you, Derrick, for I love you."

Tears came to his eyes, there was infinite comfort and tenderness in his voice. "Is this true, Hetty? I never dared to dream even of this. You are mine—mine forever—a gift from God." His eyes filled with a vague horror, he looked away from her face, caught his breath. "Susie!" he gasped.

But Hetty clasped his hands more tightly. "Don't think of it now, Derrick. Let the dead past sleep. I want to be all the world to you now. I want you to find rest in my love."

"Your love! *My* Hetty! Ay, I can rest in your love! I won't gloat over the hurt any longer. *She's* gone now. Henceforth every moment of my life—our united lives—must be devoted to extracting the present good. God has given me the chance of life again, and now it stretches out before me, alive with great and good possibilities. A life in which to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with my God."

"Amen," whispered Hetty, softly.

THE BANKRUPT'S WIFE.

I.

MANY a young man looks with eyes almost of envy at the tenants of the splendid warehouses in our great commercial cities. Busy porters roll or lift packages of goods in and out; clerks bustle round with pens behind their ears; principals seem leisurely to overlook the transactions which are accumulating for them mines of wealth. They seem by some happy chance to have escaped the sentence: "In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread." They look like merchant princes, to whom the general direction of commerce is but recreation, while the dull and laborious details are performed by others.

But if those who envy could only know all—the worry, the anxiety, the pain in forecasting the future, the regrets in recalling the past, the incessant wear and tear of mind, and weariness of body—they would concede that the fair externals do not truly exhibit the reality. Perhaps no profession in life is subject to so many adverse chances; and none is subject to such disasters, growing out of circumstances which can neither be foreseen nor controlled. The ramifications and connections of trade are so complicated and various that the most prudent can not entirely guard against them. He is a wonderfully successful man indeed who has conducted business through many years without the partial or complete experience of the mortification and the horrors of bankruptcy.

Henry Marshall had struck upon the commercial reefs. He was far from being alone in his difficulties, if that circumstance could be any comfort to him. One of those disastrous states of trade had happened which men call "crises."

Women in a "crisis" have their full share of the suffering, without the comfort of being of any use; nor is their vanity usually considered by appeal to their advice. Indeed women are usually regarded at such times with about the same consideration that they receive on deck in a storm at sea. They are told almost in terms, and sometimes quite plainly, that they are only in the way, and had better go aside and wait and trust.

Waiting and trusting are all very well when you are first advised of the extent of the danger and the nature of the remedy. But to wait in terrified ignorance is no such easy matter.

The point of this little sketch is to show that women can be of service, if the lords of creation will give them the opportunity.

Henry Marshall, as we have said, was a bankrupt. A business which had yielded him more than an ample support, and which had promised at no distant day to enable him to retire upon a fortune, came to a sudden standstill. His stock became suddenly unsalable, and his paper assets were of no use to him. Nothing which he had could be converted to cash to meet thick-coming liabilities; and if he could have sold every thing he had in stock at current rates in a panicky market the sale would not have netted enough to carry him through. If he could have waited a few months or a year he could have kept his feet; but what man can wait when the notary is in gleeful hurry, and protest follows protest like the peals in a thunder-storm?

All the proceeds of the labor of years were gone; and he had no choice but to make the humiliating confession that he was a bankrupt. He had nothing to reproach himself with. He had not been careless, imprudent, or extravagant. He had taken no money out of his busi-

ness for outside speculations, and had wasted nothing in show or in extravagance, far less in vice.

One investment he had made, such as every successful business man is justified in making. He had provided a home for his family. He had bought a house, and furnished and improved it, modestly but tastefully; and the purchase was made at such a time, and on such terms, that it helped rather than embarrassed him. It had been to him, as he called it, his "nest," whither he could retire for quiet and comfort after his day's work done. Three little nestlings were there, and their mother. She was as much attached to their domicile as her husband; and as to the children, their world was "home," and every thing outside seemed to them as something foreign. Mrs. Marshall's taste and care and honest pride had so arranged and completed all, within and without, that the house fitted the inmates, and the inmates the house. They seemed to have grown into each other.

He had not settled the house upon his wife; though according to received notions of probity he might have done so. For when he bought it he was clear of all the world, and could have answered all demands upon him, and still have retained a surplus. He did not contemplate the danger that he could ever come to want; and if the thought had crossed his mind he would have reasoned thus: "My house and social position are part of my capital. If I secretly put what still remains my property out of the reach of my creditors I am living under false pretenses. If I openly alienate my title I am causing suspicion; or, at the very best, depriving myself of part of my capital." Thus Mr. Marshall reasoned. Perhaps he was right. Perhaps he was wrong. But though he choked a little over it, his conscience applauded him, when he added his house and furniture to the schedule of his effects, to be surrendered for the benefit of his creditors.

He called a meeting of those who held demands against him, and submitted a statement of his affairs. The gentlemen were not a little astonished when they found his house and furniture included in the schedule.

"Why, Marshall," exclaimed one of them, "surely you are not going to beggar yourself in this way! We are not Shylocks, and will not have the pound of flesh. That house should have been settled upon your wife years ago, when you bought it!"

"Perhaps," said the bankrupt, with a sad smile. "But it is too late now."

"I do not know that," said his friend, casting a look of inquiry round the circle.

"I *do* know it," said Mr. Marshall, quietly. "And while I appreciate your kindness, I must beg that the question be not opened."

"What do you propose?" asked the gentleman who, in virtue of holding the largest demand, acted as chairman of the melancholy committee.

"Nothing," said Mr. Marshall, "except that you take my books and assets, divide the proceeds among my creditors, and, if you are satisfied of my honesty, give me a release. Whatever deficit there may be I give my word to make up, if my life is spared, and I am in any degree prosperous, after this storm has blown over."

Many heart-felt and sincere compliments were paid to the unfortunate merchant by his creditors; and so ended their first meeting. The next proceedings would be held without the presence of Marshall, and of the result of their deliberations he could not but have high hopes. He felt that he was *right;* and a celebrated statesman but spoke the feeling of every honest man when he said, "I had rather be right than be President!"

II.

But Marshall's heart did fail, notwithstanding, as he turned toward the home which he felt would soon be his home no longer. His wife was waiting his return no dinner. She was anxious, but not impatient. She was anxious because she had been properly apprised of the difficulties in her husband's business. But she was not impatient, for she knew that he had greater troubles to meet than the mere cooling of a dinner. And she wished her husband to receive that cordial welcome home which should remove, in some degree, the pressure of trou bles without. The children, on the other hand, were not anxious, but impatient. What could they know of the troubles of life and of business? But they did know that they were hungry; and they had heard the cook say that every thing was spoiled!

So they bounded with clamorous complaints —though not ill-natured—to meet their father. He stopped their voices with a kiss apiece, and answered their mother's look of inquiry in the same manner. He turned his head a moment, and though he made a great noise in his handkerchief, I am sure that if the "eyes" and "nose" could have been called the "eyes" had it!

Dinner went off in sad composure. Marshall tried some ordinary topics, but conversation lagged. The children tried to be chatty, and their poor father jumped at the relief which they gave his thoughts as if grateful for it. The mother caught his wishes and did her best; but it must be owned, notwithstanding, that it was a doleful dinner. The climax was reached when, after a dull pause, the smartest child of the three, a "terrible infant," broke the silence with the exclamation, "What *is* the matter, father? Is any body dead?"

The mother and father could not forbear a gaunt smile. The puzzled look of the children ripened the smile into a laugh; and the dear little wretches were hustled out. Mrs. Marshall turned to her husband.

"All is over, Mary, and we are ruined."

"Not *quite* so bad, Henry. My little legacy, which you would make me invest for pin-money,

will maintain us almost. We can keep house upon that, as many people do upon less."

"The *house*, Mary! That is ours no longer."

Mrs. Marshall paled under the shock of this tidings. But she commanded herself, and neither cried out nor fainted. The loss of her home was a sorrow of which she had never dreamed. All her visions of self-denial and heroism faded away. The castles she had built, in which she, the devoted wife, was the central figure, all toppled down, and she saw now only poverty and distress.

There was nothing to say. Silence comforted them. They had touched the depths, and, unconsciously to themselves, were ready to rise again. The servant brought in a note. In defiance of its injunctions Mrs. Marshall placed it in her husband's hands as soon as she had read it. It read thus:

"My husband says that your husband is romantically honest. A very good fault, and you may be proud of him. You must say nothing to him, or to any one else, but demand a proper consideration of the creditors before you release the house from your right of dower. I would look in upon you, but think you would rather not see even your best friend this evening. I am sure I should wish to see no one."

Mr. Marshall handed the note back without a word of comment. Just now the children came bounding in, fresh from their run, which was miscalled a walk. And so closed the day on which Henry Marshall faced the worst, and confessed to that misfortune which, common as it is, must ever grieve the sensitive. Bankrupt that he was, he still felt rich in his wife; and she was proud of him, for she saw in him the soul of honor, and resolved that he too should be proud of her.

III.

Two or three days had passed. Mr. Marshall had gone daily to his store to assist the accountants in investigating his stock and books, and to answer such inquiries as might arise. The work was closed, and the creditors were now to determine what terms they would offer him.

He was at home, and cheerful, for he felt that the worst was over. He had done even more than was required of him, and his intercourse with the gentlemen who represented his creditors had been of the most cordial and pleasant nature. The worst ills we can dread, death and dishonor excepted, are more than half conquered when we fairly encounter them.

Marshall could not help thinking of the morrow, when he should know the whole; but he struggled with himself to keep the subject at bay. His suspense was sooner relieved than he expected, for a package was handed in the nature of which he could not but know. Still it lay, the seal unbroken, till the children were disposed of for the night.

"Now, Mary," said he, "let us know all." His hand trembled in spite of himself as he broke the envelope, and its contents scattered on the floor.

Mrs. Marshall assisted to collect them. The first document which arrested their attention was a check for one thousand dollars, drawn in favor of Mrs. Marshall or order. They looked at each other a moment in surprise, and then took up the other papers. There were schedules, lettered A and B, and so on, with due formality. All these they passed over, and opened the note which, they rightly judged, should contain the marrow of the matter.

The chairman of the creditors, in behalf of the rest, stated: "that the assets, exclusive of the real estate, would fall about ten thousand dollars below the amount of claims; that the real estate, since Mrs. Marshall had so honorably waived her right of dower, was worth twenty thousand dollars."

Mr. Marshall ceased reading, and gave his wife a glance which was worth more to her than the dower right in a kingdom. He then went on to read, in a broken voice:

"'The assignees thought it but right and just to acknowledge her honorable dealing, as her husband no doubt would have done under other and more favorable circumstances.'"

"I never should claim any such thing!" she cried. "We have but one purse."

"It is all very proper in the gentlemen, notwithstanding," said her husband. "But let us read the rest of it:

"'If Mr. Marshall wishes to remain in the house—'"

Mrs. Marshall's eyes danced with joy.

"'—he can do so by executing a mortgage for half its estimated value. And the creditors will, with high regard for his integrity, execute a release in full from all demands, inasmuch as they receive dollar for dollar.'"

"And we keep our house after all!" cried Mrs. Marshall, actually embracing her husband.

"Which *you*, it seems, were so ready to sign away, in spite of good advice! How did they know *that*, pray?"

"I think I can write," said Mrs. M., bridling, and looking prettier even than she did on her wedding-day.

"So it seems," said her husband.

But we need not repeat all the fond things that passed, lest our bachelor readers should think them nonsense.

On the next day all the legal forms were executed. And Henry Marshall resumed business, with his old stock and new consignments, paying often in anticipation of the sale the inventory price of his effects. For he had made the most devoted friends of his creditors, and his wife was quoted to the wives of all of them as a model woman. So indeed she was.

The children have not learned to this day what ailed Pa and Ma during those dreadful days. But they know that every thing is all right now, and that suffices them. The house is redeemed already, or rather Mrs. Marshall holds the bond and mortgage, and for her own money has an honest claim on the property, "which nobody can deny."

FOUND OUT.

A VILLAGE STORY.

YET not so much a story of a village as of myself, who have lived in it all the days of my life. Where it is I must not say. Some portion of the circumstances which I shall narrate appeared in the papers at the time they occurred, and the sensational incident connected with them is forgotten. At least two of those who witnessed them are beyond the Atlantic, and I may never see them again. The others will pardon an old woman's garrulity, perhaps, if they ever read these lines. I hope neither they nor those who are absent will ever see them—and yet why? for my experiences in the to me eventful year of 185– are perhaps those of many another woman, allowing, of course, for all those differences of external life which have more or less influence upon the intellect and the heart. Besides, it will be a relief to me to tell what I have to tell, and then read it over as if it were of some one else, gaining thereby a sort of sympathetic ideal companionship; and if I am thought silly for so doing I can bear the criticism, or I am very much mistaken.

The village in which I was born and still reside is not a hundred miles from Boston, reckoning by any point of the compass the reader pleases. It is a quaint, quiet, old, old place—quite a little collection of moss-covered houses, shaded by ancient trees—and as little changed by the passing years as the pretty stream that runs babbling through it. The people are, like it, staid and simple, and not many of them young. Our excitements are of a mild type—the church and its choir, the lyceum, the village band, and parties of various sober kinds absorb much of the spare time of youthful men and maidens, while their seniors look on. One of the occasions which call us together is the arrival of some new book, which is to be read aloud to a large circle of friends. In short we, having neither theatres nor concert-halls nor political struggles and jealousies to amuse us, try to amuse and be kind to each other, and generally succeed. In these efforts my little girl was, at the date of my story, tolerably prominent. I call her my little girl, but she was then eighteen, and tall for her age. Diminutives express affection, and Rose was always "little," and is so still, to me. She was very pretty, and her society much sought; nor did I restrain her friendships, knowing what a good girl she was, and that none who were not worthy of her preference would ever gain it. Accomplished in one sense she was not. Neither painting nor Italian nor embroidery troubled her. But she could sing with her heart upon her lips, and her eloquent fingers, straying over the keys of her piano, sang with her; she could draw with taste and skill, and could read aloud extremely well. This last acquirement I thought very valuable, and so encouraged its cultivation both by home practice and before our friends. I will only add that she was my only child, that I was a widow, and that we two, with our old help, Margaret, constituted the whole household of what I will call Verbena Cottage.

I have said that Rose was a good reader. There was one other among our society who surpassed us all, and that was our minister, Philip Howland. This gentleman was a general favorite, not only in his own church, but wherever he had become acquainted. He was a bachelor of thirty, of manly presence, and of cultivated mind. Let me write his portrait—a tall, erect form, strong and active; a face pale but not of unhealthy hue; a forehead broad and high, a little lined already by study or some experience unforgotten; a firm, square jaw that told of resolution to do and to endure; a mouth that smiled but rarely, but then with exceeding sweetness; and eyes—why do so many writers give to the looks of their heroines alone the infinite tenderness that shone from his? I have him before me now in imagination, and oh, what "good company" he is even thus! He had not long settled at B——, not over a year. But he was as though we had known him always. I think that not one of those with whom he came in contact but looked upon him as a personal friend. You may be sure that when it fell to him to be the reader of the evening the parlor in which we chanced to meet was full to overflowing. No less certain was it that many a heart throbbed in unison with the tones of his voice as the book he read became in his hands a living thing.

Now I am making no confession of what I need be ashamed. I had the largest parlor in the village, and my cottage was therefore oftenest tendered for the use of our little audiences. Then Philip Howland was my nearest neighbor, so near that from our windows opposite Rose and I could see him as he sat, often late into the night, at his study table. And then he liked us very much, he said, or at least implied by his frequent visits; and we certainly made him welcome, and thus became very intimate. There was no harm in this. Rose was not likely to have her affections entangled by a man so much older than herself, however agreeable he might be, and however desirable his property, for he had property, made him from a worldly point of view. So time passed on, and the days on which we did not meet Philip were at last blank days, and the evenings when he would not be at our table the dullest evenings we knew. He grew into our lives, as it were, and was one of us; and the year that we had known each other threw all years behind it far, far into the distant past.

But who can be happy in this world? Home, friends, a daughter's love and companionship, a face whose appearance is a delight, a step that the heart listens for, a sympathy never before awakened, these may be given, and yet be mingled with bitterness. I felt it to be so, and that before very long. Perhaps I ought to have foreseen that people would, from Philip's con-

stant visits, be busy with our names. But I did not, and a conversation between a lady caller and myself left me benumbed with a pain new to me, and, I felt, caused by a curiosity as unkind as uncalled for. This lady, a Mrs. Belden, as I say, called one morning. Rose and I were knitting, expecting no one, and, to be candid, desiring no one—at all events not the person whose knock we heard at the door. In she came, rustling as some women do, and seeming to make the very air tremble with an indescribable fidget. One must be polite, however—we are taught that as one of the "minor morals." And so I welcomed Mrs. Belden as graciously as I could, and the usual small-talk of such occasions duly commenced. After a flood of meaningless tattle she began to admire the look-out from our pleasant bay-window.

"Quite charming, my dear. I really must have a good observation of the view."

Now I hate women who "my dear" all their female acquaintances, or, to speak more mildly, I hate the practice of such an absurd term of endearment by women between whom there is little in common. But I replied that the view was pleasant, and pointed her to an easy-chair which I often used, and which was a good post of "observation."

"And that is Mr. Howland's just opposite. He is very near to you, is he not?"

"Exactly fifty yards between our front gate and his," I replied.

"How droll! You measured the distance, then?"

"Rose did one day, to decide an argument upon the subject."

"Mr. Howland is a very agreeable person, I am told. Is that so?"

"Very—we are good friends."

"So I have heard. He is single, I believe? Is that his own house?"

"You have heard aright; he is single; that is his own house. And let me anticipate another possible question by adding that, with the exception of an old housekeeper, he lives there alone."

"What a pity! But you know I am so inquisitive. What a sad life for him—no wife, no domesticity! We ought to make him marry. I have been so long away, however, that he may be engaged and I not know it."

"That," said I, with a feeling of anger which I had some difficulty in repressing, "may be left to Mr. Howland himself, I should suppose."

"Of course; but we ladies must talk of such matters, you know."

"Pardon me. I see no reason why we should; and I for one do not amuse myself after that fashion."

"Ah, so like you! Always grave and critical. But where is dear Rose?"

I had not noticed her departure, but she was gone. As I did not know where, I said so. Dear me! how tired of Mrs. Belden I was! but she was inexorable. "Do you know," said she, with a very mysterious air, "that's a very charming girl of yours? There is a grace, a sentiment, a sort of something or other about her that makes me quite love her." Could I do more than bow my reply to this information?

"Ah," she pursued, "if your neighbor, now, were to see with other people's eyes—"

This was too provoking. I rose quite angrily, and then, feeling the absurdity of the movement—sat down again! Mrs. Belden detected my extreme annoyance, however, and left her chair, gayly assuring me that she "really must go," had "trespassed too long," and so forth, and "I positively must forgive her if she had been indiscreet." I tried to smile my forgiveness, with poor success, and the next moment, in a storm of flurry, she departed.

"Impertinence!" I thought. "What right had *she* to couple Philip Howland's name with that of my daughter? What right had she to dream that those two were now, or ever would be, more than mere friends? She a mere child, and he nearly as old as I was!"

"Nearly as old as I was!" No sooner had I half whispered to myself the words than—ah, the room was stifling, the sunshine was gone, all was changed! I had forgotten that I was no longer a girl, as at times we all of us do forget. My face was not that of youth, my hair had its silver lines here and there, my step was not so buoyant as it was twenty years ago, and I had forgotten it. These external changes, alas! they will come, and the heart never, never grows old as they descend upon us. I had learned a truth, then, even from a silly gossip. Well, it must be borne with. One tear might be allowed me, and then my darling must not see that a new grief was added to those which had gathered to me before. Nor did she find me out. That was the true expression—"find me out." Had I not found myself out? Did not my glass show me a face on which I read something never there before—a blush for myself and my folly? Rose said, when we met, that I looked tired. I was, weary with a weariness the cause of which she could not guess—how should my innocent pet guess it? But while I felt humiliated in my own eyes, none others, I resolved, should read my thoughts; and I was as calm as usual when dinner-time came, and we two lonely women, the young one and the old one, sat facing each other. Not even when, with her clear look fixed upon mine, Rose asked if Mr. Howland was likely to come in that evening, did I hesitate in my reply, or fail to meet her glance with one as open as her own.

He did come that evening, but it was later than usual before he made his appearance. I wondered at this, for he was a model of punctuality, and had nothing that I knew of which could possibly detain him. On my remarking upon this he explained in a low tone that he knew it was late, and would not have intruded had he not longed for some face to show sym-

pathy for him. And as he spoke he sighed heavily, as if in sore distress. I had not looked straight at him before—indeed he had only just seated himself—but now I gazed with astonishment upon him. He, the strong, the self-reliant, to whom we looked for sympathy and spiritual support, to ask for sympathy from us! Strange, but true. I saw that there was something to be told of a great trouble. Would he tell us—me—of it? I longed for him to do so; and when he turned away his head, as if to hide some deep emotion, Rose's lips I saw were apart, as if with startled expectation. We were silent for a minute or two—how long they seemed!

"My dear friend—may I not call you so?" said he, at length, turning toward me.

"What greater pleasure could you give us both—is it not so, Rose?"

"Oh, mamma—I think so—of course—at least—"

"I will accept of no qualifications," said he. "I am in need of a friendship which has no doubts—upon which I may lean without fear."

"And you a strong and clever man—we only two weak and unlearned women!"

"Even as you say. I sometimes think I am too strong, too vain of my own powers, too regardless of others no less well-intentioned than myself, but lacking nerve or will. And then I adopt the opposite extreme, losing sight of justice that I may show leniency. It is upon this latter subject that I seek your helping judgment. I have none other than you two to whom I would lay bare the one great sorrow and apprehension of my life."

I was speechless—could only offer him my hand, in silent assurance of thanks for the confidence he was to give, while Rose only looked at him with infinite pity, for what as yet she knew not.

"I said the one great sorrow of my life—I might have said the one disgrace. Nay, do not interrupt me, I never disgraced myself"—this was said with a proud and touching sadness—"but one very near to me has. You never knew I had a brother; but it is true. Better were it that he had never been born, for one human being less would have to answer for years of sin and shame. I need not, can not, tell you how sinful or how shameful that boy's career has been and is. Still I loved him, and he knew it—knew it, and traded on it always. With strange intuition he fathomed my heart; and while he scoffed at my warnings, laughed at my appeals to him, and blasphemed when I prayed to God for him, was as certain that I would never cast him off as that the sun would rise to-morrow. Of course no honorable employment is within the reach of such as he, and what he is I tremble to think. What of material help I can give him I do. Our parents are both gone, we have few and distant relatives, and he is, so to speak, my charge. I try to do my duty—all that I can pinch myself to spare him is his. He never need to steal, for I provide for all his proper wants. But his demands increase, and his delinquencies with them; and oh! my friends, he was with me in my house to-day."

All my woman's wrath broke forth against this strange, unnatural brother.

"Surely you bid him go from your sight," I exclaimed.

"I did," said Philip, "tell him that he must not remain in the village; that I would try and help him more largely than before; and that if he were known for my brother here I must hide my head far away at once."

"But you would not—oh, you would not!" said Rose, appealingly.

"I do not know. Sometimes I think that I should have acceded to his demand that I 'give him a chance'—those were his words—in my own sphere; but then I dare not risk impairing whatever usefulness I possess among you. No; I could not allow him to live with or near me, and told him so. He taxed me with harshness—me, who have helped him all along! This he knew was folly on his part, and did not venture to repeat it. But his tone was that of an injured person, and added to it was a cool, hard manner that I have never before seen in him. I might almost say that there was a hidden defiance in his mind, but that I conceive it to be impossible. At all events I shortened the conversation by saying that I had much work to do, and that, however painful to me it was to ask him to leave me, there was no alternative. It is not necessary for me to explain the nature of the assistance I gave him, but I did say that I could not decide upon its ultimate amount to-day, but would to-morrow, at a meeting which I would give him at the neighboring town. And now, dear ladies, forgive me for troubling you with this miserable business. I could not help it, however, for I longed for some one in whom my confidence might be safely reposed, and who would receive it kindly. You, I was sure, would be both the one and the other."

"Indeed, yes," I answered, very earnestly. "I do not see how you could have acted otherwise. And Rose here—why Rose, what is the matter?" for she was weeping silently.

"It is so very sad, mamma—I mean for Mr. Howland."

The conversation did not extend far beyond this point, and soon afterward our visitor departed. The time for retiring soon came, and soothing my pet as well as I could, I reminded her of the hour. Something in my manner attracted her, for she looked anxiously at me, asking if I were not well. As a rule, hers was indeed a cheerful face when she left me for her own room. As a rule, she never seemed so happy as when fondling her dear mamma. She never fondled me as on that night when she gave me her "good-night kiss," nor had she ever been more loving. But the bright look was not there, as, winding her arms once more about my neck, she again said, earnestly, that I must be sick; nor did my quiet "No, love,

only a little tired," satisfy her. "I do not like to leave you so; I shall not sleep a wink all night. Do let me be with you just this once," she pleaded.

But no. I told her gently that she was mistaken, and that I only felt the need of rest; and so once more bade her good-night.

There is a fatigue of the spirit for which there is no rest. Already to-day had I undergone a mental torture which left me very weary. Now there was a new trial. He who had been in my thoughts so much was in trouble, sorrowing under a great and long-endured calamity. He had come to me—well, to Rose also, of course—for sympathy and advice. We were thus bound to him by the tie of a confidence reposed in us. Rose could not see—there could be no doubt of that—that such a confidence was proof from him of a very close and earnest friendship. When a man seeks a woman's advice in his difficulty he does so because he feels assured of her warm interest in him and his affairs. In the present case this was no less true than in all others. Besides, he leans or seeks to lean upon his friend because he thinks her not only capable of appreciating his feelings, but able to judge wisely upon what he offers for her consideration. Ah! it was with a sad heart that I entered my room and sat at my dressing-table. "Yes," thought I, "I sit here, and he by his lamp; so near, and yet so far off." Rising to look if this were so, I could see the accustomed form, but with head lower bent than usual, and a hand pressed sorrowfully to his brow. Sleep for me! "No!" I said to myself; "there are too many crowding fancies between me and sleep to be dispersed in a moment." There he sat, and he had asked for help. Surely I was the one of whom alone he expected counsel worth having. Rose was too young, too inexperienced, too separated from him by age for her to have been admitted to a share in his secret other than as an unavoidable confidante. It would have been awkward, to say the least, for him to have sought an interview from which she should be excluded. And this being the case, she was necessarily present. But it was I who stood as the preferred friend over all others whom he knew. Was there a thought of me mingled with those which I instinctively felt were now crowding his brain? And yet, all this reasoning of mine was, I felt, uncalled for, most likely. I felt that I was confusing a selfish vanity—hard word, but too true—with my interest in Philip's welfare. "Philip's!" Yes, I had learned to call him thus in my secret heart of hearts.

I said this narrative was no confession; behold, I have been making confessions all along! I had actually argued myself into almost a belief that he loved me—certainly I had, like an ingenious special pleader, advocated the propriety and hopefulness of my loving him. That was the truth. Employ what sophistry I chose, remember as I might how I blushed for myself in the morning, I was now acknowledging to myself that he was all the world to me, except—and a pang of self-accusation shot across my heart—except dear, dear Rose, my pet, my darling. She, at least, has no such weight upon her soul as I, I thought. Heaven save her from such! Heaven always send her the peaceful slumber which now—

Hark! what was that? A step upon the stair?

I was inexpressibly startled. "But," thought I, "there could have been no sound except in my imagination. The thing is impossible. This sitting up half through the night makes me nervous. I will go to bed at once." Again! This time there was no mistake. I heard a soft and cautious footstep descending the stairs, and apparently moving toward the front door. What could it mean? Thieves? That was out of the question. Our quiet village was too secluded to attract those attendants upon civilization—burglars. Our old Margaret was not a somnambulist. Rose was no doubt fast asleep; and there was no one else in the house that I knew of. Ay, that was just the difficulty—nobody that I knew of. Then it *must* be robbers. Not being very courageous, I must confess that I was frightened. Not that I am a coward. Fright is not always cowardice. Many a soldier goes into action with a quaking heart, though he has determined to "do or die." I sat down to think and to listen. There was one thing that reassured me—the sound had seemed proceeding away from, not toward, the sleeping-apartments, so that no violence toward their occupants was intended, even if the disturber were dangerous to our little household treasures. So that waiting was, so far as ourselves was concerned, perhaps the safest policy. So I waited, while I could hear my heart beat in the profound stillness around.

Probably few but have experienced how the mind and attention, being strained unusually, concentrated upon some such action as that of listening acutely, grow mesmerized, so to speak, and wander off upon some side-track of the imagination. It was so with me this night. From resolving to keep on the alert, and be ready for any emergency, I fell to musing upon the possibility that if I did hear more noises they might be delusions created by the expectation that I should hear them. The theories of apparently supernatural appearances, the argument that the eye pictures what the excited brain may create, the voices that seem to wake us from sleep, the fancied presence of those really far distant—all these and much more passed in review before my consciousness, and the reasoning from them naturally shaped itself, after a while, into the question whether I had not first mistaken one of those slight sounds which so mysteriously pervade a house at night for something which did not exist, and then conjured up footsteps which had not passed down the stairs at all. The transition from this view to doubt of my own senses was easy, and after a few minutes more I became satisfied that I had been alarmed without cause.

Once more then I told myself to seek my couch. One look at the night; one glance at the lamp opposite, perhaps still burning in the parson's study, and then sleep. "Oh, beautiful night," I sighed, as I looked out upon the moonlight, "how peaceful and still! How many unquiet hearts beneath the calm sky, and mine but one of them! One other is not far off, for yonder I see once again the bowed form and the weary attitude of my grief-stricken friend."

Just as I was going to drop the window-shade something arrested my hand, and made me look intently forth into the road. There were two figures within sight there—a man and a woman. The first was gliding, gliding, stealthily across, and had just reached the opposite sidewalk; the other as stealthily following, and both keeping within the shadows of trees and fence. This was stranger than all. There was positively no accounting for it. Ours was not a village given to the nocturnal strollings of lovers; besides, I knew, or thought I did, that there were no lovers whose "course of true love" was not smooth enough to dispense with any thing clandestine. And then these weird figures were both moving with extreme caution and by very slow degrees toward the window of Philip Howland's study. Was there, then, harm to him intended? There was that brother; surely he—

Without another moment's thought I slipped on a hood, slipped off my shoes, quickly but noiselessly passed down stairs, and before you could count a score was outside the house. There were now three of us. Whatever, whoever the other two were, I was fully equal now to whatever were to happen. Danger to him—the very thought of it nerved me so that I could have dared any thing. I have often wondered since why I did not shriek aloud or call up Rose; but I suppose I was past that stage of feminine exaltation, and Rose I had forgotten utterly. No; silent as the grave, cautious as a cat, I followed, the third link in that mysterious chain of midnight spectres; the third alone, and not afraid. Watching was my rôle, and I would act it well to the last scene. The first figure moved a step, the second a step, the third a step. Another, and another, and another. The first figure shot across an open space, lighted by the moon, and gained a speck of shadow; the second took up his hiding-place; and the third the hiding-place of the second. And so the minutes, long as hours, yea, as years, went on. Were the two others man and woman? Yes: he a tall, stout fellow; she a slim, little figure, more like a girl than woman grown.

At last the man was within the minister's gate and close beside the study window, where he stood motionless gazing at the seated figure at which I too had looked so long. The woman, with what, rapt as I was, I thought wonderful skill, gained a station very near him; but, sheltered by a thick bush, I too was not much further away.

Oh the strange agony of that strange tableau! Within, the weary student, weary with labor and with sorrow, an illuminated picture framed by the gloom outside his lamp's circle of light, all unconscious of the eyes fixed upon him from without. Outside, the thick shrubs and tall trees looking like giants or ghosts in the icy moonlight, and three living creatures watching, listening, stealthily.

How long this scene lasted I do not know. But I do know that I became almost frantic with the effort to keep all my senses within control. The strain upon me was becoming too great, and I must soon have precipitated a dénouement, the character of which I could not foresee, by springing forward and calling aloud upon Philip. But he himself decided the point, for he slowly arose from his chair and moved toward the window, which he softly opened, and then stood looking abroad into the night.

He was speaking to himself. "And now, and now," I heard him say, "that I have hoped so wildly for her love, have prayed so earnestly that my great trouble might pass from me, all is lost, all is to begin again. Nevertheless, not my will but Thine—"

God of heaven! the man suddenly raised his arm and pointed a shining pistol-barrel straight at his head. An instant more and the woman sprang at him and dragged him back, and in the same moment, with a crash that seemed to rend the air, a shot was fired. Oh, why had I not before spoken? With one bound Philip was beside the struggling pair, and I too. Like a tiger's leap was his at the man, while I—voice enough now—shrieked with terror or rage, I know not which.

But the man was quiet—offered no resistance, and stood with folded arms, gazing upon his work. Yes, his work; for the woman lay insensible upon the ground, bleeding. And I saw that it was Rose! And Philip cried aloud, "Oh, my loved one! oh, my darling! my darling, look upon me!"

"Oh, the agony! Oh, the agony! My poor girl, my poor girl!" I cried.

"Madam," said the assassin, "it was a mistake. The ball was not meant for her. This canting brother of mine—"

But I could hear no more. Philip and I lifted her, ourselves as in a dream, through the study window, which opened to the ground. He I dared not speak to, and the murderer still stood watching us, with a smile upon his face. Soon lights and people came, and a surgeon.

Thank God, she was not dead. The ball had wounded her arm as she had tried to wrest the pistol from the hand of the wretch, and soon she opened her eyes. And what did I then see? Philip kneeling by her with the tears raining down his face, and her other arm feebly twining itself about his neck. Then, and not till then, did I hear a cry of "Seize the murderer!" while Philip sprang to his feet, shouting, "No, no; leave him to me!"

"That you may do very safely, good people,"

said Philip's brother, with perfect calmness. "There has been an error; it shall be corrected. I am no murderer, and for this accident will make due reparation. For you," and here he turned to his brother, "I know that you will not detain me—believe me for once, I will atone. To-morrow seek me where I came from, and I shall surely be there." And he went without another word, no hand being raised against him. But when to-morrow came and Philip sought him he found not what he sought. He found a dead body; upon the ground a mile away he found, with its hand grasping the pistol that had wounded my darling, what was once his brother.

There is little more to tell. The narration by Rose of how she heard a noise outside our house, and caught a glimpse of the man and his weapon—how she also heard him muttering of vengeance, and, fearing she knew not what, followed him—need not be repeated here. Nor will I set down more of this latter part of her story than that when I said, "Why did you not call me to accompany you, Rose?" she only blushed, and said, "Because, mamma, because—somehow he seemed to belong to me alone."

No. There is little more to tell. There were secrets to keep, and we kept them. Rose recovered all the more quickly that Philip was always with her. They were married — it's years ago; and I have little friends who call me grandmother. There was one secret to keep, and I kept that—thankful that it was mine alone. Only once did I shed tears even. It was when she said to me one day, "Oh, mother, if he had died that night I should have died too!" This I know to be a common enough feeling; but grief does not kill—it is the living death that is to be dreaded. Am I not alive? and can I not now—yes, with a clear brow, too, and an honest love—lay my hands upon his shoulders, and looking into his grave, kind eyes, say to him, "Dear Philip!"

VALENTINE'S BIRTHDAY.

Beloved, no great birthday dawn
Of summer tinct with spices fine,
Of sapphire skies and splendid blooms,
Can dim the dear delight of thine!
The ardent arch of August days
May veil itself in wizard haze;
But not in all such sweet decline
Fate sent thee for my Valentine!

The winter weather, clear and fair,
When all the air from stain was free,
And far and blue the still sky soared
O'er lands of calm from hill to sea;
While deepening sunsets long and low
Ebbed ruddier over blushing snow—
That winter weather summoned thee
To life itself, to life and me.

How clean the land reposed! How pure
From sky to sky its spotless white!
What promise in the beckoning day,
What mystery in alluring night!
Oh, up what depths of violet dark
The crystal stars leaned forth to mark,
How forests felt the ice-sheathed flight
Of rivers rushing to the light!

Oh, Love! thy soul was like the earth
Wrapped so serenely in its snows—
And by-and-by such searching sun,
And by-and-by such southwind blows!
From dreams divine in odorous cells
Waken at length the wild-flower bells,
The sacred haunts their wealth disclose,
And widely blooms the perfect rose!

Clear eyes that opened on the world,
Your dusky wells received what cheer?
How couldst thou twice the twelvemonth live
Before my soul was kindled, dear?
Where was I, darling, in those days—
Those tender twice-returning days—
When eagerly thou met'st the year,
When life was sweet and I not here?

Strange, shadowy time, ere I had made
A tone in the sphere's harmony!
Yet source of those immortal things
That blend love with infinity.
I am an attribute of thine,
Came with thy senses rare and fine,
Stay while those powers most regal be,
Die when thou hast no need of me.

No need of me? The airs shall fail,
Streams be forgotten by the sea,
Red autumn paint no country-side,
The wintry weather cease to be.
But thou and I shall part no more,
The heavens shall reel from earth before,
The constant sun to death may flee,
And yet thou shalt have need of me!

WARFARE OF MODERN RELIGIOUS THOUGHT.

EIGHTEEN centuries have borne the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, and testified to the fact that He introduced a new life into the heart of the world. One would think, therefore, that Christianity had been long enough among men to exhaust adverse criticism and vindicate its claims to a divine origin. Unlike those phenomena of the universe that return only at vast intervals of time, it has constantly challenged the eye of mankind as the highest, the most authoritative, the most urgent concern within the compass of thought. And, looking merely at this aspect of its position, our first impulse is to conclude that Christianity ought now to be far beyond assault, and to enjoy undisturbed repose. So it would be if it were less like God and more like man. Imagine it a simple formula of truth, a science among sciences, a co-ordinate authority beside other authorities, and long since the struggle between it and its adversaries had been ended.

Homer's genius is undisputed. Dante, Shakspeare, and Milton abide in unapproachable grandeur, and rest securely amidst the honors they won. No one puts forth an effort to dislodge Newton from that firmament to which he lifted the science of the world; and if a man were to assail the heroism, the self-sacrifice, the inflexible devotion of Washington, the concurrent voices of all nations would pronounce him an outcast from the brotherhood of humanity. And yet the fact meets us every where that hundreds of men reject the character and offices of Christ, unable, they say, to see the evidences of his Deity, and in many instances refusing to accept him in any sense as a Teacher sent from God. If now we turn from a comparison between the manhood of Christ and the manhood of those distinguished by an outstanding attitude among their fellow-men, and transfer the same train of thought to Christianity, we find that a similar state of facts exists. The scientific truths which chemistry and astronomy teach are generally accepted, while the proofs of Christianity as a divine religion are disputed, its doctrines resisted, its authority denied. Obviously, then, the position of Jesus Christ and the relations of Christianity are peculiar. They form a class of facts by themselves. On the supposition that Jesus Christ is merely a good man, a noble character, then, the world has not obeyed its instincts in honoring him as it has done its other illustrious servants. On the theory that Christianity is only an enlarged and perfected form of natural theology, then, the world has departed from its habitual course of action in not yielding to its scientific claims. Human nature has, therefore, violently wrenched itself out of its legitimate and usual modes of thinking, feeling, acting; and if in so doing it has not wrought a miracle on itself, it has nevertheless presented a strange and most perplexing anomaly. Had we to view revealed religion as occupying this ground, its existence for eighteen centuries would be the most puzzling problem ever offered to the mind of man.

But when we consider the supernatural aspects of Christianity we can instantly see how it has been destined to eighteen hundred years of warfare. Unaccountable as this protracted and unrelenting strife would be, if it had proposed a sway less magnificent than universal rule, or dealt with interests less sublime than the legal and moral recovery of a ruined race, it becomes clear enough the moment we apprehend the true office of Christianity as a final and authoritative message from Jehovah. The very grandeur of its pretensions, the omniscient searching of its eye, the omnipotent grasp of its hand, the splendid accompaniments that attended its advent, the majestic step that at first crushed the pomps of earth, and the yet more majestic look that withered the glories of palace and crown, its constant assertion of God's infinite rights, and its constant hostility to sin's infinite wrongs—these are the reasons Christianity has been doomed to undergo a ceaseless struggle. How could it have been otherwise? The natural tendency of reason is to resist whatever appeals to it as lying beyond its own province. Left to itself, its instinct is to magnify its office, to reject mysteries enforced on its reception, not by explanation, but by direct authority, and to take advantage of a certain kind of supremacy within its own realm to extend its jurisdiction beyond that restricted domain. The mind has its fixed functions, and whenever objects address those functions in the form of a supernatural revelation a barrier must be overleaped, old habits transcended, and a new order of thought instituted. So much for the reason as reason; but add to that the influence of the moral sensibilities aroused to confront God's broken law, and it can not appear strange that Christianity should wage an interminable warfare. Yes; had Christianity been the outgrowth of the human mind, every advance made would have been permanent. A victory over a foe would have been final. Once driven from the field, no more would have been heard of Hobbes, Hume, Voltaire, and none would have dared to gather up their dishonored armor and renew the fight. But Christianity is an external revelation; it humbles our pride of intellect; it humbles us under a sense of our feeble intuitions as well as under a sense of our sins; and hence it is never permitted to repose on its victories; but its conquests to-day are signals for another fierce strife to-morrow. It gives a Sabbath to the world, but takes none for itself.

The bare fact, then, that Christianity assumes a militant air in the presence of each generation indicates whence it came, and what its purpose. If it has existed for eighteen centuries, we are not to think that it has had ample time to subdue the prejudices, silence the cavils, appease the passions of men. Time it has had to offer its credentials for strictest scrutiny;

time to vary its adaptations to social changes; time to combat new issues as they have emerged from the troubled depths of the world's growing consciousness; time, too, to assert its regal majesty in the face of every arrogant rival that the progress of civilization has thrown in its way: but it has not had time to be other than Christianity, or to do any work God never set it to accomplish. Let us remember what Christianity is here—not to do. Never was it designed that Christ's religion should forestall the sentiments of one generation by a triumph over the generation preceding it; nor can it be that the evidences of its divine authenticity should so accumulate in any one age as to sweep with a resistless momentum through the ages following. The grand scheme instituted for the world's trial demands, as its first condition of activity, that each generation should stand on its own ground, and work out, uncontrolled, its own particular destiny. One might almost say that it is a succession of worlds in the shape of generations—each by itself, each for itself—with which Christianity is thus solemnly in contact. Our forefathers help us in the outside frame-work of civilization; but here, in this momentous trial, we are alone. Moreover, each age incorporates elements into this warfare never before known; and thus Providence—always on the side of a fair and full investigation—affords unbelief a lengthened series of opportunities to diversify its argument, and to exhibit it in every phase of which it is susceptible. And the same law that applies to generations applies to individuals. Every man, if intent on thoroughness in his religious life, must ascertain the meaning of Christianity for himself; not only viewing it as what it is to him as a member of society, but in a far deeper and more comprehensive sense as seen from his own constitution, temperament, and personal peculiarities. Now, then, when we take this vast scheme of trial, its proportions so immense as to encompass the whole earth and to lose themselves in the heavens above our heads, it wears an infinitely impressive aspect from the fact that generations and individuals, one by one, must solve for themselves this profound problem. If the past were suffered to aggregate in massive shapes its moral and spiritual influences, and thus concentrate them on us, certain it is that the prestige of hereditary authority would impair, or perchance destroy, the prerogatives of independent thought and self-will.

Still another aspect belongs to this law of probationary being. Man may grow in knowledge, but this can not radically affect the conditions under which his trial for immortality must proceed. Ages after ages may elapse; man may reach the highest summit of material civilization, and, in proud enthronement as lord of this lower creation, every physical force may submit to his will, and every secret of Nature pour its long-treasured wisdom into his bosom, and yet not the slightest apprehension be made toward any common ground on which divine wisdom and human wisdom—each retaining its characteristics—may meet and reciprocate sentiments. For just as long as the difference between them is not a difference in degree but in kind, so long as the breach that separates them is not dependent on circumstances but is a measure of positive contrariety, so long as neither the advance of external science nor the inward culture of the intuitions of the mind can meet a single exigency in the case, just so long must the antagonism last, unless removed by other instrumentalities. The simple truth is, that they are belligerents, not because of the accidents that perpetually vary the moods of men and their connection with outward things, but because of their respective natures. Incidental matters may give a certain turn to the controversy, but the controversy itself is not an incidental matter. Geology yesterday, Statistics to-day, the "Origin of Species" to-morrow, may complicate the argument; but had Science never been known the essence of the argument would not have been different. The intellect is only the muster-ground on which these hostile forces drill; while the heart, alien from God, alien from its own instincts, is the real battle-field where this great struggle day by day goes forward. And hence it is folly to expect that the progress of years, as such, will change the conditions of this ancient and deep-seated controversy.

Surprise is often expressed that men of Faith and men of Science are not yet reconciled. It is time, say many, that the old feud was healed and good fellowship set up between them. And doubtless it is time; but on what basis shall they meet and exchange salutations of friendship? We see no common ground on which Science as Science, and Christianity as Christianity can come together. There is really no more common ground between them than between Christianity and Mohammedanism. And by this we mean, that truth as an object of faith and truth as an object of reason are essentially distinct things in their relations to the mind, nor can they approach it in the same way and exert over it the same kind of influence. If they are harmonized it must be as superior and inferior, as divine and human, each preserving its own attributes, each abiding in its own sphere—one as sovereign, the other as subject. The idea is preposterous that Christianity can remain the religion of Christ and yet resign its claims to a supernatural origin and character. But if it is supernatural, it must find its antithesis in the natural facts of the human mind, and by contrast with them —a contrast spreading over its entire surface, and penetrating its profoundest depths—maintain and illustrate and enforce its dignity and authority as God's message. Nor can we mark too attentively the manner in which Christianity presents its miraculous aspects to man. The senses, through which intellect takes cognizance of the outer world, are not overpowered. No eye is blinded by flashing splendors,

no ear deafened by thunder, no one's daily path thronged with exciting wonders, no business interrupted, no home less a home. The supernatural glides into the world, and, without violence or dismay, introduces a new order of Divine manifestations. But this restraint on an energy that might shake the earth or convulse the universe, this stern limitation in the use of power that commanded infinite resources, is the best conceivable way to present the intrinsic difference between human reason and Christianity. The miracles, viewed in this light, assume their true aspect, disclose their nature as evidences, and demonstrate that God is meting out precisely such a measure of signs and wonders as shall establish the facts of Christianity. The healing of the sick, the raising of the dead, and similar works, are miracles to the senses, while the truths taught are miracles to the heart; but in each case, although the mind is differently approached, it is alike instructed to form an humble estimate of itself, and to prostrate its faculties before the august majesty of Him who is equally God of the world without and of the world within. The use of miracles shows how far the human spirit has sunk in unbelief; and at the same time the thoughtful reserve, the careful avoidance of excess in these tokens of the divine presence, also evince that it was needful to consult the imperfections of reason, lest, indeed, it be overpowered by the signal demonstrations of God's awful nearness.

Looking, then, at the facts as they exist, nothing can be clearer than that the conditions of this controversy have not virtually changed. We see plainly, as a matter of common observation, that the progress of knowledge has not really augmented the force of the "Christian Evidences," nor diminished the opposition of the carnal intellect to the authority of Revelation. We see that expansion of mind is not renewal of mind. The coarse earth is yet in our veins, and the pure atmosphere of a redeemed world has not effected the arterialization of our blood. Naturalism and Supernaturalism are as wide asunder as ever; a miracle stands precisely where it always stood; men still idolize the sequences of Nature, and enslave Deity to his own laws; and after all the beautiful and impressive exemplifications of wisdom and benevolence in Bridgewater Treatises and kindred works, we do not find that the natural heart is any closer to God. Raphael has painted Madonnas and Milton sung of Paradise Regained, and yet the "offense of the cross" has not ceased. Ay, more, the great debate was never so significant as now. Science offers a more defiant front to Christianity than ever before. Philosophy arrays consciousness against revealed religion, and denies their compatibility. Statistics rule faith out of the world. The hammer of Geology rings on the shields of Christian warriors; while the telescope of Astronomy, searching the sky for new stars, scorns to catch a ray from the "Star of Bethlehem." History portrays the vicissitudes of an orphaned race doomed to struggle with laws that have no Lawgiver. A splendid Cosmos is reared, gorgeous with suns that from distant points send their beams to blend in one magnificent day, but no spot is found in all the illumined and far-reaching space for the Throne of Mediation; no footstool on which penitence may kneel and weep; no firmament embosoming the serene blessedness of the Sabbath; no pavilion of glory in which angels may hold their festivals of joy, and to which they may welcome the saintly worth that death had dismissed from the sorrows of earth.

But it is not strange that Infidelity and semi-Infidelity should have developed themselves in such imposing forms. It were a poor compliment to Christianity if its opponents were not wiser than their predecessors. Under the guidance of Christianity the world has advanced, and its enemies share in the benefits of this progress. The depth of the shadow measures the brilliancy of the light, and hence, instead of drawing conclusions from the present state of things unfavorable to the position of Christianity, we should view it as a decided indication that it is accomplishing its divine work. Nor should another point be overlooked. Skepticism is taking a broad range. Nothing in its present history is more characteristic of its spirit than the immense field it is undertaking to cover. But perchance this may prove the occasion of a most humiliating defeat. The real problem is not whether Christianity shall have a mere foothold on the earth; but whether, as an aggressive and dominant power, it shall have universal sway. Over this problem we have slumbered. But under the goads of skepticism we have been aroused at last to solve it.

Speculation aside, we are on the eve of troubled times. All around us men are lapsing from the stern and profound form of faith into creeds of religiousness more flattering to human pride than genuine and decided Christianity. Skepticism is not now a mere outside antagonist, surrounding the battlements of the Church, and threatening with boastful words to subvert its foundations. Among the professed friends of Christianity—men who claim to love its discipleship, and who hope to be saved through the transforming agency of its spirit—are found scores who speak of the "fiction of an external revelation;" who declare that the "apostles and evangelists were equally inspired in their writings and their lives, and in both received the guidance of the Spirit of Truth in a manner not different in kind, but only in degree, from ordinary Christians;" who demand "a philosophical rendering" of the Scriptures; and who assert, moreover, that "we neither have, nor can have, any evidence of a Deity working miracles," in so far as that evidence is "in nature and from nature by science and by reason." Hume maintained the impossibility of a miracle, but declared, "Our holy religion is founded not on

reason, but on faith;" we are now told that a miracle is "accepted on religious grounds, and can appeal only to the principle and influence of faith." Lord Herbert, conspicuous in English history as the first Deistical writer, published "De Veritate" to prove that man does not need an external revelation; and indeed the Deism of England has earnestly advocated the doctrine that the light of reason within man, assisted by the Spirit of God, is altogether sufficient as a revelation of the divine will. But the accredited supporters of Christianity now inform us that the Scriptures themselves are the product of the "devout reason." Rejecting the great truth on which Revelation rests—the only truth that can be a foundation for its infallibility and supremacy—that it contains the knowledge which God has communicated directly to his servants, and through them to the world, they teach that the writers of Scripture made these discoveries by means of their own faculties, guided by the Spirit that all humble and docile minds possess. According to this theory man is the principal, and inspiration the auxiliary in the office of Revelation. Obviously enough man is hereby made a revealer of God to his own mind and to his fellow-men, and whatever aid is received simply assists his faculties to do their work. The functional idea of Revelation is thus taken away from the Holy Ghost and lodged in the offices of the "devout reason;" and consequently no one is bound to reverence Christ's religion except just so far as it is the "expression" of the "inward light" that he enjoys.

Put in plain English, this makes the Bible man's book. Admit all that the rationalistic system predicates of the influence of God's Spirit, give man all the advantages of wisdom and goodness, but still the degree of intelligence and purity in the volume, if the legitimate fruits of human intellect, can not vary the conditions of the argument, or constitute it a divine volume in any appreciable sense. The true idea of Revelation is not in the discovery of spiritual facts by the exercise of our faculties, no matter what amount of help is received from the Holy Ghost, but in a direct, positive, and certain communication of God's will on his part through the medium of the human mind. It is God's act; it is God's spoken self; and whatever office the inspired apostle performs, it is strictly subordinate to the fact that God is the sole Revealer. No theory of inspiration is complete that contravenes the idea of human agency in the production of the Holy Scriptures; and we think that men may honestly differ as to the precise view to be taken of the relation of the human element therein to the supernatural wisdom and authority with which it is so intimately connected. Notwithstanding all this, the distinctive claim of the Scriptures is plain enough. In spirit, in form, in general scope, in minute detail, in every thing constituting the essence and vital soul of its writings, the Holy Bible answers to the mind of God as image to original. And hence we believe that it is not truth, viewed abstractly, that gives the Bible its transcendent position among other volumes, but truth as immediately made known by our Heavenly Father in just such measure and aspect as his infinite wisdom determined. On this foundation it builds its sovereign authority. On this foundation it bears witness to the facts of our spiritual being in language admitting of no appeal, and binds to its doctrines and assurances the faith of the world.

The logical result of this theory of Rationalism is that every man is a self-ordained judge of the contents of Revelation. Grant the supposition that the "inward light," the "devout reason" discovered these truths, and the "inward light," the "devout reason" of our age may sit in judgment on them. The ideal view of this "reason" is that it is absolute; but in practice the ideality is sadly sacrificed. If any thing offensive to the spiritual ideality of the nineteenth century is discerned in the Scriptures, the Hebrew or Christian ideality is rejected. And thus it happens that Scripture is never Scripture *per se*, but *becomes* Scripture by agreeing with our "inward light." If in any sense we can exercise faith in such a Revelation, it is not a faith that simply accepts because the statements are contained in a volume substantiated by evidences ample and satisfactory, but because of the harmony with our preconceived notions and native instincts. In other words, we believe in the Revelation for the very good reason that we believe in ourselves. The fact is, our own pleasant image is projected upon the pages of the book, and, in Coleridge's words in the "Ode on Dejection," we might say that "We receive but what we give." Now, it is quite true that Christianity teaches the doctrine of spiritual discernment. But it is no such doctrine as this. The spiritual discernment taught by St. Paul is such a discernment as is wrought in our hearts by the agency of the Holy Ghost, and through the operations of divine truth as embodied in the religion of Christ. It is not a doctrine that superstition may take to itself as an apology for its wild and erratic ravings; not a doctrine that under every imaginable pretense any disordered brain may shelter itself behind, and vaunt its flummery on the notice of men; not a doctrine that even good men and true may plead except in connection with those rigid qualifications that guarantee its safety and value. Men may rightfully speak of intuitions and instincts, but these are not necessarily spiritual discernments, nor can they claim therefor the excellence and blessedness which God has secured to this inward perception, this comprehensive realization of the interior meaning of his truth. The artist has an inward eye for the beautiful; the philosopher has an inward eye for abstract truth; and indeed, to most cultivated men, and always to men of genius, the outward eye that takes cognizance of material things is very much like a telescope or microscope, while behind it and far within is the real eye that sees, as Wordsworth

says, "into the heart of things." Yet it were a perfect misnomer to call this spiritual discernment; for what is shared by all men, irrespective of any special moral gifts and religious experience, and is attributable to nature when existing under genial auspices, can not possibly be referred to the peculiar facts of a Christian life.

Along with this favorite dogma of recent Rationalism comes another, viz., the self-evidencing power of divine truth. That this property of the Gospel is acknowledged in the Bible and urged upon our attention can not be questioned. The dispute between Christian thinkers of the old-fashioned school and our modern Rationalists is not as to the existence of the doctrine itself, but as to the nature and offices of the doctrine. Rationalism refuses to regard miracles as supports of Christianity, but insists that "they are at present among the main difficulties and hindrances to its acceptance." To supersede the necessity of the argument drawn from miracles, or to reduce that argument to the merest minimum of value, the self-evidencing power of the Gospel is set forth with great emphasis. This is a fatal thrust, in our opinion, at the heart of Christianity. We mean, of course, in its logical bearing; for we do not impugn the character and motives of these writers who are now agitating the Church. Scripture unequivocally asserts that this self-evidencing power exists, nor can we conceive how Christianity can perfect its influence over a human mind where it is wanting. But let it be observed that there is nothing in this self-evidencing power to interfere with the evidence of miracles, or in any way to abate their utility. No fallacy can be greater than to regard them as rival forms of proof, or in any degree as unfriendly. If the miracles are set aside as worthless, we should not calculate on the other exerting much force. If the miracles are depreciated, do not imagine that the selecter and more spiritual evidence — the internal purity and beauty of the doctrines of Christianity—will be all the more appreciated. Such a result we pronounce impossible. For if the external credentials are rejected, or if they are lightly esteemed, then the measure of indifference to them will be the measure of insensibility to the other and higher class of divine authentications. Christianity has a system of evidences as well as a system of doctrines; and the unity of the one is as essential as the unity of the other.

Look at these doctrines, and you see how inseparably they are united. Like a gigantic trunk, the truth of the paternal character of God in Christ rises from the beautiful companionship of the dew upon the grass and the smile upon the flowers, and lifts itself heavenward. Stately arms spring out from the central shaft, and spread themselves far and wide. Lop off branch or bough, touch a leaf, and either symmetry or proportion is destroyed. But is there less wisdom seen in the roots, less care of Heaven for their sustenance, less provision for their growth? They make a tree beneath the surface. There they are—how industrious and faithful at their task! There they are—truth in every fibre, sealed all over by a Divine hand to their unheeded work! They define the compass of the tree; the tree follows them and adopts their movements. Downward and upward, tree above and tree below, out in the air and in through the soil, one teeming life of expansion, one love of broadening growth, same heart and same hope, how they fraternize as of one blood and one being! Such are the evidences—roots that fasten the hold of this magnificent tree on the granite and the iron beneath, clasping this rock and then that to steady the burden above, interlacing, too, among themselves, and knitting in close concord that they be competent to withstand the storm and outlive the centuries.

If now this system of evidences is broken, we see nothing but ill results. On logical grounds it is quite apparent to us that to impugn one branch of these evidences is to impugn the whole. To invalidate one is to invalidate all. Sever the ties that bind them together, and it is as if a link in a mighty cable, holding a ship in a storm to its anchorage, were parted. For all these evidences are connected by means of one common element, viz., the supernatural. And, therefore, no form of Rationalism that decries the miracles as attestations of Christianity can consistently ask any thing for the self-evidencing power of the Gospel. Precisely the same difficulty meets it, only that it is transferred from without to within. For if any intelligible meaning is to be attached to the internal evidence of Christianity, as it addresses itself directly to the heart and stirs the conscience into fuller life, it is this—that God exercises His own omnipotence through the doctrines of Christianity, and discloses His infinite goodness to the soul by means of their influence. But is this less a wonder—is this a glory less divine—than raising the dead? Christianity employs the language of miracle whenever it speaks of this inward work. It speaks of a death of the spirit, of a resurrection to newness of life; it refuses to adopt any other terms; and hence, if the supernatural in the form of a suspension of the ordinary laws of nature is a "hindrance" to revealed religion, the supernatural in the form of a spiritual agency is none the less a "hindrance."

Far be it from us to undervalue, even in appearance, the spiritual strength and fullness of the self-evidencing power of Christianity. On the contrary, we are satisfied that this is the consummation of the argument in behalf of Christ's religion. Not because we attach a secondary interest to it, but because we consider it above all worth, are we desirous to see it placed on safe ground. In truth, it is rather the final and finished state of the "Evidences" that are inherently different from miracles. Perhaps it were better to contemplate it more

as a confirmation than a proof; but, whichever aspect is preferred, it is ennobling to feel its force, and to rest on an assurance made thus "doubly sure." A man never feels the grandeur of his redeemed being as when the Gospel thus comes home to his heart in the demonstration of the Holy Ghost. Then are stirred those depths into which no sounding-line has hitherto gone. Then leap up toward heaven those sensibilities never before quickened. Then instinct gropes no more, but sees in full vision its end and aim. But this is the experience of advanced or advancing human nature under the tuition of the Holy Ghost. The eyesight of the intellect must precede the eyesight of the regenerated soul; and, therefore, the proofs of miracles, coming from a source objective to the mind, must be prior in time to the other and more elevating evidence. And, moreover, this evidence may run through various stages. The instincts of the spirit are not developed all at once, but are gradually brought into consciousness, and by virtue of this law, which Nature never fails to execute, the birth of one power follows the maturity of another power; the offspring of the soul are cradled in successive years; a growth of one season of toil and trial opens a fresh possibility of another kind, and thus, led by the hand of God, we enter upon larger spaces of spiritual life and realize the ever-increasing beatitudes of the sons of light.

We are then not "miracle-mongers." No doubt some writers have laid an undue stress on this department of the "Evidences." Champions of a cause sometimes prize their weapons more than their cause, and in this temper defenders of miracles have occasionally given miracles a greater prominence than Christianity itself. Be this as it may, it is very clear to our mind that if the external proofs of Christianity are destroyed, there is no room left for any other evidence. Our effort, therefore, has been to show that just as a stranger may bring us a letter of introduction, which by virtue of its author admits him to our fireside and domesticates him in our midst, and so furnishes him an opportunity to disclose his personal merits and commend himself to our sympathy and love, in a similar way Christianity presents its miracles, and for their sake asks to be received into the heart. Open those closed portals, and permit it to enter; another evidence than the senses and the logical understanding appreciate will follow, even the evidence that faith is constituted to realize, and which fulfills the last requisitions of a soul maturing for infinite blessedness.

Here, then, are two views. One is arrayed against all interference on the part of God with the uniformity of material nature; the other asserts that, for his own infinite purposes, God interrupts this external order on special occasions, and draws visibly near to men in the stupendous acts of his power. Suppose now we take the lowest aspect of this subject, and consider humanity as shut up within the universe. It is humanity in the presence of beauty, grandeur, magnificence. It is humanity encircled with mysteries. It is humanity with senses and intellect and emotions; nor can any thing restrain this ever-escaping inborn energy, or drive it back from contact with the wondrous shapes of the material world. Its interest in these external forms is, as poets term it, an appetite, and must be fed. Day unto day must utter speech, and night unto night show knowledge. And now, which is better, to have this monotony unbroken, or to have God our Father come forth from behind His laws, and unfold in front of them the glory so long hidden? If there is any power in uniformity outside of mechanical results, it certainly lies in the impression given of the utility of law. But is there nothing within us superior to a sense of law? Can the mere idea of law cultivate us to the full extent of our being? If the Lawgiver will reveal Himself, surely we are vast gainers by the splendor of the manifestation. Instantly and forever the world is ennobled by the display. It is nearer to God in our estimate of its relations, and nearer also to ourselves. No longer a magnificent corpse, wearing the great white clouds as a shroud, and the air filled with a mournful requiem, it pulsates with abounding life, in which we share, and by which we are made larger recipients of joy. Had we no loftier realities, Poetry, Philosophy, Civilization would be grander things from the fact that God had indorsed the wonders of his own universe, and verified them to our contemplation and love. The rivers would flow with a gladder fullness, mountains stand with statelier summits, oceans roll with a mightier impulse, seasons move with a more majestic tread, skies spread out a sublimer canopy, because of such a manifestation.

Add to this the religious uses of such an unveiling of the Infinite Glory. Take the manifestation in the person of Jesus Christ, as he demonstrates his sovereignty over creation and works miracles which exemplify his love and prepare us to listen to the ampler ministry of his voice. We often hear of the simplicity of his teaching; but that simplicity had been another thing if he had not exhibited his transcendent greatness in the form of miracles. We often hear of his parables. Touching, tender, wise above all wisdom, sublime beyond all sublimity, are these parables; and yet, the flowers of the field, the fowls of the air, the vines of the hill-side, the shepherd with his flock, and the father in his home, had not been in his hands such expressive types of spiritual truths, if he had not given a new and diviner meaning to all nature by setting the seal of his authority brightly and broadly upon its manifold objects. The wonderful worker and the wonderful teacher are blended in him; each sustains and honors the other: and hence, if you darken the glory of the one, you darken the glory of the other. Get a closer view of this union, and you see that his works give tone to his words. The same lan-

guage indeed is spoken by both—the language of infinite power and of infinite love—and therefore when we pass from word to work, or from work to word, the same lofty elevation of mind is maintained; no break is felt, no shock received; but in the ministry of power and in the ministry of instruction God reveals Himself for adoration and obedience.

But we must have an atmosphere through which to see this greater than sunlike splendor. Because of dust obstructing the passage of the beams, only the red ray may reach our eye, or overspreading clouds may hide the magnificent orb and leave only a faint light to illuminate the scene. Time and circumstances can not add an iota to the weight of "Christian Evidences;" and yet time and circumstances, as they operate through specific modes of culture and habits of thought, may powerfully affect our appreciation of this argument. The spirit of the age is certainly an indefinite expression when used in connection with Christianity, and in one sense there can be no such thing as respects those eternal facts with which our spiritual nature deals. But the spirit of the age may modify this controversy. Nor can we doubt that the characteristic features of the times have impressed themselves on men's minds in their relations to Christianity. Positive disbelief is always the same thing; but semi-Infidelity, as manifested in the recent forms of Rationalism, has reflected both the animus and the humors of the current day. Advanced thinkers are now full of morbid individuality; their own thoughts and feelings are clamorous for a large share of their attention; objective truths are viewed as secondary; and hence the idealities of the private imagination are every where ambitious of ascendency. Yielding to this false habit, men seek to understand Christianity from the standpoint of subjectiveness, forgetting that this religion, as a divine revelation, must be objective before it can be subjective. Men must obey Christianity if they would acquire the inward organs by which its spiritual truthfulness and complete adaptations are apprehended; nor will God permit any one to see the heavenly lustre of its doctrines by any process of intellect that antedates a direct and thorough-going experience. A man is competent by mere force of logic, by a candid examination of the outward proofs of Christianity, to settle the question as to its divine origin. By no such methods, however, can he attain that assurance which God gives to those who submit their hearts to its control, and find in hours of trial, amidst toil and tribulation, amidst sickness and sorrow, as the strife of life goes on and the instincts of the soul spring into activity, that Christianity is an infinite blessedness issuing out of the heart of Christ.

It will not answer for vain men to babble about Inspiration. It will not do for us to confound the distinction between Divine Influence and Inspiration, and to advocate the absurd idea that the difference between Jeremy Taylor's or Robert Hall's sermons and the Scriptures is simply a difference of degrees in spiritual illumination. The last fatal step is soon taken, and the Lord Jesus Christ is brought down to the level of sages and seers. Excessive and unreasonable claims in behalf of human nature degrade it as effectually as to ignore altogether its dignity, and consign it to the tyranny of ignorance and superstition. Milton and Swedenborg were great men, but not great enough to be our guides to Heaven. Inspired teachers must stand apart from the world, must be known by no earthly badge, must wear the insignia of Heaven, or they are no authoritative exponents of God's will. Our humanity requires that such inspired teachers should be men like ourselves; our spiritual humanity demands that they should be God's immediate representatives, sent from His throne and commissioned to announce His message. Nothing less can content us. Nothing less can satisfy the deep cravings of the soul. The sense of manhood within us will not respond to the grand manhood in these inspired servants of God, if we abate their claims and make them one with ourselves. And hence the dreary intellect of those who, gifted with talents and genius, are counterfeiting the sublime instincts of our nature, and, under cover of reverence for humanity, are dethroning Christ. One of the saddest spectacles of this age is to see such men as Carlyle, Emerson, Parker, Newman, worshiping the idol of the human intellect; and most painful, too, is it to behold some of the professed disciples of Christ indulging in speculations that may lead them into their company. But when this new Babel, with its confusion of tongues, has passed away the one voice that has broken the silence of the ages will speak as heretofore the restored language of humanity, as that humanity is found in the Ever-Blessed Son of God.

COURTSHIPS COMBINED.

NOBODY in Winkleton supposed that Miss Annie Barber would ever marry. She had settled into a confirmed old maidenhood; from the time when she had first brushed her hair over her ears and donned gray bonnets, which she afterward persistently favored, no one had had any hopes of her. "She was so exactly after the pattern of maiden ladies, so quiet, apparently so happy to put herself into unnoticed corners, so—" Here the gossips would pause, actually in want of expressive words; as a naturalist would wonder to find an animal of a certain genus utterly unlike its fellows, so they wondered at Miss Annie, careless of marriage prospects.

The two extremes of beauty and ugliness one knows well enough how to dispose of in matrimonial prevision; but these people, so perfectly as they should be, so proper and precise, so wanting in distinctive features—dear me, what trials they are to their interested friends! When Miss Annie was twenty-five people had

said: "Superior young woman, cultivated, refined, high moral character, but—" An untranslatable "but;" now she was thirty they said she was every thing she should be, and shook their distrustful heads, probably thinking she would be always Miss Annie Barber.

She had a quiet face—rather too pale—grave manners, grave ways of dress; and when her mother died, leaving her alone, these sober fashions became more sober; when she took a little niece eight years old into her house, to relieve its loneliness, the rare smile which lighted her face sometimes came more frequently, perhaps; her voice was more lively in its tones; but her life was as quiet and retired as ever. The gossips had given her up: she was an obstinate young woman, neglectful of the duties of young women; she would give them nothing to talk about.

Perhaps they were the more willing to do this because, just about the time Miss Annie had reduced them to despair, there came to Winkleton a new minister. No one will deny that a new, unmarried minister is a godsend in a country town; a godsend in a double sense. He attracted the birds of prey at once from lesser feasts. From the Sunday when he first preached before the society as a candidate to the Sunday of his installation they talked about him mildly, preparatorily; but when he was fairly established in the white mansion on West Street, the abode of pastors from time immemorial, when his name, "David Winter," was on the door-plate, and his family portraits rendered the parlor and study populous, then the watchers over Winkleton's prosperity gave their tongues full license.

"So lonely for him! What a pity the poor man hadn't a wife to make his home pleasant! Such a Christian man! He would make a wife *so* happy! Very good-looking, too—though beauty wasn't required in a minister! Decidedly a good catch!"

Three weeks this style of remark was prevalent; then the unconscious Mr. Winter inflicted a great blow upon the sensibilities of the female portion of Winkleton by bringing his mother to preside over his household. He shouldn't have had a mother, of course; she ought to have been a thing of the past—necessary once, but no longer needful; indeed, very much in the way. He also introduced into his family his nephew, a namesake and a youth of ten. This addition was labeled—"Harmless, and possibly advantageous."

The new-comers settled very quietly into the ways of Winkleton; the minister took up his duties very readily; Mrs. Winter became a sort of Sister of Charity to the poor and a kind hostess to her incipient enemies; and little Davy was sent to school, where he instantly became all-powerful with teachers and scholars. He was a handsome boy, with his uncle's black eyes and hair, but with a rounder face and fresh color. On the Sunday following his arrival he came into church magnificent in "scarlet tie and suit of gray." He conducted that morning in rather an original manner: following the stately Mrs. Winter, he entered the ministerial pew, which was directly in front of that occupied by Miss Barber and the little Annie; the latter was sitting beside her aunt demurely, her fair curls drooping across her face; she seemed at once to attract Davy's whole attention.

Miss Barber, lifting her eyes presently, saw the little stranger half-turned and regarding Annie with a pair of very wide-open, bright eyes; while her small niece had put up a fan bashfully, and was peeping around it at her admirer. She touched Annie's arm and showed her the hymn; but Davy, having found the place in his own book, got up, and, advancing in front of Annie, presented it to her with a pompous flourish which caused great amusement to the inhabitants of pews behind.

Miss Barber could not help smiling, but shook her head slightly at the young chevalier. However, Mrs. Winter had not turned her head, and the minister was too much occupied by his own thoughts and words to heed his doings; so Master Davy leaned his head sidewise on his hand, and amused himself by casting continual adoring glances at the small lady back of him.

Seeing them quiet, Miss Barber turned her attention to the sermon, though not unmindful of the stifled titters of the young girls around. Matters progressed. At the second hymn Davy offered another book, and when the final anthem at the close of the service came, though he had only one volume left, besides the one his grandmother held, he gallantly and unhesitatingly deprived himself of that. He was permitted to follow his new attraction as far as the church steps, where, unfortunately, their ways separated.

Annie had received these acts of devotion with such marked favor that her aunt ventured to remonstrate with her on the way home.

"You shouldn't notice little boys in church, Annie," she said; "it isn't proper."

Annie blushed and hung her head.

"He kept looking at me!" she answered.

"Yes," said Miss Barber, "but he oughtn't. You shouldn't have looked back."

"I guess he thought I was pretty," said Annie, ingenuously—"*he* is."

"Oh fie, fie!" the aunt exclaimed; "it's very silly in little girls to think they are pretty. Never say that again, Annie."

The small piece of vanity at her side tossed her head at this, but could find no answer, and her aunt privately reflected on the doctrine of inherent depravity.

At the Sunday-school that afternoon our little friends met again, but had the misfortune to be in different classes. Davy, however, had the satisfaction of making his tiny sweet-heart a most magnificent bow, which caused her to be the envy of her companions for the rest of the day. Annie's added dignity and stateliness at supper amazed Miss Barber much, and she was greatly amused, about sunset, to see Davy promenade past the house once and again,

watching the windows, and to hear Annie's emphatic declaration, that "he was a great deal nicer than the Winkleton boys."

The course of true love never did run smooth. Davy and Annie were sent to different schools. This was a sore affliction; the alleviation was, they always met in coming and going; and Davy, who did not know the name of bashfulness, put himself on a familiar footing immediately.

"May I walk down to your school with you?" he asked, pausing before Annie, on his way down the sunny street.

"Yes," said Annie, "if you want to."

"Have you lived in Winkleton ever so long?" inquired Davy, dashing into conversation with great readiness.

"Only since auntie brought me."

"It's real pleasant; but I don't like it because there ain't a fish-pond back of our house. I like 'em because I can skate winters and fish summers. Have you got one?"

"No."

"I want to carry your books," said Davy. "I'll always carry 'em if you'll let me. Folks 'll think I know lots if I have a pile of books."

"Don't you?" Annie ventured to ask, regarding him veneratingly.

"Why yes," Davy answered, with an air of superiority, "I guess I know as much as most boys. Uncle says I'd oughter study; but I ain't ever going to preach sermons the way he does."

Annie was lost in wonder at the possibilities of Davy's future life, and the latter presently dismissed sterner thoughts, to remark, appreciatively:

"You've got real pretty curls."

The infant coquette blushed and bridled.

"I wish you'd give me a piece of one."

"I can't, 'cause it would make it short."

"There's lots that don't show," remonstrated the suppliant. "If you'll only give me a little bit piece, I'll put it in a glass box and keep it always."

In view of immortality, Annie's heart was softened. She promised to "cut off a piece to-morrow, if auntie 'd let her."

"I'd give you some of mine," said Davy, pulling his ringlets ruefully; "but they're so awful stiff. They stand right up straight when they're cut off."

Arrived in front of the school-house, the bell and clock both warned Davy of the hour. In a moment more he was rushing down Elm Street with the fleetness of the wind; he, however, lost no time in committing his sentiments to paper. That evening, when Miss Barber was mending Annie's dress, a three-cornered note fell from the pocket. The hieroglyphics were mystical, and Miss Annie's brown eyes grew wide with wonder when she finally deciphered them.

"i think you are the nicest gurl i evver saw Unkel is gon to have a partty tommorror you be sure to come.

"P. S.—i hav got yure kirl i put in a peace of mi haire. Yures frevver. DAVED WINTER."

"It's the house-warming," said Miss Barber to herself, when she had done laughing. "The ridiculous child! Now I suppose Annie will think she must go."

This letter also accounted for the appearance of Annie's hair, which was in a fearfully ragged condition, because she had preferred not to consult her aunt, and had been her own hair-cutter. Miss Barber, however, said nothing, for she had learned long since that the doings of children of the nineteenth century must remain a wonder and an enigma to their elders and inferiors.

All Winkleton went to the house-warming—to the victimizing, rather; for if a minister is not a victim on such an occasion, who ever was? The parsonage doors were thrown open, and the parish entered and took possession for the time being. Every body was there. Little Annie was there in white muslin and blue ribbons; her aunt in gray silk, with modest brown braids. Mr. Winter found himself watching this last, and actually thinking her prettier than most of the young girls present; but perhaps this was because he was somewhat timid, and not at his ease with young girls; besides, he had no leisure for making comparisons; he belonged to the crowd, and if ever there came a moment of calm, came with it those indefatigable spinsters—Mr. Winter's especial aversion. The rooms were full of them; they were all alike. Mr. Winter was a Christian man, "but really, spinsters—"

One told him how much he resembled his father's picture, only his father's eyes were blue; adding, softly,

"Dark eyes are so expressive!"

Another remarked upon the eloquence of his Sunday's discourse, and assured him of her peculiar sympathy with his views. "They were kindred spirits, she was sure!"

A third was certain he needed a companion to cheer him after severe study.

Mr. Winter groaned internally and fled before them; but this was not all. The oldest inhabitant gave him the history of Winkleton; unwearied matrons talked endless lengths of time about their promising families; farmers descanted upon agriculture, business men upon the times; and old ladies were troublesomely interested in his "family folks."

The end of all this was that Mr. Winter got thoroughly wearied out and nervous, while his nephew, David, was enjoying the utmost felicity in the distant corner where Annie and he were having "a nice, long talk."

Immediately on Miss Barber's first entrance into the parlors Davy had assured her that "the splendidest game of roll-the-platter was going on in the corner of the next room. Please couldn't Annie go?"

Good-natured Miss Barber assented, and the scarlet knight and the lady in blue disappeared as if by enchantment.

I said scarlet knight, but I was wrong; that evening saw Davy made Annie's loyal defend-

er, and the privilege of wearing blue forever accorded him; the scarlet was thenceforth discarded; they also arrived at the conclusion that it would be nice to become "just like engaged people, you know."

The preliminaries were not precisely the usual ones.

"I think you are real nice," Davy declared, emphatically.

"So I think you are," responded Annie.

"I guess we shall always keep on thinking so," said Davy. "We'll get married by-and-by."

"No," Annie said; "we've got to be engaged a long time first."

"Well," said Davy, "when we get through being engaged, we'll get a house just like this one; and we'll have a splendid wedding. Do you believe I'd look well in a white waistcoat?"

Miss Barber called Annie to go home before she had time to answer this difficult question; and Davy arose, clothed in his new dignity, to see the ladies home. Nothing could have induced him to forego this satisfaction but the express command of his grandmother, who discovered him hastily throwing on his coat in the vestibule.

"Where are you going?" she inquired, surprised.

"To see some ladies home," grandly.

"What ladies?"

"The two Miss Barbers," answered Davy, not yet enlightened in grammatical rules.

The elder Miss Barber, coming down the stairs, heard this dialogue, and cast an amused and significant glance toward Mrs. Winter.

"Davy," she said, "Annie and I are very brave. We should think it quite a disgrace to have a protector."

"Why," said the small hero, "you might meet some one; a dog or something. *I've* got a stick."

"I hardly think you would be useful in an emergency," said his grandmother. "Take your coat off, Davy."

Davy hesitated, and glanced at Miss Barber junior lurking behind her aunt. He dared not remonstrate, however, but followed the latter to the door.

"Women are always afraid!" he exclaimed; "they don't think any body can do any thing. You know I ain't afraid; I'd go from here to Jappa just as soon as not; but you know it won't do to make a fuss, with all the people here; and she don't know we're engaged."

Davy therefore left her at the gate, with assurances of everlasting affection.

"We will both thank you just as much," Miss Barber said. "Good-by, Davy," and they went away in the moonlight.

The early spring sunshine had reached the south windows on the following morning, and was falling in golden bars across the snowy cloth, before the Winter family assembled for a late breakfast. Davy, glancing apprehensively at the clock, had hurried through his meal and departed, before his uncle had taken the first leisurely sip of coffee.

Mrs. Winter was in a state of weary relief; the trouble was over, but the effect of the fatigue remained. Mr. Winter was in one of his blue moods; in which he felt that his dressing-gown was his greatest comfort, and his study his only refuge; in which he looked (as Davy told his grandmother in confidence) "as if he had lost his jack-knife and warn't going to have any dinner."

"Well, David," remarked Mrs. Winter, "the affair passed off very well."

"I'm glad it's over," Mr. Winter said, drawing a long breath of relief. "Winkleton people are very pleasant, about on a level with the people of most country towns; but crowds are tiresome—very."

"Oh, I admire the people!" exclaimed Mrs. Winter, enthusiastically. "They are so honest and simple! Such jewels of old ladies, that make one feel as if one were a girl again beside one's grandmother! Such whole-souled, inartificial men and women! and I might say, such jewels of young ladies, too. David, you must take care of yourself."

Now his mother was the only woman to whom Mr. Winter could talk without embarrassment; she understood him. With young ladies he was rather confused and helpless; with matrons resigned and overshadowed by the cloud of their garrulity; while with spinsters he developed a certain recklessness, which obscured his natural kindness of heart. Hitherto he had had no hesitation in expressing his sentiments to his mother; but now, instead of manifesting his usual disdain at hints that looked marriageward, he colored, and remembering that *he* had thought a certain young lady in gray silk a jewel, only said:

"To tell the truth, I always find myself pretty much at the disposal of the Winkletonians. I am monopolized by people I am not interested in. I haven't a voice in the matter myself."

"What were you doing when I beckoned you to see Mr. Walter?"

"Talking with the Misses Fenn."

The tone said more than the words. Mrs. Winter laughed.

"Old maids are useful members of society, David; though I remember I was surprised to hear Mrs. Conyers say there were twenty here last night. She counted them for me. I wonder if I could enumerate them."

"Don't try," said her son. "The 'far-away remembrance' is quite sufficient for me."

"Some of them weren't so bad: Miss Mary Ross and Miss Talbot were very pleasing. Miss Cecilia Jennings—"

"What—the woman with the curls?"

"Yes."

"I verily thought," said Mr. Winter, indignantly, "that woman would have proposed to marry me before the evening was through."

"Oh, fie! fie! Don't be disrespectful to a

lady! There are Miss Jane Richards and Miss Annie Barber."

The minister looked up hastily.

"The last two are hardly advanced enough to be included in your list."

How he congratulated himself because he had said "two."

"Aged thirty," his mother said, "both of them, though Miss Barber doesn't look it. Thirty is the 'second corner,' David, you know."

Mr. Winter, like a wise man, did not attempt to discuss these nice points with a lady. He pushed away his plate, and took up the morning paper. "We will leave Winkleton people, and talk about the news," he said.

Juvenile loves progress rapidly. Davy and Annie existed for a week on their morning and evening walks, and the tokens of love everlasting which they conveyed to each other, sometimes in the shape of candies, sometimes in less perishable articles; but at the end of that time their passion had waxed stronger, and required to be more recognized. Therefore Davy proposed to spend the afternoon of Saturday at the Barber mansion.

Alas! Miss Barber, filling her position as "cruel relation," vetoed this at once. Annie must sew Saturday.

This was doleful. The disconsolate pair whose rights were thus passed over felt that they should resist their oppressors. Miss Annie's refusal led to the concocting of a dire plot.

"What do you do Sunday afternoons?" inquired Annie.

"Oh, uncle and I always go walking, 'cause his head aches. Mine would, if I talked so long as he does."

"So auntie and I do."

"Ain't that jolly?" cried Davy. "Why, we'll go to the same place! Make Miss Barber go down to Black Pond, and I'll bring uncle along. We sha'n't mind them, you know!"

The "*them*" was uttered with the supreme disdain with which eight years are wont to regard thirty.

Sunday was a fine, warm April day. The elements at least favored the young people. The deceptive little Annie, furthering her own designs, and doubtless the designs of fate, led her unsuspecting and meditative aunt whither she wished herself to go.

Miss Barber was a little sad that afternoon. Perhaps she was thinking how little change the springs brought her; how her life kept going on in one old round; perhaps she thought how the Aprils and Novembers would be coming and going, coming and going, while she grew old in this weary Winkleton; while the children grew up around her and married, and the aged died; while the hours, the days, and the lives wore themselves out, and her own life grew feebler and feebler, until finally, worn out too, she would be laid away in yonder burial-hill, that had waited for her so long, under the grass or the snow.

I am speaking here without authority; she may have been thinking about the fitting of Annie's summer dresses, or trying to recall the precise shape and shade of Mrs. Deacon Griggs's new bonnet. All is conjecture.

She had sat down on the rocks at the edge of the pond still wrapped in reverie, and was looking out idly over the water; Annie was rapidly soiling her little white gloves, collecting pebbles, when a small figure dashed round the clump of trees that hid them from the road, and Davy's triumphant voice exclaimed,

"Here you are!"

Miss Barber started hastily, and looked up. There was Mr. Winter just beyond the trees, looking very embarrassed, having been betrayed into this unlooked-for trap, and there was the jubilant Davy capering around him.

"I thought you knew each other," continued the small master of ceremonies, surprised at the momentary hesitation of his elders. "It's Miss Barber, uncle, and this is Miss Barber."

"Do excuse me!" said Miss Barber senior, regaining her senses. "I was so lost in thought I forgot where I was."

"No, no," protested Mr. Winter. "*I* ought to beg pardon for disturbing you, I am sure. I didn't—"

"Uncle!" cried the alarmed Davy, seeing him make a movement as if to go, "wait, won't you? We're going to look at some shiners round the point. You wait!" Thus fairly cornered, Mr. Winter approached the rocks. "You see," he said, "I have to mind Davy. May I beg a seat till he comes back, and make myself disagreeable by talking when the day favors dreaming?"

"You can *take* one," said Miss Barber; "and as for dreaming, why, I always have plenty of time to think."

"That's an uncommon privilege. You know there are

> "'So many worlds, so much to do;
> So little done, such things to be,' etc."

"Oh, I admit all that," replied Miss Barber; "but work doesn't always banish thought; and Winkleton is sleepy. Haven't you felt the peculiar, drowsy atmosphere of the place?"

"Like the haze over this water?" said the minister, laughing. "I like hazes, and dreams, and so forth."

"I don't," remarked practical Miss Barber. "They deceive."

"Well, you have the best of the argument, I believe; but hazes bring back my traveling days. I have to hang a mist over New England to make it look like my pet countries."

Now this conversation differed from ordinary conversations in that it had not been begun by an allusion to the weather; and as if the powers above resented this total neglect, the sky presently became dark, and it commenced to rain, interrupting Mr. Winter in the midst of a description of a day at Naples.

"Dear me!" exclaimed he, as a large drop plashed on his hand, "this *is* unexpected;"

and he glanced at his companion's silken attire in dismay.

"Never mind me," said Miss Barber. "We'll run under the trees."

They had gained what shelter these afforded, when Davy and Annie came rushing up.

"Who'd a thought of its raining?" said the disgusted Davy. "We haven't been here half an hour. Take another run, uncle; there's a barn just up here. Can't you, Miss Barber?"

The party decided to attempt it. Then came another desperate race through the shower, and the panting party found themselves in a crazy building under an apology for a roof.

"Ain't this fun?" said Davy, piling up the hay for seats. "A great deal better'n the pond. I hope it'll rain all the afternoon."

His uncle, who had mentally formed the same wish, forbore to reprove him.

They sat down on the hay and surveyed their late pleasant country, now rain-washed and dismal. "Decidedly a unique situation," Mr. Winter thought; "unpleasant if it had been any other lady, but as it was, rather pleasant if Davy hadn't been there."

"Oh!" cried this irrepressible, "don't you wish we all lived on a Robinson Crusoe island, where there warn't any savages, I mean! Wouldn't it be grand, uncle?"

"Why," replied the minister, "I would dispense with the island, I think."

"Ho, no; that wouldn't be nice at all. You want the water all round and the cave to live in. I'm going to dig a cave in our back garden in vacation; but it won't be like Crusoe's!"

"If I have a cave," Davy went on, presently, with an expressive glance at his little lady-love, "I know who will live with me; but we should want you and Miss Barber to see about things, uncle. Why couldn't we all live together?"

Mr. Winter cast a glance of comical despair at his small questioner, and said,

"I have no fears, David, about your being able to see after affairs yourself. See," he continued, throwing open the door to get a better view, "what a light is under that cloud. If you have an eye for artistic effects, Miss Barber, you will like that."

The sunset superseded David, and they sat and discussed cloud-scenery till the rain ceased; then Miss Barber proposed going.

"Oh dear!" said Davy, disconsolately, "something always happens. Now there's a whole week before Sunday again. Won't you ask uncle and I to tea some time, Miss Barber? Any way, won't you go walking next Sunday?"

"David," said Mr. Winter, desperately, "don't talk so much, and don't be impolite. Go on with the little girl."

"I know you don't care, uncle," said Davy, reproachfully, and rendering his uncle nearly frantic by this last shot. "You ain't in love!"

Mr. Winter could have boxed the ears of the indefatigable Davy with satisfaction. His face was very much flushed; so was Miss Barber's; but the utter ludicrousness of the thing saved them; they both laughed immoderately, and viewing the immense importance of the small couple before them laughed again.

People usually like each other better for having enjoyed a good laugh together, and this case was no exception, though the additional attraction was not needed. That night Mr. Winter thought much more about brown eyes and braids than about wiser subjects, and his nephew contemplated the picture of his beloved till bedtime.

In spite of Davy's heart-rending appeals no future afternoons proved as happy as the Sunday. The persecuted infants found themselves limited to walks and Saturday morning reunions. They were properly indignant and despairing, and this despair reached its climax when the summer holidays approached, and Miss Barber proposed to spend them at the sea-side.

Separated for six weeks? Impossible! Evidently this was a time for resolute action; the engagement should be made public.

"I'll tell uncle to-morrow morning," declared Davy. "He ain't supporting me, I've got some money myself. We'll get married with that, and I'll go into business."

"And I can wear one dress a long time," chimed in Annie. "Then auntie always gives me my shoes."

"I guess clothes don't cost much," says Davy; "though uncle wears one dressing-gown for ages."

Accordingly, next morning, Davy entered the breakfast-room, important and preoccupied, and refused in succession every dish on the table.

"I don't feel hungry," he remarked, dignifiedly, in answer to his grandmother's alarmed queries.

Mrs. Winter stared; such a state of things was never known; but she wisely contented herself with setting hot cakes within his reach, a temptation he could never resist.

To her surprise he did not look at them. Weightier affairs occupied him.

"Uncle?" said he, presently.

"Well?" said David senior, deep in the morning news. Davy coughed and hesitated, finally pushed back his chair and spoke majestically:

"Uncle, I've fell in love. I'm engaged."

Mr. Winter dropped his paper and looked hopelessly at Davy.

"What will you do next?" he queried.

"I'm engaged to Miss Annie Barber" (solemnly).

"The child is crazy!" gasped Mrs. Winter.

"I ain't a child!" Davy protested, stoutly. "I'm a man. I'm going to begin business."

"He means the little girl," explained Mr. Winter. "I don't know what I shall do with you, Davy."

"We want to get married," his nephew stated, succinctly.

"This is quite too ridiculous!" Mrs. Winter exclaimed. "It's school-time, David."

"Why, you got married once, grandma; it warn't ridiculous for you! Ain't I got some money myself?"

"You will have when you are twenty-one," his uncle said.

The eager face fell.

"Twenty-one! why that's years and years! Oh, uncle, you give it to me now? Please do. Just enough to set up housekeeping! Say three dollars!"

The gravity of his hearers was not proof against this, and the room rang with their laughter.

"Now," said Mr. Winter, sobered by the sight of Davy's distress, "if you want to marry when you are twenty-one, you shall; but you won't be grown up for a long time yet. You must study hard and find out how to work first. You must get ready. I hear the clock say nine this minute."

Poor Davy! His manliness and grandeur departed with his hopes. His brow wrinkled, and he dug two chubby fists into his eyes.

"I don't care," he sobbed. "I *will* marry her—I will! I'll go and ask Mr. Hunter about it." And he went forth indignantly, his checkered handkerchief in violent requisition.

Mr. Hunter was the proprietor of a candy-store in the village, and Davy had dim ideas of a clerkship; but the man of business assured him that this was really quite out of the question, whatever might be his own private friendship for the young applicant.

His third disappointment came at night, when he learned that Annie's suit had been also unsuccessful. Miss Barber was adamant.

They sat down under the lilac at Annie's gate, two very miserable young people indeed, and thought what very hard hearts there were in the world, and what a very bad place it was to live in. Davy kicked the pebbles gloomily, and Annie glanced resentfully at her Aunt's windows.

"She needn't have laughed at me," said Annie. "I think she was mean."

"I had two to laugh at *me*," responded Davy. "It makes a fellow feel horrid. Grandma said," he continued, after a pause, "we might be like brother and sister. We can't, you know, 'cause we don't see each other but the very littlest bit of a while."

"If we lived in the same house we could," said Annie, reflectively.

"We can't do that any way," replied Davy, "unless uncle and your auntie should get married themselves."

The idea seemed to strike Annie favorably.

"Well, why don't they?" she inquired.

"I don't believe they ever thought of it!" cried Davy, animatedly. "Let's tell 'em. My! wouldn't that be nice?" and Davy tossed his cap in the air. "I'll go and ask uncle about it."

Practical Annie shook her head.

"No," she said; "he'll look grave, the way auntie does, and say it isn't proper."

"Pooh!" said Davy; "she's a lady; he's a man. It's proper for him," and hopeful once more, he set out on his mission; but he went no farther than the gate, and came back with black eyes open to their widest extent.

"My!" he said; "they're coming up street now together. Ain't it a good chance, Annie, 'cause uncle'll stop, I know?"

It had so happened that Miss Barber and Mr. Winter had encountered that afternoon in the village, had compared notes concerning the morning revelations, and were discussing the heart affairs of their juvenile namesakes with much amusement and interest as they came up the street now. Devoted and unsuspicious couple! At the gate the two pairs so interested in each other's welfare came face to face.

"Oh, Davy, Davy!" said Mr. Winter, noting the traces of tears on his nephew's round cheeks; "this isn't brave at all! Why, my dear, I've only left you twelve years to make a great man of yourself. You want to do that first, I suppose."

"Annie will be very proud of you by that time," said Miss Barber, laughing. "What makes you both look so pale?"

"I ain't ate any thing to-day," responded Davy.

"Such wobegone little people!" said the minister.

"We ain't going to be wobegone," said Davy, launching himself recklessly on his subject; "we've thought of a way. Say, uncle, won't you and Miss Barber get married, and let us live with you?"

If the sky had fallen the effect upon Davy's two listeners could hardly have been greater. Both started violently, and Miss Barber crimsoned from the lace at her throat to the folds of brown hair. Mr. Winter grew purple, and cast a desperate glance around for a place of refuge.

"We thought of it just now," went on Davy, explaining the case, "and we knew you never had, so we told you."

What could poor Mr. Winter do?—he who had chills at the mere idea of proposing to a woman. His nephew had brought him to it, had actually done the work of proposing for him. Surely the minister could only second the request!

Miss Barber had unlatched the gate and started for the house in her confusion. He detained her.

"He has said it—what I wanted to say myself, but could never find the courage. How will you answer us?"

When Miss Barber turned around she saw the face of Davy, pale for want of his usual biscuits and gingerbread, and very beseeching; then the face of the other David, less pale, but also beseeching.

"Say Yes!" cried both Davids.

"Say Yes, auntie," pleaded Annie, timidly.

So Miss Barber, like a wise woman, taking the shortest way out of the predicament, said it.

At its utterance Davy turned a somersault of joy, crying,

"What a jolly move! It's better'n a cave, ain't it? Get married right off, uncle, do!"

But Davy's use was over; his plain speaking was no longer to be tolerated, and he was dismissed, a striking instance of the ingratitude of the powerful. He was solaced, however, by being allowed to report the engagement, and six months later, all the pains he and Annie had suffered were recompensed by their being allowed to assist at the wedding they had done so much to bring about. In filling the station of brother and sister, however, the "old love" died away imperceptibly. It pains me to bring before the reader the record of their inconstancy; but I must confess that in later years their childish passion,

"In the light of deeper eyes,
Was matter for a flying smile."

Still we are told that affection never exists in vain; and, since it took four affections to produce a marriage in this case, let us denominate these the two unselfish ones, and honor them accordingly.

ETIQUETTE.

"IT is well known," says Sir Walter Scott, "that a man may with more impunity be guilty of an actual breach either of good-breeding or of good morals than appear ignorant of the most minute point of etiquette." In fact, etiquette is the manual exercise and regulation of society. It is to the citizen what drill and exercise are to the soldier. The latter may be a brave man, but he can not be an accomplished soldier unless he is acquainted with the minutiæ of his profession. So, in the world, to be thoroughly well-bred, one must be *au fait* to the etiquette of society. A knowledge of etiquette, therefore, may be said to be an important part of good-breeding. Now all persons desire to be thought well-bred. Inferiority in any thing is not pleasant; but inferiority in that which is so constantly manifest, and in that in which all claim to be equal, is most wounding to that extremely sensitive feature in human character—vanity. A breach of etiquette almost always draws ridicule upon the offender. It betokens a want of acquaintance with the rules of society, a want of familiarity with the manners of refined life. Society, too, is always lynx-eyed, critical, and exacting. It promptly avenges the violation of its minutest laws, whether those laws be founded in reason or not. It will more easily endure bad morals than vulgarity. Thus, at the feast given by Prince John, after the tournament of Ashby-de-la-Zouche, Cedric the Saxon, "who dried his hands with a towel, instead of suffering the moisture to exhale by waving them gracefully in the air, incurred more ridicule from the cultivated Normans than his companion, Athelstane, when the latter swallowed, to his own single share, the whole of a large pasty composed of the most exquisite foreign delicacies, termed at that time a *Karum-pie*." Again, in illustration of the same principle, when at this feast "it was discovered, after a serious cross-examination, that the Thane of Conings-burg had no idea of what he had been devouring, and that he had taken the contents of the Karum-pie for larks and pigeons, whereas they were in fact beccaficoes and nightingales, his ignorance brought him in for an ample share of the ridicule which would have been more justly bestowed on his gluttony."

It requires a great deal of hardihood or insensibilty of character to escape from the feeling of mortification or chagrin which always accompanies the exhibition of an ignorance of etiquette. Yet nothing is more arbitrary than etiquette. It varies with the nation and with the city, and it may well be asked: How is it to be learned? Must the etiquette of all the world be studied to constitute one well-bred? To a certain extent it must, or one must be content either to remain at home or pass for uncultivated, and thus not infrequently meet with mortifications which might have been avoided. Ignorance of the etiquette of the society in which we ordinarily move is unpardonable; the arbitrary rules of other society may be sufficiently ascertained to enable one to move in it with propriety, if not with elegance. The American who has learned in New York and Paris that a gentleman should always appear gloved in a drawing-room, and would not venture to display himself ungloved in the salons of either of the cities we have mentioned, would naturally feel surprised upon entering the drawing-room of the Queen with irreproachable lavenders to find himself quietly requested to remove his gloves, as it is not the etiquette to cover the hands in the presence of her Majesty. If the same gentleman were to sport his beaver in the presence of the King of Spain, because he saw others do so, he would be quietly informed that it was not the etiquette for a foreigner to infringe the peculiar privilege of the grandees of Castile. A little inquiry would prevent such errors and the chagrin that ever accompanies them. No person should presume to mingle in a society which is unfamiliar to him without endeavoring first to learn some of its peculiarities. When Hajji Baba went to England, attached to the legation of the Turkish embassador, and heard the people hiss the Prince Regent, he thought it was the thing to hiss; and so he hissed with all his might; but very soon Hajji found that he had "eaten dirt." An incident once occurred in St. Petersburg which illustrates the annoyance which may spring from an absence of acquaintance with a particular usage or matter of etiquette. During the life of the late Emperor a court dinner was given in honor of a foreign gentleman and his daughter. The latter of course occupied the seat of honor on the right of his Majesty.

Toward the close of the dinner white grapes were offered, and, as usual, the servitor presented the golden vase crowned with white grapes of rare quality to the young lady first. She had been brought up, if not in a sunny clime, at least where white grapes were no uncommon fruit. It was winter. But, doubtless, the young lady had often seen white grapes on her father's table at home even in winter, and was not surprised to find them on the table of the Czar in January. Acting, therefore, as she would have done at home, without any hesitation she took a cluster from the vase and laid it upon the golden plate before her. Shortly, however, she observed that when the grapes were offered to the other guests each one took a golden knife, which was upon the vase, and cut off one, two, or, at the most, three grapes. Even the Emperor did not exceed the latter number. Evidently white grapes were regarded in St. Petersburg at that season as an elegant luxury, and were to be tasted—as Lord Bacon said some books ought to be—not eaten. Nevertheless there lay the bunch of grapes upon the young lady's plate, the too unfortunate evidence of her dereliction of etiquette. It can be easily imagined how excessively she was annoyed at her mistake. Indeed, she afterward remarked, when telling the story, that she never in all her life contemplated any thing half so disagreeable as that bunch of grapes was to her under the circumstances. Yet it was a very natural mistake—one that most any American would have made—but we venture to say, that, though it was an awkward incident, it did not even excite a smile at the expense of the beautiful representative—for she was very beautiful—of republican America, on the countenances of the refined *habitués* of the imperial court.

Mr. Marshall used to relate an amusing case of ignorance to which he was witness at Washington. It took place at the White House during dinner, or rather at the close of it. When the finger-glasses were put on, a member of Congress from that part of the country where De Tocqueville says there is plenty of population but no society, who had never seen one before, observing that the glass placed before him contained a little water and a slice of lemon, supposed that it was lemonade, and immediately drank it up. Shortly after the servant, noticing that the member's glass had no water in it, removed it, and placed another properly filled in its stead. The contents of this were promptly disposed of also. The waiter soon furnished a third glass. But this was too much for the philosophy of the worthy member, so stopping the waiter, he said to him, "Take it to that gentleman over there; he's only had one." The colored gentleman, who had "acquired" during his service at the White House, and had "seen life," was much amused.

A question of etiquette drew from Napoleon one of those witty speeches for which he was celebrated. After the establishment of the imperial nobility with which Napoleon surrounded his throne, the Emperor gave a grand ball. For certain reasons he was present only a very short time. Late in the evening, when the company were requested to enter the banquet-hall, a struggle took place between the newly-elevated ladies in regard to priority. The contest becoming warm, the doors of the banquet-room were kept closed, and the master of ceremonies retired to consult the Emperor with respect to the matter. "Announce as his Majesty's commands," said Napoleon, "that the *eldest* enter first, and that the others follow in proportion to their *age*." It will readily be conceived that there was little contention after the announcement. Indeed, if the noble ladies had not feared to offend his Majesty, and perhaps, with French quickness, appreciated the *esprit* of the Emperor, probably this would have dispensed with the banquet altogether. Among the *ancien régime*, the old nobility of France, such a scene could not have occurred. Etiquette was carried to the utmost extent by the Bourbons. Indeed so important was it considered that, during the reign of Louis XVI., one lady of the court, who had particular charge of matters of form and propriety, was called "Madame Etiquette." It was disregard of Madame that brought much trouble upon poor Marie Antoinette. But the *ancien régime* of France were chivalric; with them *noblesse oblige* was a rule, and they may be pardoned an over-love of form. In Louis XIV.'s reign Marly was considered delightful, because there etiquette was relaxed. An invitation to Marly was a thing to be coveted, an honor which was greatly appreciated by all who were high enough in favor to obtain it. "Pardon, Sire, the rain of Marly can not wet any one," was the polite and complimentary reply of a gentleman whom the King requested to be covered during a slight shower when they were walking in the garden together. Court etiquette is often oppressive, and it is not surprising that monarchs and the nobility should gladly seek some favored spot where they may be in a measure released from its trammels.

Etiquette is near akin to courtesy, which we know was born of chivalry. If chivalry possessed no other merit it certainly had that of refining the manners of the world. Before the days of chivalry politeness was but little understood, and particular politeness to woman was hardly known. The strongest "took the wall" of his neighbor. Chivalry, however, taught that generosity is a virtue, and that strength must waive its rights. When the horse of De Grantmesnil, at the tournament of Ashby, swerved in his course, Ivanhoe declined to take the advantage which this accident afforded him; and "De Grantmesnil acknowledged himself vanquished, as much by the courtesy as by the skill of his opponent." The principle is seen now in a gentleman's giving the wall to the lady, and in doffing his beaver in salutation. Only the boor is unacquainted with these ordinary customs. The extremity to which such

politeness is carried in our country — which makes it the paradise of women—may be observed any day in the railroad cars, where an old gentleman is often seen to stand up for a mile in order to give a seat to a young lady, who very likely is more able to stand than he is. We wish that some of our fair countrywomen, who are the prettiest and most pleasing women in the world, knew that etiquette requires of them to show some sense of the politeness of which they are so often the subjects in the public conveyances by at least a smile of appreciation. Rudeness and awkwardness are apt to shade into each other; they produce something of the same effect. To have a lady neglect to recognize a politeness which costs you something, and to have a gentleman tug at his well-fitting glove to get it off in order to shake hands with you, when he ought to know that when gloved he ought to shake hands with his gloves on, are equally annoying. The continual iteration of the word, Sir, in conversation is a habit unfortunately too common in our country, and which should be amended. In really refined society it is never heard. In England it is deemed servile. It is singular that many do not observe peculiarities, never distinguish in appellations, nor see an especial fitness in certain expressions. You constantly hear people say, a flock of geese (meaning wild geese) for a *line* of geese, a flock of deer for a *herd* of deer, a flock of partridges for a *covey* of partridges, a flock of larks for a *bevy* of larks, a lot of girls for a *bevy* of ladies. Exactness of expression, where the language may be understood, should always be adhered to. We should say, a whist *pack*, and a euchre *deck;* but we should avoid scientific and technical expressions, which convey no meaning to very many in general society.

We have said that etiquette is arbitrary. Yet, in some points, it will be found to be based upon reason and good taste. For instance, upon entering a room at a party the gentleman should offer his right arm to the lady, in order that she may have her right hand free, and also be able to display her drapery to the most advantage. Upon taking leave the lady should not take the gentleman's arm, so that both may have their right hands free in case the hostess should offer to shake hands on parting. When the farewell is made the lady should take the gentleman's arm to retire. In going up stairs the gentleman should always precede the lady; in going down stairs the lady should lead. Shaking hands is so universal in our country that it has grown into a mere form, and means very little. In England a gentleman will bow to one to whom he would not give his hand. The latter is considered private and due only to a friend, and is extended only as a sign of regard, or through especial courtesy. In our country to refuse the hand is considered rude, and both ladies and gentlemen shake hands at all times and in all places. But, because shaking hands is an American custom, it is not wrong or a violation of proper etiquette. Our country is as much entitled to its own customs as any other nation; and because they may differ from those of other countries is no reason why we should be ashamed of them, or give heed to the comments of foreigners who criticise us by their own standards. We should be self-reliant and independent. The manners of no two nations are the same in every particular. They may well all vary, and yet all be in accordance with propriety and good feeling. The older a people are the more likely it is that they will have cultivated manners. It is natural, therefore, that we should defer in many respects to the older civilization of Europe. Our country, however, though it have a life of its own, is the outgrowth of the Old World, and hence is not as young in its manners as it is in its years. The well-bred of this country are as well bred as any people in the world. According to Mr. Cooper, they speak their language as well as the well-bred of other nations speak theirs. The time will come when America will give tone to the world; and until then we may possess our souls in peace, indifferent to criticism and fault-finding from abroad.

Etiquette is closely connected with politeness, and politeness should spring, not from mere discipline, but from a kind regard for the feelings of others. If you should be asked, "What *route* did you take last summer?" do not reply, pronouncing the word *roote*, but avoid the use of the word route, so that you hurt not the feelings of the questioner, who chances not to be acquainted with the new, fashionable pronunciation. It was formerly considered a marked evidence of true politeness in a certain gentleman in England, that, in alluding to any one who had been engaged in the last rebellion, he always spoke of him as having been "out in the affair of '45." It showed refined feeling. The principle might be carried throughout the entire intercourse of life, with much advantage to all. Consideration does much to oil the hinges of society. We know a gentleman in this State, whose correspondence probably exceeds that of any other private person in the State; he receives numbers of letters making the most singular requests, and yet he never leaves one unanswered, because he thinks every one is entitled to courtesy and respect. When we say that it is a common occurrence for him to receive letters asking for subscriptions to various projects; for donations to divers objects; for gifts of many sorts; for a silk dress with "*all the trimming;*" for a library of books; for board until educated; for furniture to start in life; and for much more which we have not time to mention, it will be seen that his politeness, as well as his large fortune and liberality, are pretty well tried. But the former never and the latter rarely fail. A kind if not always satisfactory answer is sent to every letter.

There is an especial etiquette which appertains to the several professions. When the clergy enter a church in procession, the youn-

gest lead, and the inverse order, as it is called, is preserved down to the bishop, who comes last. In their seats the highest in position always takes precedence. It is the etiquette for the laity not to go up the aisles while the people are at prayer; and we may add that it is good manners to pay respect to the customs of the church one may chance to be in.

The etiquette of the army is very particular. It is said that an officer, once placed in command of West Point, attempted to disregard the time-honored usages of the Point; but he soon found that he must conform to them. The etiquette of the navy is not less exacting than that of the army. The superior officer always occupies the windward side of the deck; he also enters a boat *last*, and leaves it *first*.

The etiquette of the bench, of the bar, and of the physician, is likewise thoroughly marked. There is also an etiquette among commercial men; and, too, among authors. It would take a volume to recount the whole. We can not even attempt to illustrate the subject further by examples. Our object has not been to teach etiquette, but to show that it exists throughout society, and that a knowledge of it forms an element in good-breeding. The observance of it will make all persons more acceptable, and enable them to move more easily in society. Especially will gentlemen be better appreciated who, as Cowper says, have the "ladies' etiquette by heart."

THE PHANTOM BRIDGE.

WHEN my brother Hadley was about twelve years old—I do not remember his age exactly, but I know he was but a little fellow, and not used to be trusted with the team—he was sent one day, on account of the sickness of our man Barnabas, to fetch home the grist from the mill.

It was in March—I remember the day perfectly—rough, chilly, with scudding clouds, and a prospect of rain. There were still some patches of snow on the north sides of the hills and in other shady places; but in the valleys and on sunny slopes the ground, all soaking wet, was beginning to show green. The streams—"runs," as we called them—filled all the hollows with their pleasant noise, as they rippled over the loose stones along their beds; and I am not sure but here and there a violet showed its blue eyes from under the shelter of some dead leaf. The spring was in the air, but the winter was not out of the ground. A few warm days, or a beating shower or two, would break up and drive out the last frost, and stiffen up the young blades of the wheat into spears of rustling, vigorous strength.

"Now be careful, Hadley," says I, when I saw him mounted on the cross-board behind the gay young horses.

"Careful!" cries Barnabas, who stood drawing a rheumatic knee up into his double hands, as he leaned against the well-curb; "he couldn't get hurt if he was to try, sis; so never do you fear!"

Then Hadley gathered up the reins, and with his lash-whip stuck under his arm like a man, drove away, smiling back across his shoulder at me.

"What if the horses should run away?" I said, catching at the hand of Barnabas, as, slipping off the edge of the well-curb, he was hobbling into the house.

"Oh you girls have allers got some botheration or 'nother into your heads!" he said, without looking at me; and, stealing to my chamber, I stood on tip-toe at the window overlooking the road, till the high heads of the young bays were no longer visible. But the cross answer of Barnabas did not make my fears any the less that I know of. The distance from our house to the mill was fifteen miles; and so, supposing the grist to be ready, and in all ways economizing the time to the very best advantage, it could not be reasonably presumed that Hadley would return home until after dark, for it was now after nine o'clock, and thirty miles of miry and hilly road, allowing for rest and refreshment, were not to be gotten over any sooner.

I watched the clouds, flying wilder and wilder, and crowding two or three into one, till all their ragged gray edges grew solid and black, and the streaks and patches of blue between them shrunk back and up until there seemed an immense distance between the clouds and the sky.

"It's going to rain," I said to one and another, in the hope that somebody would contradict me, but nobody did; and going out of the house I seated myself on the bench among the bee-hives, where there was no obstruction to my view, and watched the sky at all points.

The very wind seemed damp with the coming rain, and flapped against me where I sat like a wet sheet; and now for a moment a bright spot of sunshine lay at my feet, and now a great black shadow dropped upon it and put it out. The bees lay in brown ridges about their hives, but did not fly abroad much, and the barn-yard cocks surrendered much of their accustomed ostentation, picked about quietly, and with one eye askance at the sky. Within the space of an hour—and, ah me! how one little hour may stretch itself out sometimes—all the northeast became one mountainous mass of blue-black, through which the quick lightnings shot up and down and athwart, like nothing else but lightning; for what has the eye seen or the imagination conceived that is more terrible! Then, all at once, the winds left their damp flapping, and blew almost a hurricane; and within twenty minutes only a hand's breadth of blue showed itself in all the sky.

The ridge of bees about the hive began to stir and heave like a serpent rousing from winter torpor, and to lengthen itself out and get itself into the hive, with a vast deal of hummed and rumbled discontent; the cocks flapped their

wings, and with shrill calls drew their feathered dames about them, and, with an air of wonderfully-superior wisdom, led the way to the nearest shelter. Directly the barn-door swung to with a crash that sent the splinters flying in all directions, and then came a sharp rattle that startled one like the crushing together of the sky, and all in a white blinding sheet dashed down the rain.

I was wet through and through before I could reach the house, and yet I ran with all my might.

"What if the rain should raise the creek so that Hadley could not cross?" I said, timidly, to Barnabas, in the hope of getting some comfort, for the thunder and lightning added terror to the fears I had previously experienced.

"What if it should?" answered Barnabas, gruffly. "I reckon the horses can swim; but you girls have ollers got something 'nother into your heads!" And he gave the rheumatic knee a rough shake, as though he got some pleasure out of the additional pain.

I need not linger over the day, nor tell in detail all its sufferings. Suffice it to say that I kept fast, simply because it was impossible for me to do otherwise, and that the dull aching in my bosom made it seem as if I had a stone there rather than a heart.

The creeks would be impassable, that was certain, and if night should fall before Hadley set out for home, and it needs must, what would become of him? I saw the horses parted from the wagon and floundering down the stream, and Hadley struggling among the wet bags of flour, and going down too; and after this strange men coming with frightened faces to tell the news.

At sunset, though the thunder growled itself down into silence, and though the rain had abated from its first wild dash, there was yet no prospect of a clearing off, and even the runs that crossed the meadows were swollen into rivers almost, and every grassy hollow in the door-yard was like a cistern running over.

The candles were lighted half an hour before the usual time, for the darkness became dense almost at once after sunset, and although no apprehension was expressed, a good deal of suppressed uneasiness evidently pervaded the household.

Barnabas affected to consider the storm as rather a good joke. "It's bad onto my rheumatis," he said, "but it's moughty nice for young ducks!" He laughed more than common, and hobbled about as though he were cheerfully busy, when, in fact, he was doing nothing at all. He shouldn't begin to look for Hadley before nine o'clock, he said, and if he should not get home before midnight, it would not make him oneasy—not a bit! Hadley knowed the road, and the critters knowed it too, and with the stable afore 'em, they'd swim fast enough, he'd warrant it! All this talk had precisely the opposite effect from the one intended, for there was no end of the perils he suggested that he was not in the least afeard of. And every now and then he would interlard some sentence of cheer with the dubious exclamation, "I wisht I had sot off myself airly this morning, rheumatis and all!"

And the rain fell on and on, and the darkness lay deep over every thing, and nothing was to be heard but the noise of the rushing waters and the soughing of the winds, for it was noticeable that not one of all the teams that had passed along the road in the morning was returning now.

At last Barnabas was forced to admit that somethin' or 'nother must be up! And with the collar of his great-coat turned up over his head, hobbled out to hear what he could hear, for he could not see any thing.

In answer to my look of anxiety when he returned, he said, "I hain't been a listenin'. I just sot open the gate, that's all." After this there was silence for nearly an hour, and then Barnabas, buttoning his coat and tying his pocket-handkerchief about his knee, went out again, and by and by came back, looking drenched and solemn, and having heard only the rushing of the winds and the waters.

Suspense now became terrible, and the danger was admitted on all sides, but there was nothing to do but wait.

Barnabas told us frankly that one of the critters was moughty *skeery*, and t'other none of the steadiest, and as for swimming, he didn't believe that nuther uv 'em knowed any more about it than the yearlin' calf in the stable. Saying at last, "The only hope is that Hadley has staid into the mill, and hasn't sot out for to drive them skeery critters at all, 'cause if he has, he mought just as well have driv straight into his grave!"

Ten o'clock came, and eleven; and Barnabas had told all the frightful stories he knew of sudden and terrible deaths, and somehow nearly all the stories were in some way connected with horses—how they had run away, tearing wagons to pieces and breaking the necks of their drivers; how they had got drowned with their masters; and how they had fallen over dreadful precipices and crushed their riders under them; and how he had knowed one splendid critter to be struck by thunder, and kick his owner to death, and that no such clap as we had had the day past nuther!

"Oh, Barnabas!" I cried, "for mercy's sake!"

I got no further, for a strange dull thump or bump against the door arrested me, and before one could exclaim "What is it?" it was two or three times repeated. "It's Hadley, sot crazy!" says Barnabas, "and bobbin' his head agin the door!" And hurrying forward as he spoke, he lifted the latch and set wide the door.

But no Hadley was there, and no sign of Hadley; but in place of him a big brindle dog, with a head like a lion's, and all his shaggy coat bedraggled with wet and mud. His tongue was lolling, and he breathed hard and fast, and

then springing over the steps, stood with his fore-paws on the carpet, wagging his tail and making little, quick barks, just for all the world as though he had something to tell if he could only tell it. "One thing's certain!" says Barnabas, caressing the crop ears of the great palpitating creature, "he's an *omien*, other of good or evil, and Hadley's one side or tother of Jordan's stormy banks, and I'm moughty doubtful if it taint the tother side." Bridget made haste to set meat before this curious guest, but excitement would not permit him to eat, and now galloping out into the storm, and now back, he kept up a series of little short barks, wagging his tail the while, as though he had the best of news.

Nevertheless Bridget said, with the tears running down her red nose, "It's dith the crather foreshaders, or ilse he'd ate mate, for the body of him is as holler as my ould shoe, and he'd a right to ate but for throuble!" At this moment John Hammerson, the blacksmith, who lived half a mile beyond the creek of which we had the most dread, appeared at the door, his pale, frightened face telling in advance that he was the bearer of sad news.

"And so the lad hasn't got here?" were his first words, as, resting his hands on either side of the door-frame, he peered about the room.

"Then," he added, "I'm afeard he never will!"

He then went on to tell us that about two hours after sunset, it being then as dark as pitch, Hadley appeared at the door of his smithy, and inquired whether the bridge over Deer Creek was yet standing, and on being told that it was, rode forward at a smart trot. "He was riding Whitefoot, and without a saddle," Mr. Hammerson went on; "and I could hear him plash, plash through the mud and mire for five minutes; and while I was kind o' listenin', and kind o' wonderin' why the boy had left his wagon at the mill, and kind o' wishin' that I'd asked him somethin' about it, and wonderin' to myself why I hadn't been more inquisitive like, there comes a dull, crashin' sort of a sound like a tree fallin' when its top's full o' leaves, a kind of a *whish!* like; and my wife she comes a runnin' in, her face as white as a sheet, and says she, 'Dan'l, the Deer Creek Bridge is gone! Didn't you hear that whish?' says she; and then she says, 'Whoever that is a-trottin' down the hill, he'll ride right off the pier, ten to one, and its forty feet from there to the bottom of the creek!' Then I told her who it was that had just rid by. 'O Lord a-mercy!' she cries, and all in a minute she gets the lighted lantern into my hand, and says she, 'Dan'l, run for your life! or for his'n, rather; for you can't see your hand afore you, and ten to one that boy'll ride right off the pier into the bilin' waters, and it's forty feet down, if it's one.'

"With that I took the lantern and run with all my might, and when I got on to the rise I took breath a minute and listened, and I could still hear Whitefoot plash! plash! away along that stony slope toward the bridge, and as nigh as I could calc'late not twenty rod from it. Then I began to *hellow* with all my might, and to click it ahead, though the road was under water in places knee-deep, and all airth and heaven, savin' when the tongue of the lightnin' shot out o' some cloud, was as black as my hatband.

"'Hellow the bridge! O hellow the bridge!' I shouted and shouted, and all at once I found the water was up to my waist, and a-roarin' like mad. I was off the road, but I soon got it agin, and went forad a little, and stopt and listened a bit, but I couldn't hear Whitefoot no more, and there come a flash o' lightnin', and there was the piers a stickin' up, and not a sign o' the bridge was to be seen—it had all slampt together, no doubt, in that whish that we had heard, my wife and me!"

He stopped and wiped the cold sweat-drops from his forehead, and the great dog that he had thrust back to make room for himself pushed his round head and crop ears between his legs, wagging his tail and repeating the same little joyous barks as before. "Get out! you evil-omiened crither!" says Bridget. "I was the first to say that dog was a bad omien!" cries Barnabas, fearful lest his prophetic wisdom be jeopardized.

The dog did get out as he was bidden; and having run a little way toward the gate, came dashing back almost wild with excitement, turning his head quickly one way and the other, as though he said, "You shall see for yourselves presently that things are not so bad!"

And, sure enough, plash! plash! through the pools of water that stood in the grassy hollows of the door-yard came some one riding steadily nearer and nearer. "Whoa!" says the well-known voice; and there, turned squarely to the light of the open door, was the starred forehead of Whitefoot, and bending eagerly toward us over the high head, and twisting his fingers in the long, wet mane, was Hadley himself, his eyes full of happy cheer, and all his face fresh and glowing like a rose in the dew.

The strange dog was already standing on his hind legs; and Hadley no sooner slipped from the bare back of the horse to the ground than he had his fore-paws on his shoulders, and was hugging him like a good fellow.

"Be's ye a ghost, buy, or a livin' craythe r?" cries Bridget, catching at the elbow of Barnabas, and partly shielding herself behind him.

Hammerson, the blacksmith, stood dumbfounded, as if his own sledge-hammer had fallen upon him, and evidently not as yet fully believing the evidence of his own senses.

"It's meself jist, Bridget, and nary a ghost at all at all!" cries Hadley, imitating the girl's dialect as he freed himself from the embraces of the dog, and, coming forward, stood in the midst of the wonder-struck group. "It's the buy," says Bridget, "and no misthake; but, darlint, ye had a right to be drownded; shure an' till us how ye got over the ould bridge whin

it was swipt away—for that's the winder wid us!"

"The bridge isn't swept away as I know of," says Hadley; "it wasn't anyhow an hour ago, for I rode over it, and here I am to prove it."

"Rode over the bridge!" cries Hammerson; "the Deer Creek covered bridge, and that an hour ago! You're mistaken, my son, or else this is a ghost after all; 'cause there wasn't no bridge there at that time! Don't you mind what time you stopped at my shop?"

"Yes," says Hadley; "what of it?"

"Why, this of it: that bridge washed away five minutes after you rid from my door. We heard the *whish* of it, both of us—my wife and me—and I follered right on after you, in sound of your critter's hoof-strokes all the time, and one of his shoes is loose, I can tell you, and ort to be resot. Well, I could hear him plain as could be, specially along that stony piece o' ground just tother side o' where the bridge was!"

"Bridge *was!*" echoed Hadley, almost scornfully; "what do you mean, Mr. Hammerson?"

"Mean, boy? I mean that you're crazy, or that taint you, or somtin nother! That bridge *whisht* away, and my wife and me both heard it, not more'n five minutes after you rid from my door; and I follered on, and was nearly cotched up with you when you must have rid off the pier! Good Lord, boy, didn't you hear me a-hellowin'?"

"Was that you bellowing behind me like a mad bull?" says Hadley. "I thought it was some crazy man. Good gracious! what did you want?"

"To keep you from ridin' off the pier, to be sure; but it seems I couldn't, for you must have soused in head fust. Lord bless me! I shouldn't 'a thought your critter 'd ever ariz, nor you nuther! Did you go clean to the bottom? That are loose shoe must 'a got knocked completely off, if you did." And the blacksmith had one of the fore-legs of Whitefoot between his knees by this time, and was twisting at the loose shoe with a will.

"What does all this mean?" asks Hadley, turning from one of us to another with a face changing from good-natured curiosity to almost angry surprise.

"Well, it's a moughty quar story you've made betwixt you," says Barnabas; "and thar can't be full truth onto both sides; other one of you's wrong, and tother's right, or one of you is right, and tother's wrong—thar's about whar 'tis; for *he* says," pointing to Hadley, "he rid over the bridge onto his critter, and the bridge was thar, as it follers logical; and *he* says," pointing to the blacksmith, "the bridge whisht away afore he got tow it, and he soused in head fust, as it follers logical; he must of, allowin' the bridge wasn't thar. Now thar's whar 'tis, and agreeable to my idees you've got things moughty promixuous, betwixt you!"

Then, giving the lame knee, that had evidently given him a twinge, a knock, he added, "But whar did you come across that are big varmint? he looks like a grizzly bear a'most."

Then Hadley went back to the morning, recapitulating all the events of the day, with many of which our story has nothing to do, and we will therefore pass them in silence, compressing what is pertinent into as short a compass as may be. The miller had not fulfilled his promise, and the grist was not ready till after nightfall, when, the darkness being so dense and the waters so high, it was thought best for him to leave grist and wagon at the mill together, and ride home Whitefoot, the gentler of the two horses, rather than wait for daylight and the subsiding of the waters.

With an empty meal-bag laid on for a saddle, and strapped under his horse's belly, and a blind-bridle on his head, he set out, stopping from time to time to inquire whether the bridges were yet safe, and so without accident reached the blacksmith's, within half a mile of the Deer Creek Bridge, and then halted once more, to make assurance doubly sure. "The water isn't within half a foot of the planks yet," the blacksmith had said, "and them pillers is as solid as the foundations of the airth. Never fear, my son, never fear! but just give Whitefoot the rein, and he'll carry you safe enough. But mind you don't try for to guide him onto the bridge—the nonsense of a brute cretur is safer than the sense of a man, other things bein' onequal."

This was the blacksmith's last counsel, and finding his horse already over fetlock in the water, and judging by the frequent striking of his hoofs against the stones that he was come upon the ground sloping toward the bed of the creek, he dropped the rein, and winding the mane about his hands, so as to hold fast in case the horse should miss the bridge and the worst come to the worst, he leaned down, so as almost to embrace the high, sturdy neck, shut his eyes, and waited. Directly, he said, "I concluded we were on the bridge, because the stones had ceased ringing under my horse's feet, and because he was evidently treading on wood; but if the water had not been up to the planks when I halted at the blacksmith's, it was most assuredly over them now, for my horse was wading through it up to his knees, as I judged by the way it splashed over my bare feet now and then. But mercy! that bridge was never half so long before, and though I dug my knees into the sides of my horse, and flapped my elbows against his neck with all my might, I could not make him step one jot the faster, and if he had been walking on a rope he couldn't have balanced himself more slowly and carefully. Then I thought, but may be it was only fear, that I felt a swaying as if every thing was going, and I could feel, or I seemed to feel, Whitefoot all of a tremble.

"But the strangest part is to come," Hadley went on, "and I know I must have been deceived about it all some way. Just as I felt the first stones under foot again, and began to

relax my grasp, for I had clung to my horse before as for life, something frightened him; he gave a quick spring, and the first I knew he was from under me, and the water working me down stream with a vengeance. I caught at something, and as I held there came a great flash of lightning, and I couldn't see the bridge any where, and I seemed to be holding to one of the naked piers."

"And that's what you was a-doin'," says the blacksmith, "'cause there wasn't no bridge there! Didn't my wife and me hear it whish away five minutes after you rid ahead, and didn't I foller on as fast as I could, and didn't I see with my own eyes the bare piers a-standin' up and no bridge onto 'um? There's no use o' your tellin' me—you crossed a phantom bridge if you crossed any thing, 'cause you must of!"

"Phantom nonsense!" cries Hadley; "I know, whatever *seemed*, that I must have crossed the bridge, for there I was across, and Whitefoot certainly didn't walk on the air; and I didn't cross the bridge after that neither, and here I am, as you see!"

"Well, you have got a moughty promixuous story, betwixt you!" reiterated Barnabas; "but whar was the toll-man all the while? He can settle it, I reckon."

Then it came out that Hadley had not seen the toll-man, nor thought about him till that minute; a fact that considerably favored the blacksmith's assertion that no bridge was there.

After a good deal more talk on both sides, which need not be repeated, it was agreed between the blacksmith and Barnabas that the former should remain till daylight, and that the two should then set out for the "debatable ground" in company, and settle the question, once for all.

And this being done the talk got back to the strange dog again.

"Whar did you pick him up?" says Barnabas. "Come har, you beautiful ole grizzly, and let a body heft ye!"

Part of this speech was addressed to Hadley, and part to the strange dog, as the reader perhaps understands. "Oh! I was going to tell you!" says Hadley; "I saw by that flash of lightning which way to turn, and I floundered out as fast as possible; but of course the darkness closed up again in a minute, and how was I to find Whitefoot? that was the question. I poked about this way and that, every now and then coming back to the same place for half an hour, I should think, and calling, 'Whitey! Whitey!' over and over; but he made no answer, as he will when I call him from the meadow. 'He has doubtless galloped home, in his fright,' I said, 'and I shall find him at the gate.' So I walked on fast as I could for two or three minutes, when the lively, cheerful barking of a dog arrested my attention, and the next flash of lightning showed me Whitefoot standing square before me in the road, and this great dog sitting upright before him, and holding the bridle-rein in his mouth. I patted his big head, for I felt grateful enough, be sure, and mounted and rode away, not expecting to see any more of him; but the first gleam of lightning that showed me the road showed him too, trotting just ahead, and looking behind as if to make sure I was coming."

"That he should 'a been sot apart to ketch your horse," says Barnabas, "seems providence; but that the horse should 'a got away, leavin' you in the dark, seems improvidence; and then how did the critter know whar to stop at? Thar's a metaphysical question that bothers me awful."

"Well, there was one thing," interposed the blacksmith, "that 'peared to me onaccountable; but now I see the accountability of it, and that was, how I should 'a got here fust; for, you see, when I found the bridge was gone, I took horse, rid two miles to the northerd, and crossed the ole free bridge, and still got here half an hour forad o' the boy!"

"So *you* didn't come over the Deer Creek Bridge!" says Hadley, shaking with laughter.

"No! I couldn't of—cause 'twasn't there!"

But we will record no more of the idle disputation. The tired horse was stabled, the dog hospitably kenneled in a bed of dry, fresh straw, the fire kept up, and the little party, forming a half-circle about the hearth, sat till daybreak exchanging stories of hair-breadth escapes, of deaths and dungeons, and ghosts and goblins, and whatever things were frightful; when, as agreed, the smith and Barnabas rode away together in order to ascertain the truth about the bridge.

"I told you so!" cries the blacksmith, when they had gained the rising ground overlooking the now subsiding waters; and, sure enough, there stood up the naked piers; but the bridge itself was completely swept away, except indeed one heavy oak beam, which, being perhaps mortised better than the others, remained on the crumbling foundations, still forming a pathway of about a foot in width from bank to bank.

Whitefoot, to the surprise of his rider, began now to manifest signs of terror, and directly, being urged forward, snorted, reared, and plunged in the most strange and bewildering fashion.

It was soon found impossible to get him forward, either with spur or whip, and, dismounting, Barnabas kindly coaxed and petted him, after which he suffered himself to be reluctantly pulled along by the utmost elongation of head and neck, the sweat-drops literally running down his sides, and his four strong legs a-tremble. The waters were a good deal down, and all along the sands sloping up to the beam lay the tracks of Whitefoot, in a direct line, the loose and askew shoe making the identification complete. There they were, coming straight down from that narrow beam!

"God bless me!" cries the blacksmith, "the critter's walked over it as sure as you are born." And, springing on to the beam, there were the points of the horseshoes indented all along the softened wood. "I could swear to 'em, for I

made and sot them shoes myself!" And sure enough, it was found by actual measurement that he was right.

"Don't swear," says Barnabas, "not thar onto that high beam, with all them are black waters a-bilin' under you—it's a clar case as 'tis."

But the blacksmith would not be satisfied till, having crawled on his belly all the length of the beam, he found the horseshoe prints clear across, and coming straight up to it through the sands the other side.

Whitefoot obtained quite a celebrity on account of this achievement, and not a boy of the neighborhood that did not think it a privilege to mount his back, with just a meal-bag for a saddle, picturing, doubtless, the unsteady footing of the beam, and all the turbid tumbling waters to be under him, in the place of the safe and comfortable meadow-grass, and thus masking a fearful joy.

The good, faithful creature lived and died on the farm, and never had his feelings once harrowed again by a sight of the perilous pass, or even by being driven over the new bridge when it took the place of the old one; that, past all doubt, was "*whisht*" every part, just as the blacksmith and his wife supposed. Barnabas always insisted that he had said on his first appearance that the strange dog was a good *omien;* and Bridget, Heaven forgive the pretty falsehood! invariably confirmed the hollow boast. "And sure ye did, darlint," she'd say; "an' it was your sowl, sure, that behild it, for the crether looked like the owl scratch to meself, wid me poor common eyes." So, woman-like, enhancing the flattery by disparaging herself.

The dog, in compliment to Barnabas, was named Omen, and to this appellation he responded with joyful alacrity for a number of years. But he touched the limit of his usefulness at last, and, as if unwilling to be burdensome, laid himself down and died, as became him; but it is due to his services and memory to dwell a little more at length upon the method of his melancholy exit.

And this is how it was: One day in November, as he lay dozing on the threshing-floor, he was suddenly called to do battle with an enormous gray rat that had been for some time troubling the barn. Whether owing to his drowsiness or to the weight of his years, he failed to take captive the enemy, and received from Master Barnabas a stern and humiliating reproof, ending with a terrible threat. "You are old and good for nothing," says he, "and must give place to your betters. I'll have me a younger dog before you're a week older—see if I don't!"

Poor Omen was on his knees, with his nose in the very dust and his eyes lifted obliquely—a pitiful, pitiful sight altogether; but the old rat was safe in his hole, and the old master inexorable. He cast it in his teeth again that he was gotten to be good for nothing, pushed him roughly aside, and forgot all about him.

The young master had seen, however, the dumb beseeching in the eyes of his favorite, and his heart was touched, for he had never forgotten his services at the "Phantom Bridge."

"Come here, Omen, old fellow!" says he; "I'll stand by you anyhow!" And he reached forth his hand in the old caressing way.

But Omen shook his head mournfully, and with a look of fond farewell turned and walked away, his back sunken and his whole attitude drooping as one who had received a death-blow.

He did not go to his comfortable kennel, but took his station at a gap in the meadow fence, and vigilantly kept the stray cattle at bay, never quitting his place for a moment, and, as it were, doing his utmost to make it appear that he was not quite worthless after all. But at the end of the second day the terrible threat was fulfilled, and a sleek young puppy, limber-legged and handsome as could be, was fetched, and at once made the recipient of a good deal of caressing attention.

At this the honest old heart of Omen lost all courage, perhaps all faith in human gratitude, and without so much as a whine or an appealing way he left the gap untended—left the kennel with its bright, warm straw for the new incumbent, and in the thick woods, out of the sight of men's eyes and of all familiar things, laid himself down among the dead leaves to die.

Here we found him after a time, but persuasion nor entreaty would induce him to rise, or even to take food where he lay. He would lick the young master's hands in answer to his caresses and coaxing, and then, with closed eyes, drop his head flat upon the ground, all his old legs and clumsy body a-tremble, as if with suppressed emotion. But the hand of Barnabas he would not touch, nor would he in any way give him token or sign of recognition or forgiveness.

Nearly a week he lay thus, with only the trees for company, and with the withered leaves dropping and drifting around him; never whining nor whimpering, but just waiting bravely and patiently; and at last, one morning, after the first light, crisp fall of snow, the young master, with a morsel of bread and a bowl of warm milk in his hand, went earlier than common to look after him—but he had no need to be looked after. The leaves had drifted quite over him, and the snow over the leaves; he was not only dead, but was buried into the bargain. This is the only creature that, of my own personal knowledge, I ever knew to die of a broken heart; but certainly, if the sides of nature ever cracked, they did in him, poor fellow!

Barnabas, Othello-like, having killed him, loved him afterward, and daily and hourly compared his handsome successor unfavorably to honest old *Omien.*

So—more's the pity!—the world goes, and doubtless will, to the end of time.

Editor's Easy Chair.

FIRST appearances are always among the most interesting theatrical events, and the gossips, as they grow old, renew their youth as they tell the story of the first nights they have seen. It is our advantage on this side of the sea that we come to such occasions with imagination and expectation excited to the utmost by the fame already assured of the actor or the singer. A first appearance in Europe is an experiment. Even if it be Jenny Lind or Rachel, the beginning is necessarily without previous reputation, except the warm rumor of the rehearsal and of private admiration. But when Jenny Lind came to us it was as the recognized Queen of Song; and when the spectral Camille glided from the side-scene in *les Horaces*, and that low, weird, wonderful voice smote the ear and heart of the listener, we knew that Rachel was without a rival the greatest living actress. So also with Alboni and Ole Bull. Their fame was made for them when they came.

As we write the names what scenes arise, so freshly remembered, so utterly passed! The very buildings are gone, except Castle Garden, where Jenny Lind first sang, and which is wholly changed. It was in the Metropolitan Theatre that Rachel appeared. It was in Tripler Hall that Alboni sang. And in the old Park Theatre, on a memorable Saturday evening, Ole Bull strode out with a leopard-like swing upon the stage, his coat buttoned across his magnificent breast, his fair, frank face smooth and romantic as a boy's, as he bent over his violin during the introduction by the orchestra, and fondly listened to be sure that it was as sensitively responsive as he required it to be. And if the buildings are gone, where are the magicians? Rachel is dead. Jenny Lind's voice has flown. And Alboni and Ole Bull—where are they? The elaborate story of Ole Bull's death a very few years ago was denied; and by all the traditions of her profession Alboni, the Contessa Pepoli, ought to be comfortably living in a villa upon Lake Como.

Yet these were all first appearances that were suggestive of each other. If Rachel came, there were those whose pride it was to remember Edmund Kean and Cooke. If Jenny Lind sang, your neighbor, who had evidently come down from the generation of George the Fourth, murmured, in the intervals, of Malibran; and you, of a later day, retorted feebly with Miss Shirreff, and with more animation recalled Cinti Damoreau and Caradori Allan. If Ole Bull stood towering and swaying in the spell of his own music, there was some old-fashioned lover of concord who thought music died with the Hermann brothers or the Boston Brigade band. The charm of the evening was half in its association, in the tender, regretful memories of other fames and other days. It was the musing, tearful romance of the wanderer who shall hear no more

> "The bells of Shandon
> That sound so grand on
> The pleasant waters of the river Lee."

More than all, it was not the actor nor the singer, not the song nor the play, that seemed so curiously fair; it was the lost youth of the neighbor who talked to you of Malibran that was softening his heart.

Do you suppose that the sweet white-haired couple who sat before us in Steinway Hall upon the first night of Dickens's readings—that couple of comely age and of lovely deference to each other—believe that there can ever again be such evenings as they knew in the Park Theatre long ago? What a pair of lovers they must have been! How they must have adorned those old Park Theatre evenings! This very flossy young woman who sits near by, with such a tremendous chignon, is like an absurdly expensive doll imported for the holidays from Paris, and does not replace the image of the young woman whom we see beneath the kind white hair before us. But what then? It is only a little disadvantage of situation. Do we not know, as we look over the humming, happy crowd that fills the tasteless and glaring hall of Steinway, that there are turtle-doves here in scores, and all as softly cooing as any that ever flew? A sensitive Easy Chair, in the midst of such a throng as was gathered on that first Dickens evening, positively glows with the consciousness of the amount of hoping and longing, and looking and smiling, and hand-pressing and whispering, and the vast contiguous happiness that pervades the hall. Why, what have we come to hear but the story of all the experience under other forms of all this audience, written and read by a master?

Yes, the hall is wretched. The evening's enjoyment will gain nothing from the place. Boston has two noble halls. There are other cities which have fine halls—traps, often, but of a very pretty pattern—and New York has the unhappy cellar called Cooper Institute, and this distorted and distressing room called Steinway Hall. But even Steinway Hall shall pass into gentle and grateful remembrance, for here Charles Dickens gave his first reading in New York.

When, hereafter, some chance traveler picks up an odd number of an old magazine—this, for instance—and opens to this very page, let him know that the evening was bright with moonlight veiled in a soft gray snow-cloud. The crowd at the entrance was not very large. The speculators in tickets were not very troublesome. The police, as usual, were polite and efficient; and going up the steep staircase, and passing through the single door, we were all quietly and pleasantly seated, and so was every body else by eight o'clock. The floor of the hall is level, so that the audience is lost to itself; but it was easy for all of us to perceive, by scanning our neighbors, that we were a very fine body of people. At least every body who was present said so. We all remarked that the intelligence and distinction of the city were present, and that it must be extremely gratifying to Mr. Dickens to be welcomed by the most intellectual and appreciative audience that could be assembled in New York.

The details of the arrangement upon the platform, the screen behind, the hidden lights above and below, and the stiff little table with the water-bottle, are familiar. But as we all sat looking at them, and at the variously splendid toilets

that rustled in, and fluttered, and finally settled, it was not possible to escape the great thought that in a few moments we should see at that queer, stiff table the creator of Sam Weller, and Oliver Twist, and Micawber, and Dick Swiveller, and the endless, marvelous company—the greatest story-teller since Scott, one of the most famous names in literature since Shakespeare. When he was here before Carlyle growled in "Past and Present" about "Schnauspiel, the distinguished novelist," and there were some who laughed. But the laugh has passed by. Look! There is a man, who looks like somebody's "own man," who scuffles across the stage and turns up a burner or two; and he is scarcely out of the way when—there he comes, rapidly, the world's own man.

His reception was sober. The whole audience clapped its gloved hands. Not a heel, not a cane, mingled with the sound, not a solitary voice. It was a very muffled cordiality, an enthusiasm in kid gloves. The Easy Chair, for one, longed to rise and shout. Heaven has given us voices, brethren, with which to welcome and salute our friends, and if ever a long, long cheer should have rang from the heart, it was when the man who has done so much for all of us stood before us. But it was useless. The steady clapping was prolonged, and Dickens stood calmly, bowing easily once or twice, and waiting with the air of one ready to begin business. The instant there was silence he did begin: "Ladies and Gentlemen, I am to have the honor of reading to you this evening the trial-scene from Pickwick; and a Christmas Carol in a prelude and three scenes. Scene first, Marley's Ghost. Marley was dead, to begin with." These words, or words very similar, were pronounced in a husky voice, not remarkable in any way, and with the English cadence in articulation, a rising inflection at the end of every few words. They were spoken with perfect simplicity, and the introductory description was read with good sense, and conveyed a fine relish upon the reader's part of the things described. There was nothing formal, no effort of any kind. The left hand held the book, the right hand moved continually, slightly indicating the action described, as of putting on a muffler, or whatever it might be. But the moment Scrooge spoke the drama began.

Every character was individualized by the voice and by a slight change of expression. But the reader stood perfectly still, and the instant transition of the voice from the dramatic to the descriptive tone was unfailing and extraordinary. This was a perfection of art. Nor was the evenness of the variety less striking. Every character was indicated with the same felicity. Of course the previous image in the hearer's mind must be considered in estimating the effect. The reader does not create the character, the writer has done that; but he refreshes it into unwonted vividness, as when a wet sponge is passed over an old picture. Scrooge, and tiny Tim, and Sam Weller and his wonderful father, and Sergeant Buzfuz, and Justice Starleigh have an intenser reality and vitality than before. As the reading advances the spell becomes more entrancing. The mind and heart answer instantly to every tone and look of the reader. In a passionate outburst, as in Bob Cratchit's wail for his lost little boy, or in Scrooge's prayer to be allowed to repent, the whole scene lives and throbs before you. And when, in the great trial of Bardell against Pickwick, the thick, fat voice of the elder Weller wheezes from the gallery, "Put it down with a wee, my Lerd, put it down with a wee," you turn to look for the gallery and behold the benevolent parent.

Through all there is a striking sense of reserved power, and of absolute mastery of the art. There is no straining for points, no exaggeration, no extravagance of any kind, but an adequate outlay of means for every effect, and a complete preservation of personal dignity throughout. The enjoyment is sincere and unique; and when the young gentleman before us remarks to the flossy young woman at his side that "any clever actor can do the thing as well," we congratulate him inwardly upon his experience of the theatre. Perhaps also the flossy young woman is of opinion that any clever author can write as well as this reader. Possibly it is not for these young neighbors of ours, remarks Mr. Diogenes, who happens to overhear them with the Easy Chair, that the author writes and the reader reads. There is a serious drawback to this first evening's enjoyment, however, and that is that full a third of those present hear very imperfectly. Nothing can surpass the air of mingled indignation, chagrin, and disappointment with which a good friend just behind declares that she did not hear a word, and adds, caustically, that the spectacle alone is hardly worth the money. Not worth the money? Dear Madam, the Easy Chair would willingly pay more than the price of admission merely to see him. And just as he is thinking so another friend steps forward and says, in a decided tone of utter disappointment, "Just let me take your glass, will you? I can't hear a word, but I should like to see how the man looks." As the Easy Chair rolls out of the door he encounters Mr. and Mrs. Sealskin, sailing smoothly and silently out. "How delightful!" exclaims the innocent and unwary old Chair. "Didn't hear a word," says Mr. Sealskin, sententiously, and without pausing in his course; and Madam upon his arm raises her eyebrows and looks emphatically "not a word!" And so the Easy Chair gradually discovers that there has been a very wide and lamentable disappointment, and that a large part of the throng has been tantalized through the evening in the vain effort to hear—catching a few words and losing the point of the joke. No wonder they are very sober, and sail out of the hall very steadily, with an air of thinking that they have been the victims of a swindle, but also with the plain wish to think as well of Mr. Charles Dickens as circumstances will allow. Still, they evidently hold him, upon the whole, responsible, just as an audience assembled to hear a lecture, and obliged to go unlectured away, hold the lecturer—chafing in a snow-bank upon the railroad fifty miles away—responsible. It is pleasant for the Sealskins to read, as the Easy Chair did the next morning, in the ever-veracious and independent press, that Mr. Dickens's voice is heard with ease in every part of the hall.

But let them feel as they may, those who did not hear are sure to go again, and if they hear the next time, again and again. Let the future reader of this odd number of a magazine learn

farther that such was the popular eagerness to attend these readings that people gathered before light to stand in the line of the ticket-office. One historic boy is said to have passed the night in the cold waiting for the opening of the office, and to have sold his prize for thirty dollars in gold to "a Southerner." Another person was offered twenty dollars for his place in the line, with merely a chance of getting a ticket when his turn came at the office. So among all first appearances none can be more unique in remembrance than this of Mr. Dickens, nor can any remembered enjoyment be always fresher and fairer than that of his readings.

The other day the Easy Chair was rolling down from Albany upon one of the railroads upon which Mr. Vanderbilt permits us all to travel, and when the train stopped at Poughkeepsie the brakeman threw open the door of the car, shouted "Pokepsy; ten minutes for refreshment!" and the passengers arose and poured out of the car into the spacious hall. There is a long counter upon which are plates of smoking oysters, and upon shelves within the area of the counter are pieces of pie, ham and eggs, cake, and apples. The company in a long, silent line devote themselves solemnly to business; the oysters disappear in a twinkling; a gulp, and all is over. "Coffee" is the sententious countersign passed along the line, and gallons of coffee follow quarts of oysters. Behind the counter nimble maidens dart to and fro with a celerity that reminds the feeder at the upright trough of the "ten minutes" which are so rapidly slipping away. Civility is confined to a sideway glance at your neighbor while you are yourself engulfing the last oyster and he is gurgling over his coffee. Some inscrutable fate forbids time enough to eat decently, forbids sitting down, forbids any thing but the most severely mechanical part of the business of eating. If we stopped long enough to smile between the oysters or to masticate the pie we might not arrive in New York until half past five instead of a quarter past five, and how could we excuse so wicked a waste of time? Indeed—ding, ding, there is the conductor's petulant bell! Seize the pie, bolt the rest of the coffee; good gracious! how much—I haven't any change—what the Beelzebub shall I do—ding, ding! To deliberate is to be lost, and pay or no pay for the pie or no pie, we rush to the platform, struggle into the car, and presto, we are leaving oysters and cookeys behind at the rate of thirty miles an hour.

As for this particular passenger he opens "Sketches of Russian Life, before and during the Emancipation of the Serfs," edited by Mr. Henry Morley, Professor of English Literature in University College, London, and almost immediately lights upon this apposite passage, describing the Great National Railway between St. Petersburg and Moscow. "This is one of the finest, safest, best-arranged, and most comfortable traveling lines in the world. The speed of traveling is limited to twenty miles an hour. The *shortest* stoppage is for ten minutes, allowing plenty of time to drink a cup of tea and smoke a cigarette, but at each of the principal stations *the train stops for half an hour.*"

The Italics are the Easy Chair's. He wishes to emphasize the agreeable truths which he found in the interesting book. He hopes that this very page may fall under the eye of some patron of the Pokepsy oysters and pies, and suggest thoughts to him. The delightful book proceeds, and the Easy Chair invites to its further statements the attention of Mr. C. Vanderbilt himself. "Hot, well-cooked dinners, breakfasts, and suppers, served by clean, well-dressed waiters, are always ready." To the Pokepsy traveler this seems wild romance—a mere unbridled fiction of Mr. Babington White's. But still more fabulous is what follows: "There is plenty of time to eat, and the price is not very high." And this in an effete despotism! However, the Easy Chair reads on: "The Russians make a journey to and from Moscow an affair of pleasure, sleep and eat alternately, gormandizing at all stations where refreshments can be had; not crowding them, that is impossible, the rooms being so large as to accommodate from six hundred to eight hundred persons at once. The passengers do strict justice to the good things on the tables, find fault freely, and order what they require as if they were at home in a good hotel."

The Pokepsy station is one of the most agreeable eating-houses upon our railroads. The Easy Chair is saying nothing in depreciation of it, whatever he may privately think of the system to which it belongs. The oysters are good; the tea is good; the pumpkin-pie is good. The Easy Chair will have no misunderstanding upon that head, and he heartily advises every body when they hear the words, "Pokepsy, ten minutes for refreshments," to run and do what they can in the time allotted. The room is clean; the maidens are tidy; the food is good. The Easy Chair had just eaten some oysters and a piece of pie with a dry, brown undercrust, and had drank a cup of tea, and for this swift and simple feast had expended forty-five cents. He reflected upon these facts as he continued:

"After the gutta-percha pork-pies, mahogany cakes, and saw-dust sandwiches, bolted standing in the English refreshment-rooms, it is pleasant to sit down comfortably when one is tired and hungry, napkin on knee, to a half hour's quiet discussion of a well-cooked meal. Beef, lamb, mutton, vegetables, fowl, game, potatoes, fish, cutlets, cheese, and dessert are served by civil waiters in black clothes and white cravats, at the small charge of three roubles [seventy-five cents] each. One can also dine very well for half this sum at the side-table."

Monsieur Vanderbilt, the Emperor beats you! Is there any reason that the most universally traveling, prosperous, and handy people in the world should be obliged to read that the former owners of Alaska surpass them in some of the prime pleasures of travel? Is there any reason why the train should not stop a good half hour at "Pokepsy," and enable the traveler to seat himself comfortably and comfortably dine? Why must he bolt his pie standing, with his eyes on the clock and his hands grasping a cup of coffee? Or why, as the Easy Chair has already asked, and without the slightest response—why, if we must be thundering along every moment, may there not be a system of telegraphing a dinner-order forward to the dinner-station, so that in due order, piping hot, with plates and napkin and every convenience, the dinner may be brought into the train and dispatched leisurely,

chemin faisant—that is to say, indignant Sir, as we sail, as we sail? The gentlemen in attendance, who need not be restricted to black clothes and white cravats, can remove the dishes at a station farther on, whence they may figure in next day's dinner upon the return train. Our author mentions that the Russian travelers in these fine halls and at these abundant repasts "find fault freely." That can not be said of a country where the thirteenth man is tolerated in the omnibus, and where passengers meekly stand for miles in a railroad car because all the seats are occupied. Find fault freely! Far be it from the well-regulated American. He is permitted to pay four dollars a day at his hotel, and is humbly grateful if he can get a piece of cold hot roast beef and a slice of lead pie for his dinner. And if he should read the Russian Sketches of which the Easy Chair has spoken, he will say, probably, that the railroad of the leisurely dinners does not pay. What then? Suppose it were true! That is in an effete imperial monarchy. If the Yankee genius can not combine upon our railroads safety, punctuality, plenty of time to dine, and handsome dividends, the Yankee genius is overpraised.

Tornadoes at home and earthquakes in the great Gulf, early storms and horrible railroad accidents, ushered in the holidays this season. But the day itself came still and bright, although before noon it was veiled in soft gray winter mist. For a few days before how beautiful and busy was this great city! Beautiful not with architecture or costume or picturesque life, but with the sense of universal kindness and generosity. No man can saunter through the Christmas streets, and look in at the Christmas shops, and watch the Christmas faces, without feeling that the time is truly hallowed, and comes as a benediction in ways that we do not imagine.

The chief delight of Christmas is the happiness of the children—the next is the Christmas shopping. To this last time is even more necessary than money. Pray don't misunderstand. The Easy Chair advises no friend of youth to set forth upon his Christmas tour without plenty of money, of course not. There is no better advice than to have plenty of money. Perhaps the best way is to have a great many very large purses, and a great many very large bills to put in each one of them. If any friend of this counselor forgot to attend to these little details during this season he may repair his negligence next year, and we will now consider a few points that may be of service when the happy day again draws near.

And firstly, dear brethren, reflect that the Christmas shopping is not for a day, but for all time. It should be a constant and daily concern, like other things to which our friends in white cravats earnestly invite our attention. You are not thereby to understand that every day you must buy something as a gift for somebody at the holidays. Oh no, brethren; but you are to bear in mind, whenever you see any neat, pretty, portable, presentable (that is, adapted to presenting) little objects, that those are just the things you will long for when the holidays come, and yet may not be able to find; even as the present exhorter saw a lustrous wreath of holly at the corner of a certain street, under a forest of Christmas-trees, on the day before Christmas, and seeing, marked it for his own when he should return upon his homeward way through that pleasant and fragrant wood. And all that day, as he went in and out of shops, and money and toys went in and out of his pockets—the toys all in and the money all out—he thought of his holly wreath, and the very remembrance made a holiday feeling every where. It seemed to hang over the shop doors, and to crown the smiling and courteous shop-keepers—(but only those—there were some who had surly crows' feathers stuck in their heads, if we could only have seen them, and others smirked about with peacocks' plumes, if the real facts of the case had been palpable)—and the holly wreath that was waiting for the Easy Chair in the aromatic shadow of Christmas-trees at a certain street corner, which shall be nameless, because this Chair does not bear malice, diffused a Christmas benediction over all the dreadful slop and slush of that day.

But when toward sunset, with pockets inside and outside, pockets in the breast of his inner coat, on the right and left sides, pockets in his trowsers, and pockets above and below in his spacious, heavy over-coat, crammed with all kinds of delightful presents, and with the most bulging and shapeless, yet suggestive, bundles of every kind in his hands, the Easy Chair, waddling and puffing through the crowded and dirty streets like an overburdened Santa Claus struggling down a very sooty chimney, turned at last into the sweet and grateful forest of Christmas-trees, and eagerly stepped to the blessed cellar steps upon which he had seen the wreath of holly—it was gone! The old woman guardian of the garland, like any mere fairy—say Cinderella's grandmother—had vanished. Nothing remained but the Christmas-trees, through which the wind seemed to sigh regretful, and the cellar steps, which descended to a heavy door, grimly locked, and which coldly sneered, "All hope abandon, who seek holly here!"

From this little experience of the Easy Chair, beloved brethren, may you draw an instructive warning, which shall be this, that whenever during your yearly shopping or recreation of gazing in at windows you see any little thing which seems to you proper for a Christmas gift, make it your own, and lay it aside, nor hope to find it when you come again.

Secondly, dear brethren, let us reflect that it is not the costliness of a gift, but some other quality, as of delicate, pretty use, or neat or graceful form, which fits it best for Christmas service. Suppose you had been John, the active young clerk, who has the very best of wives and the very best three children, and who upon long and wise consideration concluded that he had not more than five dollars to spend upon a Christmas-box for Mrs. John, how would you have spent the money? Would you have bought a pretty book, or a modest pin, or a handsome purse, or, possibly, would you have ventured upon some graceful little addition to the wardrobe, of which you had seen a pattern in *Harper's Bazar?* Any one of these would have been a very proper offering from you to Mrs. John, supposing you to have been Mr. John, the active young clerk. But there is a better way, which Mr. John, being himself, and not you or the dull old Easy Chair, discovered and put into practice. It was this:

On the morning of this happiest day in the year to every household which is happy enough to have plenty of children in it, after the various-sized stockings of the young Johns in the bedrooms had been explored and ransacked to the utmost toe, and after the books and games and toys and dolls and boxes and bundles and bags upon the table down stairs had been admired and thoroughly examined, with shouts and quiet glee, and while Mrs. John was sitting upon the carpet gravely drinking tea with little Polly out of little Polly's splendid and glorious brand-new tin silver tea-set, and all this, dear brethren, before breakfast, as you perfectly well understand, what should come in from the dining-room but a procession of the most smiling people ever seen, Mr. John himself at the head, in his capacity of papa, and immediately followed by Master Jack, and he by Miss Jacky, and what was very extraordinary, they all held their hands resolutely behind their backs.

This jolly procession marched straight up to Mrs. John, sitting upon the floor, busily taking tea with the baby, and the head of the procession suddenly stooping down kissed Mrs. John, and at the same moment, bringing his hands from behind his back, produced a little box, which was beautifully embroidered with flowers in colored straw—a delicate kind of ware which they make in Germany. Opening the box it proved to be a watch-rest to place upon the night-stand by the bedside. Then Master Jack advanced to the front and saluted, and he produced the neatest little needle-book, covered with the same material differently worked. Miss Jacky saluted and presented a needle-case of the same, full of the best needles; and then Mr. John, still further and rather disproportionately saluting, as attorney for the baby, offered a huge die of the same exquisite work, which, opening, revealed a piece of wax for the maternal thread.

Brethren, the active Mr. John had thus made every one of his family a happy sharer in the gift which he gave his wife, and he had in that way multiplied the pleasure altogether beyond computation. It was, it seems to this Easy Chair, an infinitely more satisfactory affair than if the young gentleman had given his wife a pair of diamond *solitaires*, and the cost was *considerably* less, for the head of the procession privately owned that four dollars would pay all expenses.

And this brings us to thirdly, that if you would be able to do these things, dear brethren, you *must* take time, as hath been already urged. You must not delay to the last moment. No repentance and regret that you had not thought of it earlier and resolved to secure your gifts while there was yet time will be of any avail when it is already five o'clock in the evening of the 24th of December. The eleventh-hour penitents, dear friends, must take what they can get, after the early birds—if such an expression may be indulged—have bagged all the fattest worms. The man—and indeed woman—who leaves his Christmasing to the very last moment is like a guest who has been invited to dinner three hours before the train leaves, and to such a delicious dinner that the most leisurely tasting is absolutely essential to enjoy the abundance and the delicate flavor. But the bungling and immoral loiterer plunges into the dining-room ten minutes before the hour of departure, like a traveler into a railroad "saloon," and the unspeakable offender grabs and gobbles the toothsome feast in a manner which would asphyxiate Monsieur Blot, and—if we may use words equal to the occasion—bolts the perfect banquet at one swoop, so that, for any taste or appreciation or enjoyment, it might as well have been all a huge piece of greasy pork boiled with rank cabbage in an abominable iron pot.

Such is the awful fate in kind, brethren, of those who defer their Christmasing until the extreme last moment. How could the active young clerk, Mr. John, have found the delicate strawware if he had begun on the afternoon of the 24th of December? It was only after much spying into many shops, beginning last March, that, on the seventeenth day of August, at half past seven o'clock in the evening, Mr. John discovered the little gifts that were borne in by that jolly procession from the dining-room on Christmas morning. The ingenious fellow had that pretty picture in his mind and heart for many, many weeks. You see he bought his holly wreath when he saw it; and he was crowned with it, and he made sure of crowning his home with it for four months at least.

But there is no end of Christmas preaching and exhorting, nor of its touching and tender traditions and literature, nor of its humanizing influences, nor, let us hope, of its gifts, and good wishes, and tables, and trees, and bursting stockings, and pennies for the poor little boys who ring at the door to wish a timid and shivering merry Christmas, and turkeys for those who do not daily dine upon poultry, and better dinners in the prisons, and chimes in the steeples, and the bell-ringers and rude waits which are heard in the country. And when the eve of the blessed day comes, or upon its evening, when the tired children sleep—the children, Mr. John, who make it Christmas all the year round—then break up the coal into a blaze, and open your Milton, and read aloud *the* hymn to Mrs. John. It is an old ceremony, but it is as good as new; and by-and-by when you, Mr. John, and the dear woman who was sitting upon the floor gravely taking tea before breakfast, and this old Easy Chair, and all the parents and grandparents who welcomed this Christmas are gone, Master Jack will read the hymn to a still younger Mrs. John, and when he has repeated the words:

> "But see the Virgin blest
> Hath laid her babe to rest;
> Time is our tedious song should here have ending,"

he will say: "My dear, every Christmas-eve my father read this hymn, and his father before him, and I hope the babe at rest up stairs will never omit to hang up his own stocking, or to fill his babe's after him, or to read Milton's ode at this 'present' time!"

The Easy Chair, together with its Editorial and Artistic Associates, has been greatly delighted by not a few of the "Chromo" pictures produced by Mr. Prang, of Boston. Leaving out of view some which may be styled "decorative," and many charming representations of flowers and gorgeous autumnal leaves, the Chair wishes to speak of a few of these pictures fairly belonging to the domain of Art. Rosa Bonheur's "Morning in the Highlands" is excellently reproduced, not merely as regards the drawing of the cattle, but in the tone and coloring. Tait's "Chickens" are represented with such ab-

solute fidelity that it needs a keen eye to distinguish the "Chromo" from the picture from the artist's own pencil. The "Sisters" is an imitation so perfect as to be almost a fac-simile of a lovely water-color by Bouguereau. This indeed we think the gem of the whole collection, unless we were to except the more ambitious, and certainly quite successful attempt to reproduce a copy of Correggio's famous Magdalena, in the Dresden Gallery. We most gladly welcome the effort of Mr. Prang to do for Art what has already been measurably done for Literature. There are few cultivated households in which the best books are not to be found. We trust that the time is not far distant when adequate representations of the best works of art will not be equally indispensable. "A thing of beauty is a joy forever." These "Chromos" are the largest, and an altogether successful step in that direction.

HERE at the very end of his monthly chat the Easy Chair offers the right hand of fellowship to all the new monthly candidates for public favor. The road to success, dear young companions, is not unlike Jordan; but a merry heart and stout unmentionables, says the old proverb, bring us all safely through. The world is wide, and the prizes are waiting for industry, energy, and merit. Forward, then, brave Knights! Lances in rest; and remember, wooers of the Public! that faint heart never won fair lady.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

OUR Record closes on the 31st of December. The President's Message, noted in our last Number, and the Reports of the chief Departments of the Government, presented at the opening of the session of Congress, furnish a general view of the condition of the country at the conclusion of the year 1867. We give abstracts, comprising the essential points of the most important of these Reports:

REPORT OF THE SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.

The *Secretary of the Treasury* represents the condition of the national finances as much more satisfactory than they were a year ago. The public debt has been reduced during the year by about $60,000,000. Deducting the cash in the Treasury, it amounted on the 1st of November to $2,491,000,000. Its highest point was reached in August, 1865, when it was $2,757,000,000; so that within two years $266,000,000 has been paid. The receipts for the fiscal year, ending June 30, were in round numbers $490,000,000, of which $176,000,000 was derived from customs, and $266,000,000 from internal revenue. The expenditures were $376,000,000, of which $144,000,000 were for interest on the debt, $95,000,000 for the War Department, $31,000,000 for the Navy Department, $51,000,000 for the Civil Service, $25,000,000 for Pensions and Indians. For the present fiscal year—the last three-quarters being estimated—the receipts are set down at $417,000,000, and the expenditures at $393,000,000. For the fiscal year ending June 30, 1869, the estimates are: receipts, $381,000,000; expenditures, $372,000,000.

The main portion of the Report is devoted to a statement and defense of the financial plans adopted by the Secretary. In his last Report the Secretary expressed the opinion that specie payments might be resumed as early as the 1st of July, 1868, and perhaps sooner. These anticipations he now thinks may not be fully realized. The expenses occasioned by the Indian hostilities, and the establishment of military governments in the Southern States, frauds in the collection of the duties upon distilled liquors, the unfavorable condition of the South, and "the apprehension created in Europe by the utterances of some of our public men upon the subjects of finances and taxation," may postpone the time for resumption; but he hopes that "with favorable crops the next year, and with no legislation at this session unfavorable to contraction, it ought not to be postponed beyond the 1st of January, or at farthest the 1st of July, 1869. Nothing," he adds, "will, however, be gained by a forced resumption. When the country is in a condition to maintain specie payments they will be restored as a necessary consequence." The chief measures which are urged for the purpose are:

"(1.) The funding or payment of the balance of interest-bearing notes, and a continued contraction of the public currency. (2.) The maintenance of the public faith in regard to the public debt. (3.) The restoration of the Southern States to their proper relation to the Federal Government."

The Secretary enters upon an elaborate argument in regard to each of these subjects. There is, he says, an excess of paper-money in the United States. "The actual legitimate business of the country is not larger than it was in 1860, when three hundred millions of coin and bank-notes were an ample circulating medium, and when an addition of fifty millions would have made it excessive."—In connection with this topic he argues at length in favor of the existing system of National Banks. The main objection adduced against the system, he says, is that, "If $300,000,000 of United States notes were substituted for the $300,000,000 of National Bank notes now in circulation, the Government would have some $18,000,000 of interest which is now a gratuity to the banks." But he affirms, supported by the Controller of the Currency, that there would be no such saving; for "if an account were opened with these banks, and they were charged with the interest on $300,000,000 and the losses sustained through those that have failed, and credited with the interest on the United States notes held by them as a permanent reserve, with the taxes paid by them to the Government and the States, and with a commission covering only what has been saved in transferring and disbursing public money, it would be ascertained that the banks were not debtors to the United States." But his objection to the proposed substitution would not be removed even

if a saving of interest would be thereby made. He regards the issue of United States notes "as a misfortune, and their continuance as a circulating medium, unless the volume shall be steadily reduced, as fraught with mischief; and he can conceive of no circumstances that would justify a further issue." The legal-tender notes, he says, even after the reduction that has been made, "stand in the way of a return to specie payments; and a substitution of them for bank-notes would be regarded by him and the country as a declaration that resumption had been indefinitely postponed."

The maintenance of the public faith, the Secretary says, involves wise and stable revenue laws, economy in expenditures, and "a recognition of the obligation of the Government to pay its bonds in accordance with the understanding under which they were issued." In regard to the tariff, he suggests that, as far as possible, and especially in cases where the duty bears a large proportion to the value of the goods, and where the foreign market value is difficult to ascertain or is subject to great fluctuation, that *specific* instead of *ad valorem* duties be imposed. He recommends that the internal tax upon many articles be removed. The internal duties last year would have largely exceeded the estimates were it not for the failure to collect the taxes upon distilled spirits. A tax of two dollars upon an article which can be produced for thirty cents has afforded "a temptation to avoid its payment, which has to a great extent demoralized both the manufacturers and the officers of the revenue."

In opposition to the view maintained by many prominent men, the Secretary argues that when the Government bonds were issued it was with the express understanding that "while the interest-bearing notes should be converted into bonds or paid in lawful money, the bonds should be paid, principal as well as interest, in coin." Would, he asks, people have converted their property into Five-Twenty bonds "if they had understood that they were to be paid five years after their respective dates in a currency of the value of which they could form no reliable estimate?" "National debts," he sums up, "are subject to the moral law of nations; and whenever there is no expression to the contrary, coin payments are honorably implied." Moreover, Government has now no United States notes in the Treasury, and its annual receipts will not hereafter be much beyond its expenditures. Government could not "by a new loan raise money for the purpose of violating an agreement under which a previous loan was negotiated;" and consequently the only way would be to pay these bonds as proposed, "except by putting the printing-presses again at work and issuing more promises, which must themselves eventually be paid in coin, converted into coin bonds, or repudiated. .....An issue of five hundred millions of United States notes would reduce the seven hundred millions of paper money now in circulation to one-half their present value, even if the apprehension of further issues did not place them on a par with Confederate notes at the close of the rebellion;" the bare statement of the proposition, the Secretary says, "exposes its wickedness. It is a proposition that the people of the United States, who own four-fifths of the national obligations, shall by their own deliberate act rob and ruin themselves, and at the same time cover the nation with inexpressible and ineffaceable disgrace." The plan proposed by the Secretary is to

> "Issue bonds to be known as the Consolidated Debt of the United States, bearing six per cent. interest and having twenty years to run, into which all other obligations of the Government shall as rapidly as possible be converted; one-sixth part of the interest at each semi-annual payment to be reserved by the Government and paid over to the States according to their population."

That is, in effect, a tax of one per cent. will be levied upon these bonds for the benefit of the States, and in lieu of State and municipal taxes. Although State and local taxes now generally exceed one per cent., yet, when debts incurred for bounties are paid and economy once more introduced into the administration of State affairs, this indirect assessment upon bonds will, the Secretary thinks, equal the assessments upon other species of property, thus removing the manifest objection that a certain species of property is relieved from taxation. The Secretary thinks that there will be no difficulty in speedily converting the outstanding obligations of Government into this Consolidated Debt.

REPORT OF GENERAL GRANT.

The Report of General Grant as General and also as Secretary of War embodies many minute details in relation to the army. The whole military force on the 30th of September was, officers and men, 56,815; the number of recruits, 34,191; of deserters, 13,608. Recruiting had been very successful, and men were supplied as fast as needed.

The Report embodies an abstract of the Report of the Commissioners of the Freedmen's Bureau. The appropriations for this Bureau for the year ending June 30, 1868, were $3,800,000; the expenditures for the eleven months, from October 1, 1866, to August 31, 1867, were $3,600,000; the surplus from the unexpended appropriations of 1866, with the balance of the present appropriation, will be sufficient for the present year, and no additional appropriations are requested. The principal items of expenditure are: for food and subsistence, $1,460,000; schools and school-buildings, $550,000; salaries of agents, etc., $521,000; medical department, $330,000; transportation, $227,000; clothing, $116,000.—General Grant says that "No recommendation is made at the present time respecting the continuance or discontinuance of this Bureau. During the session of Congress facts may develop themselves requiring special legislation in the premises, when the necessary recommendations may be made."——The most important portion of this Report relates to the measures taken by the Commanders of the Military Districts:

In the *First District* (Virginia), General Schofield, "the civil Government was interfered with only when necessary, and the wisdom of the policy has been demonstrated by the result. The instances of complaint of the action of the civil courts became extremely rare." The first idea was to admit blacks as jurors; but upon considering the question in all its bearings, especially taking into view prejudices of caste and class, and as a military change in the jury system would be but temporary, it was thought best

to leave the subject to the Convention soon to meet, and be content with a system of military commissions. Commissioners were appointed from officers of the army and the Freedmen's Bureau with the powers of Justices of the Peace, and the State was divided into districts under Commanders with the power of Circuit Judges, "taking jurisdiction only in cases where the civil authorities failed to do justice. The system has given a large measure of protection to all classes of citizens with slight interference with the civil courts."

In the *Second District* (North and South Carolina), General Canby, "in order to secure a more efficient administration of justice it was deemed necessary to place all sheriffs and other municipal officers under the immediate control of a military officer.....This has enabled the District Commander to secure the release of many Union men and freedmen against whom much gross injustice had been committed..... The present condition of the district is so satisfactory as to warrant the belief that after the elections the number of military posts in both States can be diminished."

In the *Third District* (Georgia, Florida, and Alabama), General Pope, in consequence of the riot at Mobile an order was issued "holding city and county officers responsible for the preservation of peace at public meetings, and requiring the United States troops to assist them when called upon. No disturbances have since occurred." By the laws of the States no colored person could be admitted to the jury-box, and "there was no surety of justice to Union men, to people from the North, and especially ex-Union soldiers or to colored persons, from juries inflamed with hostility toward such classes. There is a very large number of cases of wrong perpetrated by such juries on file. Accordingly an order was issued directing all jurors to be drawn indiscriminately from the list of voters registered by the Boards of Registration. Very few civil officers have been removed, and those in almost every case were removed for refusing to comply with orders."

In the *Fourth District* (Mississippi and Arkansas), General Ord, "the Reconstruction measures of Congress are unpopular," but their execution has met with slight opposition, the disaffected having been "kept in order by the troops distributed through the States." The civil laws have not been interfered with except that where there was reason to believe justice would not be done, cases have been removed from the courts. In consequence of the indisposition of the civil authorities of Arkansas to take action in cases of offenses against freedmen, such cases were directed to be tried by military commission, and civil officers who fail to issue writs and the like to be punished. Many offices are vacant because it is impossible to find men competent to fill them. "The extension of suffrage to freedmen has evidently aroused a sentiment of hostility to the colored race, and to Northern men in many parts of the district, and General Ord is convinced that a larger force than is now stationed in those States to preserve order and organize Conventions will be required hereafter to protect them and secure the freedmen the use of the suffrage. .....The will of the colored people may be in favor of supporting loyal office-holders, but their intelligence is not sufficient to enable them to combine for the execution of their will. All their combinations are now conducted by white men under the protection of the military; and if this protection were withdrawn these whites would depart, and some of the people, exasperated at what they consider the presumption of the freedmen, would not be very gentle toward them."

From the *Fifth District* (Louisiana and Texas) the report of General Mower, in temporary command, had not been received at the time when General Grant's Report was prepared.——Generals Sheridan and Sickles, having been relieved before the time for submitting their annual reports, had given none to the War Department.

The Report touches upon the condition of the Departments not embraced within the five Military Divisions in the Southern States. The Indian hostilities in the Division of Missouri are lightly touched upon. These hostilities, "though the reports of many proved to be greatly exaggerated," were sufficient to require the utmost activity on the part of the troops. The efforts of the Department Commanders to effect peace "were at times greatly embarrassed by a disposition on the part of irresponsible persons to precipitate hostilities by false rumors and sensation reports." General Grant recommends to Congress to provide a more efficient civil government for the Indian country.——From the Department of the *Cumberland*, embracing Kentucky, Tennessee, and West Virginia, General Thomas reports that "with his present force he is able partially to hold in check the disloyal tendencies of the people, and to punish, if not to prevent, unlawful proceedings; and although there still remains much to be desired in the way of protection to life and property throughout his command, outrages are not so prevalent as formerly; but the feeling of the people is still hostile to the Government."——The Division of the *Pacific* embraces one-third of the territory, one-sixtieth of the civilized, and one-third of the Indian population of the United States. More or less depredations have been committed by Indians in nearly every part of this division. They roam in small bands, acting independently, so that no treaty can be made with them. The Apaches are the worst. "With them there is no alternative but active and vigorous war till they are completely destroyed or forced to surrender as prisoners of war."

REPORT OF THE SECRETARY OF THE NAVY.

The *Secretary of the Navy* states that the present naval force consists of 238 vessels of all classes, mounting 1869 guns. Of these 103 vessels, with 898 guns, are in actual service in one way or another; and 135 vessels, with 971 guns, are either laid up, unfinished, repairing, or for sale. During the year 11,900 men have been employed in the naval and coast-survey service. The vessels on squadron service number 56, with 507 guns. The squadrons were: *The European*, Admiral Farragut, 7 vessels, 83 guns; the *Asiatic*, Admiral Bell, 12 vessels, 96 guns; the *North Atlantic*, Admiral Palmer, 10 vessels, 79 guns; the *South Atlantic*, Admiral Davis, 7 vessels, 65 guns; the *North Pacific*, Admiral Thatcher, 11 vessels, 86 guns; the *South Pacific*, Admiral Dahlgren, 6 vessels, 51 guns.——A

great part of the Report is occupied with details of the proceedings of these squadrons, and with miscellaneous suggestions. The estimates for this department for the ensuing year are $47,000,000, in round numbers, of which $10,600,000 are for pay of officers and men; $10,000,000 for repairs and improvements in navy-yards; $8,700,000 for construction and repairs of vessels, the remainder being for coal, equipment, ordnance, machinery, provisions, etc.

CONGRESS.

The question of the impeachment of the President was disposed of early in the session. From the first it was apparent that only a very small minority in the House were in favor of impeachment. Two leading speeches were made upon the question, by Messrs. Boutwell and Wilson, the respective authors of the Majority and Minority Reports, noted in our last Record. These speeches merely developed the views contained in the Reports. It was finally agreed that the question should turn upon the resolution in the Majority Report that: "Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, be impeached for high crimes and misdemeanors." The vote, taken December 7, was 57 ayes to 108 nays. All those voting in favor of the resolution are Republicans. Of those voting against it, 39 are Democrats and 69 Republicans. It thus appears that a considerable majority of the Republican members (69 to 57) were not in favor of impeachment. Some members were absent, and others on each side "paired off," but had all voted the result would not have been essentially changed.

The opening weeks of the session are of necessity devoted to the consideration of and debate upon measures, final action upon which must be had at a later period. Financial matters have occupied the greater part of the attention of both Houses. The bills presented and the debates thereupon show that Congress is in this respect divided into two "schools" of finance. The one holds with the Secretary of the Treasury, that the paper currency should be contracted; the other, that if not enlarged it should at least not be reduced. It is not worth while at present to attempt to reproduce the bills and resolutions in which these respective views are set forth. We reserve this for the time when some definite action shall have been taken in regard to them. We note, however, that on the 4th of December the House, by a vote of 145 to 20, passed a bill repealing the tax upon cotton.——In the House, December 18, a very important bill was passed by 104 to 37—an almost strictly party vote. It is in effect a Supplementary Reconstruction bill. It provides (1.) That so much of the Act of March 23, 1867, as "requires that a majority of all the registered voters shall be cast at the election for the ratification or rejection of the Constitution, shall be considered as valid, and as affirming or rejecting said Constitution." And (2.) that the voters of the several States mentioned in the Act may at the time of voting upon the ratification of the Constitution also vote for members of Congress, who shall take their seats upon taking the prescribed oaths of office, as soon as these States are duly reconstructed and entitled to representation in the Congress of the United States; and that, unless otherwise duly provided for, and until a new apportionment be made, the electors shall be according to the districts as they existed in the years 1858 and 1859. This bill has yet to undergo the action of the Senate and of the Executive.——Congress, on the 20th of December, adjourned over the holidays, to meet January 6.

CONDITION OF THE SOUTH.

All accounts concur in representing the general condition of the Southern States as most deplorable. In the "Cotton States" it is the worst. Probably the most reliable account of this may be found in the Report rendered to General Ord by General Gillem, bearing date December 10, 1867. It relates especially to the State of Mississippi, but with little variation will equally apply to other Cotton States. General Gillem states that at the close of the war cotton commanded from 40 to 60 cents a pound, which induced a large amount of capital to be invested in its production. The crop of 1866 was short; yet this was regarded as an exceptional season, and many planters undertook to raise a crop for 1867, agreeing to become responsible for the support of the laborers until the crop was gathered. The crop of 1867, from various causes, did not exceed half of what was expected; and, moreover, the price of cotton was not more than half of that of the preceding year; so that the result was only a quarter of what had been anticipated by planters and freedmen. Whence followed "financial ruin of the planter and capitalist, and discontent of the laborer." There are undoubted cases of dishonesty on the part of the employers; but there are many where the planters have turned over to the laborers not only the entire crop, but also the mules and implements used in its production. The general result has been that planters have determined to abandon the production of cotton. Indeed if they wished to grow cotton it would be impossible for them to obtain the necessary advances. They will turn their cotton lands into corn-fields. But as the production of corn requires only about one-fifth of the labor demanded by cotton, four-fifths of the laborers of last year will be thrown out of work. Still the freedmen demand the wages of last year, and refuse to enter into contracts for the ensuing year at less rates; and being without other means of support, they resort to general depredation. This, says General Gillem, "is the condition of affairs in the State of Mississippi." There is also, says General Gillem, "a wide-spread belief, which is daily increasing among the freedmen, that the land of the State is to be divided and distributed among them, and in some districts this illusion is assuming a practical form by the freedmen refusing to contract for the next year, or to leave the premises they have cultivated this year."

MILITARY COMMANDS.

Some notable changes have been made in the Military Commands. General Hancock, in assuming that vacated by the removal of General Sheridan, rescinded various orders issued by his predecessor. The most important of these was that whereby jurors were to be drawn from the list of registered voters, including both white and colored persons. General Hancock's order declared that the question of the admissibility of jurors belonged wholly to the civil courts, and not to the military power. The President there-

upon (December 18) sent a special message to Congress, in which he lauded General Hancock's avowal of his determination to "make the law the rule of his conduct," and suggested that "some public recognition of General Hancock's patriotic order is due, if not to him, to the friends of law and justice throughout the country."

On the 28th of December an order was issued making several changes in the commands of the Military Districts: (1.) General Ord was ordered to turn over the command of the Fourth Military District, and take that of the Department of California. (2.) General M'Dowell, in command in California, was to take command of the Fourth District. That is, Ord and M'Dowell were to exchange commands. (3.) General Pope was relieved from the command of the Third District, and ordered to report at Head-quarters for further orders. (4.) General Meade was to take command of the Third District, leaving the Department of the East under the charge of the next senior officer, until a commander was named by the President.

RECENT PHYSICAL COMMOTIONS.

For three or four months past there have been signs of violent physical agitations, both of a geological and meteorological character. These unusual manifestations have attracted attention by their simultaneous occurrence in various parts of the world, and by their signal violence in the West India Islands. They began about the middle of September, in a storm which prevailed along our entire coast and on the Great Lakes. Simultaneously there was a slight shock of earthquake felt in Porto Rico, in which island the storm destroyed the entire crops of certain districts. A month later (October 9) a violent hurricane swept the banks of the Rio Grande, killing twenty-six persons at Matamoras, ten at Brownsville, and twelve at Brazos. At Bagdad not a house was left standing; at Clarksville only two. About ninety citizens of Bagdad escaped by going on board a vessel and riding out the storm; all the others perished. At Brownsville entire squares were laid in ruins; the strongest edifices—the court-house, jail, custom-house, and even an iron building—were destroyed. In Matamoras 1500 houses and huts were blown down. At Ponce and Penuelas, in Porto Rico, a storm prevailed at the same time, the river on which they stand overflowing its banks, and causing serious damage, but no loss of life. On the 29th a terrific hurricane swept the island of St. Thomas, almost if not quite as destructive as that of 1837. There were nearly seventy vessels—British, American, French, Dutch, and Spanish—riding at anchor in the bay. The wind blew first from the west, driving ashore the smaller craft in the bay, and unroofing several houses in the town. Then there was a brief lull, after which the tornado again broke forth in greater fury—this time from the northeast. The entire fleet in the bay was swept away, being either driven ashore or sunk, with a loss of life estimated at over 1000. The property of the Royal Mail Steamship Company (six of whose steamers were wrecked by the storm) was totally destroyed, as indeed were all the wharves and buildings on the shore. The wreck in the bay and on the coast was scarcely greater than the desolation of the town and the island. The next day the storm visited Porto Rico, San Domingo, and Cape Haytien, causing heavy loss of life and great destruction of property. During the hurricane at St. Thomas two distinct shocks of earthquake were experienced.

Following these agitations under and upon the earth's surface came the brilliant meteoric shower of November 13–14. Professor Loomis says he "counted 500 meteors, alone, in one hour, which would indicate about 3000 per hour for the entire heavens, and that, too, in the presence of a full moon, which probably eclipsed two-thirds of the whole number."

As M. Dellisier, a French savant, predicted, the storms of October in the West Indies were followed in November by violent shocks of earthquake. These latter commenced on the night of the 11th, and from that time to the 19th violent convulsions were experienced at St. Bartholomew, St. Martin, St. Thomas, and Saba islands, at Mayaquez, in Porto Rico, and at St. Domingo. The shock at Santa Cruz was felt out at sea. The United States war steamer *De Soto* was dashed ashore and broken to pieces. The *Monongahela* was carried upon the wave to the centre of the town (Contra), and with the refluence was carried back and left upon the beach. On the same day San Juan, in Porto Rico, was depopulated, the inhabitants at the first shock taking to the streets, and finally to the open fields. There seems to have been little if any loss of life caused by these convulsions, though the destruction of property was considerable. On the 30th of November, as if in sympathy with these agitations in the West Indies, Vesuvius, which had been smouldering for many years, was reported to be "in a grand state of eruption." It is reported that some of the smaller West India Islands were submerged by the earthquake. Tortola was reported to be thus deluged with the loss of all its inhabitants, numbering 10,000; but subsequent information indicates that, while this island was visited like the others, it suffered not much more severely than the rest. On the morning of December 18 a very distinct earthquake shock was felt in portions of New York, Vermont, and Canada.

EUROPE.

In Great Britain the main topic of interest is the new phase which the Fenian movement has assumed. In Ireland funeral ceremonies in honor of the persons executed at Manchester were proposed; most of these were prevented by the authorities. In London two men, Burke and Casey, were confined in the Clerkenwell prison. The buildings are surrounded by a high wall, and in the space between it was known that the prisoners were allowed to take exercise. The prison is situated in a poor and crowded part of the city. On the 13th of December two men and a woman were seen to place a barrel against the wall; they left, and in a few minutes an explosion took place, by which a huge breach was made in the wall, the opposite buildings were shattered, three persons killed on the spot, and some scores more or less severely injured. A woman and two men were arrested on suspicion of being the persons who placed the powder-barrel. In Ireland several magazines and dépôts of arms have been seized, presumably by Fenians. The excitement in England is intense, and even an accidental explosion of glycerine at Newcastle was at first attributed to the ubiquitous Fenians.

Editor's Drawer.

THE monthly feast is finished.
The meats removed.
The cloth brushed.

[*Enter slaves bearing wines and fruits.*]

Dessert! Always the pleasantest part of the dinner.

Light your *conchas*, good people.

Edge off a little from the mahogany.

Be communicative, and cheer the pleasant and expectant faces around you with the good things you have heard since the last monthly *epulum*.

A half million nice people, scattered up and down the land—in city, in village, in town and hamlet, in country seat, in humble cot—await your chat.

But before the fruits are passed let us be historical.

Why is the month called February? (Not a conundrum.) We quote: "It was not in the Romulian Calendar. In the reign of Numa two months were added to the year, namely, January at the beginning, and February at the end; and this arrangement was continued until B.C. 452, when the decemvirs placed February after January. The ancient name of *Februarius* was derived from the verb *februare*, to purify; or from *Februa*, the Roman festival of general expiation and lustration, which was celebrated during the latter part of this month."

Having ventilated this little piece of information, we resume the even tenor and soprano of our way, and present to you, ladies and gentlemen, first, as a text for the monthly discourse, the following short homily from Wordsworth:

"Humor and fun—humor and fun!
There's nothing like it under the sun;
But if you'd have it a perfect thing—
All of it honey, none of it sting—
Except, perhaps, an occasional fling
At pride, or folly, or some such thing,
Hold on the reins, or rather chains,
That wisdom throws o'er fancy's strains."

THERE seems to be a Beecherian revival. Everywhere we hear the name; every where read it. Mr. Beecher's "Prayers," published by Scribner; Mr. Beecher's "Norwood," published by Bonner, and dramatized by Daly; Mr. Beecher's "Lectures" before Lyceums; Mr. Beecher's "Sermons," soon to be published, in several volumes, by the Harpers. It reminds one of the *furore* originally created by "Uncle Tom," especially in England, where it was voted the most original work of the kind ever written. Lords read it, ladies read it. Lawyers and doctors and ministers, and all sorts and conditions of men, read it. Even the "swells" had to come in at last, as was acknowledged in the following clever "Homage to Mrs. Stowe," written by one of the fraternity:

"A must wead *Uncle Tom*—a wawk
Which A'm afwaid's extwemely slow;
People one meets begin to talk
Of MRS. HARWIETBEECHASTOWE.

"'Tis not as if A saw ha name
To walls and windas still confined;
All that is meawly vulga fame:
A don't wespect the public mind.

"But Staffa'd House has made haw quite
Anotha kind a pawson look,
A Countess would pasist, last night,
In asking me about haw book.

"She wished to know if A admiawd
EVA? which quite confounded me;
And then haw Ladyship inqwaw'd
Whethaw A didn't hate Legwee?

"By JOVE A was completely flaw'd!
A wish'd myself, or haw, at Fwance;
And that's the way a fella's baw'd
By ev'wy gal he asks to dance.

"A felt myself a gweata fool
Than A had evaw felt befaw;
A'll study at some Wagged School
The tale of that old Blackamaw!"

A GENTLEMAN friend, member of a prominent club, fond of and accustomed to the society of clever people, was speaking a few evenings since of a dinner-party at which were assembled several brilliant conversationists. The gentleman observed that, though not professing to be a man of "infinite jest" at table, he was nevertheless "a good, square feeder." To which a thin by-stander, "whose name it is Van," replied: "I suppose, then, if not a man of infinite *jest*, you may fairly consider yourself a man of infinite *digest!*" And the party politely raised hats, and looked as though something had been said.

IT has been remarked by an old bachelor, who professes to be particularly astute in knowledge of the female character, that an American girl loves with her eyes, an English girl with her arms, a French girl with her lips, and Italian and Spanish with all three. A Boston woman capitulates in three months, a New York woman in two, and a New Orleans woman in one. Causes: partly climatic and constitutional, and partly *a few words from the old folks in the back-room.*

"KEEP my letters, they will be as good as Madame de Sévigné's forty years hence." Thus wrote Lady Mary Wortley Montague, and the opinion of a century has confirmed the fact that she was herself one of the best letter-writers in the English language, and a worthy rival of the French lady. Somewhat different in style and sentiment are the letters that, through negligence of those to whom they are addressed, sometimes find their way to the Dead-Letter Office. For example, the following from a young gentleman of good habits and laudable aspirations:

"I am honest young man of good caricature and regal habits and hope to become an ormament to myself and others at a future period of my life."

Next is an extract from one who is boastful of his physical condition. As Mr. Weller would say, it "werges on the poetical:"

"I am in the bloom of early human life, in the *beast* of health."

Next, one somewhat Emersonian in style, but marked with earnestness and sincerity:

"I am a person of blithed prospects, and have received that portion of literal acquirements which to an assiduous candidate would help forward with untainted character, suitable apparel, and under subordinate terms."

The following emphatic summons to a gentleman of obstetric pursuits will not be unappreciated:

"SIR,—An unfourseen okerance has okerd, *which*

I request you will remove. A few days previous my wife was dlivrd of a young daughter."

As a letter of recommendation, or character, the following will serve as a model for nine-tenths of the serving maidens extant in this "refuge for the oppressed of all nations:"

"Emma W—— lived with me as a servant-of-all-work. I found her strictly honest and sober, rather unsteady, and not very particular about telling an untruth."

How touching this:

"Here is a poor orfin boy age 32 with a willing hart, a strong arem, and a loose leg."

This from an enterprising soul:

"Dearsir,—I understand you are the Transplanter for Australia & Company. I should thank you to send me a voige, as I am not prepared to go *on my own head.*"

"The whole to conclude," as the old play-bills used to say, with the following lyric by a distinguished cleric, recommendatory of the everlasting Pat:

"Of Pat Merlin I,
The Rev. Dr. Guy
Diggory,
This certify:
That from November last,
Now just nine months past,
He worked with hoe,
Fork, axe, and spade;
Did likewise mow,
Hay sometimes made.
He held the plow,
Cared pigs and sow,
Horse, cur, and cow.
Harness well cleaned—
The young lambs weaned—
The sheep and farm
Kept clean from harm.
More fully to write,
Or with words to indite,
Would pose me outright."

In London town has been recently published a "Book about Lawyers," which contains some amusing anecdotes of the profession, though lacking the freshness and raciness of "The Bench and Bar," published by the Harpers. One or two of Erskine are worth reproduction:

Mr. Maylem of Ramsgate having observed that he was ordered by his physician not to bathe, Erskine remarked, "Then you are *malum prohibitum.*" "But my wife *is* permitted to bathe," continued the valetudinarian, prosing on without noticing the interruption. "Exactly," the wit interposed; "so we may speak of her as *malum in se.*" From an ordinary companion this would have been poor pleasantry; but spoken by Erskine's voice, and pointed by his smile and laughter, the puns were better than physic.

There is a story that after Erskine's retirement from public life he used, morning after morning, to waylay visitors on their road through the garden to his house, and, pointing to his horticultural attire and the spade in his hand, assure them that he was "enjoying his otium cum *digging a tatie.*"

Sometimes Erskine's treatment of witnesses was very jocular, and sometimes very unfair; but his jocoseness was usually so distinct from mere flippant derisiveness, and his unfairness was redeemed by such delicacy of wit and courtesy of manner, that his most malicious *jeux d'esprit* seldom raised the anger of the witnesses at whom they were aimed. A religious enthusiast objecting to be sworn in the usual manner, but stating that though he would not "kiss the book" he would "hold up his hand" and swear, Erskine asked him to give his reason for preferring so eccentric a way to the ordinary mode of giving testimony. "It is written in the Book of Revelation," answered the man, "that the angel standing on the sea *held up his hand.*" "But that does not apply to your case," urged the advocate; "for, in the first place, you are no angel; secondly, you can not tell how the angel would have sworn if he had stood on dry ground, as you do."

So much for Erskine. The following is of another style:

The present writer has heard of a barrister at the bar of one of our Australian colonies, who secured the acquittal of a notorious murderer by concluding his speech thus: "At great length, gentlemen of the jury, I have stated the reasons which cause me to believe in the prisoner's innocence, and to regard him as a personal friend. Gentlemen, the prisoner in the dock *is* my very dear personal friend; and if he falls by your hands I will avenge his honor and my loss. As a gentleman of an ould Irish family, who can snuff candles with a revolver at twelve paces, I call upon you to place my friend right in the eyes of society. I leave the case in your hands, feeling satisfied that you will not accuse me of employing the language of menace, when I have done no more than hint at some of the natural consequences of a verdict adverse to my conscientious opinion."

At the last November term of the Circuit Court held at La Crosse, Wisconsin, a very strongly contested suit came off in the case of Lowell *vs.* the Town of Burns, which had been brought to recover on a contract for building a bridge over the La Crosse River in that town. Just as one of the counsel for the plaintiff, Mr. Gage, closed his address to the jury, the District-Attorney, who had been present at the argument, handed him the following:

"The jury traveled very far,
Surmounting many a ridge,
And hoped ere dinner-time to cross
The famous Lowell bridge.
O'ercome by hunger and fatigue,
Imagine, then, their rage,
To find themselves obstructed by
The infernal narrow-Gage!"

A good thing was got off during the last political campaign by a newspaper wag, who acted as secretary of a Republican meeting. The chairman happened to be a *medical* gentleman of some reputation, who had the ambition to be thought a man of political weight.

"Who is the presiding officer?" asked a thin, little man of the secretary.

"Don't you know him?"

"No."

"What an ignoramus! Why, that's *Doctor* C——, one of the *pill*-ars of the party!"

There is but one Philadelphia, and Morton M'Michael is its prophet. When Philadelphia dines Morton M'Michael presides. It is then good to be there. Not many months back, while dining an English guest, Mr. M'Michael said:

"If you do not like terrapin you will not like America," and never did the witty Philadelphian make a truer remark. Every English traveler who finds himself in good company, especially in Richmond, Baltimore, and Philadelphia, is tested with terrapin. He may not know what is going on; what is expected of him; but his quick sense will tell him that, on a certain dish of soup being placed before him—a black and most unsightly-looking dish—the eyes of his friends and hosts are upon him. If he pauses at the sight, they wait and watch; if he recoils from the taste, they change color; if he sends the plate away, they despair. He may as well take his portmanteau and sail for Europe. If he should smack his lips, cry "Bravo! what is this?" and call for a second helping, his fortune is complete; the company will accept him as a brother; and from that moment he will be enrolled among the choice spirits of the world who are recognized by our cousins as Friends of America. "Once," said a great believer in this test, "I was rather staggered. A man came to Baltimore with good letters of introduction; he was a scholar and a republican; and his whole heart seemed to be alive with love for us and for our institutions. We set terrapin before him. He turned up his nose; he pushed it away. But events justified him. He was no friend of America; for when our great trouble came upon us that man was one of the sharpest thorns in our side. How could he be a Friend of America when he could not eat terrapin?"

In Butler County, Ohio, a locality equally celebrated for the consumption of whisky and devotion to Vallandigham, lives—or, if not, is buried—an illustrious member of the judiciary, by rank a J. P., and a Pennsylvania Dutchman by extraction, "which his name it was" Squire Ritter.

Once upon a time a knotty case was tried before him, wherein, strange to say, his decision gave much dissatisfaction to the unsuccessful party, whose counsel promptly gave notice of a "motion for new trial," and a day was set for the argument thereof.

At the time appointed the lawyers were on hand with armfuls of books; and after most of the day had been spent in a wordy conflict, the dust of which might well have obscured a clearer mental vision than that of the worthy Squire, the latter thus disposed of the question:

"Ven I gifs dis choochment I vas villins to schwear he vash all right; put now Misther Chones he says *nein*, unt Misther Shmit he says *yah*, unt it's pull Tick pull Tuyfel mit ter pooks. I kess de pesht blan"—turning to the place in his docket where the obnoxious decision was entered, and *tearing out the leaf*—"ish to take a fresh shtart, and crant a new trial!"

Bulwer, in his play of "Richelieu," makes the old Cardinal say:

"Beneath the rule of men entirely great
The Pen is mightier than the Sword.
* * * * *
Take away the Sword!
States may be saved without it!"

This was not quite the understanding of it in Revolutionary times; at least, it was not seen in that light by General Israel Putnam, for it was only recently that Mr. Henry Champion Deming presented to a Rhode Island military organization an autograph letter written by the old hero, of which the following is a copy:

"Camp at prospect hil

"*Sir* Pleas to delivor the Barror hearof 2 Tons of Bread to some rod Islanders as they came from roxbary yesterday and nothing to eat.

"Israel Putnam."

In a boarding-school not far from Boston the rector was accustomed to require the smaller boys to read every evening before going to bed a chapter from the New Testament—each a verse. One of the boys, who prided himself on his elocutionary ability, and frequently neglected orthography for emphasis, had fall to him one evening the verse: "And Herod *laid* hold on John." Rising gracefully, and mistaking the *l* in the third word for an *s*, he thundered out: "And Herod *said*, Hold on, John!"

It was a saying of *La Rochefoucauld* that, "in all the professions every one affects a particular look and exterior, in order to appear what he wishes to be thought; so that it may be said the world is made up of appearances;" which brings to mind a little poem on "Appearance," that may be read with pleasure for its beauty of expression, and with profit for the good it suggests:

"When poverty our comfort screws,
Part with whatever else we choose,
What from no motive must we lose?
Appearance!

"What chills the heart to pleasure strung,
And binds the childish prattling tongue,
Making old people of the young?
Appearance!

"When the bell tolls the hour of prayer,
With measured tread and solemn air,
What brings, alas! too many there?
Appearance!

"What makes the empty fool deemed wise?
What virtue's vacant place supplies,
Winning soft looks from dove-like eyes?
Appearance!

"Yet though the vain world's favorite,
From what does He who dwells in light
Avert in righteous wrath His sight?
Appearance!"

The hygienic effect of a habitual perusal of the Drawer has been happily manifested in the case of a legal gentleman in Afton, Union County, Iowa, who thus writes of its curative qualities:

"Since time, whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary, our household have been readers of *Harper*. Last year, feeling poor, we endeavored to economize by discontinuing it. Vain attempt! Not having laughed much during the year I have suffered from indigestion, and who *can* laugh unless he reads the Drawer? Wife and I consequently held a caucus, and decided that certain enumerated things could be dispensed with, but *Harper* must come. I therefore inclose the requisite sum," etc.

Our correspondent writes in a clear, bold hand, showing perfect steadiness of nerves, and otherwise indicating the happy effects of taking eight pages of Drawer regularly once each month. It has diffused felicity throughout that household.

During the war Captain C——, a Quarter-Master, stationed in Lexington, Kentucky, loaned his little son, Jamie, an exceedingly diminutive

and gentle mule. One morning Jamie came running to his mother, and said:

"Mamma, may I curry my mule?"

"Why do you wish to curry him?"

"Because *I want to make the hair grow out over his U. S.!*"

THE epitaphic mania having broken out afresh in the newspapers, we improve the occasion to reproduce two that were long time since filed away for the delectation of those who love the Drawer:

"Here lies Jack Core.
Well, I'll say no more—
Only I'll observe that he was alive
In 1825.
In 1826
He had almost crossed the river Styx;
In 1827
He was striving hard to go to heaven;
In 1828
He went the other way quite straight."

"Here lies Job Valentine
(A particular friend of mine).
Aged about sixty-nine.
None of your Pharaoh's lean kine.
A workman in the preaching line
Was he when death cut his twine,
Though his sermons were not very fine.
He was no Jew, for he ate swine;
Turk neither, for he loved wine;
No dandy, for he could not shine;
Nor Quaker, for he had no spirit;
Nor Catholic, for he had no merit.
During forty years he preached and lied,
For which God ——— him when he died."

As a jocular view of it this is very well; but there have been what Ed'ard Cuttle calls "chunks of wisdom" written on the soberer side. This, for example, from Hazlitt:

"The pathetic exhortation on country tombstones, 'Grieve not for me, my wife and children dear,' etc., is for the most part speedily followed to the letter. People walk along the streets the day after our deaths just as they did before, and the crowd is not diminished. While we were living the world seemed in a manner to exist only for us, for our delight and amusement, because it contributed to them. But our hearts cease to beat, and it goes on as usual, and thinks no more about us than it did in our lifetime. The million are devoid of sentiment, and care as little for you or me as if we belonged to the moon. We live the week over in the Sunday's newspaper, or are decently interred in some obituary at the month's end! It is not surprising that we are forgotten so soon after we quit this mortal stage; we are scarcely noticed while we are on it. It is not merely that our names are not known in China—they have hardly been heard of in the next street. It is amazing how soon the rich and titled, and even some of those who have wielded great political power, are forgotten:

'A little rule, a little sway,
Is all the great and mighty have
Between the cradle and the grave'—

and, after its short date, they hardly leave a name behind them. 'A great man's memory may, at the common rate, survive him half a year.' His heirs and successors take his wealth—all that made him considerable or courted by others; and he has left nothing behind either to flatter or benefit the world. Posterity give their gratitude and admiration only in return for benefits conferred."

As the excellent Mr. Joe Gargery once remarked: "That is about where it lights, I believe."

THE "Conscience Fund" of the United States Treasury is almost daily receiving contributions from people who, once naughty, now strive to be virtuous and pay cash. We have to record a fresh instance of that monitor of whom Shakspeare said:

"It makes a man a coward: a man
Can not steal but it accuseth him; a man
Can not swear but it checks him.
'Tis a blushing, shame-faced spirit, that
Mutinies in a man's bosom; it fills
One full of obstacles. It made me once
Restore a purse of gold."

Mr. Charles Delmonico is the fortunate recipient of the "forced loan" to which we refer, and is addressed as follows:

"NEW YORK, *November* 15, '67.

"*Mr Delmonicko*

"DEARSIE,—

"This V is youers and not mine
I think I cept it long innough
You over paid it to me sometime agoe
One day youer temper was very rough

"This is for Mr Delmonicko who cept Delmonicko hotell corner of william st and peral in 1859.

"Good by Mr. Delmonicko I wish you well I hope to see you every Day in the hight of splendor."

This man was probably young when he yielded to the five-dollar irregularity, but age and the inward gnawing cried, Disgorge! As Byron says:

"....At sixteen the conscience rarely gnaws
So much as when we call our old debts in
At sixty years, and draw the account of evil,
And find a deuced balance with the devil."

AMONG the Faculty of Harvard College is Professor Cooke, the author of a noted treatise on Chemical Physics. While conducting the recitation of a class in which was a young gentleman named Slack, the following dialogue occurred:

PROFESSOR COOKE. "Can you inform us, Sir, how they *slak*(*e*) lime?"

MR. SLACK. "Certainly, Sir; they *cook*(*e*) it."

"OF all the causes which conspire to blind
Man's erring judgment and misguide the mind,
What the weak head with strongest bias rules,
Is *pride*, the never-failing vice of fools."

Doubtless a correct statement according to the poetical notion of Mr. Pope, but inaccurate when viewed from the stand-point of a teamster. To illustrate: A soldier (white) of the Army of the Potomac being detailed as a teamster in a train mostly driven by negroes, who were hired at the rate of twenty-five dollars per month, while the soldier received no more than his regular pay of sixteen, made application to his captain to be "appointed a nigger *by brevet*, and to be assigned to duty in accordance with his *brevet* rank!"

THERE is extant in New Haven a veteran toper who is frequently subjected to mild attacks of *mania a potu*. On these occasions his eldest daughter is the only person who can manage him. Waking up one afternoon after an attack, his throat parched and dry, he called loudly for the daughter to bring him a drink. No one answering, he bounced out of bed in a rage, strode to the balusters, screamed for Linda, and in turn for each member of his numerous family. No one came. Consigning the entire household to a region of doubtful bliss, he rushed back to the room, and seizing the first piece of furniture that

met his eye—a small bureau—shoved it before him to the head of the stairs, and sent it whirling, end over end, to the hall below. The crash was loud enough to bring the daughter from the kitchen, followed by the affrighted family. The inebriated head thereof was seated at the top of the stairs, elbows on knees, chin resting in hands. "Oh, father! what is the matter?" asked the frightened daughter. "Matter!" said the old man. "Why, here I have been a-callin' and callin' for yer for nigh on to half an hour, and now I've *telegraphed* for yer—that's all. Bring me a drink!" The poison was brought.

Always pleased to hear from our telegramic friend at the West, who writes that at a recent wedding in Memphis a Mr. Miller was united in the holy bonds of matrimony to Miss Kate G——; whereupon a friend of the bridegroom spoke the following piece: "*Miller!*" I like your *grit;* may your marriage, like *good wheat, turn out* well; but may you be *ground* to *meal* if it is ever *told* that you have *bolted* from her; and may your *bran*-new relations produce a heaping-up *measure* of happiness, and your pathway be strewn with *flours!*"

You see what the West *can* do when she fairly gives herself up to the jocose.

We can "fancy the felines" of the gentleman who sends us the following "Sorrowful Story of the Thirty Cats:"

Our Kat-ie's pussy cat, having fed too freely on cat-fish, was afflicted with a cat-arrh which grew so severe that it brought on a cat-aract and terminated in a cat-alepsy. Dr. Cat-bird was called in to prescribe, who, at first, thought he was only to be made a cats-paw; but cat-echising us as to her symptoms, and seeing it was a real cat-astrophe, he ordered a cat-aplasm composed of cat-echu and of the leaves of cat-mint of cat-alpa and of cat-tail boiled with cat-sup to be applied as a cat-holicon and to act as a cathartic. She was then turned out among the cat-tle to cat-ch cat-erpillars and kat-y-dids; but, alas! this whole cat-alogue and cat-egory of cat-chpennies was of no avail to the poor cat-amount, and so, after much cat-erwauling, she died, and was laid on a cat-afalque, and buried in a cat-acomb on the banks of the Cat-awissa.

The good people of R——, a small village not many miles from Cleveland, Ohio, were talking of moving their church building to a pleasanter location. One Sabbath morning the minister took for his theme the "Rock of Ages," and in the middle of his discourse said, with considerable emphasis: "Who can move it?" A little Englishman, who had been napping, and who was one of those desirous of having the church moved, jumped up and startled the congregation with: "*I'll bring over my yoke of steers and help!*" The which proposition was subsequently accepted.

Oberlin, Ohio, is famous for the radical character of its College and the earnestness of its students. Among these, at a recent term, a young gentleman whose mind ran considerably on the word *ego*, was one day discussing with some fellow-students the subject of intermarriage of whites and blacks, and closed his forcible argument by saying: "If *you* choose to marry blacks you may do so, but as for myself, when *I* marry, I shall marry *one of my own sex!*"

The talkative maiden lady referred to in the Drawer of October last as "intending to be laid in her mother's grave, *if she was spared*," has lately delivered herself of the following: Speaking of a relative who had lost a child, which he had had to bury in the old grave-yard, she remarked, "If the new cemetery had only been ready he would have bought a lot and *gone right into it!*"

In that pleasant watering-place known as Hoboken exists a city official whose dutiful son holds politics in great contempt. The dignitary was not long ago visited by a party friend, with whom he held high debate on matters of public concern. While thus engaged, the young person's maternal progenitor requested him to go up to his father's study and bring down the two blowers that were required for the grates. The young person, obeying, entered the presence of "the governor," and said that Mrs. —— desired his presence below. Mr. B—— was a little surprised at the summons, but went down. On entering the parlor, papa and mamma gave each other an inquiring gaze, and asked what was meant? The youngster explained, that "Mamma had sent him up stairs for the two old blowers, and he had brought down the only two he saw!"

No wonder that New Jersey has gone Democratic.

For a little lady of two-and-a-half years this will do:

She had picked up a cane in the corner of the room and was playing with it—a plain stick bent at the end. Papa asked, "What are you doing with the cane?"

"It isn't a cane."

"What is it, then?"

"It's an umbrella without any clothes on."

The social and political status of the freedman is not only a troublesome question for politicians but enters into the cogitations of the youngsters. One of the latter, laboring under deep concern about the "inevitable," and inclined to philosophize, asked her mother,

"Mamma, how does God born people black?"

"By His great power."

"Well, I guess he has a great big pot of blacking and blacks them all over as soon as they are born."

"No," said mamma, "that would soon rub off."

In a little while a voice was heard from under the bed-cover, confidently saying,

"I know, mamma, He mixes the blacking with the dust."

A chemical view of the subject quite worthy to be analyzed.

"Laugh and grow fat," wrote Henry Giles; "if you should grow exorbitantly fat by laughing, laughing will still keep you in healthy motion. It is a most admirable system of stationary gymnastics. Humor puzzles logic; who can give a reason for the folly that is in him? But could

logic be applied to humor, and dare I describe the syllogism that would suit it, here is my description: its major should be good temper, its minor a good fancy, its middle term a good heart, and its conclusion a good laugh. Who can define humor? who can dissect it by analysis, or square it by the rules of logic? Who can methodize the vagaries of the mirthful brain? Who can make mathematics out of merriment? Who can postulate a pun? Who can square the circle of a joke? We have heard of 'Rabelais laughing in his easy-chair;' but who ever heard of Aristotle laughing in any chair, or Thomas Aquinas, or Emanuel Kant? Their very names suggest a nightmare of abstracts, concretes, syllogisms, enthymemes, and categorical imperatives. Conceive, if you can, the recovery of appetite by exercise in polemics, and the improvement of complexion by a regimen of metaphysics; suppose a man's getting rosy on statistics, and plump on political economy."

As Mr. Sparrowgrass would say, "it is a good thing to have a good wife." It is a delightful topic to talk of at home, and has been made the subject of a very popular lecture by the Rev. Dr. Willetts, who has been written to about it by a friend in the following ungrateful style:

"It is just as you say, Neighbor Green,
A treasure indeed is my wife;
Such another for bustle and work
I have never found in my life.
But then she keeps every one else
As busy as birds on the wing;
There is never a moment for rest,
She is such a fidgety thing.

"She makes the best bread in the town,
Her pies are a perfect delight;
Her coffee a rich golden brown;
Her crullers and puddings just right.
But then, while I eat them, she tells
Of the care and worry they bring;
Of the martyr-like toil she endures;
Oh, she's such a fidgety thing!

"My house is as neat as a pin;
You should see how the door-handles shine;
And all of the soft-cushioned chairs,
And nicely swept carpets are mine.
But then she so frets at the dust,
At a fly, at a straw, or a string,
That I stay out of doors all I can;
She is such a fidgety thing!

"She doctors the neighbors? Oh yes;
If a child has the measles or croup,
She is there with her saffrons and squills,
Her dainty made gruels and soup.
But then she insists on her right
To physic my blood in the spring;
And she takes the whole charge of my bile;
Oh, she is such a fidgety thing!

"It's just as you say, Neighbor Green,
A treasure to me has been given;
But sometimes I fain would be glad
To lay up my treasure in heaven!
But then, every life has its cross,
Most pleasures on earth have their sting;
She's a treasure, I know, Neighbor Green,
But she's such a fidgety thing!"

THE "Circumlocution Office" is still in existence, judging from the following clever hit, sent from a Western Pennsylvania lawyer to his correspondent at Washington:

"BROWNSVILLE, PA., *Aug.* 12, 1867.

"*Hon. D. E. S*——.

"DEAR SIR,—I herewith forward you another installment of 'additional evidence' in the case of ——, which you say has been called for by the Department. Please let me know whenever they want any more, as I have several documents back yet, which may be of importance—such, for example, as a life insurance policy, couple of chattel mortgages, college diploma, three railroad passes, and a file of the Brownsville *Clipper*. Any or all of these documents, or 'certified copies' thereof, will be forthcoming whenever they may be deemed absolutely essential to 'put the case through.' I don't think of any thing else just now. Meantime I await 'further developments' with patience and resignation. Yours truly."

THAT was not a bad hit by a wag coming down town in a Fifth Avenue omnibus, who, seeing his friend bow to an extremely corpulent man who had just alighted from a wagon, inquired who he was.

"That, Sir, is Smith, the great corporation contractor."

"Ah! indeed! he looks more like a *corporation expander!*"

THE qualifications sometimes set forth by candidates for office are peculiar. We were not until now aware, however, that a practical knowledge of music was requisite in Pennsylvania to render a gentleman eligible for Congress. Just before the war the Hon. Andrew Drum was fortunate enough to outcount his opponent, a Mr. Johnson, whereupon the following versified statement of the result was drawn up and disseminated among the constituency:

Strange requisites for making laws
Pervade the minds of some;
And here we find that Johnson's left at home
Because he could not *beat A. Drum.*

By some of his political opponents he was called a "*bass*" Drum; by others, smaller minded, a "*snare.*"

A CLERGYMAN in Southern Arkansas had occasion recently to circulate a subscription paper to obtain funds to shingle the church edifice. Among others he called on Mr. N——, a merchant of the place, a liberal man where the object was praiseworthy, who subscribed five dollars. Soon afterward the clergyman called for the money, but Mr. N——, having had occasion to pay out all his funds that day, was short, and asked the parson to call again. This did not precisely accord with the clerical wishes; so casting the clerical eyes around the store they fell upon a kit of mackerel, which he thought would be good for ministers.

"How much for mackerel?" asked his reverence.

"Five dollars a kit," responded the merchant.

"Well, if you like, I'll take that kit for your subscription."

"All right, parson; but this is the first time I ever heard of *shingling a church with mackerel!*"

EX-GOVERNOR CURTIN, of Pennsylvania, relates this little anecdote of the Rev. Thomas P. Hunt, the veteran temperance orator, well known in the early history of the Wyoming Valley. He is an eccentric and rather quick-witted man. During our late war he enlisted in one of the regiments of infantry raised in the famous old Valley, and served as Chaplain. On one occasion, when, in the fiercest of battle, a major rode up in front of the regiment, and seeing Father Hunt at the head of the ranks, inquired:

"Chaplain, what are you doing there?"

The reverend warrior instantly replied:

"Cheering the hearts of the brave, and *watching the heels of the cowards!*"

A characteristic reply, and admirably told by the Ex-Governor.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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THE MINNESOTA PINERIES.



IN THE PINE FORESTS.

WHEN a Minneapolis or St. Anthony lumberman contemplates a business visit to the pine regions of Northern Minnesota he expresses his intention by saying that he is "going up river." The appropriateness of such language is apparent enough when we learn that the portions of country referred to lie on the Upper Mississippi and its tributaries. One of the most important of these tributaries, especially in connection with the pineries of which we speak, is Rum River; and thus, when one of the lords of the Minneapolis lumber-mills invited me, in the early part of March, 1867, to go with him "up river," I knew at once that it signified a journey to the lumber-camps on one of the above streams, a hundred miles or more from home, and well into those forests which stretch their unbroken solitudes far toward the shores of Hudson's Bay. I was more than willing to accept the invitation, for I had long cherished a

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desire to see those famous forests, to go over the old Indian hunting-grounds, and, not the least of all, to snuff the pure native odor of freshly-cut pine logs.

This time "up river" meant up Rum River, a stream which joins the Mississippi on the east, at Anoka, eighteen miles above St. Anthony Falls. How or when it received its anti-temperance name is not known, at least to the writer, but, like most of certain beverages common nowadays, it contains more water than rum—and the more water the better in both cases. It is a singular coincidence that either the river itself or one of its principal branches has its source in Sugar Lake.

Although the place of our destination lay near the sources of Rum River, we found it more convenient to go by rail some twelve miles above the junction of this river with the Mississippi to Elk River, and thence across by a shorter route. Our friend had taken the precaution to send up on the previous day his own sleigh and horses, which were nearly ready for us as we alighted, about twelve o'clock, from the cars. Taking a hurried dinner at the very unpretentious Elk River Hotel, we prepared for a trip of twenty miles or more over the prairie, and in an atmosphere that was driving the mercury below zero. We toasted the bottoms of our boots, strapped on our cloth overshoes, slipped into our beaver coats (my friend added a wolf-robe), wrapped our shoulders with shawls, pulled our caps down over our ears, then, jumping into the sleigh, and covering our limbs with a well-lined buffalo-skin, started off, feeling as though we could safely defy the blasts of Spitzbergen. George and Kate, our noble steeds, dashed on at a splendid rate. The latter animal was once a rebel, or probably was; as she was owned by one. She was captured by a distinguished Federal officer, near the close of the late war, and brought North; instead of returning to champ the Southern bit again she remained to obey the reconstructive reins of her Minneapolis owner, who provides her with plenty of loyal hay and oats, and who is as proud of her as though she had her birth in sight of Bunker Hill. She trotted so handsomely and seemed such a willing beast that I soon forgot her Confederate tricks, and would gladly have recommended her for unconditional pardon. The former animal was not as young and smooth-limbed as his chestnut-colored companion, but he strove hard to keep an even whiffletree. Both appeared to feel an extra exhilaration from the frosty air, for they shot along the beaten snow-path with such astonishing swiftness that our movement might almost have been compared to a railroad train, the smoke of my friend's cigar, ascending in glorious white clouds, making the figure more complete. We rode over a wild, undulating tract of country, broken by a few scattering oaks, and here and there a bold knoll or narrow ridge, but showing few houses. We saw not more than three or four dwellings in a distance of fifteen miles.

Our horses stopped, after two or three hours of smart trotting, before a small frame building, which, by a rude sign that hung from a still ruder pole, surmounted by a martin-box, we learned was the American House. The few houses scattered about constituted the village of Princeton, an unpretending, honest-looking place, and buttoned on to the dark skirts of the big woods. A man appeared at the door of the hotel in his shirt-sleeves, and with his gray head uncovered, whom my friend addressed as "Brother Golden," and invited us in. We complied readily, for I, at least, was a good deal chilled. The prairie blast, which the hyperborean fiends had that afternoon whetted to an uncommon sharpness, pierced even my extra garments, making me sigh for some hospitable fire. "Brother Golden" appreciated our want. With true landlordly cheer he filled the long, high stove, which stood knee-deep in a box of sand, with dry wood, and, as the flames roared their welcome to the shivering travelers from "down river," he made many inquiries, the last of which was, "Have you brought me a paper?" My friend, remembering our good-natured landlord's fondness for the latest news, and also that Uncle Sam can hardly afford to send a mail-coach so near the big woods every day, had filled his pockets with St. Paul and Minneapolis dailies, which the old man accepted, and commenced devouring with a singular relish.

As soon as the frost was thoroughly melted out of us we donned our outer garments again and started on. Leaving the village, we immediately crossed the "West Branch" (of Rum River), and then struck into the woods, my friend remarking that we should see no more signs of civilization, except in the lumber-camps, until our return.

Until a comparatively recent period the vast forest before us had remained undisturbed, save by the savage tribes who were here when Columbus discovered America, and who still linger around the old trails, reluctant to give them over to the devouring march of the white man. A few years ago several enterprising citizens of Maine found out by some means that extensive tracts of pine lands were hid away here, and thus, aided by the knowledge they had gained in connection with the lumber business in their native State, they hastened to purchase these lands, content to wait until the increasing population of Iowa, Southern Minnesota, and other portions of the Mississippi Valley should, by their almost limitless demand for building material, demonstrate the wisdom of such a business course. Saw-mills were soon erected on the St. Croix, at St. Anthony Falls, Minneapolis, and other points; the lumber trade increased from year to year, until at last it has grown into an importance which few can realize who have not made a personal inspection. In addition to the Minnesota pineries we need not mention those of Michigan and Wisconsin. Beginning at well-known points in the latter States, the pine regions stretch along the Chippewa



LOGGERS' CAMP.

and St. Croix, the shores of Lake Superior, and across to the Mississippi below and above St. Cloud. Altogether they form perhaps the most extensive pine forests in North America. They have already become the sources of fabulous wealth, and afford a theatre for the lumber business excelling any thing ever witnessed in Maine or New Brunswick. To say nothing of how far Chicago outstrips Bangor as a lumber mart, it may be observed that the scenes once witnessed on the banks of the Penobscot, Kennebec, Androscoggin, Saco, and Passamaquoddy, and in the palmiest days of these rivers, have been transferred to the Mississippi, Chippewa, St. Croix, and Rum River. The saw-mills at Minneapolis and St. Anthony turn out annually over one hundred millions of feet of boards, and are pushing the figures higher and higher every year; and thus the same process which has demolished the forests of Maine, which has scared the elk, and moose, and beaver, and their elder brother, the Indian, away from their Eastern haunts, is already far advanced in the West.

Impressed with all of the above facts—remembering how brief a period had elapsed since silence held undisputed sway in the unpeopled shades before us, since a journey here seemed more impossible to accomplish than a trip to Kane's Open Sea does now, since I put my ten-year-old finger down on the map at a point called St. Anthony Falls and thought it far enough away to be included in the dimmest regions of romance, and yet, that peoples from the other side of the Atlantic had already found this spot, yea, were coming in annual thousands and selecting homes hundreds of miles still nearer the setting sun—that an army of sturdy emigrants from beyond the Baltic Sea, from the foot of the Alps, and from the land of Erin, were wait-

ing here, with axes in hand, to hew down all these forests—remembering all this, the feelings which crept over me as we left the open prairie and plunged into the dark thick wilderness were strange and startling enough. And our imagination at this moment was rendered more intense because the night was coming on, and because we were riding under the first pine-trees we had seen, whose leafy tops, swept by a strong northwest wind, struck up a doleful music. We fancied that the continual jingle of Kate's girdle of bells, the frosty murmur of the sleigh-runners, and the occasional striking of the outer ends of the whiffletrees against some trunk or bush that crowded too near the road, must awaken unwelcome echoes in the dusky depths about us, and that the lingering ghost of some Dakota savage might possibly start up and defy our further intrusion upon his old hunting-grounds.

After a couple of hours' ride we came to a fork in the road, and, for the first time, my friend was in doubt which way to go. He stopped his horses, and we held a council. We looked about for a finger-board, but found none. One road we knew led to Tidd's Camp—the camp we were in search of—and the other to somebody's else camp. The full moon peered out from a rift in the clouds, and sprinkled its beams down through the oaks, poplars, and pines, but not a ray of light penetrated our doubts. The trees seemed to say, with provoking indifference, as we looked up at them inquiringly, "We know how to stand here and grow; we know how and when to open our buds and shed our leaves, and which way to fall when we get old and rotten, or when the woodmen cut us down; but we do not know the way to Tidd's Camp." George and Kate threw their ears backward and forward, looked up one road, then up the other, and finally, turning their heads round at us, apparently confessed that their horse sense was as much puzzled as our human sense; that although they would obey the reins and go either way, they would rather not take the responsibility of offering advice. The manner, however, in which they champed their bits and pawed the snow showed that they were getting impatient for a decision. We, too, desired to have the matter settled, for we began to ache with cold, and felt a pressing need of shelter. Our horses, in the mean time, had moved about half their length toward the right, and for this reason, as much as any, we concluded to take that direction, and started on. We had gone only two or three miles before we learned our mistake—that the *right* road was the *wrong* road, or again, that the *right* road was the *left* road. We turned about, went back to the fork, took the left road, and in half an hour came to a small circular opening, containing in its centre a clump of log-buildings, which we at once pronounced to be Tidd's Camp. A column of smoke with frequent sparks of fire pointed out the location of the lodgers' building, and driving up before it, as we would have done before a country hotel, my friend cried "Whoa!" in a tone which he evidently intended the lodgers should hear as well as the horses. Immediately a small door was partially opened, its wooden hinges creaking with frost, when a man in a brown woolen shirt thrust out his bushy head and exclaimed, "Hallo!" My friend answered with a "Hallo!" This salutatory term, as used by the first speaker, meant, when fully interpreted, "I am one of the lodgers in Tidd's Camp; who are you?" As used by the second speaker it meant, "I am one of the owners of these pine forests, and have come up to see how my loggers are getting on." The man in the door and the man in the sleigh understood each other at once, and while the former put on his hat and came out to take charge of the horses, the latter and I went into the camp. Many of the sights which met my eyes on entering were novel enough to one unacquainted with life in the pineries. The thing I was most glad to see just then was the huge fire in the centre of the camp, consuming a great pile of logs, and sending its smoke through a large, square wooden chimney. I stood before the hot, roaring flames, turned myself about, melting first one side, then the other, and in the mean time took frequent surveys of the apartment.

The camp was about thirty feet long and twenty feet wide. Its ends and sides were constructed of pine logs, notched at the ends, to enable them to lie closely, and chinked with moss; the roof was made of pine splints, thatched with mud, grass, etc. A small projection at the end opposite the door, with a stove and pantry in it, was used as a cook-room. Across the same end, next to the cook-room, but without any partition, was a long space containing a rough table, hewed from a pine log, set apart for the dining-room. The beds, or rather bed, for there was no division in either the under or upper portion, was stretched along on two sides of the fire, and so arranged that the sleepers' heads nearly touched the opposite walls. I had heard the saying, "thick as three in a bed," but here it was literally as thick as a dozen in a bed. At the foot of the bed, between the lodgers' feet and the fire, was a long, flat beam, called the "Deacon's Seat." This Deacon's Seat is one of the representative places in a lumberman's camp. It is a synonym for a variety of scenes and memories. It is here that the logmen mount themselves in the morning, after crawling from their bed of pine boughs; here they sit and dress their feet, and from here they drop off to their rest at night; here they arrange themselves in a jolly row before the blazing fire, to make the long winter evenings merry with their stories and jokes; here the visitor at the camp is invited to sit and rest himself; here the men make their bargains with the "boss," and receive their pay; from this spot the logmen take their leave in the spring. And thus the Deacon's Seat is associated with the whole interior life

of the camp, and is the magic word by which in after years one logman reminds another of the events which transpired around the log-fire in the distant pine woods.

The loggers had all retired except the cook and two or three others; but none of them were asleep. Their long row of heads under the low, slanting roof almost startled me, for each pair of eyes, reflecting the flames that shot up from the middle of the camp, glared at me like so many balls of fire. The men watched my rotary motions before the burning logs as though they thought I might be a piece of meat, and was trying to roast myself. They lay on their sides, all facing one way, and packed as closely as a bundle of spoons. If one turned, all turned. Now and then some restless wit among them would effect a joke, and I could hear the laugh roll round the whole camp, gathering extra force at those points where it found the deepest appreciation. Now and then one whose supper of salt pork and beans had left his mouth parched would crawl out of his place, go straight to a barrel in the corner of the camp, pour a dipper of ice-water down his throat, then return, and after wedging himself in bed again, would shut his eyes, as if ready now to be taken in charge by the fair, gentle goddess who alike bends over the pillow of pine boughs in a lumberman's camp and the downy couch of a king. I could imagine only two things to prevent perfect sleep—a too hearty supper and too little space for the body. The arrangement for ventilation was ample. No "modern house with modern conveniences" I ever saw can equal a logger's camp in this respect. The big, square, open chimney, aided by a constant fire underneath, keeps up an immense draught, and renders the air as pure as the outdoor atmosphere itself. I recommend such a place as a hospital for consumptives. Oh ye pulmonary sufferers, throw away your bottles of quackery, your "Cod Liver Oil," etc., and spend a winter with the happy logmen in a camp; try a tonic of pine boughs.

After a half hour or so the cook, a tall, dark-haired, rather intelligent-looking Frenchman, announced that our supper was ready. We took our seats on a rude bench, and at a table which never came from a cabinet shop



INTERIOR OF CAMP.



LOGGERS NOONING.

and never saw a table-cloth, but which had on it now a dish of smoking-hot beans, two tin basins of warm tea, some excellent raised biscuits, etc. There was no milk for the tea, and no butter for the biscuits, but the long, cold ride had sharpened our appetites so much that extras were not needed to give what was before us the desired relish. As we drank our tea and ate heartily of the pork and beans my friend described to me the process of cooking the latter. Pointing to a spot at the end of the log-fire and near us, he showed me a huge iron pot filled with beans and covered tightly, and which is buried every night in the hot ashes, where the cooking operation goes on, and during the hours in which the consumers of these staple edibles are snoring off the effects of yesterday's meals. Good judges say that this manner of preparing beans for the table is much superior to any other. I am ready to testify to the excellent quality of those I ate—a little too rich they were for my dyspeptic stomach — at least they were somewhat too highly seasoned with pork fat. But a lumberman's stomach can digest three meals a day of them, fat and all, and without fear of the nightmare. Nothing can swing an axe, or move a saw, or roll logs, like baked beans. No logger who has free access to that iron pot in the ashes complains of exhaustion. A Connecticut preacher, in the olden times, tried to compute the number of bushels of baked beans he had preached to on Sunday during a ministry of forty years. I wonder how many bushels are carried into the pineries every winter!

Our repast being ended, we began to think of retiring; but where shall we sleep? we asked ourselves dubiously. There were two beds only, and these were full. The problem was solved when our cook had laid down a buffalo-robe on the uneven floor and asked us to stretch ourselves there. With another buffalo-robe for our covering, and with our shawls folded for pillows, the prospect for a good night's rest was quite encouraging. My friend took the side next the fire, where his danger of being burned was about equal to mine of being frozen; but neither of us suffered much. If I dreamed of any thing, it must have been of stockings, socks, and moccasins, as not less than a hundred pairs of these pedal coverings were hanging against the roof, partially over the fire, and exactly in range of my eyes as I had fixed myself for sleep; and being a little nervous from my long ride and late supper, I was obliged to lie awake an hour or more and study this singular sight. Calling my friend's attention to the matter, I asked if we were not in a stocking-factory or a moccasin-store instead of a lumberman's forest-house. He replied that "the loggers are obliged to take good care of their feet; that one of them often wears three or four pairs of socks, with a pair of moccasins over them; that the moccasins, because they give the feet more freedom, rendering them less liable to freeze, are generally preferred to coarse leather boots. Those you see hanging there will disappear in the morning, because they will all be pulled on to their owners' feet and walked off into the woods. To-morrow night they

will be hung up in the same places to dry again; although, as the snow in this northern latitude is generally very dry, they seldom get wet much." I listened to my friend's explanation with deep interest, suggesting to myself that if all persons would take as much pains to protect their feet against cold and wet, consumption would be cheated of a majority of its victims.

A feeling of drowsiness seized me at last, and as the camp was still, save the occasional snoring of the loggers and the falling of a firebrand now and then, the hundred pairs of stockings faded slowly from my vision, and I dropped off into a sleep, wondering at the latest point of consciousness if St. Nicholas ever visits a lumberman's camp, and if so, if he feels himself bound to stuff every woolen leg he finds there with Christmas gifts!

We rose in the morning soon after daylight. The workmen had already cleared the line over the fire of its burden of stockings, and were walking about the camp with muffled feet, preparing for breakfast. The fire, which had been allowed to smoulder and go partially out during the night, had received a fresh supply of logs, and brought the room into such a comfortable degree of warmth we could hardly believe the statement made by one of the men that the thermometer, hanging against the log-barn, showed the mercury to be twenty-four degrees below zero. The cook disentombed the iron pot, dished out a quantity of beans, and putting them on the table, with a few other eatables, announced that breakfast was ready. The men ate rapidly, and with an appetite that is enjoyed by those only who gain their bread by the sweat of the face. Very little was said during the meal, and each one, as soon as he had finished, rose and departed to his day's work.

About ten o'clock our horses were harnessed, and we started for Moses's Camp, on Tibbet's Brook, forty miles distant. The air was quite still low down in the woods, but the soughing pine-tops told plainly that a furious gale was raging out on the unsheltered prairie. Notwithstanding the protection which the forest afforded, we found it necessary to seek the still further aid of all our extra clothing to keep out the intense cold; and whenever we came to the bank of a stream, or some other opening where the wind had a fair chance at us, our faces tingled with frost, and we wept tears of ice. Our horses bounded forward as gayly as reindeers, while the frost hung their nostrils full of stalactites, and ornamented parts of their bodies with silver-tipped hairs.

We reached Lowell's Camp, on the "East Branch," at twelve o'clock, and Moses's Camp a little before dark. The air of comfort and welcome which greeted us on entering the latter forest home seemed all the more agreeable on account of the extremely inhospitable day we had braved to get there.

The interior of this camp differed from Tidd's Camp in some respects. It was warmed by a large stove instead of an open fire, and thus it dispensed with that splendid ventilator, the big chimney. Then it had the addition of a cellar; of more complete cooking arrangements;



CAMPING OUT.



SAWING INTO LOGS.

in short, it was a more stylish, aristocratic establishment than the first. It evidently belonged to the Fifth Avenue of the pineries. Two clocks, one an alarm-clock, stood side by side on a shelf; the pantry displayed a fine assortment of tin dishes; and the Deacon's Seat was smooth and nice. Over the window, at the east end of the camp, and on the kitchen walls, was a large advertisement, telling the woods people that Beecher and Spurgeon are the "two greatest preachers in the world," and that "their sermons are published every week in the *Examiner and Chronicle!*" Who can doubt the peerless ability of these pulpit orators, or the wonderful enterprise of their publishers, after seeing such an advertisement posted on the walls of a forester's cabin in the far off Minnesota Pineries?

The cook at this camp I soon discovered was to the "manner born." He moved about in his white apron with an educated air, and seemed as cleanly and genteel and affable as though he had just been transferred from the Astor House. He had nothing but tin dishes to set off his table with, but these were kept bright and clean; and the food, well cooked, was brought on with as much precision and style as his humble *cuisine* would allow. His biscuits were light and palatable; his gingerbread was excellent; his tea was delicious. Besides these he gave the men nice boiled beef, the everlasting dish of beans (though these were not baked in the ground), and stewed cranberries. He gave them butter and milk also—the latter luxury they owed to a good cow kept in one of the log-stables, and which was driven into the woods at the beginning of winter.

Thirty fine-looking, healthy, robust, well-behaved men sat down at the supper-table, and who, when their appetites were sated,

broke up the evening in various ways. Some mended their clothes, some darned their socks, some, using the sinews of the deer, obtained of the Indians, for thread, repaired their moccasins, while others employed their time in reading. The hours were relieved, too, by a little entertainment in the shape of music and dancing. One young man, who had swung the axe all day, rosined up his bow and gave us a few lively airs on his fiddle, while two other logmen, who had tramped in twelve inches of snow since the early morn, engaged in a "double shuffle," or something of the kind, on one of the planks of the floor. A pleasant-voiced son of Erin sang two or three songs, substituting simple musical sounds where he was unable to recall the words. Others still filled the intervals between the music with conversation on a variety of topics, breaking out now and then in loud, hearty laughter. One Scandinavian youth, busily patching his pants, which had suffered by their contact with pine-knots, interested several listeners with some neighborhood gossip he had treasured up with singular minuteness, concerning a hidden pot of gold, and a ghost which kept watch over it, frightening those who came to dig for the treasure.

Of course a camp full of woodmen could hardly be expected to pass a whole evening on the "Deacon's Seat," around the big stove, without more or less indulgence in tobacco. A large number puffed away at their meerschaums, or their short, black, clay pipes, looking a kind of quiet content, and as if the weariness they brought in from their day's work were really taking flight in clouds of smoke. No stimulants stronger than tobacco and tea were allowed in the pineries; the woods had not yet received enough of the influence of civilization to admit a bar within their hallowed shades.

At ten o'clock the signal for retiring was given. A half hour later and most of the logmen were snoring—perhaps dreaming of friends "down the river." At half past five in the morning the alarm-clock put an end to snoring and dreaming, and called the men from their beds again.

As soon as breakfast was dispatched the workmen divided themselves into separate squads, according to their respective charges, and went to their labors: one squad to drive the teams; another, the "choppers," to fell the trees; another, the "swampers," to prepare the roads; another, the "sawyers," to saw the trees into logs. Notwithstanding the mercury was still at a frightful distance below zero my friend and I followed on—he to see how his men had got along, how many logs had been hauled, etc.; I to obtain a little information concerning the logging business. We had gone but a few rods when we made the discovery, by some tracks in the snow, that a couple of wolves had been prowling about our camp during the night. Why they did not come nearer, give us their usual lupine serenade, and even thrust their noses into the door, we did not understand. This was the nearest we came to seeing any wild beasts during our stay in the woods. We hoped to meet some deer, as their tracks were plenty every where, but we did not happen to see one. Very much to our disap-



UNLOADING LOGS.



LANDING LOGS.

pointment, we saw only one wild Indian. This one, as he stepped out of the road to let us pass, frightened our horses terribly with the great white blanket thrown over his head. It is said that horses dislike the peculiar scent that Indians carry about their persons and clothes.

Within a quarter of a mile of the camp we came where the pines stood thick and tall, and handsome enough to delight any lumberman's eyes. Hundreds of splendid symmetrical trunks might have been counted without changing our position; and one could almost fancy, as he looked out among them, that they were the columns of some old and endless temple, their dark and shaggy tops forming the lofty roof, and the snow beneath the white marble floor. Often three or four trees of about equal size were seen standing close together in a cluster, as though they sprang from kindred germs, and had cherished a common sympathy through their hundred years of growth; generally, however, those large enough for use were half a dozen yards apart—sometimes as many rods. Scattered between them were a few oaks, iron-wood, and birch—the latter ornamented with the usual fringes and curls. All the timber here, except the pine, is valueless. Although wood is worth, when cut, from $6 to $10 a cord in Minneapolis and St. Paul, it is not worth ten cents a cord on Tibbet's Brook, because there is no means for transporting it to places where it is wanted. Even the land itself will, in many cases, be abandoned to the tax claims as soon as it is cleared of pine.

Notwithstanding the general excellence of the pines which stretched away in grand perspective on every side, there were many, of course, unfit for use. Some were short and scraggy; some were "shaky;" and some were old and rotten. Marsh, in his article on the "Quality of Timber," says: "The white pine, *Pinus Strobus*, for instance, and other trees of similar character and uses, require for their perfect growth a density of forest vegetation around them, which protects them from too much agitation by the winds, and from the persistence of the lateral branches, which fill the wood with knots. A pine which has grown under these conditions possesses a tall, straight stem, admirably fitted for masts and spars; and at the same time its wood is almost wholly free from knots, is regular in its annular structure, soft and uniform in texture, and consequently superior to almost all other timber for joinery. If, while a large pine is spared, the broad-leaved or other smaller trees around it are felled, the swaying of the tree from the action of the wind mechanically produces separation between the layers of annual growth, and greatly diminishes the value of the timber. The same defect is often observed in pines which, from accident of growth, have overtopped their fellows in the virgin forest. The white pine growing in the fields or open glades in the woods is totally different from the true forest tree, both in general aspect and quality of wood. Its stem is much shorter, its top is less tapering, its foliage is denser and more inclined to gather into tufts, its branches more numerous and of larger diameter, its wood shows much more distinctly the divisions of annular growth, is of

coarser grain, harder, and more difficult to work into mitre joints. Intermixed with the most valuable pines in the American forests are many trees of the character I have just described. The lumbermen call them 'saplings,' and generally regard them as different in species from the true white pine, but botanists are unable to establish a distinction between them, and as they agree in almost all respects with trees grown in the open grounds from white pine seedlings, I believe their peculiar character is due to unfavorable circumstances in their early growth. The pine, then, is an exception to the general rule as to the inferiority of the forest to the open-ground tree."

The truth of much, if not all, of this quotation was verified wherever we made an observation. The tallest, straightest, finest pines we saw, those freest from limbs and knots, among which the logmen seemed to revel like a herd of oxen just let loose in a full-grown field of Illinois corn, were found in the densest portions of the woods, where the shade was so great and the atmosphere so dank that a ray of sunlight could hardly penetrate there. The low, scraggy growths, whose unmannered trunks gave them immunity from the ruthless axe, were generally situated in more open places, and at greater distances from each other. The thicker the neighborhood the statelier and loftier grew each individual tree, as though it took a kind of pride in outdoing its fellows. Sometimes a tree which had a fair outside, like the hypocrite among men, was shaky and hollow within; and as we have certain methods of testing the virtue of human pretensions, so the chopper had a way of sounding his tree, determining its internal condition often by the first stroke of the axe; besides, he could detect the lumber qualities of a tree by his experienced eye, to which patches of lichens and certain colored fungi attached to the bark as surely revealed a concealed rottenness as the scarlet excrescences on a drunkard's nose divulge the fact of an unsound life.

Following close upon the "choppers," who did nothing but fell the trees and trim them, came the "sawyers." Two men standing on opposite sides of a prostrate tree, a few feet apart, and facing each other, one with his right and the other with his left foot advanced, grasp the upright handles of a cross-cut saw, and drawing it backward and forward with an easy, regular motion, expelling the saw-dust, whose piny odor is pleasant to a lumberman's nostrils, into a heap on either side of the tree, they sever the trunk into logs of various lengths. Next came the "swampers," who prepared the roads for the teams which were waiting to draw the logs away to the landing.

I watched the "loading" process with a deep interest, as I saw here how intellect, as every where else, has triumphed over mere brute force. The time was, and not many years ago, when logmen had little to aid them in getting their logs on to a sled besides their own hands. There was then no alternative but the hardest kind of lugging and lifting; but all that has changed. Using a log-chain, which is attached to the middle of the log in such a way as to get a purchase on the latter, and cause it to roll



PREPARING FOR THE DRIVE.



ON THE DRIVE.

when the chain is pulled, the logman now makes the oxen do the lifting, while he superintends the operation and applies a little brain work. Six large logs were piled on to one sled in a few moments of time, two or three men assisting with their "cant-dogs," the whole costing as little manual effort as the laying together of an equal number of common fence-rails. The sleds used were at least one-third wider than common sleds, and hence they made a very wide path. Along this "broad gauge" we followed the teams to see where the logs were deposited. After a few minutes' walk we emerged from the thick timber into an opening through which ran Tibbet's Brook. Here was what was called the "landing." Standing on the banks of that winter-bound brook we could see thousands of logs which had been cut and hauled from the surrounding forests. Counted in feet the logs we saw at a single view numbered between four and five millions! It was a splendid sight. My friend, who owned them all, and as many more besides, whose mill at Minneapolis, a hundred miles below, was ready to convert these logs into sawed lumber, worth on an average twenty dollars per thousand feet, must have enjoyed the spectacle even more than I.

In order for the reader to gain any adequate idea of the lumber interests carried on in these woods it should be observed that there were a great many other landings scattered about in different sections and on various streams, perhaps fifty in all, similar to the one I have mentioned—some smaller and some larger. Nearly or quite an equal number might have been found on the Upper Mississippi itself above St. Cloud. In both pineries, the Upper Mississippi and Rum River, from eight hundred to a thousand men were employed, and not far from one hundred millions of feet of logs were secured during the winter.

The streams spoken of, on which "landings" are made, are numerous, and traverse an extensive tract of country, intersecting every where rich pine regions, and serving as outlets to the thousands of logs that are rolled over their banks. Although many of these streams, at certain seasons of the year, are so shallow and muddy that an Indian can not navigate them in his birch canoe, yea, that a common teal duck can not find enough depth of water to swim there, yet when swollen by the spring thaws each one bears away on its bosom great argosies of wealth, and becomes in the lumbermen's eyes a modern Pactolus. In some instances the pines grow very near the streams, and the trouble of hauling the logs is slight; but often they are brought three or four miles. The hauling distance, for obvious reasons, will increase from year to year.

The process of moving the logs from their winter "landings" down the streams to Minneapolis and St. Anthony is called the "drive." The operation begins as soon as the snows are melted and the streams, augmented by the spring freshets, are high enough to float the logs. In those instances where the stream is too shallow and feeble to lift the logs, even with the help referred to, a dam is built across it, and from the waters thus temporarily deepened the logs are pushed forward a considerable

distance to a point where they must wait, it may be, for the erection of another dam. By repeating this slow, tedious, and expensive work the logs are moved along into the river, where they float with less trouble. Some of the brooks are deep enough at the start without any dam. It is a magnificent sight to see the thousands of logs as they come down out of the forest, swimming along singly or in large masses, into the main body of Rum River at Princeton. The surface of the river below this point is sometimes entirely covered for a distance of twenty-five miles.

The men employed on the "drive," and who, for the most part, are men who spent the winter in the woods, and who consent to engage in this business at considerably increased wages, divide themselves into separate squads, and proceeding along the river, urge the logs forward as rapidly as possible.

Behind the whole line of operations, or behind each regiment of logs, follows the "waugan"—a small boat or barge with a canvas awning stretched over it, and carrying the cook, cooking-utensils, and supplies for the men. At the meal-hour, which occurs four times a day, the "waugan" hauls up to the bank, fastens her bow to a tree, when the cook spreads his table on the shore and blows his horn—the echoes of which, as they sound along the winding stream, call the weary men to their ample repast of hot tea and baked beans. At each sunset the captain of the "waugan," having moored his craft to the shore again, selects a proper spot and erects a tent, under which the men spend the night. A big, hot fire in front of the tent keeps off the night chill.

The men by long practice on the "drive" become very expert in their business. They balance themselves on floating logs and leap from one to another of these precarious footings with the agility and skill of circus-riders, while green hands would be sure of a ducking every few minutes, if they did not meet with the worse fate of breaking their necks. If a log lodges on a rock in the middle of the stream, the nearest man plunges into the water, often waist-deep, and wading out to it catches hold of the refractory member with his "cant-dog"—a short hand-spike with an adjustable iron hook attached to the end—and hurls it quickly into the channel again, when it darts forward after its fellows. If the water is too deep for wading, an experienced oarsman puts off toward the points of obstruction in a "batteau"—a long, slim, red boat, which shoots over the waves with the ease and swiftness of an Indian's arrow. This boat is handled by a single oar, is not easily upset, will stand any amount of jamming against stones, can swim in the shallowest places, and ride safely down the most dangerous rapids. Sometimes several men may be seen in it, standing, and pushing it about with long poles. Whether it is moored under the banks, or left to float at will on some circumfluous wave along the margin of the river, or making its diagonal trips from shore to shore, or running in and out of the spaces between the floating logs, the "batteau" forms one of the most nov-



BREAKING A JAM.



SACKING.

el, picturesque, and stirring things which one will encounter in a "drive."

Often, while making a turn in the river, the immense mass of logs crowd so close upon each other that they fill the whole space between the shores, and form a vast wedge, or, in the vernacular of lumbermen, a "jam," and which, until it is broken, prevents any further progress of the logs; as soon, therefore, as this "jam" happens a score of men, with their "cant-dogs" in hand, rush on to the obstructed logs, and loosening a few of the front ones, put the whole in motion once more.

Another frequent and laborious part of the "drive" is "sacking." This takes place when the logs, by means of a rapid current at a bend in the river, or from some other cause, have been thrown up and lodged upon the shore. To get them back again into the river, three or four, often half a dozen, men seize each log with their "cant-dogs," and absolutely lift it or drag it along the mud and sand a considerable distance.

And thus, by "sacking," breaking "jams," wading and dislodging stragglers, pushing the shore logs toward the middle of the current, rowing here and there in the batteau, and tumbling such pines as had perched themselves high and dry on some projecting bank or stone —by all these processes, repeated day by day, the whole "drive" is advanced until, after a few weeks, it reaches the "booms" prepared for it at the mouth of the Rum River, and at other points on the Mississippi near the Minneapolis and St. Anthony mills. Passing down Tibbet's Brook a short distance we came to Moses's lower "landing," which differed from the other in no important particular except that it contained a few logs of enormous size. On the butt end of the largest one we counted two hundred and fifty *annular rings!* Thus the tree from which it was taken was born about the year that William Shakspeare died and Oliver Cromwell matriculated at Sussex College. It was four or five years old when the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock; and was a flourishing youth of fifty when John Milton went quietly to sleep in his house at Bunhill Fields; it had stretched its green top up to a magnificent height, and was able to boast of an experience of nearly one hundred and fifty years when the famous and infamous "Stamp Act" was passed, and before Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Michigan claimed even a territorial government; its two-hundredth birthday had passed before a single white man had come to admire its giant trunk, and before its "topmost branches," peering over the shoulders of younger pines, could see beyond the "Land of the Dakotas." How cruel that a civilization so long waited for should signal its approach by ordering her first hardy skirmishers to cut this patriarch of the forest down, and to bring in its dismembered parts as a trophy of the ever-widening circle of her conquests! Two centuries and a half of patient growing to be torn asunder in a moment by irreverent saws, and to serve the cupidity of a race that turns all the natural waterfalls into milldams, and the forests into lumber-yards!

To what degree of longevity this tree might have attained if it had been left to its natural course is uncertain, but we could discover no signs of decay, internal or external. Dr. Williams, who is quoted by Mr. Marsh, says he found "pines four hundred years old," and that a friend of his discovered some "much older." So it is probable that our tree might have survived another term of two hundred years. In that case what other changes would it have witnessed in this country before its branches rotted and its heart became worm-eaten and dead?

At twelve o'clock all the men returned to the camp for "nooning." The horses and oxen were unloosed from the sleds, driven into the log-barn, and fed with hay and oats, while the workmen sat down with huge appetites to their savory dishes of beans. My friend and I, dreading to encounter the stinging air again, spent the afternoon on the Deacon's Seat, close by the camp stove. The following morning we bade adieu to our camp friends, who had entertained us so generously, and started for home by way of St. Cloud. Our road, which struck off in a westerly course, led us in a little while across the "West Branch" of Rum River, and along by the door of Brown's Camp. The sun shone clear in the cold March sky, dropping a beam now and then through the dense boughs upon the quiet snow, which was spread like a white carpet on the floor of the woods. The air, although a little more pungent than one might wish, was brisk and healthy, causing our frames to tingle with inexpressible delight. A more charming, inspiring, invigorating morning's ride than this can hardly be imagined. The road, much of the time, wound through a majestic colonnade of pines, whose branches formed splendid arches over our heads, and threw down the most welcome odor. Altogether we seemed to be riding through an enchanted forest. The scene was mightily changed, however, the moment we emerged from the woods and began to cross the open prairie east of St. Cloud. The wind, seeming to seek revenge for our temporary escape from its power, swept upon us with merciless fury, and we were obliged to cover our faces to keep them from instant freezing.

We at last reached St. Cloud at two o'clock. After a rest of two hours we drove to Clear Water, where we spent the night. The next day about five o'clock P.M. we arrived in Minneapolis, having ridden two hundred miles during the five days of our absence, and all but thirty miles of the distance in a sleigh, the thermometer keeping far enough below zero all the while to make it one of the coldest weeks ever experienced by Minnesotians in the month of March.

A MOSAIC.

In glimpses through the wood the valley lies
  Drowned in thin mists of autumn, soft and tender,
While far away the shadowy mountains rise
  In purple splendor.

Above their lonely peaks the pale clouds stand
  Like mighty castles famed in legends olden,
With tower and turret looking o'er the land,
  And banners golden.

Within the shaded wood no note of bird
  Sounds from amid the branches sweetly calling,
But only now and then is faintly heard
  The dead leaf falling.

Like some cathedral roof high overhead,
  Where, hushed beneath, the rapt assembly hearken;
The close-laced leaves of purple, gold, and red
  These dim aisles darken.

Through the far windows fall the sun's soft rays,
  Shining and fair as in some curtained chamber,
To slant across the shadow-chequered ways
  In lines of amber.

Here mid these shades we loiter gathering leaves,
  Like flowers that bloom in shining fields Elysian,
Stained with the many hues the Autumn weaves,
  That strange magician!

Beechen and ash with deepest purple dyed;
  Chestnut and oak to sober russet turning;
And gorgeous maple, from the low hill-side,
  With crimson burning.

We gather all, and into broad wreaths twine
  The colored leaves, with laughter making merry;
And gem the green fringe of the glossy pine
  With scarlet-berry.

The free, glad voices of the children sound
  To poet's ear like deftly rhymed trochaics;
While last night's wind has set the turf all round
  With rich mosaics.

Half hid in shade sits Clare, her last wreath done,
  With face as perfect as those famed medallions;
And hair of that deep auburn tint that won
  The old Italians.

Down in the hollow, by the dark, still swamp
  That seldom to the sun's enchantment brightens,
Like a tall flame the red lobelia's lamp
  The deep gloom lightens.

Low on the grass rich light with shadow blends,
  As softly now the autumn wind comes sighing,
And through the wide air of the woodland sends
  The thick gold flying.

THE RESTIGOUCHE.



ICI ON PARLE FRANÇAIS.

THE northern counties of the Province of New Brunswick that border upon the Bay Chaleur afford unquestionably the best field for sportsmen to be found in America, east of the Rocky Mountains. The assertion will not be regarded too broad by those who are able to judge from personal knowledge. The scenery is extremely picturesque, and, in some localities, almost Alpine in its features. No malaria poisons the air, no venomous reptiles or insects infest the forests. Game is not only found in greater variety, if not in more abundance than elsewhere, but the wilderness is almost primeval in its freshness. In the Restigouche country especially few traces of man are visible, except where the axe of the lumberman has left its mark upon the borders of the principal streams. Here are 1,266,560 square acres of land, of which no more than 10,000 have yet been cleared. The lordly moose every where patrols the forest labyrinths. The beaver, which has been almost exterminated in other places, constructs its dams on every stream and river. Cariboo dwell here in large communities, seldom molested by the hunter, who looks for nobler game. Here are trout and salmon that live in blissful ignorance of the sportsman's artifices. All the valuable fur-bearing animals abound—the bear, the sable, marten, lucifee, fox, otter, mink, and musquash—and trappers often earn their hundred pounds currency as the profits of a single winter's toil.

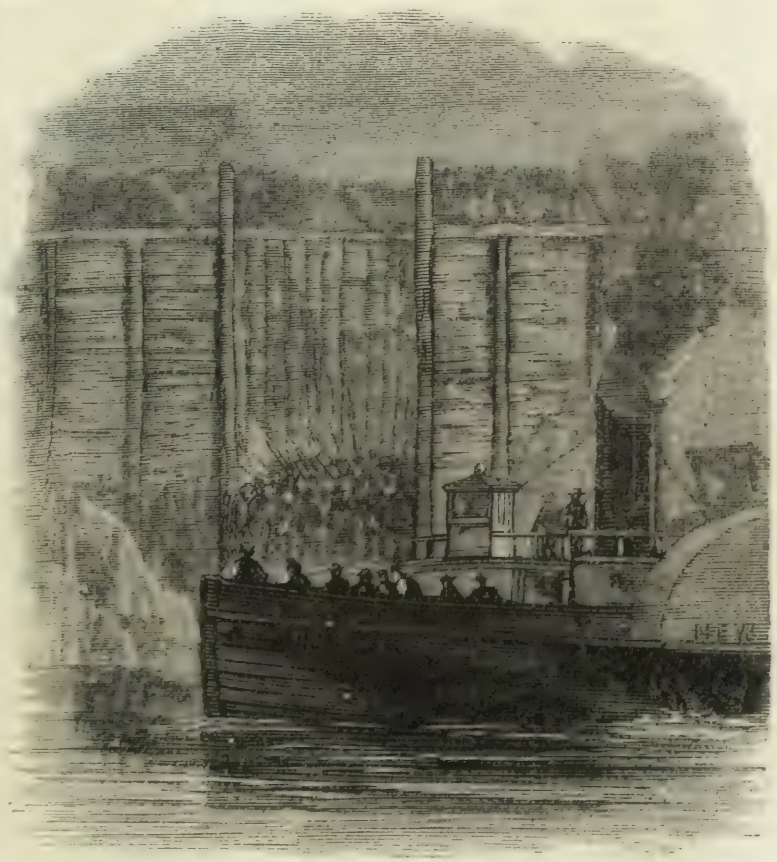
But the Restigouche country is not remarkable merely as affording a superlative Paradise for the hunter. It is also rich in historic and traditional interest. Traces still remain of an early civilization that was contemporary with the first settlement of New England. Jacques Cartier discovered it in 1534, three hundred and thirty-four years ago. During the year 1578 no less than 330 fishing vessels of various nations visited the Bay Chaleur and the coasts adjacent. It was at the mouth of the Restigouche River that Jean Jacques Enaud planted his little colony of Acadians in 1638, and laid the foundation of the fortified town of Petite Rochelle. Here, far remote from the civil strife that vexed the factions in the southern districts,

and the more bloody conflicts between French and English that disturbed the peace of a country which changed hands no fewer than nine times, Enaud enjoyed for many years a plenitude of prosperity and good fortune. But calamity came at last: first through the treachery of the Indians, whose alliance he had courted; and afterward from the attacks of the English, who finally scented out his retreat. The colony was dispersed, and a few piles of stones are all that now mark the site of ancient Petite Rochelle. Forests vegetate in luxurious growth where (according to the Abbé Raynal) 60,000 head of horned cattle grazed in 1749, and batteries that once bristled with guns are now overgrown with timber. Nature has resumed her ancient sway, and thus we find in the Restigouche, at present, a population scarcely equal to what it boasted a hundred and twenty years ago.

Here, also, we tread the battle-fields where the Micmacs fought the hostile Mohawks, and from the few survivors of to-day learn of the fame and vaunted exploits of the great chief Argimoosh, and of Halion, no less renowned. The gelid Restigouche flowed between the tribes, but could not cool their ires. Here we find memorials of the pioneer missionaries who labored to convert the savages to the religion of the Cross. Here the pirate Kidd at one time busied himself with his work of pillage. And here we listen to traditional stories of adventurers of princely lineage who took to themselves wives from among the dusky daughters of the aborigines, and find them verified in the mongrel inhabitants of certain districts, who are unmistakably their descendants.

This much is necessary preliminary to explain what induced the itinerant Penman of early remembrance to exchange the hearth-rug once more for the comparative discomforts of an unbroken wilderness. Natural scenery of the grandest character, an unrivaled fishing region, rare historical associations and ancient landmarks, the companionship of the rude intelligences that people the backwoods—these, together with the promise of relaxation from toil, would have sufficed to tempt a less sanguine temperament than his. The wonder is that tourists, and especially sportsmen, whose steps are annually turned toward the smoothly-worn paths of travel and the well-beaten bush, do not oftener seek out those fresh fields of adventure which are to be found among the mountains of northern New Brunswick and Gaspé. At least so Penman thought, as he sat upon the deck of the steamer that plowed the Bay of Fundy on her regular trip from Boston to St. John.

For several hours the New Brunswick coast had been in sight, rocky, indented, and forbidding. Milky masses of fog hung over the headlands and filled up the occasional coves and bays. Sometimes they lifted and floated sluggishly away, settling down at other points. Finally they gathered together and rolled up the bay in dense, murky phalanx, enveloping the steamer, and shutting out the view altogether. Then followed a season of careful groping through misty uncertainty, and after that there was a shuffling on deck, the engine bell sounded "slow," and the rumor ran through the passengers that the steamer had reached St. John. The delighted Penman hastened forward to enjoy a first view of the chief city and commercial metropolis of the Province. It was low tide; and as the vessel gradually succumbed to the straining hawsers that had been made fast to the shore, a huge fabric of timber and piling loomed out of the fog. Its lower portion was covered with hissing barnacles and festooned with dripping sea-weed, while thirty feet above dense lines of human figures were dimly defined through the mist; for, be it known that it is the custom of the St. John people, both rabble and *élite*, to crowd to the wharf whenever the steamer departs or is due. Directly in front of the gangway a long float rose and fell with the waves, and this swarmed with clamorous hackmen, cased in rubber, and thrusting long whips menacingly at the passengers. This was all of St. John that could



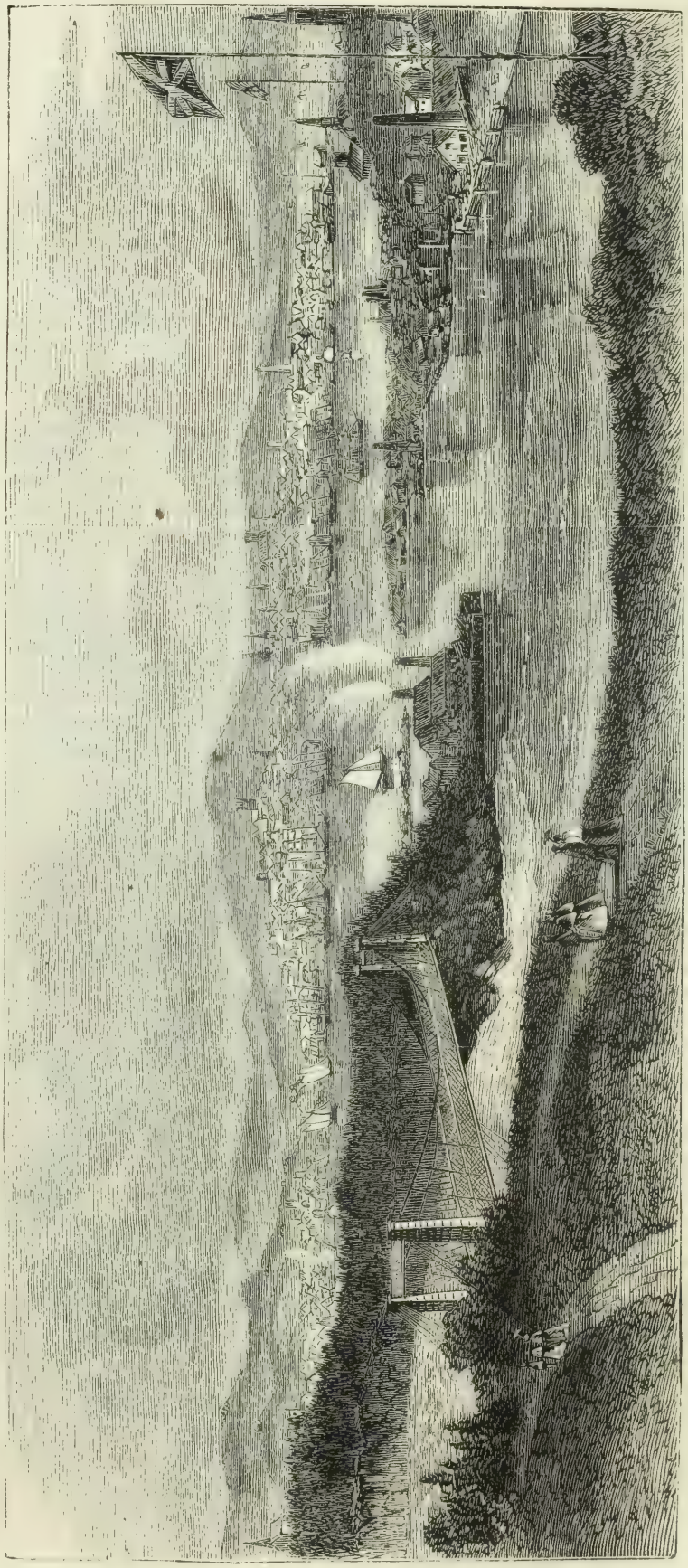
AN UNCERTAIN VIEW.

be distinguished within the scope of Penman's circumscribed vision.

The tide rises from thirty-six to seventy feet in the Bay of Fundy. The constant agitation of this tremendous volume of water fills the air with moisture. When the tide has run out to its lowest stage, every thing is left high and dry—the wharves, the shipping, the beacons, the rocks, the mud-flats, and the herring-nets clinging to long poles. Then every thing drips like a saturated sponge. Exudations and exhalations infinite in number, countless little rivulets trickling over the slimy flats and out of the wooden piers, the drippings from a myriad kelp-covered rocks, all make up a vast aggregate of moisture which soon condenses into fog, and rolls in on the surge of the incoming tide. Upon this the inhabitants grow fat, it is said.

But St. John is not always seen under a cloud. It has other beauties than the damp draperies about the wharves. Its natural scenery is highly picturesque. It has a diversity of surface and a combination of sky, land, and water, of interior and seaboard landscape, seldom to be found elsewhere. Its pleasantest days are not usually flashed into the world upon a gleam of blue and sunshine, but grope their way into being like some nonentity born of the Milky-way, swathed and belted in mists. If at early daybreak the fog hangs in a luminous halo over the city and bay, if the atmosphere is still and glows with a pleasant warmth like the reek of a vapor-bath, it is most auspicious of glorious sunshine. The morning will soon lift her veil upon a field of clear cerulean and reveal the perfect day.

But it was not ordained that such an occasion should greet the advent of Mr. Penman, and he did not tarry for its consummation. When he had been safely landed he was hurried off to the railway station, and in twenty minutes after the train started emerged from the fog into bright sunshine and a clear atmosphere. Then he was carried a hundred and ten miles over a fine road, to the terminus at Point du Chene, and graciously set down beside an oyster-bed in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. He did not see the oysters, however, because they were not open at that hour; but report has it that there are few bivalves



ST. JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK.

more luscious than the Shediac oysters. Besides the oysters, the only noteworthy object here was a long pier extending three quarters of a mile over a mud-flat to deep water. From thence the steamer *Lady Head* was wont to start on her fortnightly voyage to Quebec, touching at sundry intermediate ports; but as she would not be due for several hours, Penman drove back two miles, to Shediac, which is one of the early Acadian settlements. It was the shortest trip that he ever made from English to French soil. The change would not have been greater had he been dropped from a balloon into the midst of some village on the Seine.

The Acadians are remarkable for their exclusiveness and the tenacity with which they cling to old habits and associations. All the national characteristics are retained, even to the primitive simplicity of dress and manners. Few understand English or care to. Now it so happened that all the Jeans and *Jeanettes* of the neighborhood were out in holiday attire to attend the consecration of a chapel. The occasion being observed with time-honored ceremonies, of course any English taint, however slight, that the few might have acquired, was put aside for the time being. French flags streamed from tall, fresh-peeled poles and from booths and bowers of evergreen. Here were damsels in kirtles, and swains in blouses of blue homespun; priests in the old style of chapeau resembling flour-scoops. There were prayers inside the chapel, and fandangoes upon the lawn outside; also plenty of stimulating beverages, which were served to the thirsty in the booths aforesaid. The crowd oscillated between the prayers and the fandangoes, elbowing their way in two opposing streams through the chapel door. Occasionally bursts of sonorous discord from half a dozen brass instruments issued from the chapel. Thus there became alternate intervals of quiet and hubbub; but there was no disorder, as the priests acted as constabulary.

Such was the condition of affairs when Penman strode upon the scene. He would fain have entered the chapel, but met difficulty at the start. As he advanced he presently found himself a special object of attention. With that courtesy which the French generally bestow upon strangers, one of the priests took him by the arm to lead him to a booth; at the same time one of the laymen, whose nose was red and breath pungent, pulled him toward the chapel; a damsel entreated him with winsome smile to join her in a jig; at the same time an ancient maiden inquired if he was *un beau Americaine;* and an official, or master of ceremonies, who flaunted a huge rosette in his button-hole, advised him that there would soon be *a gr-r-and refection.* But, alas! Penman did not speak French, and only French was spoken here. He thought the simple people regarded him as an intruder, and he longed to define his position. He expected summary excommunication from the priest, an *argumentum à posteriori* from the red-nosed layman, anathemas from the old woman, and believed that the damsel was interceding for him as Pocahontas did for John Smith. Meanwhile the circle around him increased. He was in despair. Oh, for one hour of *patois!* At length, in the extremity of desperation, he broke from the crowd, and would have fled from the ground, had not a native "Blue-nose" opportunely come to his rescue. Explanations followed (in English), and he was thenceforth happy.

When he embarked on board the steamer he still seemed to breathe the atmosphere of France. Although the English ensign floated at the peak, the captain and crew were all Frenchmen. There were more French priests in flour-scoops, French schoolmasters in black gowns and high-crowned hats, and a couple of nuns. Besides these there were several members of the Provincial Government returning from the labors of a Legislative session, a number of militia officers, with their wives and daughters, and some Micmac Indians—sixty passengers all told, for whom only twelve berths were provided. Harmony prevailed notwithstanding. The ladies took the berths, the priests and schoolmasters kept in a knot by themselves, the nuns retired within their dismal hoods and conventual character, the Indians maintained their habitual exclusiveness, and the legistators drank beer and discussed Confederation. Confederation was the engrossing topic of the voyage, on deck or below, at meals or siesta, in sunshine or rain, by night or by day; and often, in the wee sma' hours, the uneasy occupants of table and floor were roused from their cat-naps by noisy wrangling about Confederation. This continued until a couple of the members were happily set ashore at Miramichi. The rest steamed up the Bay Chaleur toward Dalhousie. Dalhousie is the shire town of Restigouche County, and lies two miles above the mouth of the Restigouche River. At that point Penman was to leave the steamer.

Just here is one of the most superb and fascinating panoramic views to be found in America. If one of our artists would only transfer it to canvas, he would astonish the world with a novelty as striking as the "Heart of the Andes" or the "Yosemite Valley." The whole region is mountainous, and almost precipitous enough to be Alpine; but its grandeur is derived less from cliffs, chasms, and peaks, than from far-reaching sweeps of outline and continually rising domes that mingle with the clouds. When Penman longed to enjoy the landscape a provoking curtain of densest fog hid it from sight; but, just as he had abandoned himself to extremest despair, the veil was suddenly lifted at the most opportune moment, and then its glories were trebly enhanced. He had not to await the gradual development of the landscape's opening beauties, but they all burst forth simultaneously in fullest effulgence. The surface of the river was unrippled, and gleamed like polished steel. Two headlands guarded the entrance, which is



PERFECT EQUALITY.

three miles wide and nine fathoms deep to their very bases. On the Gaspé side precipitous cliffs of brick-red sandstone flanked the shore, so lofty that they seemed to cast their gloomy shadows half across the bay; these yawned with rifts and gullies, through which fretful torrents tumbled into the sea. Behind them the mountains rose and fell in long undulations of ultramarine, and, towering above them all, was the famous peak of Tracadegash, flashing in the sunlight like a pale-blue amethyst. On the New Brunswick side the snowy cottages of Dalhousie climbed a hill that rose from the river in three successive ridges, backed by a range of fantastic knobs and wooded cones that rolled off to the limit of vision. These mountains constitute the northeastern extremity of the Alleghany chain.

Encircled by this amphitheatre, the harbor of Dalhousie looked like a placid lake. Two wooded islands in the distance seemed to float upon its surface. An English man-of-war lay in the shadow of the cliffs. Not a single craft was on the wing to animate the scene; only a few lumber ships floated lazily at anchor near the land, with an air of sleepy indifference whether they loaded that season or the next. A reek of black smoke drifted sluggishly from the stack of a gigantic saw-mill that stood on a projecting point. The whole landscape was decidedly sleepy, and suggestive of a *dolce far niente* unusual beyond the latitude of palms and bread-fruit. However, the steamer's gun presently disturbed its repose. It startled a multitude of echoes from the hills, but summoned scarcely a dozen persons to the rickety staging that sometimes served the purposes of a wharf. In the present instance the steamer lay a few cable-lengths off, and as no boats were visible, it became a matter of perplexity how to land. At length an unwieldy lugger got under way, and by dint of persistent pulling and poling and continual shifting of a huge sprit-sail that did no service in the calm, was engineered alongside. She was manned by two white men and a negro. The negro exercised the prerogative of giving orders which no one obeyed. He was dirty, stalwart, unctuous, and disgustingly familiar. He was no respecter of persons. As soon as the craft touched the steamer he scrambled headlong over the rail among the passengers, elbowing some aside and stumbling over others, to greet all he recognized with tremendous guffaws of delight. Some he shook by both hands, some he embraced, called the honorable member of Her Majesty's Legislative Council "John," and fairly reveled in the realm of perfect equality. He answered all questions, to whomsoever put, and interrupted the adieus of parting friends. Then he suddenly discov-

ered the urgent necessity of getting ashore at once, which he impressed upon the passengers by pushing them toward the gangway.

"Come, *boys!*" he sung out. "Pick up your luggage if you'se gwine ashore. I'se got no time to waste. Hurry up, you ladies! the boat's gwine to start now."

So there was an instant rush over the side with carpet-bags, valises, bandboxes, and overcoats, and a general scramble into the lugger, until there was scarcely standing room left. The weaker sex stood small chance. Some had their bonnets crushed, two or three cried, one man fell overboard, others slipped on the narrow gunwales. Before all were fairly stowed the negro clambered over their heads to his official station at the helm. The rudder was shoved port and starboard, the sprit-sail jibed hither and yon, clumsy oars knocked off people's hats, and the craft rolled and yawed her way to land. When the shore was reached the keel struck bottom in two feet of water; consequently, the only alternative of wading to *terra firma* was to attempt the passage of a slippery inclined timber which commenced in the brine and ended in mid-air, necessitating a jump of six feet downward. Some chose one, and some the other. The gentlemen were gallant and carried the ladies over dry-shod, or received them with open arms at the end of the stick. And thus the landing was made at Dalhousie.

Penman lost no time in inquiring the social status of the negro in that part of the world, and did not hesitate to express his disgust at the conduct he had witnessed.

His companion smiled. "It's only his way," he said. "We are used to him here. Charley is the only negro in the county, and claims special privileges on that account. He's a sort of natural curiosity; but the boys about town have made a fool of him."

When Penman saw Charley next he was dancing "Juba" in the middle of the street, with a crowd of idlers around him.

Had Penman been a devoted geologist he might have employed many profitable days at Dalhousie, for the place was originally known in the Indian vernacular as "the place of bright stones and many shells;" but he was much more interested in the historical associations that clustered around him. He stood upon the very threshold of the shrine where all the early hopes and fair prospects of Enaud's little colony of Acadians lie buried—the scene of their hazardous beginnings, their quiet pastoral life, their missionary labors among the natives, their subsequent harassing warfare with the Indians, and their final dispersion by the English. He traced their footprints, which time has nearly obliterated, for more than twenty miles up the broad and deeply-flowing stream, marked the various promontories on the



LANDING AT DALHOUSIE.



MICMAC COSTUMES.

Gaspé side where sullen batteries frowned, but where undergrowth and trees now make a wilderness, peered into the depths where the skeleton wrecks of vessels may still be seen, and gazed with wondering interest upon the memorials of the final conflict which the settlers have gathered up from time to time. If an antiquarian would collect historical relics of the earlier French settlements to illustrate a period which is veiled in partial obscurity, he can gather here buttons, cutlasses, spurs, bayonets, iron pans, spoons, gun-barrels, and many an antique coin. Two iron cannons, that once belched forth destruction from "Battery Point" upon the invading English, are now mounted upon a plateau at "Athol House," and still do occasional service in the way of firing salutes on the anniversaries of the "Queen's Birthday" and the "Landing of the Loyalists." At another private residence the occupant has a mantle-piece carved from a part of one of the wrecks. A feeling of sadness is excited by these mementoes just as naturally as melancholy breeds in a church-yard. Those who have wept over the misfortunes of gentle Evangeline as they read her simple story will feel their indignation rise toward the authors of these outrages, and perhaps include their descendants also in their condemnation; but the impartial historian will credit this chapter of rapine and slaughter not so much to tyranny and wanton oppression as to that "stern necessity" which is the plea in every struggle for empire or for principle. The Acadians were exceedingly anxious to be "let alone," but the country they occupied was equally desirable to the English as to them, and by both claimed by right of prior discovery; and who that sees the lethargic French of today, scattered as they are about the Provinces in their little colonies of sleepy exclusiveness, with habits antedating two centuries, and costumes which perhaps became their great-grandfather's grandfathers, will deny that the country has fallen into better hands than theirs? The Acadians, with their quaint peculiarities and tastes, might have been a novelty to Mr. Penman; but they are really an antiquity belonging to another age, and quite out of place, so far as regards this progressive country in which we live.

The Restigouche is navigable for large ships eighteen miles. Campbelltown, which is sixteen miles from its mouth, may be considered at the head of navigation. Four miles further up the tide ceases to flow, the river loses its majestic proportions, and thence maintains a nearly uniform width for sixty miles. Campbelltown is a compact village of one thousand inhabitants, with several trading-houses, docks, and timber-ponds. It is the entrepôt of the lumbermen who wield their axes in the wilderness up stream. There are few houses beyond on the New Brunswick side. The wagon-road continues about twelve miles, and is then lost in the woods. On the Canada side is the regular post-road to Quebec, which is attainable from Campbelltown by a rude ferry. The telegraph wire follows the route of the road. The ferry terminus is a sand-bluff at Mission Point,

where is located the largest settlement of Micmacs in the Province. They number two hundred families, and occupy a reservation of twelve hundred acres of excellent land. Those who are not too lazy cultivate a little ground, but the majority earn a livelihood by lumbering, hunting, and fishing. They are very expert with the canoe, and are always employed by those who have occasion to visit the interior on business or pleasure—for the streams are the only highways through the forests as yet. The women raise a few garden vegetables, and some of the wealthier have a cow to attend to. In the winter they manufacture baskets and wooden-ware. They are honest, and generally temperate (for Indians), and seem not to suffer for the necessaries of life; indeed, they are able to support a chapel and priest in very comfortable style. Their houses are built of boards and logs, furnished much like a backwoodsman's shanty, and are laid out in streets. For the most part they dress like the whites. It is many years since they laid aside the habiliments of their tribe. Still, there are individuals whose ancestral pride clings tenaciously to them, and they wear on special occasions the costumes of their fathers. A full dress for either sex consists of but two garments, elaborately ornamented in gaudy colors. Comparatively few of the Indians live habitually upon the reservation.

Fortunately for Penman, it was "St. Anne's Day" when he visited the Micmacs—the anniversary of their patron saint—and the Indians were out in full holiday feather. On this momentous occasion they considered it their special duty to use such enchantments and devices as should suffice to "keep the Devil away" for the ensuing year. This, it was supposed, could be mainly accomplished by shooting guns into the air at random, and accordingly a desultory firing was kept up for twelve sweltering hours. As much powder was wasted, proportionately, as in one of our Yankee towns on the Fourth of July. But there were other modes of procedure as well. At early morning the little chapel bell rang out its musical summons to prayers. Father Socier, the priest, closed his neatly-painted store, which on secular days invited the trade of his copper-hued flock (for the Father has a keen eye to business, as well as to his spiritual calling), and repaired to the sacristy. Then, in due time, the Micmacs marched in motley and solemn procession to mass and the lessons of the day. After these were concluded the Father delivered a suitable address, and they then formed again and marched through rows of evergreens to a huge wigwam of boughs, where a feast was spread. After the repast there were foot-races and dancing. These constituted the principal festivities; but the popping of guns continued until both



MICMAC CELEBRATION.

powder and enthusiasm were exhausted. It may be hoped that some one was successful in hitting the invisible enemy.

Penman did not tarry long among the Indians. He had no special interest in the tribe beyond its two members who had been engaged to paddle him to the head-waters of the Restigouche. These had been ordered to await his arrival at the mouth of the Metapedia, some twelve miles above. Moreover, he had learned at Campbelltown that there was an English officer at present fishing the Metapedia, who was bound on the same voyage as himself, and to him he bore letters of introduction from a mutual acquaintance. Said officer was Captain of one of Her Majesty's gun-boats, and absent on furlough. As he was represented to be companionable, and withal a scientific angler and an expert at killing salmon, Penman naturally felt desirous to meet him. It is always pleasant to encounter brother sportsmen on their chosen stamping-grounds. It is like meeting fellow-countrymen in a foreign land. A sympathetic chord is struck at sight. Whether it be the fellow-feeling that makes us wondrous kind, or the fact that solitude warms the heart like wax to receive impressions, it is undeniable that an affinity infallibly manifests itself. There is a certain etiquette of the woods always observed by true sportsmen, which is mutually enjoyable. It throws sunlight upon the camp when the day is damp and murky, and sheds a genial warmth through the atmosphere of a frigid zone. But it is not wise to be too much in company. The best will tire of each other when trout and salmon take precedence. A sportsman needs room beyond the mere sweep of his casting-line or the range of his gun. For this reason Penman has always preferred to take his jaunts alone. He can then offer incense freely upon the altar of his own selfishness without deferring to the desires or caprices of others.

Penman appreciated this feeling of independence as he turned his face up stream and cantered his horse out of the Micmac precincts. This sense of freedom was intensified as the landscape expanded before him in all its wonderful diversity. The river still rolled before him in majestic volume, full two miles broad, and the mountain ranges were set far back on either side, inclosing within their mighty amphitheatre a level tract of rich alluvium, which here and there was dotted with the farms of enterprising pioneer settlers. Conspicuous among these is "Athol House," already mentioned, and noteworthy as being the first permanently-located residence on the Restigouche after the French occupation. It was constructed in 1796, and the materials were brought from Halifax, a distance of many hundred miles. Notwithstanding its antiquity, and the difficulties which attended its erection, it is still the most commodious and pretentious mansion on the river, and with its numerous outbuildings makes quite a village. The estate comprises more than a thousand acres of well-cultivated land. In former years the proprietor, Robert Ferguson, Esq., who owned the principal fishing-stations, exported no less than 2000 barrels of salmon annually; and it then took only eleven salmon upon an average to make a barrel of two hundred pounds. This will convey an idea of what a salmon stream this once was. The fish have since greatly diminished in numbers, although a 20-pound salmon is a phenomenon of ordinary occurrence. There is no river in the Provinces where they are so abundant or so large; and not only in its own waters, but in its principal tributaries, the expert and industrious angler may capture them by hundreds. Athol House is on the New Brunswick side of the river.

Three miles above Athol House, on the Canada side, is Point-au-Bourdo, the site of the ancient town of Petite Rochelle and its fortifications; and here the tourist lingers with a melancholy interest. It is a commanding bluff, and bears the name of the captain of the French fleet which helped to defend the place when it was attacked by the English. It is a singular circumstance that, although the margin of the river both above and below this point is skirted with large and valuable estates, here all is deserted and silent as a grave-yard. Moreover the ground is almost as level and barren as a floor. The grass is scant and short, like that of a close-cropped sheep-pasture. Vegetation has not in charity clothed its nakedness. Here and there a solitary tree rattles its decaying limbs when the wind blows, and a few hang over the bank where dismembered wrecks lie sunk in the river; but they are the same trees that spread their leafy branches over the Acadian children when they played, and that sheltered the kine from the noonday sun. In some places are perceptible hollows in the earth where cellars were dug, and there are two or three ruined chimney-stacks in which the ancient fireplace can be distinctly traced. These are the only memorials that remain of the once thriving colony, and their village of two hundred houses. Scores of the living generation pass the spot, but no one heaves a sigh or drops a tear of regret. If the stranger asks a settler passing by what once stood here, he answers, with a smile at your ignorance, "An old French village."

But who cares what happened or who lived a hundred years ago?

A mile above the Point the old Metis or Kempt road starts over the Gaspé Mountains. We allude to this because the times are changing now; but it was only a few years ago that this was the mail route and the only land communication between the Bay Chaleur and the St. Lawrence River. It is wholly uninhabited, and traverses a broken and wilderness country. Forty years ago the mail service was performed by dogs, with small carts or sleds according to the season. Subsequently, the postman rode horseback for sixty miles of the way and walked the remaining forty. To-day he and the traveling public enjoy a new route, which was sur-

veyed and laid out a few years since. It is much more level, and does not take pains to cross the highest mountains, as the old one did; nevertheless, very few persons ever attempt it, and from lack of use it has become scarcely passable for wagons. The Quebec telegraph line follows it the entire length, and it is also, in part, one of the most approved routes surveyed by the Inter-Colonial Railroad.

Just where this road strikes the Restigouche the character of the scenery changes greatly. The river itself, which has hitherto flowed with uninterrupted current, is now filled with wooded and grassy islands which afford choice pasturage for herds of cattle and horses that resort to them. Alders begin to fringe the banks, while rapids and deep pools alternate in quick succession. The mountains, too, impinge more closely upon the stream, and cast their sombre shadows over the valley. They rise one above the other in every variety of fantastic outline. There is the "Sugar Loaf," aptly named, an isolated cone a thousand feet high, whose almost perpendicular sides are inaccessible except at a single point. In the dreamy distance, but standing far apart, the peaks of "Squaw's Cap" and the "Crowsquill Mountain" loom up like shadowy spectres in the purple atmosphere, already tinted by the setting sun. Sometimes the mountains dive so abruptly into the river that the hemlocks which cling to their sides have but insecure foothold, and slide down and topple over. All this was very grand and very interesting to Mr. Penman, but the rapidly deepening shadows and the complaints of his appetite admonished him that he should be near his destination. So he gave his attention more to his horse and less to nature, and with such gratifying result that he presently turned an angular spur of the mountain and realized the full fruition of his hopes. From the eminence where he stood his eye embraced a royal landscape. The Metapedia came rolling down from its wilderness hermitage, and, emerging from the forest, swept around two islands and joined the Restigouche. In the angle which they formed were spread out before him a thousand acres of waving grain and grass in a green mosaic of brilliant contrasts. Graceful elms and groves of maple dotted the many fields; deep green alders fringed the streams; cow-bells tinkled in the neighboring thickets; flocks of sheep were bleating high up upon a hill-side pasture. In this heart of the wilderness was another mansion which for pretension rivaled the "Athol House" below, and like it was surrounded by a village of outbuildings. No fences were seen except where the highway bounded the estate; but the grim brotherhood of mountains closed in and gathered the peaceful valley to their bosom. Fleecy clouds hung over their tops, and sometimes rolled lazily down their sides, where they floated, poised in mid-air. The place is perfectly secluded from the outside world, and its only outlet is that by which Penman came.

This is the residence of Daniel Fraser, Esq. There are few houses beyond it. It stands on the limit of civilization. The post-road turns a right-angle around the base of a mountain, and trends away toward the north. The telegraph line follows it, and leaves the wilderness to its wild beasts and its primitive solitude. The Restigouche is thenceforward the only highway, and the canoe the only vehicle that traverses it, except when the scows of the lumbermen ascend in the autumn with the winter supplies. The bears, the moose, the beaver, and the salmon occupy their domain comparatively unmolested.



DANIEL FRASER.

Daniel Fraser is monarch of no small realm. His employés number more than a hundred. In the winter they are engaged in lumbering, trapping, and hunting, and in summer in farming, stock-raising, salmon-fishing, road-making, and general repairing. His stock comprises the choicest breeds of cattle, sheep, and horses. Vast are the quantities of farm and dairy produce, lumber, and furs that he annually ships to market. Upon his premises are a trading-house, store, blacksmith shop, saddler's shop, dairy, post-office, and telegraph station, besides numerous barns and other outbuildings. So extensive an establishment would attract attention in any land; but to find it in the remotest corner of civilization, and about a century in advance of the rest of the Province, strikes the stranger with wonder and admiration.

It is said that Scotchmen are either very mean or generous in the extreme. Daniel Fraser is a Scotchman, and belongs to Nature's nobility. His house is supplied with all the

luxuries and comforts of life, and all that he has is at the disposal of his guests. Physically he is hard to beat, for he stands six feet four inches high. He is major of the county militia, and consequently makes a commanding officer. He is, moreover, magistrate, sheriff, or something of the sort, but does not find his duties arduous. In a word, he fills a large space and plays an important part in the social and official circle in which he moves. As a sportsman, though modest, he has scarcely an equal. It was toward the hospitable threshold of this gentleman's house that Penman's feet had tended for a week past; and now, as he sauntered toward the open porch, with the shades of evening gathering round him, and the mingled voices of suspicious cur and mastiff sounding harshly in his ears, his heart leaped with joy to see his host approach to greet him. The English officer was there too, occupied with rods and reels, which he was putting carefully aside after three or four days' active use—active, indeed! he had taken more than four hundred trout, any one of which would have graced an angler's line. In happy anticipation of a trout supper Penman glibly told the narrative of his adventures and made his toilet. Joyous was the feast which followed, and when that was concluded and all had wiped their lips they retired for pipe devotions on the piazza.

That night was marvelous for its glory. A heavy cloud had rested long upon the summit of the mountain directly opposite, and seemed bound there by some magic spell. At last the full moon got up, and, mounting to its level, poured her full effulgence into it. The inky cloud at once became a fleecy mass so translucent and so airy that it seemed to have been wafted from some celestial realm, and imagination looked for the opening of its portals and the message "peace on earth, good will to all men." The effect was weird in the extreme. After the moon had mounted higher, its light disclosed a fleecy cloud suspended in mid-air half-way down the mountain. This presently ascended and joined the vapory coronal above. At once from their united force was flashed a gleam of lightning which portended any thing but peace, and the muttering which followed seemed to be answered by a rumble from the hither side of the river. All looked, and to their surprise beheld the mountain behind them capped with vapor like the other. The cloud was menacingly black, and gleamed continually with electric flashes. The air became painfully still, and some kine in the barns moaned with a troubled tone. After a short season of profitless threats and muttering the two hostile clouds began to gird up their wrath. They pressed toward each other in vengeful mood, and the lightnings seemed to fairly leap from peak to peak as they skirmished at long range. At last they got motion upon a troubled current of air, and rushing together impetuously, shot forth their red artillery amidst a crash and rattling din that reverberated through the valley and made the mountains shake to their foundations. Then the rain came down as Penman had never seen it before, flooding the earth and raising the river. It rained for an hour, and ceased as suddenly as it had begun. Some potent and unseen agency hustled the wrangling clouds out of sight over the opposite mountain, and then the moon shone out again in all the intensity of her undiminished glory.

Penman had never witnessed such a remarkable display of pyrotechnics, but he saw them repeated more than once afterward while up the river.

One good result of the shower was to annihilate the mosquitoes and flies, which before had been tormenting, and so the sportsmen chatted long until the moon had glided behind their backs. Penman asked the history of the deciding conflict which drove the French from the river and caused the destruction of Petite Rochelle. Just here Fraser's brother Aleck came up, and he was appealed to as the best-informed man of the party. Aleck was the walking library for the entire settlement.

"It was more the result of accident than otherwise, I think," he said. "The English didn't know of this settlement so far up the river, although they had been making pretty free with the French stations along shore for two or three years back. You see the French had fitted out a fleet in 1760 to try and regain Quebec, and to strengthen their forces in Canada. There were four men-of-war, several privateers, and twenty-two store-ships. When they had got into the Gulf they learned that a British squadron had preceded them up the St. Lawrence River, and so they took shelter in the Bay Chaleur. The British got wind of this and followed. When the French found they were pursued they ran their vessels up the Restigouche to Petite Rochelle, and built the batteries below to stop the British. The attempt to save the fleet caused the destruction of the town and the dispersion of the colony. I doubt if the English would have found out the settlement for some while if it hadn't been for that evil day. Its wilderness seclusion was its great safeguard."

"What became of those who escaped?" asked Penman.

"Oh, they scattered to different places. The most of them are settled along the southern coast of Gaspé; and while I think of it, there are a hundred of them within a mile and a half of us."

"I want to know!" said Penman, in pure Yankee dialect, quite overcome by surprise.

"Yes; over the mountain here there is a village, and it is laid out in squares as regular as one of your towns. What the people do with themselves is more than I know. There is no way of getting to them except by a foot-trail over the mountain, and they seldom come out."

"Was you ever there?" Penman asked.

"Only once. I rode over on horseback, just

out of curiosity, but couldn't make much out of them. They look and dress pretty much like all the rest of the tribe."

Here the Captain broke in. "You had a story, I believe," he said, "about that affair of the fleet—some love-scrape, or some such sort of thing? Suppose you reel it off now."

"It's not worth repeating," Aleck replied. "It's only somebody's yarn, though there is some truth in it, I believe. However, I don't mind telling it, if you will let me first clear the cobwebs out of my throat."

Accordingly he swallowed three fingers of "*Fairintosch*," and the Captain thumbed an extra charge of tobacco into his pipe. Thus prepared, he began:

ALECK'S STORY.

After the French had lost their strong-hold at Quebec—Louisburg, their great fortress at Cape Breton, had fallen too—the English determined to make short work with the settlements that remained, and parties were sent along the shore of the Gulf here to break up the trading-posts and fishing-stations. The French and Indians were in league then, and much trouble did they make the English. The Frenchmen cut out their work, and the Indians did the business. One night a boat's crew from one of the English ships landed somewhere down the Gaspé coast, with the design of attacking a small station. No one saw them excepting an Acadian lass, who had gone from Petite Rochelle on a visit to her friends. Her name was Marie Parant, the sister of an influential priest. Divining their purpose, she watched their movements for a while, and then collecting a force of friendly Indians, laid in ambush for the sailors. As they approached the station the Indians fell upon them and murdered all but two, whom they took prisoners and carried to Petite Rochelle. There they were strictly guarded for a time, but after a few weeks their confinement became only nominal. They showed no disposition to escape; indeed, an attempt to do so would probably have resulted in a lingering death in the wilderness. They seemed rather pleased than otherwise with their situation, and in the course of time, by a not unnatural coincidence, one of them fell desperately in love with Marie, their fair captor. Strange to say, his love was returned, much to the chagrin of the Acadian community. However, matters went on comfortably enough until the arrival of the French fleet, and the appearance of the British squadron below the mouth of the river.

The French prepared for active resistance, and the two sailors were once more placed in close confinement in one of the strongest dwellings. Battery after battery was planted upon the high bluffs that commanded the river and doggedly disputed the advance of the enemy. Captain Byron, the British commander, found hot work before him. Point Aninnipk, eight miles above Dalhousie, first opposed his passage. Four miles further up the batteries of Point Le Garde greeted the intruder with iron hail. Two miles higher Battery Point sent him its compliments. Next Mission Point belched forth its missiles; and at last he heard from Point-au-Bourdo. It was a desperate gauntlet to run, but he did not flinch. Gradually he worked his way up without the loss of a vessel. Point-au-Bourdo was the Frenchman's last resort, and here the engagement became terrific. Both fleet and shore batteries united in one grand and final effort. The peasantry rallied to the defense of their homes, and even women added their feeble aid.

While the fight progressed a female might have been detected, if all had not been too intently engaged, hovering near the place of the sailors' confinement. At last she approached the low, barred window, and a brawny hand clasped hers.

"How goes the battle, Marie?"

"Alas! badly; for justice defends not the weak."

"So the English are gaining ground?"

"'Tis true, my Edward, and we are lost. We know the fate to expect from your countrymen."

"Fear not for your own precious self, my darling! Stay with us and you at least are safe. When the English find us here they shall receive you with the joy that they welcome us. You will then be my own forever. We will leave this wilderness and go where peace and happiness reign."

"Speak not thus. Marie shares the fate of her relatives and countrymen. Farewell, my Edward! Excuse this weakness, but I wished to see you once more. Now Marie returns to her duty."

"Nay, stay a moment! Listen to me. Release us from this prison and we will train the guns upon the enemy. Nothing is gained by keeping us here, and much good may come to your people."

"I can not—alas! no—and what are two men against so many? 'Tis folly for you and a crime for me."

"Ah! Marie, for the love you have pledged me decide not too quickly. Let us go, and I will defend your home. Come—I swear it."

One minute her resolution wavered, and then she disappeared. Presently she returned with the keys and drew the bolts, and in another instant was clasped in her lover's arms. Fortunate had it been for her could she have read that the heart she pressed to hers was *false*. The word may be too harsh. Perhaps it was not false at the time, but it proved so in the end. Her lover might have intended all that he promised, but he did not know himself. The human heart is deceitful, and who can foresee its promptings when the flag of one's native country revives his slumbering patriotism? When the lovers had hastily embraced, the three sped to the batteries. The dead and dying lay thickly strewn around, and the smoke

of battle hovered densely over the field. The sailors quickly manned a deserted gun, and the damsel heroically busied herself in passing shot. For a time they stood courageously to their work amidst the crashing balls, until a sudden cheer broke from the flag-ship of the British fleet. The next instant, as if by preconcerted signal, they had leaped the margin of the bluff, and the bewildered Marie was left alone and in despair. Bravely the sailors swam, and actually reached their own long-lost vessel unhurt by the musket-balls which were discharged at them when their flight was discovered. They immediately went to the guns of their countrymen, and fought till the battle ended in the complete victory of the British. Whether fortune would have favored the invaders had not a crushing accident befallen the French can not be conjectured; as it was, the French commander, Captain Bourdo, fell at a critical moment, and at the same time a powder-ship blew up. Then the French despaired, and their discomfiture followed speedily. Captain Byron destroyed the entire fleet, and the town was left smouldering in ashes. Not one of its two hundred houses was spared. In the midst of the conflagration Edward and his comrade hunted for his sweet-heart through the town. At last they found her lying beside the gun which they had so treacherously deserted. And that's the end of the story.

"Was she dead?" Penman asked.

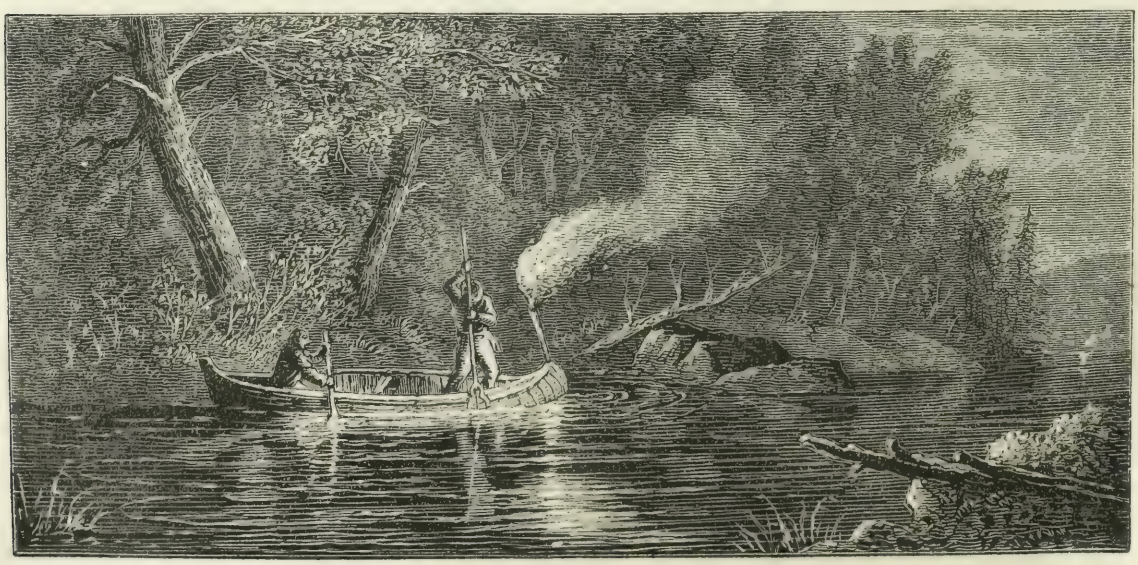
"Dead as a door-nail, with a musket-ball through her beautiful brain," said Aleck, with solemnity.

Penman shuddered. The Captain knocked the ashes out of his pipe and said, "Bosh! you may tell that yarn to the marines." Dan assented to this with a nod and a snore. Having thus uttered their several comments Dan roused himself, and all retired for the night.

In the early morning the prows of two birch canoes were discovered peering above the grassy margin of the river, and four stalwart Indians announced themselves ready to attend the orders of the Captain and Penman at the moderate charge of ten shillings per day and "found." Larry and Peter were allotted to Penman, and John and Catpat (French, *Quatre-pied*) to the Captain. Peter was a full-blooded Mohawk, black-haired and swarthy; the others half-breed Micmacs. Dan vouched for their good character, and their utter repugnance to whisky when it could not be had. With these assurances Penman devoted his thoughts entirely to the future; and from that time the Acadians and the Acadian land were banished from his mind.

That day was devoted to an excursion up the Metapedia, and the ensuing evening to spearing salmon among the islands of the Restigouche. The result was small success. In vain the Captain tried his artifices at the deep and gloomy pools—in vain the torches flashed and glinted, and cast their lurid glare into the sparkling depths. One diminutive salmon was the sole reward. So they returned to refreshing rest at Fraser's. Meanwhile every thing had been bountifully supplied for the more extended voyage—the pork and molasses, hard bread, tea, salt beef, flour, whisky, cooking utensils, and blankets; and before the morrow's sun had fairly risen the two adventurers bestowed themselves in the bottom of their respective canoes, the trusty Indians bent to their setting-poles, and the party bade adieu to Fraser. Gradually they rounded the point where the alders swayed in the current; the mountains closed in around them, and they were alone in the wilderness.

Penman's canoe took the lead, and the other followed closely. Penman was delighted with the freshness of the novelty; with the vivid green of the foliage sparkling with dew; with the delicious morning temperature; with the rush of the cool and limpid waters that disclosed the minutest pebble on the bottom; with the lullaby motion of the craft; with the towering hills that walled them in. He grew



SPEARING SALMON.

noisy in the exuberance of his delight, whistled the echoes out of the woods, sang, shouted, and exchanged salutes with the Captain astern. But he struck no really sympathetic chord, although he started up a king-fisher, which flew screaming from the end of a dead limb. The Captain was too busy with his hackles, rayed feathers of the mallard, and "*hog's-down*" to be diverted. The Indians, too, were impassive and quiet. When Penman addressed them casually they said "Ugh!" and drove their iron-shod poles more vigorously into the gravel, which answered with a dull click. So he was compelled to subside and be silent. As a relief he lighted his pipe. The motion of the canoe made a gentle breeze which wafted the smoke aft, and kept off the black-flies. This was agreeable. The current was slow and the river comparatively deep, so they made good progress. Once the Captain stopped to make a cast in a tempting pool, but got no "rise," and they moved on again. At length the atmosphere became perceptibly warmer, and the Indians began to show the effects of their exercise. Then Larry, the bowsman of the foremost canoe, said something that sounded like "*Espitpook*," and a voice behind answered, "*Ooah*," and the canoes were headed for a sandy beach. Penman asked "What's up?" and the Indian replied "Boilum kettle now." So the canoes were run ashore, and they took breakfast.

It was evident from the trials that had already been made that the salmon were well up stream, for, it being near the end of July, the season was well advanced. Subsequently they encountered numerous logs floating down, indicating that a party above was "driving" the stream, and affording an additional explanation. There was, therefore, a prospect of a long and tedious spell of uninterrupted poling. Poling up stream bears the same relation to descending with the current that drawing a sled up hill does to sliding down. Three miles an hour is good average speed, and twenty miles a fair day's journey. It is marvelous with what untiring energy the Indians stick to their work, never resting except at meals or to pause for a drink where an ice-cold brook tumbles into the stream. As the second-hand of a watch marks the passing hour, so their constant poles measure every foot of the weary way—now stemming rushing rapids that almost bear them down, traversing long reaches of quickwater where to miss a stroke is to lose a rod, or climbing actual falls, gaining ground inch by inch until the canoe poises on the curve with her prow at an angle of forty-five, and then by a vigorous, desperate shove is forced over into smooth water. Penman thought he had never enjoyed such exciting pleasure before. His spirits flowed copiously for one hour. After that he began to feel kinks in his legs, and straightened them out longitudinally. Then the scenery somehow seemed to have become tediously monotonous. The sun poured down its broiling rays until he sweltered. All the birds and beasts had retired to umbrageous cover, and the woods were painfully still. The river gurgled in doleful monotone along the banks. It took an hour to round a jutting point not far ahead. An old rampike kept in sight until its form grew hideous. Then the twinges came back to his legs again; so he crossed them, tailor-fashion. He grew thirsty, took a mouthful of river-water and spewed it out. Indian said, "Findum spring soon; then get water good." In despair he looked behind him, and saw the Captain's feet only visible over the gunwales. Taking the hint he followed suit and lay down flat in the bottom. Then he dozed, and blessed sleep became his anodyne. When he woke the Indians were still at their pegging programme, but the sun was well down in the west, and the trees cast a grateful shade across the stream.

The party made eighteen miles that day, and camped on a gravelly beach with a grove in the back-ground, and the mountains standing well back from the river. The canoes were hauled out, unloaded, and turned over so as to afford a partial shelter. Then a smoke was instantly made to keep off the black-flies and mosquitoes, which came down upon them in swarms. John and Larry cut fuel for a fire, Peter gathered spruce boughs for a bed, and Catpat dressed three or four trout which the Captain had caught, and prepared the supper. Thus their labor was divided. At sundown the flies retired for the night, as is their habit, and the party enjoyed partial relief from winged tormentors. Pipes followed supper in due course, and then all prepared for rest. Gradually the shades of night closed around them. The temperature became cool, almost chilly; and the fire that blazed cheerfully at their feet as they lay stretched upon the yielding boughs shed a genial warmth around. The river ran by with a musical murmur. At times an owl hooted out a dismal note, and once there was a heavy splash on the opposite shore, whither some inquisitive moose had probably been attracted by the light. The Indians were soon snoring in chorus, and the Captain was apparently lost in dreams. Penman closed his eyes and wistfully invited sleep, but the drowsy god came not. In vain he soothed himself—his nerves would not be quiet. The first night in camp produced an excitement which he could not overcome. So he abandoned himself to contemplation of his situation, of his helplessness among the band of savages that surrounded him, and conjured up tales of blood where unsuspecting travelers had been murdered for less value than he then had upon his person. Then he "pooh-poohed" at the folly of such suspicions, and threw them back upon the vouchers which he had received from Fraser for the men's character, and at last fell into a doze. He thought it was only a doze; but he must have slept long, for when he was awakened the moon was shining over the mountains full into the camp. He referred to his watch and found

it midnight. But it was not the moon shining into his face that had aroused him. There was a suspicious movement among his swarthy comrades. He saw one of them rouse, sit up, and peer cautiously around him. Penman stirred not a muscle, but he kept his eye open, and his senses were painfully acute. At last the man got up. It was John. He moved toward the canoes with cat-like tread and peered into the faces of the Captain and himself. For the moment he feigned sleep. He was upon the point of rousing the Captain, but thought it prudent to wait. At last his fears were fully confirmed. He saw John steal behind the canoe where the axe was standing. He seized the axe, stepped forward, raised it—(oh, horror! he woke the Captain with a yell)—to his shoulder, and walked into the woods to cut another log for the fire!!

"What's the matter?" muttered the Captain, as he yawned and lazily shifted his position.

"Nothing," said Penman, sheepishly.

"Ugh!" grunted the Captain, and went off again.

The next morning they breakfasted at daybreak, and at four o'clock left the blue smoke of their camp-fire curling from the expiring embers. That day was fraught with interesting adventure. Soon after the start Penman heard a violent splash behind him, and thought the Captain had struck a thumping salmon. He turned and saw John up to his waist in the water, struggling toward the shore. He had tumbled overboard! John pleaded that his pole was blunt, and slipped on a smooth rock, but the Captain found a more satisfactory explanation in an empty bottle secreted under the Indian's coat in the stern of the canoe. In the course of the morning they passed the mouth of the Upsalquitch, a New Brunswick river, famous for its trout. Here they took several



THE CATAMARAN.

three-pounders. Afterward they met a man coming down stream on a "catamaran"—a primitive craft of three logs lashed together—and soon encountered a scow belonging to a party of lumbermen who were "driving" the river. They were now in the heart of the lumber region, as the very characteristic names given to many of the islands and striking localities amply testified. There are the "Devil's Elbow" and "Hell's Gate"—two dangerous and difficult passages between rocks—the "Devil's Half-Acre," the "Nigger Rafting-Ground," "No Man's Island," "Grog Island," "Brandy Brook," and "Temperance Shoals." Some incident is connected with each name. Occasionally a rude camp was discerned among the trees, and at intervals were mountain-slides a thousand feet high, down which the logs which have been cut come crashing with frightful velocity. The Indians state that upon the tops of many of these mountains are level plateaus stretching miles away toward the St. Lawrence, and that in one of them is a bottomless hole of the diameter of a barrel, which constantly emits smoke and sulphurous smells. Its location is two miles from the Restigouche, opposite a point known as "Two Brooks." Penman suggested that upon some former St. Anne's Day the devil had taken alarm at the hostile demonstrations of the Micmacs, and dived into the earth here *à la Ravel.* The Indians, however, couldn't see it.

Both Penman and the Captain took several fine trout that day at the numerous pools along the river, but failed to strike a salmon. In the afternoon they reached the mouth of the Patapedia, having made twenty-one miles. The Indians pronounce it Patape*jaw*. Here the Captain captured his first salmon, and landed him in fine style. He had no sooner made a second cast than he struck another, which proved a fish of the first magnitude. It was the evening fishing; and the deep, black pool where he tossed in his fly seemed fairly alive with the hungriest of old veterans. The individual whose curiosity had now got him into trouble hardly seemed to realize the real difficulty at first. He sculled to and fro for a few moments as if reconnoitring the enemy's lines, then dived to the bottom, rose again to the top, and at length thrust his nose above the surface. Here he evidently found more light on the subject, for he darted up-stream like a rocket, reeling off a hundred yards of line at a run. As soon as he felt himself checked he threw his entire length clear of the water, and then girding up his strength, entered the lists for a sweepstakes. He made the entire circuit of the pool three times in splendid style, throwing as many somersaults, and at the end of the third heat came up considerably blown. The Captain, perceiving his distress, reeled him in cautiously, and attempted to lead him to beach. But as soon as he felt himself in hand he took the line in his teeth and worked off toward the tail of the pool. The place where the Captain stood was a sloping gravelly beach, affording one of the best possible landing-places; but his salmonship seemed determined to take the opposite side, where the shore was ledgy and steep. After a little he seemed to recuperate and become more active; and the angler, finding the game too much for him, called one of the canoes. Then followed a skirmish of twenty minutes, which resulted in advantage to the Captain; and the fish came to hand quite helpless to all appearance. Catpat stood by with the gaff, and felt sure of his prize, when the game suddenly roused and darted down-stream with the swiftness of an arrow. It was a critical moment. The canoe followed with all speed, and the Captain again succeeded in checking him. This proved the salmon's final effort; his strength was exhausted, and the Captain reeled him in and triumphantly bagged him — weight, by pocket-scales, twenty-two pounds three ounces; time, fifty-five minutes.

Meanwhile camp had been made and supper prepared. It was now dark, and the Captain was quite ready to eat and then retire on his laurels for the night. But Penman chose to go out with the torches. His Indians speared two salmon and lost a fine one which they struck. This same fish was heard from in the morning in a way unexpected. There was a shanty half a mile up occupied by two fishermen who had nets set. When they took up these nets at dawn they found a twenty-pound salmon in the meshes which had evidently received a recent wound from a spear. His tail was completely severed two inches above the flukes. The coincidence elicited much comment from the whole party assembled. All expressed surprise that the unhappy victim could succeed in working his way up stream after the loss of his propeller. Then the query arose, what should be done with him? Should he grace the feast of his captors and their guests, or would he still be suitable for export in such mutilated state? Could such a wound be remedied? The Captain turned inquiringly to Penman, and Penman answered, sagely, "I think he can be *cured!!*"

That day head-quarters were at the mouth of the Patapedia, and eleven salmon and grilse the result of the day's sport. In the afternoon Penman and his comrade went on an expedition to a beaver-dam, constructed on a neighboring affluent. The water of the dam was five feet deep and set back two miles, inundating the adjacent forest and forming a considerable lake. Along the bank was a well-beaten path leading to their conical houses and to stores of birch-cuttings of uniform length, piled like cord-wood and laid aside for winter consumption. These dams often interfere with the operations of the lumbermen, and require to be cut away to make a passage for the logs that are driven down stream. It is said that dams which occupied two weeks in cutting away have been rebuilt by the beavers in four days, so wonderful is their industry. When Penman and his friend returned to camp it was dark.



AL FRESCO.

The fire was blazing brilliantly, throwing its cheerful light into the recesses of the silent woods, and illuminating a group of grotesque figures that squatted around. A nearer view discovered the chiefs in solemn council, offering narcotic incense and pouring forth frequent libations to spirits which they had evoked from sundry opaque bottles discovered among the stores. The opportune arrival of the Captain abruptly terminated the ceremonies before their enthusiasm had got the better of their brains. Presently luscious flakes of salmon were frizzling in pork-scraps over the fire, and the teapot uttered its musical murmur.

Above the Patapedia River the Restigouche seemed to fairly swarm with fish, and did not belie the reputation which it had hitherto maintained. In the long reaches of deep, still water huge salmon lay motionless upon the bottom, and sculled leisurely away when disturbed by the passing canoes. The stream abounded in darksome pools and swift rapids, and ever and anon sparkling rivulets of ice-cold water came leaping into its limpid bosom from the mountain-sides; just on the verge of the bubbling foam a cast of the fly was certain to raise a splendid trout. Small trout never annoy the angler. There is a remarkable uniformity of size in all that rise to a cast. They seldom weigh less than two pounds, and seven-pounders do not excite surprise among the old settlers. They seem to be wholly unsuspicious of the anglers' stratagems; they will rise repeatedly to the lure and follow it to the canoe itself as it retreats. Yet, when struck, they are very gamey and afford the most exciting sport. One can catch them from a single pool until he tires of the surfeit.

But trout and salmon are not the only denizens of this noblest of streams. There are very delicate white-fish found in some localities, which the Indians spear in considerable numbers, but which do not take the bait. There is also a large and very lucious fish called "tuladi," in shape resembling trout, with a forked tail like a mackerel's, and weighing from fifteen to thirty pounds.

Penman and the Captain fairly reveled in these newly-found sensations and delights, but rejecting all allurements, or only pausing, as the bee sips, to taste them, continued their progress up the stream, aiming at something still superior. The wilderness which they traversed was almost primeval. Even the lumbermen had scarcely trespassed here. The forest trees stood erect in all their primitive majesty, and the tangled undergrowth was unbroken except by the paths which the moose and deer made. Island succeeded island—some verdant with maples and poplars, others perfectly bare and stony, scraped clean of the groves which once adorned them by the masses of ice which are borne down upon the resistless tide of the spring freshets. All along their shores were tracks of cariboo and fawns and deeply-indented hoof-prints of the gigantic moose. Occasionally furrows were plowed in the yielding earth where the moose had climbed the banks and slipped.

Beaver cuttings and signs of otter were frequent. Now and again flocks of startled wild-fowl fluttered up the stream and presently settled down again upon the surface, waiting until the Indians could almost strike them with their poles. Great owls sat winking on naked limbs, or moved sluggishly from tree to tree. Kingfishers screamed at the splash of the poles, and at times a lordly eagle sailed across the blue arch that spanned the defile. Sometimes a thunder-shower came up so suddenly that the voyagers had hardly time to turn over their canoes and creep to shelter, creating a terrific uproar among the crags, shedding deluges of water, and passing away as quickly as it came. One place they tarried at where a perpendicular cliff of naked granite descended into a pool as black and inky as the realms of Cerberus. The Indians said there was no bottom there—at least it had been sounded by two canoe-loads of cedar bark without success—and their statement was confirmed, as far as it could be, by sounding in vain with several hundred yards of fish-line. And yet, not six rods off, the bottom of the opposite side of the river sloped gradually, and the water was not more than three feet deep until it suddenly struck the inky line. It was frightful to gaze aloft at the threatening cliff, and then contemplate the unknown depths of the pool below.

Thus enjoying and enduring the lights and shadows of forest life, the adventurers approached the embouchure of another splendid stream, known on some old maps as the "Quah-tah-wah-tam-kegewick." This jaw-breaking name, which none but a drunken Indian could pronounce, has since given place to the more humble one of "We-tom-kegewick," and this the lumbermen have still further contracted to "Tom Kegewick." As such it is universally known. Two miles below this stream they passed a crumbling house which once belonged to a misanthropic Scotchman named Cheyne. Here, sixty miles away from all traces of civilization, he sought complete seclusion. When another man (attracted by the inimitable salmon-fishing) settled down beside him he bought him out, and thus purchased the solitude he valued, although he never made use of his additional acquired possessions. Three years ago his horse came home one day, saddled and riderless, and was so found by some passing hunter; but old Cheyne has never since been seen, and it is supposed that he was drowned in the river in consequence of the failure of an attempted experiment. He started for home with two full whisky-jugs at his waistband, and, while *en route*, foolishly tried to make an empty jug balance a full one. Since then another character, named La Farge, has established himself just at the confluence of the Restigouche and Tom Kegewick, occupying the summers in fishing and farming, and the winters in hunting and trapping. Here the mountains, instead of closing in on the river as usual, recede and form an amphitheatre around a level tract of meadow land that is most refreshing to the senses after the close confinement among the mountains. The sight of cattle and sheep gladdens the heart, waving grass charms the eye, wild roses bloom in rich profusion, and a garden of vegetables recalls reminiscences of home. While contemplating the novel scene a tame moose stalks up and thrusts his huge, flexible nose into the Captain's hand. The sight of the forest monarch reminds the travelers that they are still in the wilderness. La Farge tells them that he can take his rifle and bring them in a moose in half an hour. Cariboo often come into his fields to graze, but he never molests them so long as moose can be had. In winter there is no lack of fur-bearing animals, and the profits of his trapping are sometimes large. From this mighty hunter Penman learned the important fact that "a lucky poor trap will catch better than a good trap set in the best places." La Farge has a wife and infant. Penman asked Mrs. La Farge if she enjoyed much society in those parts, and she answered that she "got along tolerable, but she didn't see much of the neighbors." There was not a woman within forty miles!

The Tom Kegewick was the Captain's *ultima thule*. Penman's course lay up the Restigouche to the River St. John; therefore the two parted company here. One canoe poled briskly up stream to the right, another pegged away to the left, and a thick mist presently shut them from each other's sight. The Tom Kegewick is broader than the main river, and follows the course of the mountain chain. It receives at intervals many clear, cold streams, broken by falls and ledges of rock. The salmon are here more numerous and larger than below; they make it their favorite haunt. Not one is found in the Restigouche above its junction with that stream. The Captain had capital success, and took forty-five. As for Penman, he contented himself with trout; but even these were not found in any considerable size or number above "Boston Brook," twelve miles above. The reason is plain. The hills and mountains that have inclosed the stream hitherto recede and melt away, until at length the country becomes low and swampy, and the scenery monotonous in the extreme. Had Penman known what he afterward learned by experience he would not have made a trip which is seldom ventured even by the hardy backwoodsmen. But "Excelsior!" was his motto, and he had neither maid nor old man to dissuade him; and so he progressed. The mist turned to rain toward noon, and kept up a comfortless drizzle all day. The Indians cut great sheets of birch bark, which he threw over himself and thus kept dry, until an admonition beneath him suggested that the canoe needed bailing. Then it began to grow wetter, and Penman "wanted to go home." As he could not do that he tried the next best thing, and went into camp. The spot selected was a grassy shore under a very wet canopy of trees. It was the best that could be found—better than



THE UPPER RESTIGOUCHE.

camping in the woods. Penman seated himself on a sheet of birch bark, with his portables beside him, and the Indians turned the canoe over him for a shelter. Then Larry cut logs six or eight feet long, and laid them side by side upon the beach, with billets underneath to make a draft; next he pulled off the outer bark of a birch-tree, and cut plenty of small, short sticks by splitting a stranded log, and thus obtained dry fuel and kindlings; these he threw across the logs, and in an incredibly short time had a rousing fire. Then he lashed the paddles to the gunwale of the canoe to prop it on its side, and placed the long setting-poles obliquely, so that they projected over the canoe toward the camp-fire in front. Meanwhile Peter had been industriously peeling great sheets of birch and spruce bark and gathering boughs. The bark was spread over the poles, and so laid as to be entirely water-tight, and the softest boughs were selected, dried by the fire, and judiciously laid upon the ground for a bed. This done, a dry and comfortable shelter was formed in a jiffy. Then the kettle was boiled, and the trout, salmon, and pork cooked, in spite of the rain-drops that fell hissing into the frying-pan. The supper was not prepared in the neatest manner; neither were the tin platters the most inviting, for they were still greasy with the débris of the last meal; but Peter kindly scoured them out with his red pocket-handkerchief, which he took from the top of his old felt-hat; and the supper was devoured with that voracity and indifference to dirt which only a jaunt in the woods can provoke. Never was pipe more fully enjoyed, or a noggin of brandy drank with greater relish, than after that meal.

It rained all night—not after the fashion of summer showers in some parts of the world, but in miniature Niagaras, that raised the river to such a height that it had nearly flooded the camp-fire in the morning. Breakfast was hastily swallowed, and then followed a day of distressing hardship. The party would have staid in camp had not the rain held up and encouraged them to proceed on their journey; but they had accomplished only a couple of miles when it came down again. Penman decided to go on notwithstanding, and the result was that he, as well as the Indians, was speedily wet to the skin, likewise was every thing in the canoe. At noon Larry announced that they had reached the Waagan. This Waagan was an insignificant tributary of the Restigouche, which they were to traverse before reaching a portage, over which they must "carry" to a stream emptying into the St. John. Penman, however, saw no indication of a stream, and as the Indians were reticent he asked no questions. Presently they landed, and Larry led the way into the woods. There was a sort of trail leading up from the river, which Penman supposed was a moose-path; but what was his surprise to discover the trunks of all the trees in the vicinity covered with names and initials cut into them with knives—some quite fresh and others bearing ancient dates and nearly overgrown with newly-formed bark. Larry told him that these were the initials of all who had crossed the portage, and it was the custom for every one to make his mark. Then stepping aside, he pointed to a square post standing at the head of a scarcely-perceptible mound, and said, "Here man get somebody makum mark for him." Penman looked as directed, and read with some emotion this inscription:

"HARRY BAKER,
Died 1843. Aged 43 years."

The lettering was neatly carved upon the wood. Larry told the history of that grave. A party of lumbermen had come thus far through the forest on their way to the portage. One of their number was sick nigh unto death. They had cared for him many days, and toiled faithfully to carry him out to the settlements; but it was useless to attempt the passage of the Waagan with such a charge, so they quietly strangled him and left him here to pass the river of death alone. They justified their conduct, to themselves if not to the world, by asserting that the man would have died any way, and that it was better both for him and them.

Penman shuddered. To him the pillar that stood there in the forest solitude seemed like a finger-post pointing toward the Waagan as the way to death. He could not but feel the helplessness of his situation as he stood alone with two half-civilized red-men whose grandfathers were savages, and wondered at his temerity in



HIC JACET.

venturing there. How easily they could put him aside, and leave not even a mark of his resting-place or the manner of his death! Then he looked calmly into the honest faces of his faithful guides, and saw nothing but good-will and kindness. In an instant he was reassured, and ready to undertake the passage of the Waagan.

Once more he took his comfortless seat in the bottom of the canoe, and they pushed directly across the river. He saw a fringe of densest alders along the bank, but nothing more. There was no indication of any stream, and yet the Indians pushed straight into the alders. The water-laden branches poured down a deluge into the canoe, and that was the beginning of woe. The country was perfectly level and swampy; not a sign of a hill was visible—only the impenetrable jungle on either side that completely enveloped and shut them in. Meanwhile the rain continued to fall in douches. The stream turned every minute, and its bed was a continual succession of muddy shallows and deep holes. It nowhere kept a straight course for ten rods. The canoe went over and under and through the thicket. Penman lay flat on the bottom, and the Indians rolled and crawled over the tops and pushed along as best they could. Often the axe was required to force a passage. The canoe filled up with water nearly as fast as it could be baled out. All the goods at the bottom were swimming. The Indians lost their hats and their shirts were stripped into ribbons. White men would have cursed and got angry—at least they would have frequently stopped for rest. But the Indians emitted no sound of complaint, but kept on unweariedly and with apparent indifference. In this way two interminable miles were passed, and then they emerged into daylight and came to *terra firma*. Not a word was spoken until the whole detestable journey was accomplished.

It rained all the way; but now the clouds broke and the sun came joyously out. Its beams fell like a gleam in a prison vault. The Indians at once prepared to make the portage, which was three miles. The canoe was carried to land. All unnecessary articles were *cachéd* and effectually secured from bears and other "varmints." The clothing was spread out in the sun to dry, and then the Indians shouldered paddles, knapsacks, provisions (such as they were), hardware, and poles, and carried them half-way. Then they returned for the canoe. Meanwhile Penman had staid behind to keep guard. All then started forward together, and when they came up with the first goods Penman stood watch again, and the Indians carried on to the end of the portage. The portage path was not a macadamized road. It was better than the Waagan, but by no means good. The rain had made it a regular swamp in low places. On high ground it was better. Penman did not like keeping guard. The black-flies came out in full force after the rain. Penman sat on the goods for a while, fighting them with spruce boughs, until a bear poked his nose out of a thicket and snuffed. Then he shied a stick at him, and concluded it would be safer and more comfortable to patrol his beat, which he did. After a time the Indians returned, and the portage was wholly accomplished in four hours. Then followed another period of misery. A second labyrinth had to be threaded similar to the Waagan. It is called the Waagansis. ("*Sis*" is an Indian diminutive, meaning "little.") It was not so difficult, being only a mile long, down the stream, and the alders not so dense; besides, the hot sun had dried off the leaves. When this was passed they paddled a mile down the Grand River, and camped at sundown, partaking of such supper as their now scanty larder afforded.

The trip down the Grand River was delightful. In two hours fourteen miles were run, and then the canoes were beached under a bridge where the Royal Mail Route crosses. Penman was once more within the limits of civilization. He was in the heart of the Madawaska settlement, whose inhabitants are French and descendants of the primitive Acadians. He bade good-by regretfully to his faithful guides, filled their empty bottles, and wished them God-speed home, promising to meet them the following summer. Then he paid a Frenchman ten shillings for a wagon-ride of fifteen miles to the Grand Falls, and thence took stage and steamboat to St. John. And thus ends his record of a summer voyage up the Restigouche.

THE NEW TIMOTHY.

Part First.

I.

"AND this is Old Man Meggar's, I do hope!" It is Mr. Wall who says it. Somewhat impatiently, too, for Mr. Wall is not twenty-four as yet, and has not, so far, had more than a blow or two of the discipline of suffering.

"So do I, most sincerely."

It is Mike, Mr. Wall's horse, who at least means this; for Mike is the most intelligent of animals—a bright bay in more senses of the word than one. There was a mutual understanding the most perfect between him and his master. With this exception: that his master should ride him, especially if he rode him at full speed, Mike could understand; but that said rider should seat himself in that wheeled trough he called his buggy, to be dragged along by him, this was at once the mystery and misery of Mike's existence, often pausing between pulls at the fodder, after he had finished his corn, to consider it.

This morning Mike had thanked all the gods of his mythology that the rattling bother his soul abhorred was not lumbering at his heels. Little satisfaction, however, does Mike get from this at last. If Mr. Wall had only taken the cabin of brown Bob Long in his way, horse and rider would have saved a whole morning of blundering through the woods in search of Old Man Meggar, painfully entangling themselves in whole skeins, so to speak, of dim forest threads, crossing and winding back upon and knotting themselves up in hopeless confusion. Mike begins at last to have painful apprehensions as to the sobriety, sanity even, of his rider. So turned to the right, to the left, is he, so continually being whirled about in the perpetual circling of the paths supposed to lie under the dead leaves, that he can hardly distinguish in the end his stupid tail from his sagacious nose; is getting to fear he will lose even his own strong senses. As to his bewildered master, like every one of us when in the wrong, he rides on, perfectly sure he is right; perfectly sure until his path suddenly coils up upon itself and expires beneath Mike's hoofs at a charcoal pit or a heap of rails mauled and left years ago. And at last, when he rides along, perfectly satisfied that he is going wrong, he suddenly comes upon Old Man Meggar's, hidden away among the undergrowth, as vermin should always be and sometimes are!

Mr. Wall never saw the place before, yet he knows it at a glance! A long, low, rickety, dirty cabin it is, with a tottering chimney of sticks and mud at each end. According to the architecture invariable in that Western region familiarly known as "Egypt," there is a passage-way through the middle, and along the whole front is a low shed, supported upon unbarked black-jack poles. The earth beneath as clean as the poultry roosting every night under the shed above upon the rafters will permit. The surrounding outhouses are of the same style, only several degrees lower. As Mr. Wall rides slowly up, his heart sinking as he does so, he observes what an amazing number of gourds are hanging about the rail fence, the offspring of riotous vines, running up and over and along upon the miserable fence with a recklessness characteristic of the whole place. Dozens of gourds hang also suspended from the tops of long and leaning poles, each gourd the home of a family of martins, every member of which is perpetually darting into its abode to dart immediately out again, as from household strife therein which it was impossible to stand. The road before the cabins has evidently been for years the gathering-place of cattle. Among the mire lies an old wagon, and parts of another cumber the rotting logs placed on end, one higher than the other, at the fence by which the yard is entered. Half a dozen old saddles stride the fence, left there since being taken off the horses from sheer laziness, and which will not be taken into the house by their owners until the last possible moment before night.

More closely than this Mr. Wall has no time to observe for the awful din of the dogs around him. His first distant approach to the place has been sentineled by a vicious beast on three legs, and his quick, spiteful bark is speedily caught up by a dozen or so of dogs of all shapes, colors, sizes, rousing from under the cabins and in all corners of the yard, and pouring over and through the fence with a welcome in keeping with the place. Fiery-eyed, lean to a degree apparently inconsistent with existence; scarce a whole tail, ear, or eye among them; evidently used to incessant cursing and kicking, scalding water and cow-hides—a dissolute gang of canine banditti, in strict conformity with their masters. Even amidst their din Mr. Wall can not but notice the Agamemnon of the host, a large dog torn and maimed, the only silent one there, who stands with his grizzled head through a hole in the fence, evidently weighing in his mind the character and purpose of the new-comer as with the dignity of a judge. Thunder was his name, if Mr. Wall only knew it. Twice the rider reins up with thought of turning back. But night is coming on; he will be hopelessly lost in the forest! and so he rides slowly up, circled in by the increasing profanity of the dogs, as a fresh recruit bounds every moment over the fence to their aid.

The rider sees, drawing nearer, that there is quite a group of men lounging in the passage of the cabins and under the front shed. A rough-looking set they are; and, to his dismay, he observes quite a group of them around a whisky-barrel standing on end, playing cards upon its red head, with oaths and exclamations. The screams of a tortured fiddle come from within the house. In fact, there is a miasma of wickedness, and whisky, and wretchedness upon the whole den. But there is no-

thing else to do but to get off his horse, defying the curs yelling and snapping around him. It would have been bad enough had he come under the protection of brown Bob Long. Mr. Wall never felt so hopelessly alone in his life. Fresh from a Theological Institution, in which he had been, during these last four years or so, systematically unfitted for intercourse with the men and women of ordinary life, he would as lief have undertaken a camp of Comanches!

But two or three of the men least occupied are looking at him at last. They arise and come out together in their dirty shirt-sleeves, pipe in mouth. They reach the fence, and lean upon it on their folded arms—rough, red-headed, blowzy, bearded, large-nosed men they are. It is not Mr. Wall they are interested in at all; it is his horse. A man they can see any time, and attach very little value to when seen. A fine horse is quite another thing. So far as the rider can see they have not as yet observed that he has accompanied the horse. At last one of them remarks:

"Pretty fair!"

"See them shoulders, Jake!" says another.

"And the puttin' together of them hind-legs, Bill!" adds a third.

The first gentleman becomes more interested as he gazes upon Mike. Then and afterward Mr. Wall observes that this one of the household bears to the rest the same relation of rule that Thunder does among the dogs—for this is Doc Meggar. There is rude weight, positive dignity, about this man as he gets over the fence for a closer examination of the horse, followed by the other two.

"Very fair, indeed!" remarks this slow-spoken personage at last, after walking deliberately around Mike, pipe in hand, kicking the swarming dogs out of his way.

"Ever seed cleaner chest than that, Doc?" inquires the one standing immediately in front of the admired horse.

"'Tain't every day you can skeer up a critter with such action, Doc," the third puts it to the leader of them.

By this time Doc Meggar has placed the stem of his cob pipe firmly between his teeth, while he takes a pull at Mike's tail. Jake is at the same instant testing the animal's eyes by "making a shy" at them with his ragged red handkerchief, and Mike would have been indeed stone-blind not to have started from an article of the filth and odor of the one in question. Bill Meggar contents himself by measuring Mike with his hand and examining his teeth, both of which the horse earnestly resents.

"How much that critter cost you?" asks Doc Meggar at last of the owner; and it is the first recognition by any one of them there of his existence.

"He was given to me by my uncle," replies that gentleman.

"Ketch *my* daddy, let alone uncle, givin' me sech an anemil," remarks Jake, with severe sarcasm, implying strong doubt of the statement.

"But what will you take, now? Not a serviceable hoss, mind; too flimsy across the l'ins. On'y a sort of fancy anemil; ain't a paint hoss nuther, say?" asks Bill, resuming his pipe.

"Thank you. I don't want to sell," is the reply.

"Of course *not!* What *you* want to do is to swap. I seed that in your eyes the minit you rode up. That's what *you* come for! Just you hold on a bit!"

And Jake disappears for five minutes, to return from the back premises with a sorrel horse only less in size than a barn, rather the frame of a barn, for every bone is distinctly visible. Mr. Meggar leads his steed close beside the other, and is scornful of Mike at the contrast. A long discourse upon the superiority of the yellow barn in question follows. On the part of the visitor there is outward pleasantness of manner and words, but inward sickness of soul, the experience is so new.

The rest of the men scent an attempted swap from the outset. There are Old Man Meggar himself and two friends with whom he has been gambling upon the barrel, who remind Mr. Wall of dirty and defaced cents, and who circulate there as Zed and Toad. Not even the greasy cards can stand against the attractions of a swap of horses, and these join the group. No one has the least concern as to who the visitor is. The entire interest is centred in Mike, and Mr. Wall has a new insight into Swift's tale of the Yahoos and their four-footed masters. Though, at last, Mr. Wall afterward says to himself, the greatest Yahoo that ever lived on earth was just the Dean himself!

But this venerable head of the household, Old Man Meggar! A miserable, little, shriveled up, old sinner; his scanty wisps of white hair in strings about a weazen face; a pair of small eyes, red and watery from some sixty years of steady intoxication. To his toothless mouth swearing seems the only language left, flowing uninterruptedly with a rivulet of tobacco-juice which trickles down his ragged white beard from either filthy corner thereof. To him, as to his host, Mr. Wall now makes his appeal.

"This is old Mr. Meggar, I believe?" he says, with an inclination toward that old reprobate. "I started on a little visit to you, got lost in the woods, have had no dinner, am as hungry as you please. If it is convenient, Sir, I would like a little something to eat. As to our horses, gentlemen, they can wait!"

Acting, every bit of it. He is sorry he came, but he is in for it now, as into battle. All the sour Mr. Merkes in him rises in revolt. But he casts out the Mr. Merkes in him as he would a devil. "Simple, Christian manliness, my boy!" he whispers to himself, cowardly enough to glance eagerly as he does so up the road. Oh if Bob Long would only come! The visitor has appealed to that one of the virtues which is

about the only one left to that household—hospitality. In such a frank and cordial way too!

"Certainly, Sir, certainly!" said the old man, and he climbed feebly over the fence, followed by his guest, the rest remaining about the horses. "What could I hev been thinking of? I oughter hev—" And here a dirty negro woman emerged from a side-hovel in answer to his curses. "Where's ole woman? you cullud cuss!"

"Same place, Massa! sa-a-ame place! Down't end ob garding! 'Hind de butter-beans!"

"A-prayin' away!" said the master, with unspeakable disgust. "You jest run down there, quicker'n a flash. Tell her there's a man here at the house wants his dinner. You clip it. Take seat, Sir. Ev'ry afternoon, year 'round, same way! Hev a pipe, Sir? A-prayin', rain or shine, 'hind them butter-beans!—Bill" (at the top of his voice to the men at the fence), "hev you an' Jake left enny o' that whisky? Not a *single* drop?" (In a lowered growl)—"Of course not. You'll hev to wait a little, Sir. Boy's gone to cross-roads for more, and I'll lamm him when he gets here! A-prayin'! Ez if Almighty ever comes in rifle-shot o' the place!" and the oaths and tobacco-juice and hospitable attentions to his guest flowed on, mingled with unspeakable contempt at the conduct of his erring wife. "And what might your name be, stranger?" he asks at last.

"Charles Wall," replies the visitor, suddenly and stoutly, but with a terror down his very spine. He need not have feared. Old Man Meggar knows nothing of him or of any other of his class!

"And your name is Meggar," he continued, in the same breath. "Meggar, Meggar; I don't remember ever meeting with any of that name before."

A few of the men have torn themselves from the horse, and are lounging about the speaker. His remark brings out from all an instant, unanimous, uproarious shout of laughter.

"Why, what is the joke?" Mr. Wall inquires, as soon as he can be heard. His simplicity in asking such a question provokes another and heartier peal.

"Well, you see," said his host, wiping with his yellow sleeve his watery eyes, and leering upon his guest like a decrepit satyr—"you see, I'm the child of misfortin'. I didn't happen to hev any father, 'cept my mother. Her name was Meg—Meg something or other; I don't rightly mind what; don't matter. I s'pose people that knew my mother, seein' me a little shaver toddlin' about, 'd say, 'Hello, little Meggar!' and it come that way. Can't say who begun it. Anyhow, Meggar's my name. No, you never heern tell of the name before, I suppose!"

And he led off again in a peal of that particularly filthy kind of laughter which indicates the nature of the joke starting it. Only hear that peculiar species of merriment—from within a dram-shop as you pass the door, for instance—and you can be positively certain of the kind of jest it follows.

As the conversation proceeded, foul with profanity and filthy allusion, two thoughts struggled together in the mind of the visitor. The first and most natural was, "These people are fiends in the flesh, hopelessly lost already. I was a fool for coming on such an errand. Only let me get away once—that is all I ask!" Against this there rose up another thought: "These people are kept in this world still by the One that made them. If He can endure them I certainly ought. 'Mighty to save!' Yes, even such as these. Who knows but even by me? Anyhow, here He has led me—here I intend to do all I can!"

But a strong effort it required for Mr. Wall, fresh from the Institution alluded to, to be fully at home with any new acquaintance, least of all such as these. "Yes, down with the Mr. Merkes!" he whispered to himself. "Admirable practice!" and threw himself into Health, the Weather, the Crops. Then the floating News of the Day. Then his horse, his admirable qualities, how he had made that one desperate attempt to escape for his life from the buggy.

He must have caught the infection of talk from Mrs. General Likens, with whom he boarded. As he warmed to his work, careful too not to overdo it, he brought about, at last, peals of laughter at some joke ventured. He was aiming to please, and who can say what Divine Power was not aiding him? Before governors, kings, councils, synagogues—before bullies and blackguards for that matter—before whomsoever God places a man—"Take no thought how or what thing ye shall answer, or what ye shall say, for—" Ah yes! at least he succeeds.

"Tell you what, boys, that chap's horse is *some;* an' he ain't far behind his animal himself," is the strong remark of Jake when their guest is summoned from them.

By this time all gathered around him into the house to dinner.

"You jest go in an' sit up an' make yourself at home, Mister. We all hed hed our dinner 'fore you come," is the invitation of Old Man Meggar.

And so, entering the low doorway into a dark room, the guest seats himself at a table spread there. After a bow to a motherly old lady at the other end, he drops his head for a moment upon his hand, from long habit. When he looks up again the old lady is gazing upon him in a state of astonishment. As Mr. Wall's eyes get used to the darkness, he observes that she is a comelier person by far than he would have hoped to have seen in such a home. The white hair smoothed back under the simple cap of white muslin; such patience and peace in her sorrowful face as more than makes up to him for the absence of brown Bob Long—an unhoped-for ally! As her guest receives the blue-ware cup of strong coffee from her hands he says to himself, "Yes, there *is* an inherent re-

finement in the sex which no degradation can utterly destroy." And he is utterly mistaken. There is nothing of the kind.

"And what might your name be?" asks the old lady over the tops of her spectacles, after seeing that he has helped himself to butter and hot corn-pone. The pork and greens he has had the sense to take, at least, on his plate. With no intention save of politeness, for a leading feature of the Institution from which he comes is systematically to weaken also the digestive functions. We all do homage to Brain and Heart there; but how heartily we despise and maltreat the base helot Stomach! Only a necessary nuisance, that!

"Wall, Madam, Charles Wall," is the reply to her question, which is asked only to make the visitor feel more at home.

"Wall? Did you say Wall?" she asks, eagerly, yet softly.

"Yes, ma'am, Wall."

"Not any kin to that Rev. Wall, lives in Hoppleton?"

"His only nephew, ma'am. Do you know him?"

"Why, bless the Lord!" exclaims the old woman, very softly still, bringing her hands, suddenly clasped together, down upon the coarse cloth before her. "Do I know *him!* Preacher Wall! Why, it was him led me to know the Lord! An' you are his nephew I've hearn Bob Long tell of. Bless the Lord!" And tears are trickling down the old lady's cheek as she again brings down her hands, clasped together, as by habit of unceasing prayer, on the table before her, but softly still, very softly.

"Yes, ma'am, and glad to know you," the visitor replies, with deep interest.

"An' come in, yes, jest at the very moment I was prayin' the Lord down behind butter-beans. He answerin' my very prayer; yes, jest while I was prayin', and I hardly darsent believe, so foolish was I! Yes, an' ign'rant! bless the Lord!" more softly still, but with silent, copious tears.

"And you knew my uncle?" said her guest, at length.

"That blessed meetin' in the Likens neighborhood! Yes," replied the old woman, gently. "I can't tell how I ever come to get to go. Yes; but it's harder to tell how I ever come to get away from it again. Yes; 'twas there I found the Lord. Yes, I had lived in sin all up to that time! Religion! Yes, I knew as little about it as th' old man an' the boys do this hour. But the Lord, yes, he wouldn't refuse me. He act'ly *took* me, a-comin' to him! An' the Lord, he knows, I've tried hard to keep, yes, close to him ever since. I've got a Bible; keep it in that crack 'tween the logs there by the bed, from the old man an' the boys. An' you are *his* nephew? Bless the Lord!" very softly indeed.

"But here I am clean forgettin'!" exclaimed the old lady, rising from her seat. "Take some more molasses in your coffee;" and she held the old pewter spoon brimming, from the blue saucer, with molasses over his cup. "Sweet enough? Take some more o' th' hot pone—sorry it ain't cracklin' bread. Yes, an' there's the butter. An' you don't love pork an' greens? Lemme see—yes!" with energy. And the old lady proceeded to an ancient weather-beaten trunk in the corner of the low, dark room; unlocked it, took out a glass jar.

"Plum-jelly, I found time to make last summer," she explained, as she placed it on the table, dusted the top with her check apron, opened it, and proceeded to help her guest liberally. Mr. Wall had his hand up to decline; but he had more sense, not to say piety, and accepted it with thanks. It might have been far, very far, sweeter than it was; but he ate it with relish—for her sake.

"Made to eat with venison, child—only we ha'ant any deer-meat to-day. It's the best I've got to offer ye," said the old lady, as she resumed her seat. "And *how* did the Lord put it in your head to come? First one you are hes ever been under *this* roof!" she inquired.

"It is Mr. Long's idea, Madam," replied her guest, as he went on with his meal. "He agreed to go with your sons on a bear-hunt, and took the liberty to invite me."

"Unbeknown to the boys, yes," said the old lady, eagerly, with open eyes, and in a low voice. "But it was a resk! Yes. If th' old man had a-seen you a-ridin' up, knowin' who you was, he would a-been mighty apt to have said, 'At him, boys!' an' in half no time ev'ry dog on the place would a-been over the fence an' at you in real earnest!"

The dogs alluded to are indulging in the luxury of a universal fight in the front yard while she speaks. Her guest can appreciate her remark.

"But never you fear—it was the Lord sent you. Yes. Bless the Lord!" softly and with deepest fervor.

"I have no doubt you often pray for your husband and sons?" asked her guest, becoming more interested, from his very position, in the men outside, whose laughing and swearing—some cleaning their guns, others gambling over the whisky-barrel—formed a running background, so to speak, to the conversation at the table within.

"Constant—constant—constant!" was the reply from the heart of the wife and the mother. "I'd got to keer precious little for th' old man an' the boys—worn out like—feelin' pretty much what, I suppose, a cow has for her calves. Up to the time I found the Lord, you mind! Sence then! Yes, I keer ten thousing times more for 'em. Ef the Lord will onny convert one o' them—don't matter which—onny *one* o' them! Seems to me I don't do nothin' but pray for 'em—never out o' my mind—never out o' my lips. Pray for 'em! Yes; makin' bread, fixin' the clothes, lookin' after the black ones, pourin' out coffee for 'em—all the time. When they're startin' out, an' when they come

home roarin' drunk; when they're blasphemin', and when they're sleepin'. Sleepin'? Yes; when them boys—great, big, grown men now—are sleepin' in the other room, I often an' often steals in an' kneels by bedside—sleepin' so peaceful minds me of when they was babes an' children. I like to be near 'em, touchin' 'em while I pray. *This* one Lord, I say, or *this* one—only *me* to pray for them, Lord! Oh, if it be possible! And behind the butter-beans, too! Seems to me the Lord *must* hear!"

The tears had ceased flowing; too much in earnest now for that; and speaking so low, too, her guest at her elbow could scarcely hear her.

"You do not attempt to *do* any thing—speak to them, any thing of that kind?" asks the visitor, after a pause.

"Never, dear! No, they're too far gone for *that!* On'y the Lord can do any thing with such as *them!* Yes; so I just put it all in His hands. But," with some alarm, "ef you're sure you've done dinner you'd better go out now; they might wonner what we found to talk about!"

And so Mr. Wall puts on a stout heart and goes out again under the front shed somewhat as one would have stepped off into a cess-pool. Careful not to overdo his part, he makes himself as much at ease among them as he can—adapts himself to his company. It strikes him in the midst of his success that he would have made a good actor; he feels flattered. Jesuit? He half fears it!

Just then the dog on duty gives a shrill alarm, and the yard of dogs pours itself over the fence and open their flying artillery upon another arrival. As he rides up this new visitor is so much rougher in his general appearance than even the rest that Mr. Wall's heart sinks within him; he has already as many savages on hand as he can manage. The Institution effectually abstracted him from paying attention to such trifles as, say, horses; he was as unconscious of the animal a man bestrode as the Meggars of the man himself. Had he looked below the new arrival's beard he would have recognized Bobasheela; but he didn't. The stranger draws up at the fence, and gives a "Halloo here!" loud enough to have informed a flourishing village of his approach.

"Light!" is the responsive yell from the patriarch of the household, who, lounging to the fence, leans his arm upon it, and enters, according to established usage, upon the topics of Health, Weather, Crops—the new-comer still seated in his saddle. The group under the shed take no interest in the arrival; they have all seen Bobasheela before. In half an hour the stranger accompanies his host to the cabin, heavily ladened with hunting accoutrements—Thunder gravely bringing up the rear.

"Evenin', Jake. How are you by this time, Doc? Ribs got well, Bill? That you, Toad? As us'al, Zed?" are his easy salutations as he enters the shed.

"This hyer is Mr.—Mr.—what did you call your name, Mister?" says Doc Meggar of Mr. Wall, essaying to introduce him.

"Oh, never mind; I've met him before," says Mr. Long, who has observed Mike at the fence. But he gives Mr. Wall a grasp of the hand which brings tears of unaffected feeling—it is so tight—to his eyes.

One thing strikes Mr. Wall. From the moment of Bob Long's arrival all redouble, if that were possible, their profanity. The group about the barrel gamble twice as boisterously, slapping down the cards with fresh oaths and energy. Toad resumes his greasy fiddle and defies him. The lowest and vilest jigs succeed each other in desperate haste—aimed offensively at Mr. Long. Yet every body feels that it is all put on to hide a sense of fear of defeat. Immensely relieved the first-comer feels by the arrival of his rough ally; the more so as Mr. Long is evidently master of the menagerie—quietly but entirely so.

"Old coat," meditates that person in reference to Mr. Wall, "mighty like one I've seen on General Likens. Worst pants he hes, torn at that. Rusty-lookin' hat, an' keeps it on in the house. General Likens's old jäger gun leanin' by him against the wall. Come over without me to be independent like. Ah yes, it's a resk, but you'll do!"

And Mr. Long tilts his chair also against the log-wall, and is quite comfortable. Yes, and his friend owes part of his success to the effect on him as well as others of the clothes he wears, and he knows it.

"Know you're sufferin' for whisky, Bob! Boy's gone for some—won't keep you waitin' long," remarks Old Man Meggar, with a wink of his watery eye and a wagging of his wicked old head at the company assembled.

"Ain't got room for you at the barrel just now, Bob! On'y hold your horses half a minute—let you in torectly! Never knew sech a fellar for cards, on'y you *will* cheat!" is the remark of Jake.

"That ain't a circumstance; you'll excuse me, Bob; it's *too* good. I must tell it!" begins Bill.

"Hold your racket, Toad—him a brethering in the church, too! It's wuth hearin'." And Bill proceeds to tell, with oaths as to its strict truth, an appalling tale of very recent wickedness on the part of Bob Long.

While Mr. Wall sickens as if at sea, Mr. Long sits serene, entire master still. Bill strains his imagination, heaps filth on filth, oath on oath! Now one, then another, backing up each other by peals of laughter, they urge on the attempt at martyrdom. Yet, even to themselves, they are only a pack of curs yelping about a lion; Zed and Toad, even, feel that.

"Now, look here, boys," says brown Bob Long at last, when the attack begins to slacken from exhaustion. But Toad begins a vigorous jig upon his detestable fiddle, at the martyr's elbow.

"Hold up one minit, Toad," and Mr. Long

lays one broad, hairy hand upon that gentleman's shoulder. Toad only applies himself to his fiddle that much the more vigorously, giving head, arms, legs, feet, as well as voice, to the work. The next moment Mr. Long has plucked the violin out of his hands, stepped out, and pitched it on top of the shed, and resumed his chair—all very quietly. "What is the *use*, boys?" he says. "We all know we've got to stand our trial before Almighty before long, an' after that, heaven or hell! It's fact, an' we all know it! What is the *use?*"

It is all in the tone and manner! Guarded by hands alert as those of a prize-fighter to ward off from it every touch, there is, even in these, a soul. You can strike a man a blow in the soul as well as in the stomach; at least, Bob Long has done it! Not a man there is quite the same man after it. It is a relief to them that supper is announced just at that instant!

After supper Toad manages to fish down his fiddle, with many a curse, from the shed. Cards and a discussion of the hunt to-morrow are resumed to its inspiring strains. Mr. Wall, on invitation, agrees to stay all night and attend the hunt. The boy does not return with the whisky, and is thoroughly cursed as if by men on a raft at sea perishing of thirst. By midnight the house is buried in sleep. Angels, curious of the result, hover over Mrs. Meggar pleading hard behind the butter-beans.

II.

"My idee is—a bear-fight," said Mr. Long, boldly.

"A what!" exclaimed uncle and nephew, with astonishment. It was several days before the events last recorded, and Mr. Long is seated in Mr. Wall's study there in Hoppleton, negotiating the removal of his nephew to the General Likens's neighborhood. For the Rev. Mr. Merkes is going to leave the same. In fact, Mr. Merkes is always just arriving or just leaving. From long practice he has become as spherical to this as a ball. Just so long to like a new field; just so long thereafter for the mutual dissatisfaction to bud; just so many months for this to bloom into open estrangement; just such a time after this for Mr. Merkes to leave for another repetition of the same process elsewhere in hearty disgust. Mr. Merkes regards with painful suspicion the case of any minister settled for a length of time in the same field. Varieties of fruit even in the garden of the Lord; and if Mr. Wall, senior, were as the ripe cluster, you too might have been as sour as poor Mr. Merkes if you had endured the same experiences.

This settled, Mr. Long comes to another matter. "I've got used to it now," he remarks, "just as I've got used to risin' at four, to sleepin' on a blanket, an' the like. Soon as I've done supper in my cabin off there in the woods the books have got to come as natural to me as to take a chaw of tobacco. Used to spend that time once another sort o' way altogether till *that* became habit. And now *this* has become habit. No, Hebrew's tough enough. Hebrew is *very* tough, indeed!" said the backwoodsman, with painful emphasis; "but it's not a bit too tough for a man in my case. I need something I must take hard hold on with both my hands, you see, or I'm mighty apt not to touch it at all. In fact, I don't object, myself, to going at things regular rough and tough and tumble. It's what I've been used to all my life. But I never undertook a job tougher than that Hebrew," said Mr. Long, reflectively. "Never did! And I'll say this too: it's tough *enough*. I've no hankerin' it should be tougher than it is."

"But do you not meet with opposition—I mean from your old associates?" asked the uncle, in the course of further conversation. "Excuse me. I refer to your old companions of the cross-roads and the race-course."

"An' the doggery, an' the gamblin' on a barrel-end," continued Mr. Long for him, frankly. "An' the like deviltry. I will just tell you exactly the principle I go on. It 'pears to me a plain one. It seems, as far as I can see, the only one. It's with them fellows as it is with wild animals. You can just keep clear of them if you want, stay far out of their stamping-ground, hold yourself aloof all the time. But I ain't a man of that sort. It might be safest, but it don't altogether suit me. Well, if I go among them it's like goin' among varmints, bears, panters, an' the like. In among them, there's one of two things to be did: either they've got to be after you, or you've got to be after them! I had to choose. And I did. I wouldn't talk to any body but you about it, Parson. And I wouldn't say so much about myself even to you, only I've got a notion in my head—and I'm comin' to it. Something I want help to carry out makes me I must explain. Suppose I give way before those Meggar boys? You, sitting in your study here, Parson, associating only with decent people, don't know nothin' at all about folks of that kind. I don't mind at all," said Mr. Long, deeply excited himself in his story, "how much they keep hollerin' to me—'I say, Bob, give us a sarment!' or 'sing us a psalm, or so, old fellow!' I can stand their cursing me for a hypocrite by the hour together. As to jumping on me all in a bunch, holdin' me, you see, while one poured whisky down my throat—plan was to make me drunk—well," continued the stalwart hunter, with a grim smile, "they tried that onst, only onst! I was sorry Bill Meggar got his rib broke; but I couldn't help it. No," continued the rude disciple, with deepest seriousness. "But to hear them blaspheme so, I *can't* stand! Things worse, Parson, than you or your nephew here ever imagined of any body except, perhaps, of devils. They saw that *hurt*. It did; and they went at it twenty times worse for that very reason. Question now was, fight or fly? Suppose I had turned tail, what then? Why this: the devil and all his imps after me,

my own heart singin' out in me, 'You give it up, Bob; holler, Enough!' Why, Parson," said Mr. Long, pushing up his huge hat from his heated forehead, "I'd have been run down quick enough. No, Sir. 'Resist the devil an' he will flee from you;' but how? 'The weapons of our warfare are not carnal'—Bowie-knives, six-shooters, an' the like—'but mighty, through God, to the pulling down of strong-holds.' Very well, exactly! So, from the very start of my tryin' to lead a new life, I began on them, instead, with all my might, didn't even give them time to cap, much less pull trigger, before I was down on them myself!"

"I do not entirely understand," began Mr. Wall, the uncle, interest in every line of his genial face.

"No?" exclaimed Mr. Long, with some surprise. "Why, I only look at things as they are. These chaps, the Meggar boys, an' the like, are awful sinners. The man of them that dies, as he now is, is a lost man in hell forever. Such people are mighty apt to die, an' sudden at that—a cut with a knife, a crack of a revolver, strychnine whisky, an' the like. But here's a Salvation ready an' waitin' for the man that'll have it. Repent an' believe! that's the amount of my preachin' to them. My own case is all the argument, anecdote, an' illustration I need. I says to the hardest cases among them, 'Look here, if God could convert *me* it stands to reason he can convert you; if God was willing to lay His hand on such a case as *I* was, no danger but He's willing to convert you. You see, my religion is just this: a man can't be such a sinner, let him have done his level best, but Christ is a great enough Saviour to save him!' Going hunting with one of them chaps, or among a crowd of them, I keep at them as occasion offers, Repent an' believe! Repent an' believe! after them hard all the time! Even if I can't do them any good, it keeps them from being after *me*—anticipates them, you mind."

"I trust you may persevere," said Mr. Wall, the uncle, after a pause. "But I must be frank with you, Mr. Long," he continued, after a still larger pause. "You can not imagine how anxious I am, how fearful all your Christian friends are—"

"Dreadin' every day to hear say I've given up every thing, gone back like a dog to his vomit," interrupted Mr. Long, with a frank smile upon his bronzed face. "Pre-cisely. And if I do go back, one thing I know mighty well, I'll be fifty thousand times worse'n I've ever been yet. Yes, Sir! One other thing I know, anyhow," continued the hunter, speaking very slowly and half to himself, "that is, all my help is in God. And I know one other thing more, too. This, that I just intend to hang on to Him close, with both hands, as long as I live. That is, you know, if He'll only help me do it!"

The elder minister of the two had intended to add a little warning and exhortation, the tone and manner in which Mr. Long spoke altogether anticipated, however, and manifestly rendered this useless.

"But you spoke of my being able to assist you in something," said the young minister at last.

"About them Meggar boys," said Mr. Long. "Yes, I've been after them some time now. I ain't without my hopes even of *them*," added he, boldly, as if he expected to be derided for any such hope. "I've studied at it ridin' through the woods, I've turned it over an' over. I've got my idee, an' I think you can help me. Oh, it's no use tryin' unless you took a yoke o' steers an' a log-chain to it you couldn't get one of them chaps to preachin'. No, but I've got a plan, too." And Mr. Long hesitated, pushed his copious wool hat up off his reflective organs, and began to pull the straggling ends of his whiskers into the corners of his mouth, biting nervously at what was left of them from his Greek and especially Hebrew studies, as he turned the matter reflectively over again in his mind.

"Well, and what is it?" said the young minister, after pausing a while by way of meeting his friend at half distance.

"My plan is—a bear-fight," said Mr. Long, boldly, but with anxious inquiry in his tones and eyes.

"A what?" exclaimed uncle and nephew in a breath.

"A bear-fight!" repeated Mr. Long. But with his reply came the sound of the front gate falling to. The fact is, the young minister had all the time given his eyes to Mr. Long but his ears to the gate, expecting this expression from it. A wretched habit it is, that of listening to your visitor so attentively with your eyes while your thoughts are leagues away; it is hypocrisy, it is literally eye-service. And now the waited-for sound of the front gate dispelled even the mockery of attention the nephew was giving his visitor. To uncle and guest the sound only said *Bang!* hardly that. To the nephew it said, "I am gone!"

"You'll have to excuse me, Mr. Long," said that gentleman. "I have a little engagement. I will see you again," and, grasping his hat, he too is gone. Mr. Long's position commands a view, through the window, of the street running in front of the house. As his friend leaves so impulsively he sees a very handsomely-dressed lady pass along the sidewalk, the young minister beside her! For an instant the rude disciple experiences a pang of keen disappointment; she is very beautiful, and Mr. Wall is very much in love!

"Of course! Only human nature!" he remarks to the uncle. "Astonishin' how much human nature there *is* in the world. Young, too, and why not, I'd like to know?" And none the less the hunter gazes after the retreating forms a little ruefully, obtaining as he does so scanty refreshment from the ends of his tortured beard.

And so we get back to Old Man Meggar's.

III.

"Breakfast!" says Bob Long, in the ear of our hero, and he wakes to find it broad day. He dresses rapidly. Washes out under the shed still more rapidly, as the tin pan has a hole in the bottom. Breakfast. Old Man Meggar remains bundled up in bed in a corner of the room in which they eat, only a small opening left through the bed-clothes as an outlet for his oaths. He is perishing for whisky! His sons also suffer; but being younger they can bear the privation better. The boy sent for whisky has not yet returned. As wondering curses fall on him therefor Mr. Long looks peculiarly solemn. Mrs. Meggar pauses once in pouring out the coffee, glances inquiringly at Mr. Long, and continues to pour with an inward, "Yes. Bless the Lord, I see!"

The jar of plum-jelly is on the table. Mrs. Meggar's reasoning on that point has been brief but conclusive: "Well, *let* it all be eaten up this mornin', so that *he* gets some more!" Very sour it is indeed! Its acidity sharpens Mr. Wall's teeth as for battle, yet, under the circumstances, he makes a religion of eating it.

Out in the yard, after breakfast, he finds the canine lazaroni in a state of wildest excitement. What remains to them of tails is being violently wagged, and the howling—Thunder augustly silent—is awful. Not a dog there but has entirely forgotten the hope of breakfast which fed his soul during the night, in prospect of a hunt on hand. When at last they ride off from the fence, the feast of a Montfauçon would not have held back for an instant from following the ignoblest cur there. An air of even gravity has settled down upon the men as they ride—they have entered on Business now. Doc Meggar, the eldest son and sententious gentleman of the family, is now profoundly silent, swearing inwardly only as he rides, a kind of dignity, even, in the man. By common consent, after they have got a mile or two from the house into the woods, all the rest fall behind to let him ride in front. Mr. Long has the aspect of going to battle. His soul also is troubled. "Sing'lar, I never thought of it onst," he says to Mr. Wall, riding close to him and speaking in a low tone.

"How in the world will we manage to find you afterward? After we get into the thick of the bresh it'll be like lookin' for a needle in the biggest sort of a haystack. When we start, you keep as near me as you can. I'll ride as slow as I can, too. An' when you are left behind, don't be skeared too much. You listen for the dogs, an' ride for them. Ef you don't hear them, I can yell—a little. Ef it's too far for that, don't you be skeared, an' try to hunt us up—only get yourself deranged. Jest stay still where you happen to be, an' keep firing your jäger ev'ry quarter or so. Climb a tree if night ketches you; an' when mornin' comes agin you jest keep a-firin'. Here's a hunk of bread, put it in your pocket case you should need it!"

This was altogether a new view of the matter to the person in question. He was about to reply, but a huge grape-vine dangling from a tree overhead at this moment separated them as they rode. In fact, riding together was now becoming impossible as the woods became thicker. Doc Meggar, too, leading the van, sends back over his shoulder the Parthian arrow of a single oath. Silence is the law now. Mr. Wall notices that all the dogs have fallen into a solid group, and trot along with one large black dog well in front of them. Thunder is *his* name, as our hero knows by this time from the perpetual mention made of him last night and before starting. No tail whatever has Thunder, only one eye is left him, accompanied by the merest fragment of a left ear. A long scar extends from ear to tail. As yet the young minister is unacquainted with his bark; if Thunder had ventured on that any where about the house, even if it had been at midnight, not a man in the same but would have sprung for his rifle. He now leads the van, bearing with him the profound respect of every animal there behind him, on foot or in saddle.

As they ride, our novice must needs entangle himself in the branches of a huge tree fallen to the ground. While toiling to force his way through, not unblessed of Toad and Zed, he catches a sudden vision of a brown animal running down the trunk of the tree. To bring his heavy gun to his shoulder and send the contents of one of its barrels after the animal is the work of an instant.

"He's been hunted off of before, that horse, young as he is!" is the exclamation of Jake behind him, however, with increased admiration of the animal. Well he had been, or his rider would have been left at the shot, torn out of his saddle by the brush. Mike only quivers, as it is, with a sense of unpleasant warmth in the tips of his intelligent ears, now browned from the discharge. Thunder pauses a moment on three feet, while his associates break ranks and plunge amidst the brush in search of the wounded animal. No wild-cat there! It is a quarter of a mile away, unhurt. And so the dogs resume their trot behind their leader, now far in advance. The unsuccessful marksman disentangles himself from the brush, and reloads his gun. Mr. Long reins in his temper and his pony and waits for him, while the others ride on, disgusted, after the dogs.

For full an hour our hero winds his horse around the trees and through the dense thickets in call of Mr. Long but silent. Suddenly he observes off to the left a kind of furrow among the fallen leaves, their under and damper sides being turned up.

"I say, Mr. Long, here a moment. Isn't this the path of a bear?" he calls, r ning up. Mr. Long is sorely tempted to vexation. Out of courtesy he rides back to look.

"Hi! Thunder!" he yells, as his eye catches the bear-trail; "good for you, Mr. Wall!" he

pauses to say, and calls again and again until the woods ring. Thunder is half a mile off to the right; but in a few minutes he is under their hoofs. Silent until his nose touches the trail, then he opens like the boom of a bell, and disappears along the trail, his nose to the ground. At the sound every dog in the forest opens also through the whole gamut, and soon are following in the wake of Thunder, while the hunters spur and yell after, Doc Meggar silent but soon far in front. Alas for Mr. Long's good resolutions! At the first sound from Thunder the existence of his friend has passed utterly from his mind. With a yell to Bobasheela he dashes after through the thicket and is soon lost to sight.

Favoring Mike with a cry such he has never before heard—at least from his present master, and digging both heels convulsively into his flanks, Mr. Wall speeds along behind. Mike catches the enthusiasm, and on they tear. It would never have done for the young clergyman to have ridden at any thing like this rate through the Institution grounds, or even through Hoppleton. Astonishing the degree to which circumstances alter cases! He has not gone a quarter of a mile, however, before he reins up with a jerk. In attempting to dash through a thicket his hat has been jerked from his head, his powder-horn and shot-pouch torn from around his neck, his double-barreled gun lies, twitched from his grasp by a grape-vine, upon the ground twenty yards behind, the bridle half plucked off his horse, and broken at that. It is dreadful to stop an instant, for the cry of dogs and men is already far ahead, growing fainter every moment!

Only one course to pursue. The rider dismounts, mends his bridle, puts it on again and fastens his horse. He then mends the shoulder-strap of his powder-horn and pouches, takes off his outer coat, puts his pouches on again, his coat on over that, and buttons it up from neck to waist. He has lost a handful of silver. Never mind, no time to look for that. Future antiquarians coming upon it may wonder and theorize and publish as to how on earth the money ever got there. No time for that now! He then regains his hat and forces it down upon his head, so that if torn off again his head will accompany it. Next a stout switch is cut to assist his spurs. Then the girth of his saddle is drawn up a hole or two, the blanket first pulled well forward. Last, his gun is secured. Remounting he addresses himself to his task with a sort of desperation. All sounds of dogs and men have now died entirely away. Was he wrong in breathing a swift prayer as he applies switch and spurs to his horse? Right or wrong, wise or foolish, it was a spontaneous act. Let us photograph the man or leave him alone!

He felt amazed at himself as he dashed along in the direction from which the sounds had last come. Ravines over which he would not have dreamed of leaping at any other time, dense thickets through which he would never in a saner moment have supposed it possible for a human being to pass, on and on through a kind of whirlwind of saplings and forest trees, brambles and grape-vines, he rushed, his hat down over his eyes, his left hand holding his gun upon his shoulder, his right plying the switch. Cabined up all his life, he now gave absolute reign to himself as well as to his horse, enjoying the excitement with all his soul. "And if a bear, say, or a buck *had* burst through the Institution grounds, students, pale tutors, spectacled professors, every soul therein, would have abandoned, for the moment, Church and world too in the mad chase. Esau was born before Jacob!" So he reasons as he rides. If Mr. Wall indeed had a guardian angel that angel used his wings to some purpose to keep in full charge of him as he dashes on reckless of himself. He has by far the best horse on the ground; he rides at least as headlong as any man there; craziest there of all for the time, he soon makes up for his delay, comes in hearing of the dogs and men again. He observes that the hunters have been left far to the right, while the dogs are off to the other side. An idea strikes him, and he turns sharply to the left, for the animal, whatever it is, is evidently making a circuit in that direction. In a few minutes' hard riding he finds that the dogs are ahead of him, while the men are shouting on his trail far behind. To be at last the foremost one in the race! The thought inspires him. He uses switch and spurs with double energy. He has ceased to shout. He finds it is only exhausting him without accomplishing any object. And so he rides silently on. He is evidently coming nearer and nearer upon the dogs.

Suddenly he turns off still more to the left from their cry. Before he knows it he comes upon the object of pursuit—a black bear! It seems immensely large as it shambles along; seems to be going very slow, too, considering the eagerness of its friends behind. But the excitement on seeing it! The rider has for the moment forsaken his profession as a minister. He has abandoned his very senses. He yells at his horse, he halloos for the dogs, he screams to Mr. Long. In his frenzy he takes out his penknife, and opens it savagely, with the purpose of jumping off his horse, rushing in upon the monster, and slaughtering him upon the spot. Then it flashes upon him to ride his horse upon the animal and beat him over the head with one of the stirrup-irons, which he insanely unbuckles, as he rides, from the saddle for that purpose. Mike is as excited as his rider, he gets in ten steps of the bear, but declines going nearer. In vain the spurs and switch and yells of his rider. If that rider has lost his wits, Mike hasn't his. So the insane sportsman hurls his stirrup, leather and all, at the bear, trundling so leisurely along, a black mass of wool and fat.

Suddenly he remembers his gun. Leaping

from his horse, he runs almost upon the bear, levels his weapon, with hands shaking with excitement, full upon it, cocks one barrel, and pulls desperately away upon the trigger of the other. The instant he had left his horse Mike entered upon the sport on his own account, and gallops furiously along in the direction of the hunt. The bear goes crashing through the thicket, the dogs now well upon him. Thunder in advance. The dismounted Nimrod can hear the faint cries of the rest of the party far behind. He dashes on after the bear on foot. See! It has turned to bay. He comes full upon it, seated upright, with its back against a tree, wiping at the dogs swarming upon it, right and left, with its huge paws, its red mouth open and foaming. The last particle of sense forsakes the young fool. He advances directly upon the animal, levels his short, heavy gun full at its breast, a small white spot furnishing the mark, cocks both hammers, pulls both triggers, and finds himself at the discharge lying flat upon his back. He has a general impression that the bear will be upon him in an instant, and he scrambles, quivering and shaking with excitement, upon his feet. He need not fear! There had been powder and buck-shot in his jäger sufficient for quite a long campaign of shooting. He was so near, too! There it lies upon the ground, the great unwieldy mass of wool, dead, the dogs yelling and biting at it in a whirlwind of excitement.

The hunter can not believe his eyes. That he—*he* should actually have killed the bear! He drives off the dogs with difficulty with his empty gun, and seats himself exhausted upon his prey—and a most luxuriant cushion it is—never king happier on his throne!

It occurs to him, panting with exertion, to see if his pockets have not been emptied in his fall, and he takes therefrom knife, pocket Testament, and all. The shouts of the men are coming nearer and nearer. The dogs have fallen exhausted around—these, too, panting for dear life. Two of them are apparently dying—one lies dead from the fight. Thunder is reposing at a little distance looking gravely, not so much at the bear as at the individual seated upon him, ceasing now and then to pant as if he had been struck by some new idea about it. At last he rises with the utmost dignity, approaches the young minister, smells him carefully, elaborately all around, and from head to foot, and resumes his lying down and panting. Not having a tail, it is impossible for him to express the result of his investigation. It is highly flattering to his new acquaintance, but he keeps it gravely to himself.

The cries of the rest of the party draw nearer and nearer. It may be it was from fatigue, but it may be it was from affectation; at any rate our hero keeps his seat upon the bear. Here comes the foremost of the party behind—Doc Meggar! The blood is streaming down his face from a gash laid open in his cheek by the branch of a tree. He dashes up, jumps from his sweating horse, stands a moment in stupefied astonishment.

"Look here," he says at last. "I say, you, stranger, give us yer hand!" very gravely, too.

Mr. Wall cordially complies; it is shaken long and vigorously, even solemnly, by Doc, who then falls on the ground and proceeds to drink ravenously from a little pool of green water in which the bear is half lying. There is more mud than water, and as much blood as either, in the pool. It strikes the stranger that Doc drinks as much for the blood as for the water. He swallows down his exclamation, however, and receives with a vast deal more coolness and indifference of manner than of heart the rest of the Meggars who now pour in, tattered from the brush, excited, wondering, and awfully profane. Mr. Wall feels called upon to apologize.

"It is all a mere accident, gentlemen," he says, rising and standing off to one side. "I happened to have a tolerably good horse; and then I happened to be so I could head the bear. It is the first time I ever was on a hunt."

The Meggars have nothing to say at the moment, being busy fastening their horses and getting their knives ready for work on the bear. They have a unanimous and decided opinion on the point; and Zed and Toad know exactly what that opinion is. Not in vain have these ate at the table of the Meggars, slept on the floor of their cabin, had "chaws" from their bars of tobacco, drinks from their whisky-jugs, the use of their greasy decks of cards for so long. Had the Meggars entertained even the least hostile feeling toward the successful hunter, Zed and Toad would have proceeded in advance to curse him for them on the spot; held themselves ready to do any thing besides which their relation to the Meggars demanded. In fact, what Thunder was to the dogs at home, so are these battered, dilapidated, unutterably degraded specimens of the race to the Meggar boys. It is amazing the swarm of just such lice as these this Meggar family are infested by! And then those who dreaded as death to offend them! They were kings—the Meggars—of the whole section! Of course, they drew their followers toward all evil with vastly more ease than if they were working in the opposite direction. Yet Bob Long knew exactly what he undertook; and it was worth the effort. Bob's attempt on them was an effort, in fact, for the whole section through them—an axe struck at the very root of the Banian wickedness of the entire region—a Napoleonic charge upon the very centre of the forces of the devil there. "May talk of accident," says Zed for his patrons; "but it's only to fus-class folks sech accidents happen. Never happen to *me!*" Zed, as being the last of the alphabet. "Headin'?" yelps the other jackal. "An' a good horse? But it takes a clipper of a chap to make dash you did, stranger, through these here woods. Wish had a drink of whisky to offer ye!"

The unaccountable failure of the boy to appear with the whisky the night before, and the consequent absence of that essential beverage during the hunt, had been a grief that had accompanied the Meggars and their hangers-on, from the instant they left their suffering parent, through brush and brier, up to the present instant. Mr. Long's reasoning, from long observation and experience, had been that the excitement of the whisky, together with that of the hunt, might be a little too much even for him to manage. By a bold stroke he had cut off the supply of whisky—only the excitement of a slain bear remained.

And this was of a wolfish nature. Hardly had the jackals agreed in their eulogy upon Mr. Wall than they fell into a sudden disagreement in regard to the inches of fat on the bear. Before the young hunter knew a quarrel was brewing, Zed and Toad were rolling over and over upon the bloody ground, their hands twisted in each other's hair, pounding, kicking, cursing each other. It excited not a particle of interest in the others, who were now at work upon Bruin, divesting that stray Russian of his furry robe.

"Thank you, no, believe not!" had been the reply to Mr. Wall's offer to lend an assisting hand. Had it been a slaughtered hog instead he would have shrunk from the task with loathing. But a bear, of his own shooting, too! He had a craving to dabble in its blood—to rend it to atoms! Yes, and if the oldest of his venerable professors from the seminary could have been placed on horseback, and borne through the hunt, *he* would have had the same eager, savage feeling. Witness the keen satisfaction with which they would hunt down an errorist and slaughter him before the class! If the disposition to hunt *something* were not one essential to keeping down all sorts of vermin, it would never have been kindled, as it is, in every bosom!

The party had been at work on the bear half an hour when a faint yell came upon their ears from the far depths of the forest. No one regarded it at all—hard at work with bloody knives, carving and chopping.

"Bob Long!" said one of them, incidentally, after the fifth yell from the distance.

"Get out o' the way!" said Doc Meggar, at last, pushing Zed aside from the bear. "You ain't good for any thin' else; give Bob Long a yelp or so!"

Zed rose, placed a bloody hand on each side of his mouth, inflated his chest, and gave a yell that brought every dog except Thunder to his feet. But it was still many minutes before they were required to turn from the bear to assault Mr. Long approaching the spot.

"Tollable, tollable," said he, standing over the heap of bloody meat. "How many inches on the ribs?"

"Three!" exclaimed Zed, with a scowl at Toad.

"You lie!—five!" shouted Toad, and thereupon Zed pitched head-foremost upon him across the streaming pile, and the couple rolled and pounded, and kicked and cursed as before, attracting no attention even from the dogs.

"But look here—no use o' askin', I suppose—seen any thin' of that Mr. Wall?" said Mr. Long; for that gentleman had strayed off, partly in search of his lost stirrup, and largely to get away for a while from the hideous swearing.

"Seen who?" asked Bill Meggar, with profound indifference.

"You mean that chap started with us this mornin'?" inquired Jake. "Yes; I seen him last fall, fiddle in one hand, jug of whisky in the other, floatin' on a raft down the O-hi-o!"

"I *knew* he'd get lost!" remarked Mr. Long to himself. "Take about three days to hunt him up. Well, ha'n't got any thing better to do!"

"Hold on a minute," remarked Doc, who was down on his knees on the outspread skin recently worn by the hermit of the woods, smoothing and folding it for carrying. "You mind the hand Daddy was onst in a hunt—tol-'able, hay?" he asked.

Mr. Long leaned upon his rifle and nodded his head.

"I have done a little somethin' of the kind in *my* day," continued Doc, ceasing his labors and sitting with crossed legs on the mire of blood and dirt and locks of wool under him. "Mind that time, Bob, I had with that panter? Time I tuk the old lady's pups, an' had her after me; five claws in each of her four hands; mouth full o' teeth?"

Mr. Long remembered perfectly.

"When I come tearin' up this mornin', I 'head of the rest, cheek cut open, after miles of the tallest ridin' through the thickest bresh," said Doc, "when I rode up an' seed that chap a-settin' on the bar, comfortable as if had been settin' there more'n a year; as cool an' quiet! I says to myself, 'You are beat *this* time, anyhow, old feller; you just acknowledge the corn—hand over your hat!'"

"Seen who?" asked Mr. Long, in the dark.

"Who 'm I *talkin'* about?" exclaims Doc, exceedingly irritated and with a volley of oaths.

At this point Zed and Toad break in with a full and highly-colored description of the killing of the bear.

"An' look at Thunder!" said Zed, as Mr. Wall came up leading his horse, with said dog at his heels. "A feller can't get that dog so much as to look at him as a gineral thing—won't even smell a bone if Toad or Zed gives it to him; an' ever sence this bar was killed he's stuck to this stranger close, lyin' down at his feet, sticking to him, like you see a pup do, whenever he moves. Thunder knows!" continued Zed, with abundant blasphemy by way of confirmation. "*He* knows, that dog does!"

As Mr. Wall approached Mr. Long pushed back his hat—considerably damaged in its transit through the brush—from over his eyes,

and looked steadily at him, as if it had been several years since they had last met.

"That there is a horse," remarked Bill, for the information of his friends in natural history, as Mr. Wall led his animal up to receive his share of the load of bear meat. "A horse," he repeated, as he walked slowly round and round him, looking lovingly and longingly at his various points with more than the enthusiasm of a connoisseur at a fine painting. "A horse," he murmured to himself. "Yes, this 'ere is a *horse*—an an-e-mil!"

A few moments after saw the whole party off for the camping spot. Being too late in the day to return to the house, there was nothing to do but spend the night at the nearest water. Very much more than their portion of the load of meat was assigned to Zed and Toad, fastened about their saddles with maledictions and buckskin thongs. Upon these gentlemen the reaction from excitement and the long and exhausting deficit of whisky was beginning to tell woefully, and they brought up the rear of the caravan in a dilapidated and dejected manner, hardly energy enough to curse along the wretched ponies they bestrode.

"An' so you've got yourself killed, Buck?" Bill had said before mounting, turning the dead dog over with his foot. "Well, old fellow, you've did your duty any way!"

As to the wounded dogs, they were left to hobble after if their broken bones would allow, or to die on the field of victory, as they saw best.

It was not until the arrival of the party at the camping spot that Mr. Wall learned this fact. Beckoning Mr. Long aside, and begging him to accompany him, he rode directly back on the path they had come. Sure enough, the two dogs had dragged themselves along after their masters as far as they could, and lay whimpering in the path. A rapid examination by Mr. Long satisfied him that one of the dogs was hopelessly injured, every rib broken.

"Shoot him," said his companion, in more the language of command than he had used before killing the bear. Mr. Long complied, and the miseries of the animal were over. Only one leg of the other dog was broken. Relieving each other by turns, the wounded animal was carried, licking the hands that held him, upon the pommel of their saddles into camp.

"Well," exclaimed Zed, as the dog was gently placed on the ground before the huge fire, "ef you ha'n't act'ly brung that dog in—a *dog!* An' goin' to splinter his cussed leg too—a *dog!*"

"It's more'n Doc, or Bill, or Jake here would 'a done for me ef *my* leg had got broke in a bear-fight," with oaths of affirmation, remarked Toad—and he was not far wrong.

By this time night had settled upon the camp. The blaze of its fire threw long shadows from the trees around. The mournful cry of the whip-poor-will, the persistent hooting of the owls, the distant howls of the wolves, drove the party nearer together around the fire. In every man's hand was a long forked stick, upon every stick was a slice of bear meat, and far into the night each man roasted and ate, roasted and ate. Very little sufficed for the novice—too fat and rich by far for a stomach used for so many years to Boston crackers and other seminary ambrosia. As to the rest of the party, they rioted and reveled in the scorched meat until each fairly streamed down his blowzy beard and to his very feet with grease. At intervals Toad and Zed would lay aside their toasting-sticks to dance a violent hornpipe. "Settle my stim-mick so's I can hold a little more!" was the explanation vouchsafed by them to the company.

But there was no whisky! Only to a certain degree did Mr. Long's large supply of coffee, which by a singular coincidence he happened to have with him, make up for its absence. Mr. Wall and his ally exert themselves to make up for the painful absence in question to their utmost power.

"Sure you two ain't got a flask about you!" is the flattering result of their efforts to entertain the company, so well do they succeed.

It was after twelve before the party were asleep about their fire. In fact, Toad and Zed were up and down the entire night, roasting and eating as the state of their stomachs rendered it possible. By the rising of the sun the whole party had finished a hearty breakfast, and were ready to be off. Mr. Long and his friend in one direction, the rest in the other.

"If you have no special use for it, I would be glad to have the bear-skin," is Mr. Wall's request of Doc Meggar. That gentleman accordingly accedes, and himself rolls up the wardrobe of the deceased bear and binds it securely on behind Mr. Wall's saddle. It was the first occasion on which he had ever done any thing of the kind, or of any kind, for any one. "And I would be much obliged if you would get this poor dog home in some way," Mr. Wall continues, addressing himself to Zed. "A little care now, and he will be ready for another hunt."

"Me! carry that dog!" exclaims that gentleman, disgust and astonishment struggling for ascendency in his very dirty face; and he declines the task in a whirlwind of blasphemy.

"Ef I was to say, Zed, you *eat* this here dog, you'd do it—not briled either—raw! you'd *hev* it to do," remarks Doc Meggar, composedly. "Yes, Sir," he continues to Mr. Wall, "I'll see he does it." And he did. "Be glad to hev you drop in whenever you're passin'," he adds, as he shakes his hand.

"That Institution of yours," Mr. Long remarks, after half an hour's riding from camp, "fits a man all those years, I dessay, to tell men the Gospel after you've got hold on them! But to get hold on people like these Meggar boys—an' there's thousands of them—in the gen'ral run, does it fit 'em for *that?* Make 'em like Christ on the sea-shore—"

But we dare not utter the heresy of Mr. Long's question nor Mr. Wall's reply.

"You fool folks thought that feller missed when he shot that wild-cat. Soon as he fired," lies Toad, in continuance of conversation in camp after the friends have left, "I seed tail of the wild-cat hangin' in top of a cotton-wood, its head a-grinnin' in the forks of a black-jack a hunder yards the other way! See Thunder! *He* knows. Stuck to him to the last! Don't you go an' forget to carry that splintered pup home, Zed."

"Pitchin' head-foremost into bar one minit, gone way back after lame pup, tyin' his leg up with handkercher teared into strings the next. What's pup to *him?*" And Zed manifested a strong tendency to curse the absent benefactor.

"Zed, you look here!" interrupted Doc Meggar, composedly. "You jest lemme hear one word agin this stranger, an' you'll hev me on your hands, sure."

"Well!" exclaimed Zed, with abundant oaths. "Never knew *you* to take up for a man afore in *my* life. Sky's goin' to fall! Whisky's gin out, that's it!"

"An' there's brown Bob Long," continued Doc, still more composedly. "We all know what he *was*, an' we all know what he *is*. Some *tremenjus* change has tooken that man, and 'tain't for the worse nuther. For one, I believe in Bob Long; an' what's more, I intend the rest of you shall too. We all know he's in the right. It's like cowards not to say so."

At this point Jake gives a sounding slap upon his leg, and exclaims, "I'll be shot!"

No one understands this in the light of more than a figurative request, and wait for an explanation.

"It's the preacher, boys!" he exclaims, with energy; "sure's you live, the *preacher!* Wall he said his name was. None of us didn't notice at the time. I rec'lect it now; name of the man Bob wanted us to go an' hear preach."

"Couldn't account for it before," said Toad, after the general expression of "the crowd" was over in some degree, and with his hand upon his throat. "For last twenty-four hours every time I was rippin' out a curse it felt sorter stickin' like jest here."

His friends had themselves observed in him no hesitancy of the kind; yet not a man there but *had* remarked a restraint upon himself in the company of their new acquaintance.

"Never said a thing, never gave even a sour look, so fur as *I* see," remarked Jake. "Pleasant as you please, too. If that chap *is* a preacher I ha'n't no objections to preachers myself."

"An' that accounts for that book," said Doc. "Told you how I rode up an' found him settin' on that old bar. May I be"—and his language was extremely strong—"ef that man wasn't readin' his Bible! Think of a preacher tearin' like a flash of lightnin' through bresh sich as that, gettin' ahead of every body, killin' a bar first shot, then settin' down on the bar like in a pulpit a-readin' his Bible! You may count me *in* after this. I believe in preachers myself."

It was a decree—an edict. It was the inauguration of a revolution—a revolution so sudden and radical as to be received in profound silence. All there knew how much it meant.

"Hev you got a clean shirt, Toad?" asked Doc Meggar, somewhat suddenly, half an hour later, as they all rode home together, the remains—not very much—of the game fastened behind their saddles.

"A clean shirt! Can't say I hev," replied that gentleman. "Ha'n't no use for any I knows on."

"Hev *you* got any, Zed?" asks Doc of that individual.

"Nary shirt; last went for gallon of whisky an' a pack o' cards. I hed *two* onst," continues Zed, with some pride. "Nary shirt now!" he adds, with charming candor. "Ain't a goin' to get married, Doc?" he asks, with considerable alarm.

"I an' the boys 'll hev to loan you both," is the composed reply. "We're all of us a goin' to hear that man preach next Sunday—ev'ry Sunday—an' you've both of you got to go too."

There is a long-continued and profound silence after this as they ride.

"Tell you what, fellers, I'm skeared," remarks Jake, at length. "Months ago I come upon the old 'oman a makin' shirts. 'Who for?' I asked. 'For you, boys,' says she. 'An' what for?' says I. 'To go to meetin' in,' says she. 'Meetin'!' says I, an' I swore a few. 'Yes you will, Jake,' says she, softly like, a-sewin' on. 'Yes you will,' says she. An' she a-prayin' at it 'hind the butter-beans. Tell you what, fellers, I feel skeared!"

CONSOLATION.

We listen calmly to the impious laughter
Of those who gloat because the Right is bowed—
We listen calmly, for we know hereafter
Sunshine will gild the cloud.

A little cloud—it passes from the present;
A little loss—it brings a larger gain:
The laws of God were never evanescent,
Though oft in bitter pain.

His children bent and far-off followers doubted,
And placemen yielded to the love of pelf,
While scoffers, as they did at Calvary, shouted,
"Now save thyself!"

Well, shout! but when you hear the awful thunder,
And see the veil rent and the darkness come,
Then will your guilty cheeks grow pale with wonder,
Then will your lips be dumb.

By all the fields with martyr-blood made gory,
By all the stars that light our stormy sky,
Fair Freedom shall arise to grander glory,
And tyranny shall die.

BEEF-TEA.

WE were walking together, my sister and I, in the autumn fields. Mary's hands were full of asters and golden-rod and bright maple leaves, glowing in the sunset light. She was smiling, fair, and happy; I, very dismal and gray. We are closer in sympathy and love than most sisters, and I felt strangely hurt and alienated by this entire difference of mood. I had, or thought I had, great cause for unhappiness. My sister knew my case, although we never spoke about it; and how could she on this particular evening, and here on this spot, seem so heartless and gay? In a little rage at last at her unbroken silence, and quiet, amused, smiling eyes, I spoke out:

"Mary, you know I hate to walk this way! Why did you bring me here? Do you want to make me unhappy?"

"Quite the contrary, my dear; I want you to be the happiest maiden within twenty miles; and I want to be indulged for once in a little confidential talk, such as we have not had for a year and a day."

"Mary!"

"You see I remember dates well, and I have reason. Now tell me what you said a year ago yesterday to John Holman to send him away from his home, and to leave you with such a pair of cheeks as that, and eyes with the scared look they have had in them ever since."

"He went away from home to go into a bank," I answered, dryly.

"Don't think to put me off in that way, Agnes. Has he ever come home in the mean time? Has he ever written to you—to you, who have been his correspondent ever since your little ten-year-old letters to 'Cousin John?' Come, my darling! Why should there be a cloud between us? Trust me and tell me all."

"All what?"

"What did you tell John a year ago yesterday?"

"I told him that I did not love him."

"And do you love him?"

"Yes, I do."

"You mean that you deceived him?"

"No; I mean that I deceived myself—that I found it out too late."

My sister stopped, with one of her little outbursts of passionate, sisterly tenderness, and throwing her arms around me, kissed me again and again.

"My own darling, thank you for being so honest, so true; for knowing me well enough to trust me! This is my little triumph, dear. For the rest, I knew it all; but I wanted you to *tell* me. And now, Agnes, I will tell you something: John Holman is at home."

"Mary! and you let me come this way! Look! there is the very house. Come away!" And instead of doing so I sat down at the foot of a tree and began to cry. First the shock of telling, and then the shock of hearing, had been a little too much for my nerves, you see; that was all.

"Why do you cry, Agnes? I wanted to let you know, because he will surely wish to see you."

"Not he! You don't know any thing about it. He is not the man to be at the beck and call of any woman. My words were final, and I sent him away completely; and he went! And then I jumped up, and watched him go out of the gate and down the hawthorn walk, just beginning to feel my mistake even then."

"Did you see me meet him there?"

"No; what do you mean?"

"Only this, Agnes. I too had an interview with John Holman that day, and he told me (you know he *always* told me every thing—the dear brotherly heart!) all that you had said. And I said to him, 'She is mistaken, John dear; she doesn't know herself, and I do know her; and what you must do is to wait one year, and then come back for your final answer. I prophesy it will be a different one.'"

"Mary! did you, really? Why did you never tell me?"

"Because he went away hurt and offended still at you. You see it is a sore blow; and I did not know, except as I might guess from my knowledge of his nature, whether my words would work. I did not dare to tell you, or, indeed, you fierce little thing, to mention the subject at all!"

"Well, why do you tell me now?"

"Because I saw John Holman last night driving up to his house."

"Last night! Then he has been here all day, and we have not seen him!"

"That may not have been his fault. He had somebody with him, a friend probably, and his time may have been claimed."

"No, dear; don't talk so. It is right—I mean it serves me right. Of course, if he has been here so long, and we have not seen him, there is an end of it!"

Mary did not answer. She was straining her eyes toward the old gray stone-house, where so many generations of Holmans had lived and loved, worked and died, clinging to the spot with a sentiment of home and clan, sometimes found even in shifting, changing, forgetting America. "It is a carriage," she said, presently, in a rambling sort of a tone. "A gig. I hope not Dr. Hodman's. I hope Mrs. Holman is not sick. He is coming this way. I will ask." And I thought: "His mother is sick, he can not leave her." And we waited for the coming wheels—she with kind, affectionate anxiety; I with feverish, selfish hope—my sister and I.

"We saw you coming, Doctor," cried Mary, stopping our dear, old, shriveled, shrewd little friend as he was driving rapidly past, "and we were afraid Mrs. Holman might be ill. I hope not."

"No, poor lady, she isn't ill yet, but she has a hard time before her. That son of hers has been brought back, for come he would yester-

day, though the journey was all but his death-blow, with such a fever on him as I haven't seen in these parts for twenty years—not since his father died. You must excuse my hurrying off, young ladies; some remedies I have in my office, and the quickest way is to go for them myself. Good-morning, my dears." And the wheels whirled rapidly off, and we watched them out of sight, and then turned and walked slowly homeward—Mary cast down, sorrowful, and in tears; I with a heart full of mingled despair and sweetness, saying over and over to myself, "For come he would yesterday."

An hour afterward Mary knocked at my door and said, "Will you come down to tea, Agnes?"

"I don't care for any," I replied. "Tell aunty I am very tired, and will go to bed."

"Aunty isn't at home, dear; she has gone to Mrs. Holman's for the night."

I opened the door. "Mary, tell me all. When did she go?"

"Just before we came back. I picked up the note which Mrs. Holman sent. She says he has violent delirium, and begs aunty to come and help her. Here it is. Oh, Agnes! I can not bear to show it to you, and yet you ought to know the worst."

The letters swam before my eyes, but through the mist glared forth the words, as if written in flame, "we fear in great and imminent danger."

"Agnes, I can not leave you. Will you come down?"

"No, Mary; how can you ask it? Let me be alone with this terrible sorrow. Let me grapple with it, and feel to the full what I have done. Throwing away all my own happiness, and giving the last stab to that heart! Oh, Mary! If he could have only lived one day longer—one day longer—only known that I had come to my right mind; only said one word, and heard one word, so that he might think of me kindly before he dies, I could bear it."

"Dearest, he is living, and may live; don't give up hope! But oh, Agnes! don't think me cruel or unfeeling. I want to say one thing. Don't think so much of yourself! You answered John as you thought right and true. You were mistaken; but that is your misfortune, not your fault. And now this grief and suspense and dread are laid upon you by God, not as a punishment, but in wisdom. Accept the chastisement, darling. Take in the lesson and be submissive. One thing you know, that his last thought in health was to come back to you; so he loves you still. This you will always have to comfort you, even if the worst happens. And if the worst should come—if John should die without knowing what you now are feeling for him—then, Agnes, you know that his eyes will be opened, that nothing can deceive him again, and he will read your very soul. And although you may be for a short time absent in the body, you will be present in the truest sense—in the spirit."

"You are better than I, Molly dear; but I will try to be good. I would come down now if I had any thing to do. That work of aunty's for poor little Johnny Talbot—let us do it this evening for her."

"A good thought," said Mary, kissing me; and we went down to work our feelings off at the ends of our fingers, and be soothed by the sense that our work would not be thrown away, but carry help and a little sense of friendliness and comfort to one sorely tried heart—poor Mrs. Talbot, widowed and penniless and sick, alone with her little lame boy.

We sat over our work until the fire died out, and the lamp grew dim, and midnight tolled from the near church steeple.

"Do go to bed now, Agnes."

"Mary, you are my conscience; tell me, may I pray for John to get well?"

"I am not your conscience, Aggy. My sense of right must not govern your soul. That is alone with God, and I can not guide it. I can only tell you how I feel, just to help you to examine and understand."

"Well, what do you feel?"

"I could not pray for his life, dear; nor for yours if you were lying at death's-door and I felt myself utterly desolate. I could only pray God to do his will. That must be best. How do we know that our granted prayer might not prove a bitter curse to those we pray for? We do know that it would keep them from glory and rest and safety. We do not know what bitter dregs may yet be in their cup. No, I could not! It is such rest, such peace to think that God knows best! Doesn't the Father know your heart better than you do yourself? Will not He give you all things really good for you?"

"Oh, I can not!" I exclaimed, passionately. "You stand on higher ground than I can climb to. I know there is nothing so sublime, so entirely satisfying as those Heights of Faith. But I am only toiling in the valley of human love and hope and sorrow, and clinging to the arms around me, and crying out with pain and longing when they are taken away. I feel just like a little lost child, Mary; and your words sound so far off they don't comfort me a bit!"

"Poor lamb!" said my sister, tenderly. "No doubt I am harsh and foolish in my fancied wisdom. But, dear, you know there is One a great deal closer to you than I am, who can be touched with a feeling of your infirmities—who has in all respects been tempted like as you are. Don't try to put poor foolish me in the place of Christ, Agnes, but go to Him."

Did not my sore heart feel a little the balm of this truth? Did not my communing in my chamber make me still? Yes, a little calm stole in—some submission, some faith, some putting aside of Self, thank God! although I was yet only gradually, step by step, rising from the lower ground unto the Hills of Peace, still very far off.

You see I had a long time to study the hard lesson, for John lingered on in the same violent and terrible state for six long days and nights,

and at the end of the fearful week his life hung trembling in the balance. Not being sensible or passive, it was almost impossible to persuade or compel him to take any nourishment, and the fever was burning away all his strength and his very life. Aunty told us about it one night when she came home for a few hours of much-needed sleep, having promised to be back early in the morning. "And poor old Ann too, girls, is almost worn out. She has been up night and day with 'Master John,' as she has gone back to calling him, and to-night she insists upon sitting up again to aid Mrs. Holman. But I'm afraid it will be the last time—she can't hold out so. Dear old woman! never was there a more attached and faithful servant. I believe she thinks of him now as her little nursling again, and quite forgets she is sixty years old."

My heart warmed to the dear old friend, and I envied her, and aunty, and every one who could help in that sick-room; where, but for my own folly, I might now be by nearest right; and perhaps my voice might have reached him in his wanderings — might have influenced him for good.

The next day aunty was gone again. But before her flitting she told us that she supposed this would be the critical day. If the fever abated, or if they could persuade him to take something to keep up his strength, all might yet be well, his noble constitution might even yet conquer. Then kissing us solemnly for good-by she said, in her saddest, weariest voice: "I shall not be back till night, dears; perhaps not till to-morrow. You must not tire yourselves out in any way. Agnes looks pale. Take care of her, Mary; though, indeed, we may all be forgiven for pale, sorrowful faces when we think of this dear and valued friend so nearly passing from us." And then she dropped a few quiet tears, and trotted off like a good, gray little Sister of Charity, leaving us, sooth to say, not very much cheered.

Toward noon our ignorance of John's state grew very painful; and after dinner was over, all work finished, and the long afternoon before us, the suspense became intolerable. Mary felt it as well as myself, and proposed that we should walk toward the homestead to see if we could catch the doctor on his way to or from his patient.

Yes, there was the gig in front of the house! But while we were yet far off the impetuous little man came out of the door, ran down the path, and jumped in; and although we quickened our steps to a run, and sent our voices after him, he whirled off in the opposite direction as if life and death hung upon his speed.

"Mary, I *must* know!"

"Yes, dear; we can't go back so. Of course we will not ring; see, there is the bell muffled and the knocker tied up. Let us go round to the kitchen door and speak to Ann."

"Yes; come quickly."

The kitchen was full of greasy steam, and through the cloud I was dismayed to see the dim figure not of the presiding deity of the place, dear old Ann, with her faithful, ugly face and honest, grumbling voice, familiar to me from childhood, but a comparative stranger, the house-maid, Nora—a good-humored, silly-faced, exasperating young female savage, newly caught, of the "vacant chaff, well meant for grain," species. Mary, born housekeeper that she is, uttered an exclamation of dismay at the sight and smell of the room, which was usually a Dutch temple sacred to the goddess of cleanliness, which is next to godliness; but she checked it instantly, remembering how many more important and serious matters had caused the confusion and discomfort, and asked Nora how Mr. Holman was now. "And he's very bad, poor gentleman," said Nora, breaking into a broad, beamy smile at the sight of a friendly face and the hope of a "bit of a crack." "And I'm thinking 'twill go harrd with him, poor sowl. And Ann, she's bad! her head is fit to burrst, and her leg is bad; and she said, 'Nora,' says she, 'you make the bafe-tay for the master, for he'll die, poor man, if he won't eat, and I can stand it no longer,' says she; 'but I'll go to me bed and thry for a wink of a sleep, or I'll die too.'" And Nora moved energetically through her cloud of incense to the fire, and began to stir vigorously something in a shadowy kettle.

"And the broth is biling iligantly; but is it done, I wonder? Maybe Miss Mary, or Miss Agnes, you'll be good enough to stip this way and taste it, for the Lord knows I'm no cook, but only to help Ann, and aise her mind. 'Ann,' says I, 'you lave me the broth to stew, for I made it in the owld counthry, and I've watched you besides, and I'll cook it so yourself couldn't tell if 'twas your own or not.' The Howly Virgin forgive me the lie! but I was thinking of Ann, poor thing, and how sore she needed rest; and I thought the poor master would only push it away, and shut down his lips like a box, and go raving on in his talk about the woods and the spring, and about one little ewe lamb, all he had, which is what he's always dhraming about. The Heaven above us knows what he manes, poor man, for he's never so much as kept an owld sheep as far as Ann can tell. And I said to meself, me broth will be as good and better to throw away again nor Ann's, who's a born cook, she is, and makes every thing taste so natural like. But, Miss Agnes, you're stirring it, I see, and maybe you'll tell me what I'll do next."

"Do, Nora? I think I'd throw it right down into the sink. Now don't look so distressed; but you see beef-tea ought not to have any grease in it, and look at those great lumps of fat!"

"'Twas to make it the richer, Miss."

"Yes, I see; but you know sick people can't eat rich food! Now, then, a fork and a plate, please; see, I take out all the lumps and bones. And now a skimmer; there, that will do better. Now, Nora, you stand just here and skim the

grease off the top as soon as it rises for exactly one hour by the clock. And if it is wanted by the end of that time, strain it off into a nice, pretty cup. Not one of your kitchen bowls, remember, but the prettiest china cup there is in the house; and put in a very little salt, and take it up stairs carefully, with a clean napkin over the tray."

"One of the mistress's best cups! Och! and 'twill get broken—just pushed over in his raving; and I was thinking to meself that a nice little tin pail there is here would be the safest."

"Nonsense! do you think Mr. Holman would drink out of a tin pail, sick or well? Now do just as I told you, Nora, there's a good girl! Never mind if half a dozen cups are broken; and I'll go right home and make some beef-tea of the right kind, and send it in the evening. This is going to be, after all, just good enough to be pushed away." And Mary and I made our way through the mist into the blessed pure air, leaving Nora obediently standing with the strainer in her hand, and her mouth and eyes wide open.

Mary began to laugh at my newly-developed powers both of cooking and bullying; and I, cheered by finding just one little thing that I could do for John, made my way to a butcher's shop, displayed wonderful knowledge in the exact cut and weight of the beef I wanted, carried it home myself, wrapped in brown paper, and forthwith brewed a jorum of such beef-tea as should raise the pulse and flush the cheeks of—a ghost!

But beef-tea, it is well known, can not be made in an hour, and the evening was well set in before I dispatched mine, nicely held in a pretty glass pitcher, which stood in a silver bowl which had been my mother's; and the whole packed in a fanciful little basket, and looking very tempting and dainty. I had a theory, you see, that a delirious patient would hardly be attracted by the very objects which most revolt a man in his senses.

Not long after my basket, freighted with so many invisible things, much more precious and healing than beef-tea, had been sent off, aunty came home, almost rested, almost gay. For she brought good news—tidings of hope and relief, which she told us as we put her down before the fire, and pulled off her mufflers, and arranged her feet to toast comfortably while she sipped her late cup of tea.

"I told you, girls, that to-day would be the crisis, and so it has proved. John was very ill all the morning, so wild and yet so weak. It seemed as if the fever had burned up all his strength, and yet we could not induce him to swallow either food or medicine. He lay tossing upon the bed, sometimes shouting like a person in a nightmare, sometimes sobbing like a little sick child, and raving about things he wanted and people he wished would come, but his voice would grow so weak that we could hardly distinguish any of his words. And then, when the fit of raving was over, he would fall into a heavy stupor, and each time we were afraid he would never come out of it. But toward three o'clock he sank into a real sleep, which seemed quieter and more natural, and his face began to look more like himself. And the doctor came, and though he hardly dared to feel his pulse, he was sure that this was a very critical and hopeful time; and he said if John could only waken quiet and sensible, and especially if we could prevail upon him to take some nourishment, he would pull through yet. Poor Mrs. Holman was quite overcome by the hope, for I think she had entirely given him up, and she went into the next room for fear he would hear her, poor thing! And I followed her and begged her to lie down there for a little while, and let me sit by John. I promised to call her instantly if there was any change. And so she did; and I sat there, watching the clock, and dreadfully annoyed by some horrid smells that came up from the kitchen; and finally John began to move and moan and contract his eyebrows as if they pained him; and I, nearly in despair, put my hand into cold water and laid it on his forehead; and without waking at all the wrinkles all smoothed themselves down, and he became quiet again, and began to draw long breaths like a healthy child; when who should come creaking up the stairs but that awkward Nora, with a cup in her hand! I could not move without waking John, and I thought to be sure Mrs. Holman would go out and hush her; but the poor woman had fallen asleep—no wonder—and so Nora came to the door on her clumsy tip-toes, and began to whisper in a voice which would have waked the Seven Sleepers: 'I've brought ye the tay; and Miss Agnes she stirred it, and she tasted it, and she said shure 'twas awful, but 'twould do this time, and she'd make some better to-night; and I put it in a foine cup, as she bid me; and och! have I waked the master?' And I, who had been putting my finger on my lips, and saying 'sh—sh—' as softly as I could for fear of waking John, and wishing something would fly away with the unbearable, well-meaning idiot, looked round and saw John's great haggard astonished eyes wide open! And he just sat right up in the bed and said, 'Bring me that cup!' and he took it, and drank every drop, and then fell back and shut his eyes again."

"What did you do next, aunty?" asked dear Mary, for I could not speak.

"Why, I waited a moment, and saw that he was really asleep again, and then I couldn't help going in and putting my arms around Mrs. Holman and telling her; and we had a good cry together. And the doctor says the worst is over, and he is going to get well. Well, Agnes, I am glad you are moving to go to bed. It's early yet, but I feel as if I *should* sleep to-night, with such a weight off my mind."

For many days I went around with a singing heart, the burden of its strain being "John is

growing better, John is getting well!" Very weak still, and needing the greatest care, the most skillful of nursing; but still slowly and steadily floating back from the dark shore of shadows where his bark had well-nigh stopped. They said he seemed depressed at times, as if life were almost too great a burden to his weakness; but with returning health that the brave heart would regain strength, none of us doubted.

But when suspense was over, other doubts and miseries began to whisper to me. Mary and I had taken it for granted, in our excitement, that John had returned to his tryst with the same feelings he had taken away with him a year before. But now Common Sense aroused herself to show me that a man with typhoid fever must needs come home to be nursed. That longing for his mother's care, wishing to recover or die in his own home, was a more probable reason for his pertinacity than a desire to give one more chance to a wayward, ungrateful girl, who had wounded his heart and put away his love long before. And now what would he think of me, if indeed his heart were changed? If he could remember any thing of his sickness he must know that I had hovered around the house the day he was most ill, and that I had prepared the ordered nourishment. At least it should never happen again, said my proud heart; and although I still went on concocting my daily jar of beef-tea, and helping Mary prepare her delicious, quaking moulds of wine-jelly, I took care that no message should be sent with them but "Mrs. Temple's regards," or "Miss Mary's love"—never my name.

Nearly two weeks had passed since the day of change, and we had all fallen back into the old groove. Aunty had worn herself out a little with her neighborly cares, and was enjoying a few days of semi-invalidism, rest, and petting; while Mary had strained her ankle, and was also a prisoner to the sofa, leaving me the one efficient member of our quiet, orderly little home. It was well for me that the light labors of the household, and waiting on the dear two, fell upon me now, for it left me little time to think—none to repine.

"Agnes dear," said aunty to me, "can you do a little errand for us? The fresh air will be good for you, child."

"Yes, certainly, aunty. Is it the socks for Johnny Talbot?"

"No, dear, not the socks; but it's a message about him. Mrs. Holman has promised me a quantity of old flannel and some coats and vests for him, and I want you to go up there and bring me down a few of them, for Mary and I think this would be such a good time to make them over for him. It will give us something to do now, and it will save poor Mrs. Talbot many a stitch on these long winter evenings."

"Can't Semantha go?"

"Not very well. Why should she, Agnes? Are you too tired? I'd much rather send you than Semantha, for she will go to Nora, and Nora will go bounding up stairs, and as likely as not waken John out of his afternoon nap. Whereas you can go in without ringing, look into the parlor, and, if no one is there, go very softly up and knock at Mrs. Holman's door, without disturbing any body. Come, my dear child, why don't you want to go? It isn't like you to refuse to trot about for poor old aunty."

Of course I went, half glad, half loth. It would be a new sensation to be in the very house with John once more; but then I dreaded sensations, and would gladly stay at home, secure and calm. And besides I had not seen his mother yet, and I felt afraid—of her—of myself—of him! But still I went, and the fresh wind blew away some morbid thoughts; and I began to feel, as I neared the homestead, that a dear friend whom we had all loved, and prayed for, and worked for, was lying there getting better; and that I need not be ashamed to rejoice in this, whatever the future might bring.

The street door stood open. That was well, at all events, and I could enter as noiselessly as a dream. I peeped into the bright sitting-room, and it looked dreary and deserted, as if nobody lived there now. So up stairs I stole with the softest, lightest step, and paused for one moment on the landing to hold my hand over my heart and put down its tumult—for there, in that room, behind the shut door just before me, lay the one friend who in all things satisfied me. And oh! when should I know whether this knowledge came to me too late? whether he and I had changed places? No use to linger; I should not grow more calm, but less so. I passed by his room, still as a shadow, with a prayer in my heart for his happiness, no matter what became of mine, and tapped at his mother's door softly, so softly that there was no response, and I had to repeat my knock before I heard a very low and muffled "Come in."

I turned the handle gently, and opened the door swiftly, to avoid that terrible creak so jarring to sick nerves, and then stood still in amazement and terror; for there, sole occupant of that room, lying on his mother's bed, wan, ghastly, haggard, with wild eyes fixed upon my face, was John Holman!

For a moment I stood spell-bound, then turned to flee; but his voice arrested me, so full of passion, weariness, and longing, that had he held me by the hands I could not have felt more powerless to escape. "Agnes, is it you at last? Oh, my little lamb, come to me! If you go away and shut that door I really believe I shall die."

I hesitated only a moment, then, with burning cheeks and tearful eyes, went up to the bed. "I am very glad to see you so much better, John; but I thought this was your mother's room; surely it was once; I came to speak to her."

"Yes, they brought me here. Oh, Agnes, how cool your soft hand feels, and how bright you look in your dear little rough coat! Did you know how sick I was, dear? And all along

I was looking for you, and dreaming that I could not find you, that you would not come; and then somebody brought me something rather bad in a cup, and told me you sent it, and I drank it and got well. So you cured me, you see! Why did you cure me, Agnes? Life isn't worth having if you don't care for me."

"But I do care for you, John."

"Yes, I see you do; the tears are running down your sweet face! Pitiful little heart! it suffers at seeing how sick I have been. But I don't think I can bear that kind of care and pity. I should have liked it better than any thing from my little girl of ten years ago, but now I want something more."

"And I will give you something more, John."

"Yes dear, I know you will. You are a woman now, and your heart is larger, and you are capable of being a very devoted, loving friend. But I told you last year that I could not be satisfied with that either. I want *you*."

"Do you still?"

"I always shall, Agnes; I can't get over it, you see, though I vowed I would when I was angry. Mary told me to wait, but I'm afraid she didn't know. Agnes, they say sick people ought to be humored; that it is bad to deny them any thing they want! Do you think so?"

"Yes, very bad!"

"Now you are laughing and crying too! Do sit down by me, and let us talk reasonably about it. There, now you look comfortable! I thought once I should never see you again. I am so happy just now!"

"Don't talk, John; it will hurt you."

"It won't hurt me to talk, but it may to hear. Agnes, I must ask—I can not live without knowing—have you changed your mind?"

"Yes, John."

"Not out of pity, you know! Not because I have been so near death's-door! Oh, my darling! be careful what you say. Look into your own heart, and tell me what you see there."

"Dear John," I answered, "believe me. It was long before you were sick that I looked into my own heart, and then—and now—I saw—shall always see—nothing but you!"

Here followed a long pause of gladness, almost too great for his strength—almost too intense for my calmness. He looked so white and wan that I was startled, and would have sprung up for some restoratives, but he held me fast.

"You are pale and faint," I said; "let me get you something."

"No, dear; don't go; I am only trying to believe it! Do you know, dear child, that you haven't kissed me since you were thirteen years old?"

"There! now you can never say that again, 'Cousin John.'"

"Now I feel better! Now you may get me some of that nice beef-tea in the silver bowl by the fire. Mary made it. Dear Mary! she has sent it to me every day."

"I made it, John."

"*You*, Agnes! Not every day?"

"Yes."

"No wonder it cured me! No wonder I am better! Better! I am well! The idea of my being a sick man any longer!" and he gave a loud, cheerful laugh.

Such an unusual sound proceeding from her boy's sick-room disturbed Mrs. Holman's comfortable siesta, and I heard her move.

"Why do you start so, Agnes?"

"Oh, John!—good-by—it's your mother! Oh, please let me go—I should die if she came in!" Down stairs I sped, and out of the door, just in time to hear Mrs. Holman's surprised voice say, "Why, John! I thought I heard the doctor in here!" and catch the sound, as I fancied, of a feeble chuckle on the part of her son.

Home I flew! my only thought being to reach my own room, bury my head in my own pillows, and there blush and blush, and laugh and cry, until I had taken it all in, and grown calm in the new state. But fate was against me. Softly as I opened the door I was heard, and aunty's voice summoned me. I was tempted to feign deafness, and go on my way up stairs; but a plaintive sound of mild distress in her tone moved me, and I went reluctantly, not quite into the room—not quite in view.

"What is it, aunty?"

"Do shut that blind, Agnes, before you go up. It is slamming constantly, and Mary and I are both helpless—I with my cold, and she with her foot."

I did as requested, and then turned to go.

"Where are the clothes, Agnes?"

"What clothes, aunty?"

"Why the things you went for, child! the things Mrs. Holman gave you!"

"I didn't get them," I stammered; "I quite forgot!"

"Forgot! Good gracious! What does the child mean? And she looks quite wild. Look at her, Mary! What is the matter with her?" But Mary raised herself on the sofa and stretched out her kind arms. "Little Agnes, come to me!" And I went straight into them as a bird flies to its nest.

"Never mind, aunty, darling! Only tell me—you have seen John? You are happy?"

"Yes! oh yes!"

"My dearest! Oh, aunty dear, don't tease her! I will tell you all. Don't you see she has been with John, and they have made it all up?"

"Made what all up? Mary, you are dreaming! Agnes is a mere baby—far too young to think of such things! And both Mrs. Holman and I intend John for you!" Oh, how merrily Mary laughed, bless her heart! till I caught the infection and could not help joining—the more as aunty sat watching us over her spectacles in speechless indignation and dismay.

"'*L'homme propose, Dieu dispose*,'" quoted Mary, gayly, when she had had her laugh out. "This man proposed more than a year ago, and your baby did not know her own mind, and they've had a sad time of it ever since. You may as well give them your blessing, Mrs.

Temple, and put up with me, for surely we are going to lose our little Agnes!"

But aunty wasn't yet appeased. "I don't quite see how she got at him!" she remarked, dryly.

I sprang up in a tumult of shame and anger. "Aunty, how can you? You never told me that John was in his mother's room—and of course I went there and knocked, and of course—" Here I stopped, for peal after peal of laughter greeted my simple explanation, even Mary saying: "Oh! that was the way of it; I confess I wondered!" I turned to go, much hurt. "You are both very unkind," I said; but aunty, with tears in her eyes, held out her arms. "Don't be angry, my pet! You know I was so completely unprepared! I see—my little one must grow up—must follow the laws of nature. It comes a little hard to me at first, but there is nothing for it but to submit. Don't you *know* that I am glad if you are happy?"

Hardly an hour had passed when the one village "hack" stopped at the door and let out Mrs. Holman, who hurried in, excited and eager. "Where's Nest? I want Nest!" (that was always her name for me—a memory of her childhood in Wales). "What have you been doing to John, child?"

"Oh, Mrs. Holman, I could not help it! I thought it was your room! Tell me, is he worse?"

"Worse! I never saw a man so changed. 'It's all the beef-tea, mother,' he said! Kiss me, my daughter! What do you think this John of ours is doing now? Sitting up in bed and being shaved! and he means to get as far as the sofa to-morrow, and wear his dressing-gown. He wanted me to bring you back, but I told him no, he had done enough for to-day, and you would come and sit with him to-morrow. I thought all along there was something on his mind; but I must say I thought it was you, Mary! and I said as much to John. 'She's the oldest and the prettiest, my son,' said I (you mustn't mind me, Nest, dear; you both of you look well enough); and he said, 'I know that, mother; but you see Agnes has always belonged more to me than any body since her father died; and she came here, a little ten-year-old, pale-cheeked thing, and took to calling me Cousin John, and learning little lessons, and writing little letters for me; and I've never cared for any body but just that child, and never shall!' And then he began to fret and weary. 'He wished Agnes would come back. She was afraid of me, and had run away, and never said when she would come again.' And so, to satisfy him, I sent Nora for the carriage, and drove round to see if it was all right, and to make Nest promise to come over bright and early to-morrow."

And so morning after morning I go to sit by John's side; to read and talk and laugh, and help him all I can to get well. When he is quite recovered we are to be married; and then we are going over the water to spend the rest of the winter in Rome, and the spring in Wales. If Mary would only go too! But she won't. She says young people (John isn't a bit young) should be left by themselves, and that she can not leave aunty. But even with Mary gone, how happy I shall be! To see Europe! and with John! It will be like having every thing that is best on earth, and a little bit of heaven besides, to carry wherever I go! As for aunty, she worries still because I am so young, and don't know enough about housekeeping; and prophesies that John will see his mistake when the honeymoon is over, and daily dinners assume their wonted importance. But John laughs at her forebodings, and says: "You'd better look to your own laurels, for Agnes will beat you all at housekeeping! I never tasted any thing half so good as her beef-tea!"

"Ah!" says Mary. "But you must know she mixed in a love-philter, John; so you can't judge!"

OUT AT SEA.

THE ship of Captain Eustace Roburough was just ready for sea, and so was Captain Eustace—at least he would have been, but for Miss Marguerite Derril, to whom he was bidding good-by in the music-room, and who was taking advantage of the occasion to be exceedingly cast down and inconsolable.

"I never, never, *never* shall have a bit of peace all the time you are away," she was declaring. "Besides, I shall lose every wink of sleep thinking of you out on that dreadful ocean, imagining all manner of cruel things. I shall get so wrinkled and ugly with worrying that when you *do* come home—if you ever do—you won't care a fig for me!"

"My dear Marguerite," said he, drawing her very near his heart, "you make it doubly hard for me to leave you. Of course we shall miss each other unspeakably, but so long as you keep this same tender little heart you need never fear the effect of wrinkles or any other misfortune on my love. I can not say with Richard, 'Twas your beauty did it.'"

Marguerite could not help smiling through her tears at this bit of brusquerie, as she had been led to consider her beauty the lever by which her world was turned. "That's right," said Eustace, following up his advantage, "let me see you smile before I go. So. Remember, if I never come back, I have something I value more than life itself—your love, my dear: it shall go with me wherever I go. Now—tears again? There, there, I'll kiss them away. Don't let any thing come between us, love. Good-by." And she was alone in the music-room, with the noon sunshine bursting in like a great flower through the oriel window, her face hidden in her hands, and hot tears blistering the fair cheeks he had covered with kisses. But by-and-by she bethought herself of the

tower and the telescope, and directly was up and watching the ship spread its white wings and move in stately wise down the harbor-mouth, out, out at sea. And leaning there, and straining her eyes into the dim water-world at the receding atom, what wonder if her thoughts became confused and uncertain, and she grew to feel that he had already "on an endless voyage gone"—that this was, in some way, the period to her first dream of love, to her three-months' engagement! If she dwelt too much on her own sufferings, and too little on those of Eustace, it must be forgiven her on the score, perhaps, of temperament; and if she found it hard to refuse listening to Adrian Ruderstine's violin that afternoon, while accompanying him on the piano, who can blame her? Besides, what harm? Could she not as well think of Eustace? Would she not, indeed, more delicately render the meaning of Beethoven or Mozart while sad and tender thoughts filled her being?

When Marguerite laid her head on the pillow that night it was with a full persuasion that sleep would not visit her eyelids; that she should lie through the small hours hearing the wind rise, the waves beat on the sea-shore, the clocks awake the sleeping echoes of the night; that visions of wrecks and all the dangers of the seas would haunt her; but alas, for a good digestion and an easy conscience in the cause of sentiment, before the half hour struck she was dreaming as sweetly as if there were no such thing as an absent lover in the round world.

That same night, as she looked at Eustace's picture before placing it at hand beneath the pillow, it occurred to her how unlike he was to other men of her acquaintance, how unlike Ruderstine, for instance, and she pleased herself by asserting that no other could inspire her with such love and respect, such—such—and here she fell asleep.

Thus days passed, days in which she solemnly asseverated that she was very miserable and believed it, finding a delicious sort of pleasure in the fact, if fact it was—days in which she moped after the manner of the broken-hearted, refused to smile at her father's raillery or be charmed into forgetfulness by any strain from Ruderstine's violin.

But one can not be dull forever, even if one's lover is

"Sailing east, or sailing west;"

there are a thousand distractions for such as Marguerite Derril, and if she did not surrender herself to them at once, they were sure to take possession of her sooner or later. Thus Ruderstine put away his violin, which but lately had held entranced the cities of Europe, and begged to be allowed to teach her chess. How very tame it was at first! how her mind wandered, do what she would! how indifferent she was to the perils of knight or bishop, and how impossible to remember all the moves with so much upon her mind! But by-and-by the interest deepened, she forgot to feel bored, the boom of the sea on her tired ear gave place to the more cheering tones of a voice rich in variety of modulation. There in the deep window-seat, growing zealous concerning her castle, was it strange that, by gentle degrees, she should grow lukewarm concerning other interests? Was it so strange that this shining face, with its intense eyes, its creamy pallor, its mouth about which smiles lay in ambush, should blot out half the world and obscure duty? How engrossing it became, this fear of checkmate! how hastily daylight faded, leaving the contest undecided, till, rather than let the gas and the dropped curtain shut out that other struggle between sunset and twilight, they would sit with folded hands through a long and delicious truce! Perhaps it was not chess then, which was so engrossing? But who ever stops to analyze these things? We pass somewhere a pleasant evening. "How delightful the music!" we exclaim, in remembering. "How inimitable the pictures! What eloquence!" But who ever considers at the time that all these might have been present and pleasure absent; that none of these gave zest to the occasion?

"Shall we light the gas?" asked Marguerite, on one such evening.

"Not so long as I can see your eyes," answered Ruderstine; "I wait till your face dissolves into the darkness like the picture of a dream, then I become possessed with a fear that there is not any sic a body as Marguerite Derril, and turn on the gas to make sure of you."

"And what if you should find no one here?" she asked, with her little pleased laugh.

"Then the game would be up," he said, making a move in the dark, and directly, as if some such disappearance were probable, he set the chandelier aflame.

Marguerite was certainly learning chess with variations. And all the time it never occurred to her that Eustace had fallen into the background; that she was not quite as wretched as she had intended to be; while she dutifully studied the map of the Eastern Hemisphere, followed the route of Indian ships with her taper finger, and calculated the probable latitude with a mind only half intent on its proper business. She once, indeed, found herself the least bit dissatisfied that, walking with Ruderstine on the beach, after a storm, the thunder and tumult filled her with no foreboding or pain, while the broken waves crawled like hissing vipers to their very feet, and recoiled in headlong ruin. But she simply ascribed it to her want of imagination, which was hardly strong enough to float her out of pleasant anchorage into any limitless oceans of danger and distress. It was the dissatisfaction one might experience at not being able to enter fully into the personality of a hero; and since it was an uncomfortable feeling, on the whole, she allowed it to slip gently from her thoughts, and, like the views of a kaleidoscope, Ruderstine came next into position.

It was not her intention to wrong Eustace,

but somehow or other the Eustace with whom her mind was busiest came, insensibly, to wear the features of Ruderstine.

She was looking over her work-basket one afternoon, and assorting its miscellaneous contents of gay embroidery, silks and worsted, and tangles of crochet and tatting, which Ruderstine's patience helped to unravel.

"You have heard the story of the tangled skein of silk?" he ventured.

"Never," said Marguerite; "it must have been too harrowing to put into print, but I see it woefully illustrated here."

"You must know, then," he began, "that there was once a beautiful princess who owned a skein like one of these, but it was in the days when silk-worms were a novelty and only princesses could afford such luxuries. The chroniclers have never decided upon the manner in which it became snarled—some said by accident, others by design of her father the king, to prove her various lovers. But snarled it was, most provokingly, and the king informed my lady, in sober earnest, that unless she got it smooth and straight, clear of every knot, and fit wherewith to emboss her wedding-veil, she should never wear one. The princess vexed herself over it a whole month to no purpose; then she caused to be published through the kingdom that whoever could accomplish the deed should claim her in marriage. Of course there was a great stir; all her lovers swarmed to her service, but the most ardent turned on his heel at sight of it."

"Faint heart," suggested Marguerite.

"Yes. It must have been amusing, though, to see these courtiers, who had been bred to handle diamond-hilted daggers and bandy compliments, each waiting his turn to worry and glower over a delicate skein of silk, and inwardly chafing at his awkwardness. Imagine the chagrin of each as he retired, worsted, and the suspense of those in limbo while a candidate gave promise of success. To think of one of their number actually getting it straight merely by dint of priority, when they had not so much as had a pull at it!"

"Discouraging indeed," said Marguerite.

"Don't waste your sympathy, please. If *I* had been her lover," continued Ruderstine, "I should have held out till the skein fell apart of its own will. They were easily discouraged. But to conclude. One after another tried and failed — courtiers and commoners, 'butcher, baker, and candlestick-maker,' whoever chose had a chance to rise in life and abandoned it. And so the matter rested for years, and whatever suitor presented himself in the mean time was straightway presented with the tangled skein."

"What a pity you had not been there!" said Marguerite.

"Then I should not have been here, which is so much pleasanter to me."

"Is the skein yet in existence to tantalize mankind?"

"In one sense I may say it is—the skein of circumstance, which is often exceedingly tangled, as, doubtless, you have observed. But this particular skein of which I am speaking found its master one day. It was a sculptor from some ancient city, who had cultivated patience daily from his birth, till he could express the pains and purposes of a lifetime in one marble face. He had been sent for to execute a piece of sculpture with which to decorate the palace-garden, and as he talked over the design and other details with the king he idly seized a skein of silk which lay in his way, and still speaking, and utterly negligent of the occupation of his hands, he deftly pulled and pinched it into complete order;" and Ruderstine held up that which he had just straightened himself. "The king had been observing him. 'Let me congratulate you,' said he. 'I beg pardon, your majesty,' stammered the sculptor. 'Why, don't you see,' said the king, 'you have won my daughter? This is the world-renowned skein which you have disentangled; no other has been equal to it. Henceforth you are a son after my heart.' But the poor sculptor turned pale and trembled. Why? *He had already disposed of his heart!*"

"What a dilemma!" said Marguerite. "Whatever did he do?"

"What should he have done? What would any true lover have done? Why, he politely declined marrying a princess, and fancied that was the end of it. But the king was a wily fellow who knew something of the world and human nature; and not choosing to leave his kingdom without a ruler, he detained the sculptor on one pretext or another for a year and better, who, returning to his own at last, found that it was no longer his, that his sweet-heart had forgotten him!"

Marguerite winced a little.

"How," said Ruderstine, "did you prick yourself? Give me the needle-book;" but he took her hand instead.

"Do you understand palmistry?" asked Marguerite, as an excuse, perhaps, for not withdrawing it.

"One would think it might be easily learned from such a page," he answered. "Let me see: there's imagination climbing the mountains of the moon, and the line of fortune is like 'linked sweetness long drawn out.'"

"That will do; it is evident that you are only in the alphabet of it. You had better turn over a new leaf and tell how the sculptor bore himself."

"Oh, to be sure; it's exceedingly commonplace, the sequel. He married the princess, and became the founder of a powerful dynasty."

"And revenged himself on that poor little piece of infallibility, his sweet-heart, I suppose?"

"I don't know. Perhaps he comforted himself with the adage about the ill wind."

"And you are certain that you have not in-

vented this fable, in order to enhance your own services in the matter of tangled skeins?"

"I'm certain of no such thing. You would find me as prolix as the Arabian Nights, if—Ah, what have we here?

'Quick, thy tablets, memory!'"

Foundered amidst a sea of spools, scissors, and thimbles, and every manner of sewing gear, he had by successful diving brought to the surface an ivory tablet inlaid with malachite and gold in devices of hearts, anchors, and flaring torches.

"What a wrecker I am!" said he. "Now I shall read the secrets of the sea, sha'n't I?"

Marguerite put out her hand for it, an instant too late.

"Give it to me, please," said she; "there is nothing you will care to see."

"I beg your pardon, but I have already seen: 'Sailed, April 1st, ship *Swallow;*' what an April fool! and what earthly interest have you in the ship *Swallow?* Have you sent out a venture? Seems to me I saw that she had been spoken."

"Did you?" cried Marguerite, with a show of interest, while she remembered, with something like a pang, the day Eustace had brought her the tablet, and that of all the fine and tender things she had meant to record concerning him and her love, this simple date alone bore record.

"What an opportunity it would be for one to sing 'When the swallows homeward fly,' if one only had a lover aboard," continued Ruderstine; then his eyes struck fire, and his whole face flashed with the play of emotion; "*and perhaps you have!*" he cried, his glance searching her.

"I?" queried Marguerite, laughing uneasily. "Talk about woman's curiosity! There, please give me my tablets, unless you wish to observe the designs."

"I do not wish to observe the designs, they are too suggestive." Then, seeing that she tucked it out of sight without opening it, "You are not angry, Marguerite?"

"I have a right to be. You looked at me just now as if—as if—"

"I loved you?" he concluded.

"Not in the least, not at all. Don't be foolish. Did the bell ring?" And directly a caller was ushered in, and the work-basket and *tête-à-tête* put aside, as it was high time they should be.

"Looked as if he loved me," repeated Marguerite, when she drew the curtains of her bed at night. "How did he dare say it?" she questioned, as a kind of narcotic for the conscience; "though, to be sure, he doesn't know that I love—that I am engaged to Eustace," for even in the solitude of her own heart she refused confessing that she had ceased to love him.

"Looked as if he loved me," she repeated again, as if the words and the idea were too sweet to let pass; and then she went to sleep and dreamed that he did indeed love her, which was no great stretch of imagination after all. If introspection had been Marguerite's forte she would have had no dreams, no slumbers that night; but if in any waking moment conscience pricked her, she had been ready to assure herself that Ruderstine had been thrown somewhat on her mercy, that she had only acted the part of a cheerful hostess, that she had never put forth hand or word to detain him, or cause him to feel that he was more welcome to her than another—part of which, unfortunately, was not quite true. To do her justice, she did in fact make up her mind after this to see him less frequently—not that she had any fears for herself, oh no, she was already anchored—but for him it was hardly fair; she had even now such wonderful and tender consideration for him. But resolves are futile against the strength of a steady purpose; besides, the mischief was done, and it was all in vain that she refused herself to him on Thursday evening, if she watched and waited for him all Friday, trying the while to convince herself that he had nothing whatever to do with her ennui.

She told herself she had reason to be greatly displeased at untoward circumstances when, going out to catch the sea-breeze from the shore, having staid at home till it was like staying in prison, who but Ruderstine should be lazily sculling in his boat close at hand, as if waiting for her. What could she do but go with him? Indeed, at the instant it never occurred to her to do otherwise; but once in the boat and her late resolution had only the effect of making her more sweet and gracious, in view of the possible injury she was doing him.

"It is fortunate," said he, "that I have not named my boat, for now I can call it '*The Swallow*,' you seem to have such a fancy for the name."

"It certainly flies like one," said she, only half pleased, as they sped past the long line of wharves, past groups of children rocking on the tide in safely-anchored wherries, past fleets of idle fishing-punts, far down an arm of the broader river till the town was a mirage floating against the landward horizon, while green marshes brushed the boat-side with their tall, rank grasses, or stretched miles and miles away a glamour of half-guessed tints traversed with threads of silver, where the gunner lay hidden in his float among the rushes, and the lonely marsh-bird found heart to whistle cheerily. Then, as the tide beckoned out at sea, leaving behind the old dismantled fort, with lichen climbing the ramparts in lieu of more renowned besiegers, and beach-grass fringing the battlements like ragged banners, they gave themselves up to its will, while idly trifling and romancing, till suddenly they were aground on Garnet Sands.

"There," said Ruderstine, "we shall have leisure to find a fortune in garnets, if it doesn't grow dark too soon."

"Can't we get the boat off?" asked Marguerite.

"Only with the return tide."

"But what are we to do?" in some distress.

"Listen to the sirens."

"And satisfy hunger on crabs and clams?"

"Are you hungry, Marguerite? *So am I.* We can play shipwreck."

"Don't!" she cried, with a little shiver.

"Imagine that we are thrown on a desert island—you and I," he persisted.

"It would be—" she began.

"Delightful."

"You know I didn't mean that."

"*How* do I know. I know that *I* should be contented with my share of such shipwreck."

"The question of bread and butter aside."

"Practical child! That reminds me. I have a collation in my boat, in anticipation of which you will perhaps agree to be cast away;" and he produced a supply of fruit and sandwiches, on which they dined plentifully with one exception.

"A surprise picnic," said Marguerite; "but oh, for the old oaken bucket that hung in the well."

"Since you don't fancy a shipwreck, perhaps you won't object to being part of a caravan lost on the sands of Sahara?"

"I'm a slave-girl, then, on my way to Cairo, to be bartered for gold and ivory."

"And I am your lover, who has stolen you from the merchants, preferring rather to starve with you on the desert than live without you."

"Heroic soul! and all the while I am desperately thirsty; what if I should prefer to have gone on with the caravan and the skins of water?"

"Come, then; somewhere behind these dunes is an inn, if I'm not mistaken," said he, leading the way along the curving beach and under the fast-purpling skies till it was reached, where having rested and refreshed themselves, consulted the Farmer's Almanac concerning the tides, and a questionable clock concerning the time, they went back to find their boat and be off. But suddenly, as they went, Ruderstine halted and glanced uneasily where, washed all its yellow length by leaping floods of phosphorescent silver, the line of sand grew uncertain and spectral beneath a sky where no stars were.

"Do you like walking, Marguerite?" he asked.

"Very much, when I can choose my company."

"Could you walk to town, if necessary?"

"Certainly, if I knew the way."

"I know it, fortunately, for the tide has floated our boat out to sea."

"The second time it has served us an ill turn."

It was a still, dark night, rejoicing in fresh, moist airs and subtle odors, which seemed to have wandered from some inland meadows to mingle with the sea-breeze; and when Ruderstine and Marguerite passed the little inn where they had rested an hour before it glowed like a jewel in the sand, all its windows ablaze with lights, while music of violin and flute and the light laughter of the dancers echoed on the silent air, and made the night outside yet more wide and desolate in contrast. They paused a moment to look at the scene, the bright faces that appeared one instant before the windows and were lost in the revolutions of the waltz, the bent head, the blushing cheeks, the intent eyes.

"How happy they are!" said Marguerite.

"Not happier than we are, Marguerite. Do you see those two on the veranda? They have forgotten the dance; the music is nothing more than the chorus of their—what shall we call it, tragedy or comedy? They don't know the time of night, the day of the week, the season, nor the situation. They are in love, Marguerite."

"You speak learnedly on the subject, Mr. Ruderstine; is it study or experience?"

"Experience gives the only insight, you know."

"Yes; and that accounts for your confusion about the tides, for the boat getting aground, for all the mistakes of the afternoon?"

"I'm afraid it does."

"I should hardly have come out with one beside himself, if I had known it."

"It was your fault if you *didn't* know it. *I have told you often enough.*"

"Shall we go on?" said Marguerite.

What a short distance it was, after all, the way home! what a pleasure to linger on the bridge with Ruderstine to see that she did not slip, and watch the dark water foam round the piers with a musical lapping sound, as if it sang to itself some half-forgotten air known when the sunshine smiled upon it!

How every trifling incident lent interest to the occasion: the flight of a startled bird from its nest beside the path, the leap and shimmer of some unquiet fish in the unquiet river, the fragrance of a clump of familiar herbs, the weird way in which the wild eye of the light-house looked out upon them, again and again, at some turn of the road, or built its bridge of light across far-distant creeks! What low and tender speech they had, what tenderer silences! how much too soon the town lights seemed to creep down to meet them! and once at home how pleasant it was to find the table still spread for them, the smoking urn, the savory dainties awaiting them!

"You are tired, Marguerite dear," said Ruderstine, covering the hand which lay on the cloth with his own, singing softly in her ear,

"I love my love, howe'er the seasons roll;
I love my love, with mind and heart and soul;
Though age should blight,
Or Fate should disunite,
I love my love through either joy or dole.

"I loved my love. The seasons went and came.
I loved my love, always the same, the same.
Now age is almost here,
But Fate has made appear
How sad a thing was that which quenched the flame."

"Mamma used to tell us not to sing at table," said Marguerite, laughing. "I don't like to hear that either; we will go into the music-room, and you shall sing me the little song full of tears, which made Gabrielle homesick yesterday," she said, on rising.

"The song full of tears? I am too happy for that; if I knew one full of smiles I should feel equal to it."

But some hours later, as Gabrielle, returning home from a dancing-party, crossed the hall on her way up stairs, she paused and listened to two voices that soared among the clouds.

"I wonder," said she, "if they're in love."

That same night, as Marguerite stood in the drawing-room bidding Ruderstine an affectionate good-night, he brushed a letter from the table with his sleeve, which fell at her feet unnoticed by him; and not till the street door had clanged behind him did she return and pick it up, with a bent and averted face, as if she would avoid the inspection of herself, looking at her from the great mirror opposite, as if the weak nature in her blushed and hung its head before that which she had of strength. The letter was directed to Miss Marguerite Derril, and tattooed with strange post-marks. But Miss Marguerite Derril did not give herself the further pain of breaking the seal, but held it in the gas-flame till it dropped, a pinch of gray ashes. Then she turned off the gas and went to bed.

"Whatever did you burn here?" asked Gabrielle next morning, as Ruderstine and Marguerite sat near looking over some foreign prints; "a love-letter, I *do* believe," continued Miss Busybody, soiling her pretty fingers with the poor, neglected ashes. "It reminds me of our Captain's wife, with her 'four-and-sixty love-letters that passed between husband and meself previous to marriage,' and whose ashes she kept sealed in a glass urn on her toilet-table."

"What are you talking about?" asked Marguerite, absently.

"About dust and ashes that spell 'dear' and 'darling,' and—yes—and 'Eustace!' Who is *he?*" turning sharply to Marguerite.

"Who is who?"

"One Eustace, whose ardor results in spontaneous combustion."

Marguerite, looking up perplexed, met the gaze of Ruderstine, and crimsoned beneath it.

"Who is he?" repeated her lover.

She paused a moment. It seemed to her in that moment retribution began. Then:

"He is—he was—he is the gentleman who taught me Spanish;" which was very true, as far as it went.

"Is that all?" said Ruderstine, the first doubt of her taking shape.

"Isn't that enough? Please let me look at that head of Da Vinci again."

Marguerite could never tell how it was, but after Gabrielle came there were fewer *tête-à-têtes* between herself and Ruderstine. If they rowed on the river, Gabrielle handled an oar. If they strolled in the woods for mosses and vines for the fernery, Gabrielle wandered with them. If they sang, Gabrielle brought a splendid alto to swell the chorus.

Reviewing the day in the quiet of her own room, she could never determine whether it was Ruderstine's fault, Gabrielle's artifice, or her own dullness and suspicion that had rendered the time so unsatisfactory. Once it had been pleasure, the mere presence of her lover—to know that he was near, to hear him speak, however indifferently; his touch a charm, his words an inspiration. Now, it was sweet indeed, but poison-sweet, as day by day she, holding him still as dear, knew that the tenderness was dying out of his thoughts, that his glance was forgetful of her, his heart growing careless and neglectful. She used to say to herself that it was Gabrielle's work; that when she should have gone things would swing back into the dear old ruts again; that she could endure for a little; she would never begrudge Gabrielle a few weeks, when he was to be hers forever after; it was but right that a reflex of her happiness should fall on her cousin—only the reflex seemed to her, just then, all there was of light remaining.

She would lie through long hours of sleeplessness, hearing the clocks, one after another, take up the hour and ring it from street to street, till all their echoes seemed to throng the air, and die away among the stars; hearing the wind sough through the locust-trees, the tide curling in beyond the garden-wall, the flap of night-wings, the tread of the watchman in the square below, the chorus of some returning revelers—hearing all these things, but thinking only of Ruderstine, of the new unrest in his manner, of the lingering glance he gave to Gabrielle but yesterday, and she, herself, beside him; weighing every change in his tones, every careless word, every familiar gesture, and, above all, picturing the time when, the ordeal over, he should become himself and hers again; for that he was passing through an ordeal she did not question; but whether it was suspicion of her, doubt of himself, or—heaven help her!—love for Gabrielle, she forbore to decide.

She used to sit through the long afternoons, that were growing intolerable, while Ruderstine read the poets and Gabrielle listened; she saw him put down the book, and turn to this one for sympathy and comment where he had before turned to her; but all these little things had come about so gradually, so naturally, as it were, that Marguerite merely looked, and wondered if she were, indeed, in her right mind—if it was not a panorama of scenes and events which passed before her eyes. There were no more long-contested games at chess; no quiet tea-drinkings; no lonely drives through the heart of twilight woods, along the edge of sun-steeped marshes, with the salt breath in two happy faces; no more walking on the beach, with the hoarse voice of ocean heard only in the pauses of that other voice, sweeter than the

music of the spheres; no more evenings with the violin as the only third person.

They had arranged one day to go to the Eagle's Head, a rude crag on the further river-bank, which seemed to soar from out a thicket of pines. At its summit one found rare vines and mosses, strange blossoming seeds that had blown from no one knew where; and looking downward one saw the town lying like a mosaic in the hollow of the hills, all its spires pointed in the sun; saw the marshes pushing out to meet the glistening sand; and away beyond the ruins of the ancient fort a solitary stretch of ocean, and ships that shook out clouds of canvas and flew before the wind. But Marguerite had a headache, and could not join the expedition. Once this would have been enough to keep Ruderstine at her side, soothing her with murmurs from his violin, blunting pain with a caress. Now, he simply said, "Make yourself comfortable, Marguerite. I don't know how we shall manage without you;" and he laid a light hand on her throbbing head in passing. What a benediction was in that touch! It sufficed her during all the weary day; she thought of nothing else, and forgave him a thousand slights. It was like the touch for the King's Evil, it dissipated all her distempers for the nonce, so that she kept saying to herself she hoped Ruderstine would enjoy it—that the fog wouldn't rise and shut off the view; and when they returned a word would have carried her captive.

"The day has been like a dream," said Gabrielle, slowly unfastening her wraps, as if she were still trying to interpret its meaning.

"What kind of a dream?" asked Marguerite from her sofa. "Some dreams are nightmares."

"Are you better?" inquired Ruderstine, bending over her. "See, I brought you this flower from the Eagle's Beak."

"Yes, and he risked his life for it!" cried Gabrielle.

"Risked his life for it! Oh, Ruderstine!" and she put out her hand with something of the old assurance; but he did not heed it; he was looking at Gabrielle as she stood in a ray of the setting sun, her fair hair blown out and falling about her face in little rings and tangles of gold, her eyes suffused with unshed tears, the color shifting on her cheek. Where Ruderstine's eyes rested, Marguerite's were not slow to follow. The flower fell from her hand; it was no longer of any worth, as in a flash she perceived that for conscience sake he had risked so much, and not at all for her.

Would conscience be appeased thus? "If you loved me," she began, detaining him when he would have said good-night—"if you loved me, Ruderstine—" but he stopped her mouth with a kiss, and left her half doubting but he did.

It was pitiful, this part of hers, however much she deserved it, to wait and see love drifting beyond her reach, knowing that as it had been with her so would it be with him; he might stem the tide a little way, but presently the strong current would seize and possess him, and she should lose him forever.

By gentle degrees it came to be no unusual thing for Ruderstine to find himself skimming down the river with Gabrielle in Marguerite's place; lingering in the arbor with Gabrielle's face upturned to his, as if heaven reflected there; while by slow and painful steps it became a no less familiar thing for Marguerite to find *herself* the embarrassing third person whose *rôle* she had assigned to Gabrielle; and, hardest of all, she was beginning to feel aware that were Ruderstine even now to return to her, he would be no longer the Ruderstine of her dream, strong and heroic.

It was a stage upon which the actors had appeared unprepared for their part.

One day Gabrielle went away. Marguerite only waited till Ruderstine should follow; but he seemed in no haste to depart; rather, it would appear that, having fought out his battle, he desired to return to the old status, to forget and disown the episode which had robbed him of some illusions and embittered many hours. It was the affair over again, with the spirit and sweetness gone. He was hers still—if a strong will could make him hers—devoted to her, coming and going only to do her bidding, waiting on her word, alert for her interest, grudging no time, no patience, no endeavor, if so be he might persuade himself that she was every thing to him as before, that no Gabrielle had ever come to break the spell; if so be he might find himself again at that period when smiles brought gladness and words no reproach. Not that she ever reproached him, in fact, but she received his devotion in a sad, unsmiling way, as one should say, "I know love; and this is counterfeit. Do not think to deceive yourself or me;" wondering all the time at herself that she let the farce go on so long, but yet without the heart to drop the curtain and put out the lights.

She had not endured through all these weeks of slow torture for nothing; she had arrived to perceive character with impartiality, and so perceiving she recognized, perhaps for the first time, the value of the love she had thrown away, as weighed in the balance with this will-o'-the-wisp, which was even now eluding her. Surely this insight were not so dear a thing as love, if wiser; but then it was of her own choosing, so to speak, though at times she rebelled against it strongly. Why had Ruderstine been thrown in her way, if other love were larger and more to be desired?

It was double suffering that had spent her thus, as out of the abyss of her own sorrow there had arisen a beautiful ghost—a sympathy for Eustace in the pain her disloyalty would cause him. But whether or no it had yet reached him no word or rumor had informed her; indeed, till lately she had not much cared to

know; the subject had not touched her nearly. If she had read his last letter before burning it it would have shown that he still believed her an angel of light, and was even then on his way home, counting the interminable hours that separated them, centering his thoughts on her till, as far as he was concerned, there was only one woman on the face of the earth, and that was Marguerite Derril.

Meanwhile winter had come and gone again, and yet Ruderstine lingered. Marguerite had done asking herself why. She made sure that she knew it was only to finish the conquest over his own weakness, because he despised this compromise of his self-esteem, just as he would despise her if he knew all, just as she contemned herself. Still, another observer might have reasoned differently. He may have wished to show her the potency of that regard which remains after fascination has lost its sway, thinking perhaps that it was enough for solid happiness, for the wear and tear of everyday life. Be that as it may, while he loaded her rooms with the breath of fragrant exotics, and sent delightful melodies from his violin to flutter like birds and bees among them; while he piled the table with priceless engravings and choicest books; while he sat at her feet translating old German legends and Italian love-sonnets, or, declaring that she was losing health and spirits, carried her off with him across miles and miles of country just breaking into bloom; while his gaze grew earnest in regarding her, and his voice melted somewhat at her need, she, with hesitating and uncertain will, was mutely refusing and putting away from her this doubtful treasure, as some late sense of her own transgression shaped her resolves to other than selfish ends.

Spring was abroad in the land. One saw her tripping along the way-side, pranking herself by the stream, transfiguring the naked boughs, while all the mellow water-voices chanted her praises, and the odor of her garments was like myrrh and incense. But as the days wore on she grew moody and fitful; one had not counted on the strong bass which soared up from the northeast to deepen the harmony, nor upon the maddened cry of waves that lashed the beach full five miles away, as for three dark days a storm such as had not been known for years along that coast made tumult and disaster sure.

"A sorry thing for homeward-bound vessels," said Mr. Derril, rubbing his hands together, and gazing out upon sodden streets and bending boughs, "a sorry thing indeed;" while Marguerite shuddered, and moved nearer to the rosy embers that sogged in the broad fire-place behind grinning griffins of andirons, and Ruderstine drew out long, melancholy strains, like deep-drawn sighs, from his violin.

"It must be splendid down at the beach, though," said he, strolling toward the window. "What do you say, Marguerite?" he resumed, coming back to bend over her chair in his lordly, self-possessed way. "Shall we go down there when the storm breaks, just for the magic of the thing?"

"For the terror of the thing—in order to experience a new sensation—yes."

The following day broke clear and sweet; a high blue sky fretted with sunshine and fragrant breezes, a bubble of light and color. The past three were no longer but a nightmare; one could believe that they had never existed, rather than out of such dank gloom and shadow could be evolved these sun-crowned hours. Only the roll of the tempest-tossed sea rung on the ear, and lured forth Ruderstine and Marguerite.

"It makes my blood thrill," said Marguerite, as wave after wave rose gigantic, like some hoary demon of the myths, to break lance and spear upon the beach and vanish in a shower of gems and gold. "It deafens me; let us go back," she implored.

"Go back, Marguerite! You do not mean it. See, every wave carries a torch which the sun has lit. It is too magnificent a sight to lose."

Marguerite could not but admit as much, leaning on Ruderstine's arm, and gazing out where the billowy sea reared and plunged to its fall and shook its plumes in the broad day, sending great wings of filmy spray before it, catching the sun in twisted mesh and sudden hollow, splintering in green swirls and splendid rainbows.

It had shown a sight less fine and radiant last night, perchance, when neither moon nor stars lit up the angry mass that rent the darkness with uplifted crest, scattering neither glint of amethyst nor glitter of gold where pits of blackness cleft the tempestuous ocean.

"It is indeed terribly beautiful," allowed Marguerite. "In its presence one can think of nothing personal or exclusive."

"Unless like me," said Ruderstine, "one is the victim of doubt and regret. Marguerite," he pursued, "*I* can think of myself even here, can feel the torture of suspense, can ask you when this is to end, when I may call you my own."

"Mr. Ruderstine, *never!*" she replied, facing him with that blank look of dismay which had come to be an habitual expression.

"Never, Marguerite? never? Did you mean *that?*" he cried.

"*I meant that.* The man whom I marry shall be strong and sterling, not weak and fallible like myself."

"He will be more than human, Marguerite."

"No; he was mine once—mine. But I gave him up for *you.* Think of it!"

"*For me?*"

"Mr. Ruderstine, before you came I loved him. You robbed me of that, and gave nothing in return, or, rather, you gave only shadow where had been substance. I submit that I am most to blame myself. For all that I can give you but one answer: *I will marry no one but Eustace Roburough.*"

Marguerite had been gazing out at sea while she made her confession, as if half expecting to see the *Swallow* sail into view, not observing that their promenade had brought them round the somewhat abrupt curve of the beach to where the sea made a little cove, till, bringing her eyes back from wandering, from noting the color shift and quiver in the middle distance, the sails that leaned to windward, the light-house windows glowing like bale-fires, sun-smitten, they took in at last the full splendor of the tumbling wave, which, lapping and seething at her feet, drenched anew the man who lay with upturned face across her path. It was Eustace Roburough.

Did you ask if she married Ruderstine? Well, what would you have done?

SURVIVORS OF CIVILIZATION.

TWENTY years ago there was a tradition twice as old that an otter was started in our valley in mid-winter under a wild apple-tree. He tumbled himself hastily over the bank into the creek, but was seized in the shallow water by a fox-hound and an old-fashioned cur that were of the party. "Dey stretched him long as a rail," said a certain remnant of Dutch feudalism who cheered them on; but what with squirming, splashing, choking, and collisions, they failed to fasten a final gripe. He gradually worked out to diving depth, then slipped away like an eel, and, with a quiver quick as the flashing of the pike, was safe under the "Otter Rock" in the opposite bank. This otter was the last of his tribe—its sole survivor of civilization. Reaching down obliquely to the eastern bank of the Lower Hudson, and lying in one of the original seven river-counties named from the titles of the last Stuarts, this valley, with its mountain boundaries, may be taken as a type of thorough settlement. The effects of civilization, therefore, upon the order of nature are here sufficiently shown. Those species of animals yet existing will, as a rule, continue. As many trees are planted here as cut; less forest, indeed, but more grove. There will never be less shade that softens the glare of rock; always as full veins for the springs and streams. The sharpness of the contest between man and animal and vegetable life is now closed, or at least compromised, and we may conclusively study the manner and order of the subjugation.

The animals of the valley which the white man found at his coming divided themselves into three classes. First were those whose existence was to him a matter of simple safety. Others also, not ferocious, but kept by nature with poor economy, requiring extensive tracts to support a few, that would also destroy what he might produce. Both these must be domesticated or destroyed. He had brought with him his own horse, cow, cat, and dog, and had no need to Rarey the moose, or stall the buffalo, or make place for the tamed wolf and wild-cat at his fireside. For these, then, there was warfare only to the bitter end, dying grim and game like the Indian, without assimilation or compromise. Some, indeed, he destroyed almost before his coming, by the market which he created for their furs. All those between whom and the new-comer there was what Charles Lamb would term incompatibility—all who would naturally, necessarily prove short survivors—make up the first class.

The second is of those less positive in character, which has become modified into a semi-domestication, as the squirrel, refining the exclusive rusticity of his forest life in the luxuries of cultivated walnut and apple orchards, or even in the artificial nature of a city park; the swallows, suited with the chimney better than with the rock or tree that nature had hollowed out; the redbreast and waxwing, counting his fruits as their own; or the gentle quail, coming to glean in his grain-fields, and find shelter under his strength and wealth, like Ruth in the barley harvest of Boaz.

The third class is a copy of the first in smaller type—as uncompromising as they, only not dangerous. Thus the raccoon is only a dwarf bear, eating the same food as the larger, sleeping away winter in the same style of economy, and living in a similar though smaller house. The fox is a wolf in like manner—each cowardly; but for the wolf's ferocity we have the fox's cunning. The hawk is only an eagle of groves and woods, as the other of mountain forests; the mink is a small otter, the musk-rat a beaver of the brooks. In each the habits of the counterpart may be certainly and sufficiently shown.

The beaver was the first victim. His fur was valuable even in early days, when luxury took the form of neatness and cleanliness. He was easily captured, and the fertile meadows where he had his home were first demanded for culture. When the wolves yet perhaps outnumbered the watch-dogs, and Bruin's clumsy plantigrades often stamped the March snows about corn-stacks and orchards, what time he had waked too early from his winter nap, but yet would not turn in again, the beaver even then was never seen, hardly remembered. The Dutch seal of New Netherlands had a beaver waddling across the shield; and also in all those of the English province the female figure which forever kneels to the changing line of kings and queens holds out a beaver for tribute and peace-offering, as she might offer her baby for a hostage. The first and maybe the only hostile shot fired in the East Valley of the Lower Hudson in Indian history, was when some graceless red pirates off Rhinebeck hailed an opposition canoe of beaver peltry paddling down to Manhattan market. Near the outlet of a side-swamp that finds the main stream just below the Otter Rock is the "Beaver Dam." Tradition gives no record of its residents; but now for one hundred years, without repairs, it still stops the unused water. The bank that formed the dam when

the beavers kept it full is yet plain, braced with elm-roots, and green with a century's sod. Was it Todleben at the Crimea, or did these engineers first discover the durability of earth-works?

Species destroyed by man are not usually killed off outright; but, as Shylock would say, we take their life when we do take the means whereby they live. There are some factories above where the waters make their last fall from the hills, and the villainous alchemies they disgorge poison the purity until a gipsy could not find a fin in the pools below. Sometimes an adventurous school, bred in the clearness of a tributary brook, will venture out into the main stream; but when the mills "let off the bleach," smitten as if by pestilence, they will turn over on their backs, their bright bellies flashing autumn hues, and float away as helpless as October leaves. The washings of the silk-works that used to spoil the Rhone now make fifty thousand tons of soap a year. In the name of Nature, wild and human, may we not hope for a millennium of manufactories when they will consume their own foulness and swallow their own dust like a dummy engine? But the fishes were also a means of life to many. Even now, when the swollen freshets burst the ice, and we have no longer a slender stream in a sunken bed, worn by nature indeed, though fashioned as if by art, but a whirling tide rushing along between long lines of hills, when the broad meadows on either bank swell into their primitive lakes, and the thirsty pebbles of distant terraces, rounded by currents of preadamic date, are again wet and chafed by the welcome ripples, then those migrating myriads of winged life easily trust that nature will be restored; the flocks of canvas-backs alight on the flats to feed on the soaked esculent roots, or sometimes wild-geese to go ashore and browse the bordering grain-fields; and even the solitary loon, that we are wont only to see spread out like a cross on the lofty sky between the tropic and the iceberg, sometimes drops down to rest in the placid level. But these were only transient visitors, taking us, a Cæsar would say, *ex itinere;* there were others that used to linger until they almost gained a residence.

Straggling files of sheldrakes, and divers fishing ducks of gay plumage, would linger about, every spring and autumn, following the windings of the creeks, or shooting across the bends, or drawing long parallels of scallops with the tips of their wings as you started them out of some quiet cove. Then hawks always attended these ducks in their slow migrations, watching like sharp-shooters from the trees above, and when the business was very lively the eagle sometimes came up from the river and interposed his sovereign claw. The minks also had their hiding-places at the water's edge, the kingfishers their burrows higher up the bank, while the cranes and the whole family of bare-legged waders, like boys with turned-up trowsers, found good support in spearing. But all miss the fishes—those that ate them, and those that ate the eaters—for they were all connected closely as the characters in the house that Jack built.

These fishing ducks illustrate well a familiar principle of natural history, viz., that the habits of animals are regulated by their supplies of food. This it is that controls migrations and sojournings; this explains the destruction of life. These ducks as well as the others love the luxurious hot baths of the Gulf Stream, but given food and they will stay out our terrible winter. Last January I saw them in large numbers about the rapids of the Upper Hudson below Stillwater, thermometer −13°, dashing through the mist that seemed to congeal into a column as it arose, or plunging like an edged stone into those deep eddies of liquid ice, and just when you felt sure they would be swept under by the current that ran like a mill-race, they would suddenly emerge dripping and sparkling, whether a fish or a failure. They always pass the winter there. A friend of mine, and of the ducks, used to place corn on the ice opposite his mill, where they would rest like white bears about a seal-hole, but they never ate the grain unless it lay on the bottom of the river, and they reached it by diving. The duck pulls and pushes with his scoop of a bill, but is incapable of pecking, and would starve with his food before him if it lay on a smooth surface. He feeds awkwardly enough standing on his feet on land, but quite at ease on his head in the water, where his strength, aided by his buoyancy, breaks the sedge-roots in which he delights, backing water doubtless with his wings, for all the divers use their wings for deep swimming. Those credulous skeptics who will accept any method of making except that of creation, hold that a need, desire, or effort to swim or fly will in time, or in duration at least, produce a fin or a wing. But there would be literally less extravagance, and something nearer sober science, in an assertion that food creates consumers. Wherever the carcass is, there will the eagles be gathered together. A camel faints and falls on the waste—there is only sand every where below, a copper sky every where above—no animal life you would say in such a world, no place for it; but before the flavor of decay creeps out upon the air you see a speck in the sky—it comes nearer swiftly, but in so straight a line that you see only enlargement, no motion; you look about—there are many such motes in your vision; quickly you hear the rush of wings—crowds of foul-looking creatures are alighting, own sisters they are to Virgil's harpies; they stare at you and the prey without a show of surprise at finding either there. Æschylus would have named them "winged things," not attempting further classification.

Again, the sailors will strike a whale at some time when the sea is more barren than the desert; in a little time the albatrosses will come drifting out of the distance like thistle-downs—a downy, feathery mass, floating without a flap of the wing, and for many an acre around

they will lie on the still sea like flakes of foam. They vanish just as they came, and you think that Banquo's explanation of the witches' exit was not altogether unscientific—

> "The earth hath bubbles as the water has,
> And these are of them."

Last autumn I added a katydid to my collection, drowning him *à la* Clarence, and then impaling him upon a needle. The next morning he was literally swarmed upon by those specks of red ants that sometimes give entomological character to the sugar-bowl. They were running up and down his long legs for ladders, and over and about him like the Liliputians with Gulliver. A bit of sponge soaked in spirits of camphor scattered the host, and there was no indication where they were or had been. But set forth katydid flavored with Bourbon, omitting camphor, and they will start up like the host of Roderick Dhu. Yet the room was newly painted, papered, and carpeted, and nothing likely to keep them alive nearer than two floors. Again, a climbing rose in the yard was infested with bugs, and I touched them with a swab dipped in turpentine, preferring this method to crushing them in the hand, as commended in our State authority. Soon a pair of honest but homely looking toads established themselves under the frame, and every morning they would breakfast on scores plump with vitriolic-looking juice, catching them up quick as flash on that club of a tongue, soaked as they were with the horrid sauce. *De gustibus non disputandum.*

Food can make us cosmopolitan. Eat fish with the Feejee, sour milk with the Tartar, or tallow with the Esquimaux, and with the aid of intellect you may beat each upon his own and his fathers' ground. No apparatus is at all equal to universal diffusion of inner warmth which heat-making food produces. Stoves will warm us in warm climates, but fire was not used by Dr. Hayes in that ice-desert a thousand miles beyond any permanent dwelling-place, in that wonderful march that will one day get into mythology as a thirteenth labor of Hercules. The pig—for he gives as good illustration as the polar bear, and is, moreover, one of the family—has a scanty external covering, but give him food to his appetite and he will weave an under-wrapper of adipose compared with which Siberian sable is summer style. So with neat cattle. Before scientific economy had begotten rinderpest and diseased livers they used to be fed natural food in a natural way, and if sometimes they were foddered on hill-sides bleak as the site of Goody Blake's cottage, plenty made them warm, and their habits left them healthy.

The habits and characters of the eagle, the wolf, bear, and others may yet be ascertained, even in localities where they no longer exist, by observing the ways of the hawk, fox, and raccoon. Thus the large hen-hawk keeps the nature of the eagle with fidelity and dignity. Sometimes when you sit down in summer woods and look up through the leaves into the still sky you will see this bird repeating an orbit with a slight precession toward some wooded hill, and as he swings round to his perihelion five hundred feet zenith distance he scans the very buttons of your coat with a fixed, fearless gaze, but yet with that expression of pain such as all the eagle faces wear. Or when held out motionless on some outstretched arm of a giant oak, like a falcon on the wrist, he looks noble enough for a nation's emblem.

But the fox, though a wolf in a small way, fills the position of largest quadruped with sorry dignity. A dull walk to school used to be enlivened with successive daily glimpses at a captive Reynard, that had been holed and dug out, and was being kept in reserve for a scrub-race on New-Year's Day. His grief in confinement was not loud but deep. He would not meet your eye with the savage glare of all the cat kind when cornered, nor with the prying, impudent peering of the weasel and his cousins, but he just acted the culprit, sneaking and shamefaced, though, mind you, not a whit penitent. He remained downcast and dumpish, though sometimes making the quickest, quietest use of a splendid set of teeth upon any nose or paw that invaded the house of his bondage—his castle now, for which he claimed the privilege of Saxon common law. Finally his day of trial came. He was let loose in the Place du Carousal, in front of a country tavern, before a picked-up pack containing almost all cross-breeds, and a few stanch old fox-hounds. His first move, after recovering from his bewilderment, was characteristic enough. In full hearing, and almost in full view, of the yelling mob of men and dogs, each dog struggling to the grin, with his owner holding him by the nape of the neck by way of extempore leash, he rolled again and again on the hard, clean crust of a snow-bank, then, rising like the stag in Canto First, and "stretching forward free and far," led a lively musical party down the valley of the Wappinger. He belonged on the other side of the stream, and many a fowling-piece was brought to bear on the points where it was judged he would cross—a farm bridge and a fallen tree—the hunters confident that he would run no risk of wetting his tail, since it would then become clogged with snow and prove a heavy baggage-train. But he did risk it, nevertheless, crossing on the ice and dodging the whole gauntlet, not one of the many leaden pellets raising a fibre of his fur, and reached his den, safe and deep, under a mountain of Lime Rock.

But a very faithful companionship, known to all the country round, was broken that day. For as the few thorough-breds, that clung dangerously to the track, struck straight across, true fox-hound fashion, seeing nothing unless they hit it with their nose, one of the leaders, a fine pair of twins, tan-colored, the first introduced of the breed, broke through, was swept under, and lost.

In the west slope of Gore Hill, in Dutchess County, there has been a fox-den from time long back. There is usually a flourishing young family, and to bring these up properly requires more young turkeys than the farmers like to spare. A flock of sixty was destroyed in a single night, and were found next morning scattered over a rough pasture-field, each bitten through the neck. They were too young to roost in the trees, but had huddled like quails under some bushes. They had been scattered, doubtless, by the first pounce, and then hunted, as if with pointers, partly for sport, and partly for the fresh blood that flowed from the throat. Dogs will do the same in flocks of sheep—two curs biting, and in the most cases poisoning, a flock of fifty. Seizing one by the throat, chucking the teeth as the delicious fluid pours out, and then in an instant catching another, "ravening like a wolf" in wanton waste, becoming so gorged with blood that guilt is sometimes detected by hanging them up by the heels. Some of the dead turkeys were placed in a heap and surrounded by a thistle hedge with an opening over a steel trap. The next night a rash young Reynard found an unlucky foothold, but the old one knew the trap as well as Falstaff knew Poins and Prince Hal. On another occasion the old one was ambushed and shot at just as she was approaching the hole. She dropped a mouthful, which proved to be six field-mice, from which it was known, according to an old hunter, that she had six young ones, she hunting until she had a piece for each.

It is not probable that vulpine arithmetic comprehends numeration, but it is certain that animals are careful to be just and impartial in giving food and nourishment to their young. Twin lambs and young pigs in a litter always suck together, never one allowed an advantage over the other. Finally a day was appointed for digging out this troublesome family; but impending destruction was again averted. A certain sportsman, who loved the game as William the Norman loved the "tall deer," determined that his winter sport should not be so ingloriously anticipated. Taking with him another interested party in the person of old Zack—a hound named in the enthusiasm of the Taylor campaign, in compliment to statesmanship—he visited the burrow on the evening before the fatal day, and after exciting the hound to make some digging and disturbance, he fired both barrels down into the hole. The old fox took the hint from her friendly enemy, and during the night translated her household. It is well known that when the fox is hunted he does not trust to his speed for safety. The hounds usually progress slowly, and he only cares to keep just out of their way. He stops very often to listen, and will wait on a hill-top with genuine curiosity and enjoyment, and watch the puzzled hounds working out his track in the valley. Of wild animals generally the scent is much better than the sight. Their eye is a microscope, with short and sharp sight and fitness for night-work; not a telescope for far seeing, which would be of little use in the forest. Birds of prey hunting in the open air are of course exceptions. When an animal hears a noise he does not turn to look, but rather stops to listen. Even when he appears to be looking he is very likely listening, since for sight, scent, or hearing there is the same position of the head. When followed by the hounds the whole aim of the fox is to put the hounds at fault. He will walk fences, dash suddenly in among flocks of sheep, follow beaten paths, double frequently on his own trail, or leap suddenly to one side as far as he can spring, and all in a manner that leaves no doubt of a purpose. Last autumn a neighbor, with two dogs, crossing his farm, came upon two young foxes, two-thirds grown, playing about some haystacks. The dogs saw and pursued one, and were not seen by the other, which, however, heard the running, and taking an opposite direction came just past him, though without noticing, since he was standing still. Just then the bird-dogs, coming in full view of the other fox, gave tongue, when this one suddenly stopped, stealthily retraced his steps, passed through a hole in the fence into a farm road, and then springing sidewise with all his strength, made his best speed. This fox had probably never been chased by a hound, and in nature no animal, so far as I know, ever pursues the fox, although nature, doubtless, as in every other case, provides some checks to its increase. The relation of the fox and hound is of very long standing, but unless the former were hunted by some animal in nature this trick is not inherent, but acquired and transmitted.

The devotion of the fox to its young has always been noticed. We once found a snug nest of young foxes in the hollow of an old fallen tree, and one was brought away and tied under the shed like any young puppy. An old one, as is well known, can not be tamed, and this sleek, sprightly little fellow, though the object of the most devoted care, soon became soiled, lean, sickly, and altogether disgusted with life; all his brightness lost, like the stalactite taken from its cave. Every night the mother would come upon the hill-tops about the homestead, lamenting her loss like a turtle-dove, passing from one hill to the other so swiftly that the sound seemed to be left behind her. One morning it was discovered that some sharp teeth had cut the cord. The bark or howl of the fox is for some reason wonderfully strange and startling. First, it is not often heard; then it is seldom given unless in darkness and perfect stillness; but the sound of itself is very wild and unnatural. It is not, indeed, the horrid hunger-cry of the wolf, pouring out his savage grief to the thicker darkness at the very rim of the narrow camp-light; nor the cry of the wild-cat, as if extorted by the sharp force of pain; but of all the sounds nature yet leaves us no other so deepens the loneliness of the

night-hour about some remote farm-house. On that occasion the master of that homestead—who, learned in no class-books of natural history, was yet the best naturalist we have ever met; who knew every bird or beast of the valley by its running or flight, seen or in most cases even heard, by any vestige of fur, dung, or feathers, by tracks, by marks of teeth or scratch of claw; who had a descriptive Saxon name for every plant from the cedar to the hyssop, and all without knowing how in his farmer life he had gained the knowledge, or, indeed, that he had acquired it at all—gave us many a scene in fox-hunting, suggested by the sound that so startled the young ears drowsy from the exceeding comfort of the evening autumn hearth.

An old shooting crony and himself once started two foxes in the pines above Barnegat. These dodged about for a time, but being pressed by a lively pair of hounds, finally went off in a tangent across the river. The field of jammed and broken ice was not yet thoroughly cemented by the cold; but the hounds were far out before they were discovered. They too became aware of the danger, hugging up close to each other, and cringing down to the very ice, feeling their way with distended paws and outstretched necks, the skin of the face tight with frightened eagerness, whining rather than yelping, yet sticking to the track like Theseus to the thread. But when they struck the firm ground of the west bank they again burst out into full cry, that came ringing from the Ulster peaks across on clear west wind, or was muffled as the trail led down into the deep passes. By-and-by the foxes again came down upon the ice, recrossing on the back track; and, half the Hudson's width behind, now better assured and making livelier work and music, came the hounds. The hunters chose their ambush, and each picked his game. One was killed; the other went on, badly wounded. The hounds still kept the track; but a heavy snow-flurry, and night now near, forbade further pursuit. Soon the dogs came back rolling, by which it was known they had been in at the death. Another time they were beating a hill-side of brush-wood in the valley of the Falkill, when Old Search, a favorite hound, good at the track, but with a dash of some breed that would often prompt his genius to such irregularities as running by sight, scurried away through the thicket with such a burst of nervous, crowded yelps as told plainly that this time the game was in his eye, not in his nose. They crashed and blundered through after him—he running by sight, they by hearing; while another old orthodox fox-hound, who illustrated faith, not sight, kept the sure scent of the track. The race was over in an instant, and coming up they found Search at work, tooth and nail, at a large hollow button-wood, open near the ground. A coon, of course—and smoke him out! Friction matches in that early day were more feared than glycerine now. They were wont to obtain the element in its purity, drawn from the veins of flint, and not befouled with brimstone and phosphorus. Some tow was sprinkled with powder and put in the pan of the gun-lock; a flame; and down came—not a raccoon, but Reynard, his brush all ablaze.

The savageness of the dog family is nothing to the mad fierceness of the cat kind. That which subdues and cows the one only makes the other wild and furious. The wolf is sometimes taken in a log pen with a trap-door, which he is induced to enter by tying a sheep within. When the trap falls he struggles desperately; but when once thoroughly baffled he is so broken in spirit that he dare not touch the sheep, though hunger is the wolf's normal condition. I have known of a prairie-wolf, brought into a village for the bounty, dragging and hanging from the trap, making no effort to bite, though scarcely injured. Every member of the Felidæ from Tabby to the tiger would have struggled steadily with the wildest fury so long as there was a spark of its tenacious life. There is the same nature to them all. It is easy to kindle in the eyes of the house-cat all the fierceness of the glow that lights up the jungles of Bengal.

A BROKER'S LOVE AFFAIR.

I HAVE been enjoined to give you, my dear Laura, the accompanying document on the day of our marriage, and as that delightful occasion transpires to-morrow, I have thought it best, and wisest, and most loving that I should employ this evening in relating how it came into my hands, and in giving you some idea of the true character of the man from whom it comes.

Mr. John Moneypenny has the misfortune to be a money-broker in Wall Street, and, as you know, I have the good luck to be his clerk. I do not want you to understand that he either calls himself a "broker," or dignifies me, his only assistant besides the messenger, by the title of "clerk," though I am at once book-keeper, paying and receiving teller, cashier, and occasionally assistant messenger. On the contrary, he insists on declaring himself a plain "note-shaver," and my "boss." He has a sort of grim humor in his composition, and an affected gruffness in his manner when occasionally making these assertions, which indicate he does not seriously mean to offend; and as, with all his faults, he has been uniformly just, if not indeed a little kind to me, I sink my American pride and independence, and only smile good-naturedly when I hear him make the assertion that he is my master and I am his servant, and that all these nonsensical distinctions of clerk, cashier, secretary, teller, and book-keeper are "confounded modern innovations" that reflect no credit on the age.

In fact, Mr. Moneypenny affects the plain, unvarnished in all appearances; and hence the plain, large-lettered sign-board which hangs prominently before the door of his small counting-room, and which bears the singular name

and title of "Iohn Moneypenny, Note-shaver." The "street" explains the peculiar spelling of the Christian name by saying that the painter charged twenty cents for making a J (with a tail to it), and only ten cents for an I (without the tail), and Old Skinflint (short for Mr. Moneypenny) saved the difference, because he thought it was fifty per cent. secured on the transaction. Mr. Moneypenny explains it by swearing that the letter J is a modern innovation, and that he "won't submit to any such confounded nonsense as the use of it."

Whenever the other oddity of his sign-board is referred to, Mr. Moneypenny admits very blandly that it is objectionable as not very definite; and he never fails to add that if it were consistent with the public peace he would change all the signs in Wall Street, and make every "broker" read "authorized pickpocket," and every "counselor at law" appear in his true light of a "legalized swindler." He affects, as a great many other illiterate persons do, a contempt for all honorary degrees and titles of distinction, and once took into his heart of hearts, and what is more, loaned a hundred dollars, without interest or security, to a crazy old fellow who spent an hour in setting forth his belief that it was sinful in ministers of the Gospel to add D.D. after their names. He sometimes calls himself "Iohn Moneypenny, L. S. D.," in allusion to a nickname given him by the street, and does not get angry if he overhears himself called "Old Pounds, Shillings, and Pence;" but as a general thing he is short, sharp, and crusty, dealing sharply and shrewdly and hardly with those who are forced to ask his assistance. On the "curbstone" he is as cordially hated as he is flattered, and in the "Gold Room" he is as much despised as he is feared.

Knowing this much of his character, my dear Laura, you, who have seen him peer rudely over his spectacles at you as we talked hurriedly and briefly across the bar which excludes my desk and the safe from the more public part of the office, will be as much surprised as I was yesterday afternoon, when the rush of business was over, to hear him say, in a tone of unusual pleasantness, as he looked up at me on my high stool,

"Well, Robert, I understand from the messenger that you are going to be married, hey?"

When he had first begun to speak I had turned to him, and had noticed an actual, clearly-defined, and rather pleasant smile on his face. As he finished the question he seemed to be ashamed of having been caught smiling, and so he raised his voice into the rather gruff and sharp "hey" with which he had finished. After a moment, seeing his countenance growing severer above his paper, I turned again to my desk, and with a muttered "Yes, Sir," resumed my work.

"The girl got any money, Robert?"

I do not know why I hesitated to answer in the negative, but I did until he had repeated the question.

"Money is a very good thing—in moderation, and I advise you to get money too, if you can. Your girl got any, hey?"

There was no resisting that inflection of the voice with which he expressed that "hey," so I turned deliberately on my stool, laid down my pen, took up my dignity (imagine a man on a high stool in a little, dirty, dingy office in Wall Street, trying to look dignified!), and answered, in my severest manner,

"My dear Mr. Moneypenny, *Miss* Wolcott is not *wealthy*. I am about to be married to a lady without fortune other than her own good sense, quiet tastes, fine accomplishments, and affectionate heart. My own income will, I hope, amply supply our wants."

I had very nearly said "my own small income;" but when the adjective was on my tongue I thought it would be hardly just to him to say it, for he was then paying me fully as much as I could have obtained elsewhere, and so I dropped it.

"Living is very dear—you will hardly be able to keep house on—"

"We do not propose to keep house," I interrupted.

"That won't do. Mustn't board. Boarding is an aggravation of spirits. Young married folks must keep house; wife is certain to spoil in a boarding-house; doesn't have solitude enough. Guess you'd better keep house, and I'll rent you that brick cottage of mine in Thirty-fifth Street cheap; lately had it fully furnished; cost me four thousand dollars; let you have it dirt cheap, too. Boarding-schools and then boarding-houses spoil half the women in the country. Better keep house, I guess."

I could not imagine what business it was of his how we lived, but I did not say so. The offer to rent the house cheap I did not reply to, for I knew what *he* meant by cheap rent. He had paid the insurance on the house the day before, and he valued house and furniture at $12,000. He wouldn't think of taking less than ten per cent. on his investment—that is $1200 rental. I submit it, my darling, even you, with all your little economical notions, could not eat and dress off $300 a year.

"Boarding-houses breed follies," he continued, "particularly in young wives. I guess you'd better keep house, to give your girl something to do and think of. Housekeeping is the best schooling in the world for a young woman. You'd better keep house, I guess. You can do it very well on $2000 a year."

I knew he had not made a mistake in the matter, that he really intended to say what he had, and that it was equivalent to an advance.

"My dear Mr. Moneypenny," I began, "you are very kind. I had really not hoped for an advance at present."

"And you had the hardihood to think of marrying on $1500 a year!"

There was a species of hardihood, a bit of

desperation, a sort of defiance of Providence in it, as you have often asserted, as you know, my dear, and so I admitted by my silence.

"You must have confidence in her, eh?" he asked, presently.

"Yes, Mr. Moneypenny, I have confidence in Laura or I—I should not make her my wife."

"Good, good, very good, indeed. And you are not at all jealous, hey?"

"No, Sir; not jealous in the least."

While asking these questions he had left his paper and had *shuffled* himself by a considerable effort on to the messenger's high stool, which he had placed beside my own; so we sat, when he had mounted, with our backs to the door, as if we were poring over the ledger which I had been posting. And when I had again expressed my confidence in you, my dear, and had declared with a voice slightly tremulous either with love for my darling or shyness at making such a sentimental admission to him, he put his hand on my shoulder, patting it, and said,

"That's right, my boy; that's right. Above all things avoid suspicion and jealousy. Half the broken friendships, the blasted affections of this world result from hurried misconceptions, and misunderstandings, and unfounded suspicions and jealousies. Beware of hasty misconstruction of motives; give every man and woman the benefit of the doubt, and plenty of margin for explanation. Don't ridicule my preaching because you know I never practice it. A suspicious nature has been the curse of my life"—he was growing more excited and talking louder as he progressed—"yes, Sir, the curse of my life. It made me disagreeable to my friends, contemptible to my enemies; it made me unsociable as a young man, and cross and ugly as an old one; it deprived me of friends and acquaintances, and even robbed me of the woman I loved!"

This rather astounding climax was expressed with very considerable energy, and was followed by an expression which I can only describe as a sort of combination of a groan, sob, sigh, and sniffle, with a slight preponderance of sniffle.

The old man's conduct was so strange, and his motives in alluding to his past life, which was a perfect blank to me, were so undefinable that I only ventured to say that his was an unfortunate fate.

"Nobody in the street but you knows that I was ever in love. I tell you of these things as a warning. I'll tell you the whole story as a warning, mind you, and you had better take it for good advice, for that's *all* you'll ever get out of it, I can tell you."

I intimated, with as careless an air as I could assume, that I expected nothing from it, and that he had better follow his own advice in regard to suspicions, and not be—

"Ah!" he interrupted, "if I could only have done that years ago, years ago, how much happier my life would have been!" And then, leaning over my desk, and talking in a low tone, as if afraid of being overheard, and in a strangely confidential way, he told me this narrative, which I have tried to write out for you in his own words as nearly as I can recall them.

"In my earliest recollections I recall myself as a boy of a very unsociable and consequently a very unhappy disposition. Solitude and silence ain't good for boys, and I was too fond of both. I have always, from my earliest childhood possessed a singular aptitude at making myself not only unwarrantably disagreeable, but unnecessarily miserable upon the slightest provocation or suspicion. I was never content to meet trouble when it came. I was always on the look-out for it, and insisted on meeting it half-way. Though I was not without vanity when a youth, yet I was always misconstruing incidents and remarks to my disadvantage. Did I see a couple of my school-fellows whispering, I felt sure it was about me, and to my discredit; if the whisperers happened to be young girls, I was certain that they were discussing my looks and pronouncing me ugly; if they laughed, I felt sure that some disarrangement or general shabbiness of my dress or something about my manner excited their ridicule. I lived through a youth of discontent and dissatisfaction and seclusion, to develop at twenty-three into a young man full of doubts and suspicions of all the rest of my fellow-creatures.

"I suspected every thing and every body. My imagination performed the most wonderful freaks in construing, or rather in misconstruing, the motives of other people. I had no confidence in friendly asseverations, no trust in business promises. I believed that friends would act for me and my interests only to the insignificant extent that I made it their individual interest to do so. Employés I had none then, but was myself employed in a banking-house, and used to amuse myself in wondering how my employers dared to trust my fellow-clerks. I was a spy upon each and every one of them; it was a labor I delighted in and performed faithfully, not that I ever told my employers of my suspicions, or attempted to rise by ruining others. I kept my demon for my own destruction, and nurtured my serpent to sting only myself.

"No man's promise was as good to me as his bond, and I preferred ample security to fine words. I looked on my employers—as a good many young men appear to do in this age—as my personal enemies, for whom I was bound to perform, under a painful necessity, a certain routine duty and no more, and, like a great many other young men of the present day, my idea of duty was rather limited. I did that duty faithfully, however, for I was never an idle person, and I was advanced to better position and pay unsolicited. Instead of being grateful, however, I puzzled my head for days to discover the secret purpose of my employer in thus endeavoring to bribe me to perform some unknown and degrading duty. To my mind selfishness characterized all actions, was the chief part of

the nature of all men, of all women—all but one—all but my Laura!"

"Your Laura!" I exclaimed, interrupting him.

"Yes; her name was Laura. Is your sweetheart's name Laura?"

I had thought that he knew that—I don't know why—and told him so; but he went on without noticing the interruption further.

"I thought all women designing," he said, "until I met her. She was very beautiful, very quiet, very pleasant, and very good. She was too good for me, and perhaps it is all the better for her that I did not spoil her fine nature by marrying her, as I ruined her life by discarding her. I had met her at the house of an elderly lady whom I had known for years, and I became interested in her from the first. I know that the old lady had told her all about me, for from our very first acquaintance, in fact, she evinced an interest in me. The acquaintance soon ripened into intimacy. She was very kind and good, and always friendly and tender with me. I found when I first visited her at her own home that she was surrounded by admirers—not lovers, but merely friends—though, before I recognized that I loved her, I had begun to fear that each was a lover, and to look upon him with a jealous eye as an enemy. I wished in my heart that she had no friend—no acquaintance but myself. Gradually my selfishness in this regard increased; I do not know how I managed to conceal it; I felt as if I were injured and aggrieved by the existence of these friends; I had none such; why should she? Why should she find pleasure in such friendships? When after a while I felt, with many misgivings, that she loved me, and had by my confession of my affection learned the truth from her own lips that that love was reciprocated, I was cruel and selfish enough to complain of these friends, and at length I insisted that she should dismiss some of those most offensive to me. You will say that I was unreasonably jealous and selfish. The words are weak. I must have appeared very contemptible to her, if in her strong love for me she had not felt delight in thinking these complaints proofs of my affection rather than as evidences of my debased nature.

"There was one among her friends for whom I soon evinced a cordial dislike—not at first a jealousy, but merely dislike. He was more intimate with Laura's family than I was; he was as good a friend to her widowed mother as to Laura, and even more intimate with the mother than the daughter. He was a serious, sad young man, evidently with some sorrow in his life. I looked on him then as a sentimental fool. He was, like myself, a broker; his office was near my own, for I had gone into Wall Street for myself at this time. He was very attentive to Laura and her mother, and very polite to me in spite of my coldness toward him. She had known him before she did me; I hated him for that; she called him Frank, and he called her Laura, and frequently called her mother, as she did, 'mother,' though I knew there was no relation, and I hated him for that. I frequently called to find him there before me, though he generally retired soon after my arrival to the mother's sitting-room. Frequently he went out with the mother for the evening, and occasionally with both.

"My dislike of him ripened into jealousy one evening when, going to call by appointment on my affianced, I met the three, he, Laura, and her mother, just leaving the house. They each spoke to me, and Laura, drawing me a little one side, apologized for not keeping the appointment for the evening by saying that she and her mother were compelled to go out hastily and unexpectedly for the evening to attend a sick lady, and she asked me to come back the next evening. She spoke very hurriedly and nervously, and hastened to be off. I thought at the time that her nervousness was rather suspicious, and when, before I could offer to see her to her destination, she bade me good-night, and taking his disengaged arm hurried off, leaving me disconcerted on the sidewalk, I felt that she was deceiving me.

"I went homeward very much discomposed, and full of suspicious thoughts. I attempted to thrust out the unwelcome idea that she had been anxious to avoid me, to get away from me, nervously fearful that I would insist on accompanying her, but it would come back coupled with reflections of former incidents of her own and her mother's conduct toward Frank, which now looked to my eyes fearfully suspicious. Why had she wished that I should not accompany her? I jumped to the conclusion that she had not, and then devised a thousand motives, none of which were calculated to explain and justify her conduct, but all condemning her, and justifying my suspicions. She loved that man! Her mother was intriguing to marry them! She was flirting with me in order to lure him on to marry her! She was going to some place she did not care to have me know she visited! I cursed myself that I had not followed her, and went to bed at length wild with jealousy and hate!

"I was half ashamed of myself next morning, and tried to laugh at my base suspicions; but the laugh was forced and hollow, and the contempt I felt for myself was only half genuine, since I was continually hunting for apologies for it. I did not look in the glass when I washed and combed. When a man gets to that point that he dares not look himself in the eye he is very contemptible indeed. I dared not look into my heart, for it would not stand scrutiny any more than my face. Instead of going to her, telling her how I felt and thought, and hearing, if she chose to give it, an explanation, I found myself making apologies for my suspicions and jealousies. A man may know positively that he is in the wrong when he finds himself hunting in his own mind for excuses for his conduct. Our honest indignation, like

our good motives, needs no apology. I did not feel this so earnestly then as I do now, and went to my office that morning with the air and expression of a deeply-injured man, determined to be as miserable as possible.

"When evening came I went to see Laura with something of the idea that I was doing a magnanimous part in affording her an opportunity for explanation. She was ill; it was evident when she came into the room, and she at once told me so. She had not finished the sentence when I suggested that if that was the case my visit was very *malapropos*. 'Very thoughtful,' you will say; 'very contemptible,' I say, for I had at once jumped to the conclusion that she had said it to get rid of me. She only said 'No, no,' and proceeded to tell me that she had been up all the night before with the sick friend whom she and her mother had called upon, and the result of the excitement and unrest was a headache. She feared I would find her very dull, but I must not go away yet. She felt it would do her good to lay her head on my shoulder for a while; and so she sat down beside me and put her hand into mine, and asked me to tell her how much I loved her.

"During the evening she never again referred to Frank or her conduct in hurrying off with him, and in talking over our prospects and plans of an early wedding I almost forgot the circumstances which had troubled me, and very glad was I to forget it. After we had sat thus for nearly an hour she suddenly rose up and said to me,

"'John, you must go now. I am very sorry to dismiss you, but I am very sick, and must go to bed.'

"I took my hat with many expressions of regret at my carelessness in not sooner perceiving how much she needed rest, and accusing myself of selfishness in detaining her thus long.

"'No, John,' she said; 'let me think you forget to go because you love me.'

"And I did love her. All philosophy which teaches that selfish and debased natures can not love truly is false—false, I tell you! I know how debased I was—I know how passionately I loved that woman!

"I turned in the midst of protestations of this love to go, and bidding her good-night, opened the door as the street-bell rang, and admitted—that man! I had rather have seen at that moment any other being—natural or supernatural—for his coming turned my cup of happiness into gall. He came in with a bow to me—a bow as if I had been the servant who answered the bell; he spoke to her, and I saw him press her hand. And as I, bowing, walked out of the house, he and she entered the parlor with what seemed to me most unseemly haste.

"You will have to imagine my feelings—I hope you can not; but I can not describe them. Mingled jealousy and hatred of him, and suspicion of her, haunted my brain. I did not go home. I crossed—sneaked—to the opposite side of the street, and from behind a tree I watched the house.

"Laura and he did not remain many minutes in the parlor. They left it, and a minute after I could plainly see them in the room above—the room which I knew was her sitting-room. Then I did not reflect that it was also her mother's sitting-room—I was too jealous to reflect so coolly. I did have the sense to remain, however, and did not rush frantically to my home and fret my heart out at her deceit. I kept cool—determined to wait until he was gone, if I staid there till—I would have said till morning, but the reflection appalled me. Then, when he was gone, I would upbraid her with her inconstancy.

"He remained in the house about five minutes—not more. When he came out, her mother, not Laura, was with him; and they hurried away before I could think to follow them. I was too rejoiced to see him leave the house with the mother to think of any thing else. I started home feeling much consoled in mind. Evidently the mother had been again called out to see the sick friend.

"The sick friend? My suspicious mind dwelt on that phrase. Who was the sick friend? Evidently some relation of Frank's, you would suppose; but I had never heard him speak of brothers or sisters, and I knew his parents were dead. And what ailed her? Laura had merely alluded to her. Under ordinary circumstances would she not have told me all about her? I recalled instances without number when she had talked, as most young women do, of similar minor domestic topics. Why had she avoided this subject? It *was* very suspicious. I distinctly remember to this day how I hesitated to employ the word suspicious. In all my degradation I knew fully how contemptible I was even to myself. I was ashamed of a nature I made no attempt to correct, and apologized for its possession as if to justify myself for having it. I conceived motives, I misconstrued actions, I twisted appearances, until I had convinced myself that my suspicions were correct, that my jealousies were well founded, and that she was false! You will say that the conclusion was ridiculous. Did you ever know of jealousy that ever employed true logic?

"For two days I did not go near her; I was contemptible enough even for that, and left her without a word. On the third day she wrote me a loving note, asking why I had not called, and desiring to know if I were ill. She begged me, if able, to come to her that evening. I received the note, and sent a verbal answer by the messenger that I would come. I felt as if I was very generous in granting the interview.

"I was very much astonished the same afternoon to see Laura in Wall Street. When I first saw her she was coming out of Broad Street. I instantly recollected that *his* office was in Broad, and I was at once satisfied that she had come direct from there. I was crazed

with anger at the thought; but managed to suppress all emotion by the time she had come up my steps and stood in my office—here, even there where I have seen *your* Laura standing, and spoke to me across the bars.

"She *had* been to see him—she confessed it; but she studiously avoided telling me for what. My manner did not perhaps encourage her to tell me more, but she made no allusion to her reasons for calling other than that it was on important business. She had come to my office to tell me that she would have to postpone our engagement for that evening; she would not be at home; she was compelled again to attend on her sick friend, and begged I would come the evening following. At that moment a stage was passing; she hailed it, and, bidding me 'good-by,' she sprang in, and was gone.

"It was not ten—not five minutes later that I saw *him* come from Broad Street and spring into the next stage which followed in the same direction. Furious with jealousy I called a carriage, and directing the driver to catch the stage in which Laura was, sank back in the cushions and gave myself up to my reflections. The stage was soon found. I saw that Laura was still in it, and directing the driver to follow at a safe distance, I kept a close watch upon her, unobserved. At length she left the stage, and I left the coach. I dogged her through three or four blocks, and at length saw her enter the residence of that man! She entered hastily and authoritatively; she passed the servant without a word, and I saw her, ere he had closed the door, ascending the staircase to the sleeping apartments above. I saw her in the room above, I saw her lay aside her bonnet, and then I saw her arrange the blinds of the windows to exclude the light and observation.

"And at length I saw him come and enter. I saw him, too, in the room above.

"Neither of them left the house that night. They were the servants who frequently came out, and then returned to the house. I know that neither left the house that night, for I watched till morning, and saw her leave alone.

"I was too incensed to speak to her. I dared not trust myself to do so; but writing her a bitter letter, in which I told her what I had seen, and accused her of all things base, I bade her farewell forever! The same day I left New York, and in a week more I was on my way to Europe.

"I never saw her again—I heard no more of her until three years after, when I returned to America. She was dead. The friend who told me this was her mother, and she told me all. She had married Frank a year after I had disappeared, and had died in giving birth to her first child. The sick friend whom she had visited was a lunatic sister of Frank's, and she had died the night I watched the house."

Mr. Moneypenny stopped here. He attempted to continue shortly after what I imagine would have been the moral of his story; but he could not bring himself to utter it, and I did not need it.

At length he drew from his breast-pocket the sealed package which I shall hand you with this long letter. It was directed to you under the name you will bear to-morrow—"Mrs. Robert Clarke."

"I have wished," he said, as he handed me the package, "to make your wife a bridal present. I hope you won't refuse to take it, for it will be a great pleasure to me to know that she will accept it."

I could not say no.

"I will offer you none," he added. "If the story I have told has impressed you it will be of more value than any thing else I could do or say. I shall be glad to be present at your wedding, but she must not know it, and you must not give her that package until after you are married. When you do so you must tell her this story that I have told you. I hope you will make her happy, and God bless you both!"

He turned aside, got down from his high stool, and hobbled away.

It is easy, my dear, to guess at the contents of the package. It is difficult to disguise jewelry in yellow envelopes, and I can *feel*, if I can not see, the breast-pin, necklace, ear-rings, and bracelets which form my wife's bridal present from John Moneypenny. And it is not difficult for me, who have known him so long and know how truly he has painted his character, and how he gradually emerged after his love-disappointment into a morose old miser, to guess at its value. A poor clerk's wife can not afford to wear very costly jewelry—John Moneypenny has thought of that, my dear, and you need not hope on opening this to find a valuable set of diamonds.

NOTE BY MRS. CLARKE.

After my dear husband had read me the foregoing communication as explanatory of the package, and had expressed his regret at having written the last paragraph—for we felt more kindly toward poor John Moneypenny, after reading his unhappy story in the new light of our own happiness—I opened, with some little nervousness, the large yellow envelope which contained the jewels. They were *not* diamonds, but they were nevertheless very valuable—a handsome set of pearls that I could consistently wear as a poor clerk's wife. And my husband declared, when I had hastily put them on, that they certainly became me very much, and thought John Moneypenny had displayed a great deal of taste.

After we had sufficiently admired them I turned again to the envelope, in which I had noticed a letter, and, opening it, handed it in some surprise to my husband. It was engrossed on legal cap paper, and my husband, who is versed in such matters, at once pronounced it a "deed." And at another glance we found that it was a deed of gift of the house in Thirty-fifth Street, which John Moneypenny had only the week before handsomely furnished. Our astonishment at such a present was only surpassed by that which possessed us when we read the consideration which had induced John Moneypenny to execute this deed of gift. It ran thus:

"*For, and in consideration of, the love and affection which I bore her mother.*"

We read no further; there was nothing more of interest in the long form to us.

SHEFFIELD—A BATTLE-FIELD OF ENGLISH LABOR.

IN TWO PARTS.--PART I.

OF all the paintings I have ever seen that by Turner, which he called "Rain, Wind, and Speed," is the most terribly fascinating. Those who have seen the colored copies of it alone can not appreciate the mystical blending of elements and objects in this wild picture. The wind-driven mist and rain cling about the great engine and its train—whose thunder one can almost hear—as about a monstrous birth from themselves; as if after æons of blind, distracted throes they had at length gained their incarnation in this compressed and chained storm which bears the trade and the civilization of the world on its shoulders. Out of the rain and fog emerging, into the rain and fog plunging, onward thunders the Express Train of England. A poor wretch out there in the storm of life may find perhaps no pillow more alluring to his weary head than the iron rail; the coming death sends to his ear along that iron harp-string a soothing strain of rest; the blood on the wheels disturbs no traveler; the cry of death mingled with the roar of rain, wind, speed, and reached no human ear or heart; the train thunders on after its harnessed hurricane as before. "Life," as the working-man in "Caste" reminds his sweet-heart when she flirts with "a gentleman" —"Life is a railway train: there is first-class, second-class, and third-class; all those found riding in a class higher than their ticket shall be prosecuted according to law." I shall never forget the applause which that sentence elicited when the play was brought out at the Prince of Wales's Theatre. The audience felt England in it. In this great express train you must also get into the carriage marked with the place of your destination—"Liverpool," "Oxford," "Manchester," "Leeds," "Sheffield."

And now, leaving the symbolical for the actual train, may I enter the second-class marked "Sheffield?" It is, I know, inconsistent with the dignity of a republican to go any but first-class; but some of us have few shillings to invest in pretension. Arthur Clough, a poet if God ever made one, the dear friend of the best men in England and America, did not fear to speak in one of his finest poems of the maid and himself "in casual second-class;" and Father Ignatius, a nobleman by birth, responded to his amazed aristocratic friends who asked him "why he rode in the third-class?"—"Because there is not a fourth." But besides saving my shillings, there is a reason why I shall travel to-day second-class. In that alone we meet the aggregate people of England. In the first-class we travel with a few self-inclosed British islands in broadcloth, who read the *Times* one half of the way and doze the other; in the third-class we are with the inarticulate (not, like the others, from pride, but dumbness) hoes and hatchets, worked indeed by human-like pulse-power and sinew-bands, whose presence is stifling on a long journey. In the second-class the stern rock and the muddy sea mingle a little, and there is earth enough for a conversation, or even sometimes an acquaintance, to grow.

It is a bright morning in November as we move out of the King's Cross Station, London; bright, that is, as English mornings go. "I advise Americans coming abroad," wrote Horace Greeley once from London, "to take a good look at the sun; they may occasionally see over here in the sky something like a boiled turnip, but never the sun." After a residence of some length of time in England one finds himself getting to like these gray mornings and mezzotint evenings. At any rate they furnish the fit light in which to see England and her people; as Charles Kingsley said: "It is this hard gray climate that has made hard gray Englishmen." Our carriage, constructed to carry five on the front and five on the back seat, has eight in it. So long as we are passing over London roofs and through the suburbs we all gaze out of the windows; and there are few things that show more impressively the immensity of the vast city than the long time it takes any train leaving London to reach, even when going at some speed, the last of the half-finished blocks of buildings at the end of its untired spokes. Once out of the city some anxious smoker puts his question to each: "Do you object to a cigar?" and breaks a pass for a number as anxious as himself. Another moment and eight become invisible behind the *Times*, *Telegraph*, *Standard*, or *Morning Star;* and the silent hour passes. Then the papers are laid aside, and a ten-minutes Quaker meeting ensues. The news has been stirring: Garibaldi beaten back by French arms; the American elections gone Democratic; the Manchester Fenians must die on the twenty-third. There are one or two mouths twitching, some eyes glistening; there is a thought tingling from brain to brain that must utter itself, and the question only is who will bell the cat—Silence. Any amount that it will be that Yorkshire man with strong cheek-bones and Plutonic fire under the cold granite surface of him. He it is. He has been reading the *Morning Star*, and he must begin with the heavy Devonshire brother to whom the *Times* has been all his life what sun, water, and air are to floating jellies that have lungs and nerves only in the elements. There are tens of thousands of people in England on whom the *Times* acts chemically thus. If any one in a miscellaneous company begins a conversation he will almost certainly talk *Times* for the first few minutes at least, though afterward he may work up to a higher and individual plane. The *Times* is aggregate England set in type.

"I wonder if they'll hang those Manchester Fenians," says he of the *Star*.

"No doubt of it," responds he of the *Times*. "When the ministers of the law can be assassinated with impunity while in the performance of their duty society is at an end," he adds, that

being as near as he can make it the last sentence he has read in the sheet before him.

"That's so. Yes, that's so. But it's hard to know what to do with men who believe they are doing the work of patriotism."

"In the eye of the law they are murderers," quotes the *Times* man further.

Here there is a minute of silence, during which I observe a third party preparing to put in an oar. He will, it is plain, carry the boat into deeper water. He is one of those men not unfrequently met in the northern counties, with the dress of a working-man, the brow and eye of a poet. He is of that stratum of English nature out of which Robert Collyers come now and then. The London man shrinks perceptibly when he hears that broad controversial accent.

"Neighbor," says Number Three, "let us suppose it had been Garibaldi instead of Kelley who was in that van at Manchester. Let us suppose a French soldier in the place of Policeman Brett. A party of Italians rescue their chief, and in the scuffle the Frenchman is killed. What should we in England say then?"

"The cases are not parallel."

"Very likely," replied the other, "that is what *some* in England would say." (Here a scornful glance at the *Times*.) "But are they not parallel? Is the Papacy heavier on Italy than the English Church is on Ireland? Is France more oppressive to Rome than England to Ireland? Are Louis Napoleon and the Pope driving Italians away from their native land by millions as the alternative of beggary?"

"Sir," says the London man, somewhat red—he is in broadcloth, and doubts whether he should converse with a working-man—"the wrongs of Ireland are mainly—mainly" (a glance at the leading article) "sentimental."

"I have been through Ireland, friend; it is plain you have not. If you had you would have seen that haggard, wobegone people crouching in their huts and lanes under the shadows of the mansions of rich Englishmen; you would have never forgotten the famished cheeks, the hungry eyes looking upon fields waving with plenty; and you would never have called their wrongs sentimental."

This brings up Number Four, a jaunty young commercial traveler, who knows that English Law and Order mean a good Havana on his journey, and a good supper by a safe fireside at his journey's end.

"If I may be allowed to make a remark, I would say that the Fenians are going the wrong way to get justice. No man feels the wrongs of Ireland more than I do"—here a gentle puff at the Havana by rosy and placid cheeks—"but this shooting of policemen turns every body against the Irish, and has got to be stopped."

"Oppression maketh a wise man mad, all the more perhaps the unwise. Fenianism is indeed the wild shadow of a barbarous Wrong; and the shadow will disappear only when the substance disappears. The widow of the dead policeman would find many mourning sisters of hers in Ireland, victims of slow, perpetual assassination."

"I, for one," breaks in a thoughtful man, who had not before spoken, "hope they'll not hang the men. It will have no good effect on Irishmen. An Irishman is less afraid of death than any man living, and he is rather proud of dying for his country. He believes he is going from this world in which he has a cabin, or not even that, straight to paradise; the priest tells him so, and gives him a through-ticket to the place, and he has no doubts about it. Then from being an unknown man he becomes a famous martyr. The way to punish Irishmen is to put funny parti-colored clothes on them, and set them to breaking stones in Piccadilly. They'd rather die any day than that."

"And I," put in a quiet man in seedy coat—a poor clergyman I should think—"hope they will not be executed, because I don't believe that they are murderers at heart. *I* hate the gallows *any way;* but every one must admit that it should be reserved for brutal, malicious, cold-blooded men. These Fenians are nothing of the kind. I think them victims of an epidemic lunacy" ("Hear, hear," from several in the carriage), "but they are not the stuff for which the gallows was raised. The blow they struck was not for personal, private vengeance" ("Hear, *hear!*"); "it was not for selfish ends; and I tell you, gentlemen" (and now a spark of fire starts from his eye), "when you take self from a deed you take the devil out of it!" ("Hear, *hear*, HEAR!")

The train and the conversation stopped together at this point. We are to have ten minutes for refreshments—*i. e.*, pork-pie, stout, pies made of minced pork, beer, and, as I have already hinted, pork inclosed in pastry. I watch where the seedy clergyman (as I imagine him) takes his seat, and go to take my luncheon beside him.

"I thank you, Sir," I said, "for your very humane remark in the carriage. What do you think is to be the end of the Fenian movement?"

"Are you an Englishman?"

"An American."

"North or South?"

"North."

"Very well; then you will understand me when I say that the event at Manchester is in one sense a John Brown raid. Allen—I think no other—will be executed; and from that time a chasm will begin to yawn between the people of these islands and their past, to which they are now so utterly fettered. It is the fatal omen of our Government that it *must* hang the man who shot Brett. If it had not been for the Reform Bill just passed they could not do it without civil war. As it is they will do it, but will never, never be forgiven. From that time the cloud will grow that holds the bolt which is to strike our English aristocracy. You may be sure the English Radicals intend to make

the most of all this. I am at this time on my way to confer with some Irishmen; and our proposition to them is simply that they shall give up their idea of separation from Great Britain, and join in a great united movement to secure every reform required by justice in their country and ours. Once let the masses of these islands join their hearts and hands, and our aristocracy will be no more before us than a set of peacocks. The Fenian idea of separation is insane; but it is the counterpart of the aristocratic fatuity which has built upon the sand. The floods are coming!"

The remainder of the way was passed in comparative silence. Many-minded England, as epitomized in the Sheffield carriage, had vented its opinions and was quiet. At length the sun was obscured; we entered into a yellow-brown fog; the engine uttered that horrible shriek which some one has compared to that of a dying pig with a bad conscience. I looked out and saw rising through the smoke a grove of tall chimneys. When I first looked upon Sheffield—now recognized as the field where the battle between capital and labor waxes hottest—with its dark pall overhanging it, penetrated by lurid tongues of flame, there seemed written over all, "The smoke of their torment ascendeth up for ever and ever."

Was it the effect of the yellow fog, or of the accumulated ignorance in human faces, that along these fearfully crowded streets I could think of nothing but the burdens of ancient woe and despair? They seemed to me a hard, unsmiling procession of those who have no rest, day nor night—who in the morning say, Would God it were evening! and in the evening, Would God it were morning!

The cabman drives rapidly. Beyond the crowd and the smoke we come to a fine hill; in the distance stretch other hills, and beneath them beautiful, well-tilled valleys, with grand old mansions; the sun shines out again on the superb prospect; the gates of a beautiful English home fly open; and soon by the hospitable fireside and the loaded table all wretchedness becomes phantasmal, and Sheffield the happiest of cities.

"What splendid residences there are around here! There must be a vast deal of wealth in Sheffield. About no city in England have I seen such charming environs."

"Yes," whispers a friend at my elbow, "there are fine houses, much luxury and wealth; but these things do not grow without roots. To-day you are with the foliage and fruit; to-morrow, no doubt, you will be exploring the roots beneath them."

To-morrow came, and down among the roots I went.

"Air! a glass of water! a gentleman has fainted!" There is a gathering round of pale women's faces, and now they are confused in one great, death-like face; there is an outer circle of the unmoved faces of men, half turned from their work. Casual remarks coming as from an infinite distance: "He's not used to the smell;" "the factory isn't good for delicate folk;" "cyanid tells on the heart." A slow pressing downward of the low ceiling; a quivering of discolored window-panes back to their places; the circle of women and children returned to their work; the visitor supported by arms into the court-yard. 'Tis a scene that came before my mind's eye several times; it was several times probable, but it did not occur. It took, however, a considerable reinforcement of nerve by resolution to keep it from occurring. And these are the atmospheres in which human beings—women—young girls—toil for ten or twelve in every twenty-four hours of their mortal lives, saving only the blessed day set apart for rest by the first of sanitary reformers!

It was through the magnificent establishment of Messrs. Dixon I went first—an old house, long celebrated for its fine Britannia wares, plating, and the like—in which I found Mr. Dixon, Jun., a most intelligent guide. I followed a dark piece of copper, saw it twisted like paper through twenty transformations, until it stood in silvery radiance ready to sit on any breakfast-table, reflecting in its bright cheeks the "shining morning faces" of the happiest household. There rose under the touch of swart fingers silver trees from whose branches shall depend fruits flushed with the pure skies of many climes over rich men's tables. Here are the bronze powder-flasks that shall hang idly by the sides of lords and squires sallying forth to while away the morning in their game-preserves. I fancy that some of them would never feel so serene again with their centre-pieces and ingeniously-pictured powder and wine flasks if they could get a clear look along the path by which each came, and see the faces and eyes that at each step gave some of their life and light to make its brightness. It takes a vast deal of sugar to sweeten one's tea after he has traced the making of his tea-pot. I find it difficult now to take up a plated fork without remembering the people I saw suspending it in the cyanid, whose poison they inhaled to the certain curtailment of their lives. This, however, is one of the healthiest of the establishments; and though the necessities of the work could not consist with complete health, no pains for that end are spared by the proprietors.

In the various plating and cutlery establishments that I went through I saw three kinds of work that are sure to shorten the lives of those who are employed in them. One of these I have mentioned, but this is less harmful than the rooms where filing is done, and where polishing by means of various oils, earths, and powders is carried on. The air in these rooms is entirely filled with the dust of metals or that of the dark earths and pulverized stones, and these are inevitably depositing a hard and poisonous incrustation upon the lungs. The estimated average reduction of life in these rooms is about ten years: it varies from five to

fifteen years, according to the constitution of the person employed. The filers have, perhaps, the most deadly work, and those that I saw were all men. Those who were polishing with the earths and powders were chiefly girls. Their room was kept excessively warm, and they wore only close-fitting cotton gowns. Some of them were quite young, and some may have been once handsome, but now the eyes' brightness was a glitter, the only bloom was a flame. Standing at their silent work they seemed to me, in their mist-shrouds, so many doomed spirits toiling through some dreary purgatory. But if this was sad, that of which I was presently informed was more than sad—it is terrible! In answer to my question whether it was not possible to escape, or at least mitigate, the deleterious effects of these occupations, I was informed that a respirator had been invented which would to a great extent annul such effects; that the masters had every where endeavored to introduce it; but that the workers had steadily refused to wear it or permit it to be worn! Were any worker to enter the room with one of these on, he or she would be immediately commanded to remove it, and none would do a stroke of work until it was removed. The reason for this almost incredible fact is that those employed in these deleterious rooms receive comparatively high wages—from two to three pounds per week, perhaps—and they know that the wage is kept up by the danger. Remove the danger, and these departments of work become crowded, and wages, of course, lowered. There are only a few hundred "buffers" and "saw-grinders," for instance, in all Sheffield; the work requires little ingenuity, and if its fatal effects could be escaped by respirators there would be a rush of applicants. But by the help of the deadliness of their work the saw-grinders and buffers are enabled to demand almost their own price. They sell their lives, but sell them dear. They sell five, ten, or fifteen years of their lives at about the rate (as nearly as I could estimate) of one hundred pounds per year. I am glad to say Parliament has at length interfered to put a stop to this traffic in suicide, and by an act soon to come in force masters are required to exact the wearing of respirators. But what an idea does it give us of the struggle for existence in these over-crowded islands that there should be entire classes of laborers glad to convert and coin their very heart and lungs into money—to become employés of Death himself, if he but pay a guinea more in wages than Life! It may be they are martyrs, those grim investors in the grave, and that the few more pounds are sending children to school, and shall raise over their dead hearts happier homes. But, for that matter, all drudgery is self-murder of one kind or another. No man can toil through life twelve, or even ten, hours a day without atrophy to the intellect or starvation to the affections. Poor John Grahame there, with the iron entering his soul and body, knows very well that real living is not for him: he sees, however, in some little face one window amidst Sheffield smoke opening into the azure of hope; and his last will and testament (as on file in the highest Tribunal) runs thus: "I, John Grahame, give and bequeath to my son William Grahame all my earthly estate—to wit, twenty years of my life on earth." So John adjourns his soul's birth to his child.

Very interesting were the factories of axes and saws. I was haunted, as I looked upon the many-shaped axes, by the stately sentences of Walt Whitman, in his matchless "Song of the Broad Axe," and the vast fruitage he sees coming from the

> "Gray-blue leaf by red-heat grown."

No axe among all these made for the European headsman; thousands and tens of thousands for the Western pioneers.

> "The axe leaps!
> The solid forest gives fluid utterances;
> They tumble forth, they rise and form."

Here are fathers shaping in dungeons the sharp steel that their sons may wield on the free lands of the West. But I saw nothing so gloomy as the dark abode of the saw-grinders, who have become so notorious by the revelations of the Commission of Inquiry into the Trades Union outrages. This, then, is the room that produced Broadhead and his fellow-ratteners! A gloomy room on the earth, low-roofed, lighted by a few soiled window-panes, in which six or eight large grindstones are turning. Bent double—curved around these wheels on which they are slowly broken—are the Ixions of this Hades, grinding saws. Out of this gloomy, muddy, and back-breaking region Broadheads and Crookeses could, one would say, alone come, with tempers as jagged as the saws, and sensibilities as hard as the stones they grind them on. The labor is perhaps the most fatal on the workmen, who breathe both stone-dust and steel-dust perpetually. The men engaged here had a bleached, bloodless look, but it struck me that they were a finer-browed and better-looking set of men than usual. Indeed there has gradually come upon the faces of these silent men, who deal with realities and yield themselves to Fate, a serious, patient look that is impressive. But the silence in all these works, so far as the human voice is concerned, is fearful: nowhere a word humanizing the heavy monotony of machinery, least of all a song to sweeten toil, did I hear. Ebenezer Elliott, however, did not think so well of the "Grinder:"

> "There draws the grinder his laborious breath;
> There, coughing, at his deadly trade he bends.
> Born to die young, he fears nor man nor death;
> Scorning the future, what he earns he spends.
> Debauch and Riot are his bosom friends.
>
> "He plays the Tory sultan-like and well;
> Woe to the traitor that dares disobey
> The Dey of Satraps! as rattened tools shall tell.
> Full many a lordly freak by night, by day,
> Illustrates gloriously his lawless sway.

"Behold his failings! hath he virtues too?
He is no pauper, blackguard though he be.
Full well he knows what minds combined can do;
Full well maintains his birth-right—he is free!
And, frown for frown, outstares Monopoly!

"Yet Abraham and Elliot* both in vain
Bid science on his cheek prolong the bloom:
He will not live! He seems in haste to gain
The undisturbed asylum of the tomb,
And, old at two-and-thirty, meets his doom!"

The iron-works of John Brown and Co. are among the largest—perhaps the very largest—in the world. John Brown, once a poor boy peddling wares from town to town, is now Sir John Brown, Knight (owing to his fine armor-plates of twelve inches in thickness), and dwells in the finest mansion in Sheffield. The chill of early poverty does not cling to him. Foremost in charities and in public spirit he has gained the general friendship, and all have reason to rejoice in his good fortune, which has been secured by patient industry and intelligence. His place is in itself an iron city, with its long streets, its teams of horses, its railways and locomotives; and the work is all of the hearty, healthy sort, that leaves no heartaches in the witnessing of it. It covers 21 acres, and employs 4000 artisans. They are just now engaged in manufacturing iron plates for ships and fortresses. One may discover here better than elsewhere how large and important is the system of fortifications which Lord Palmerston induced the British Government to adopt for the south of England, chiefly about Plymouth and near Lymington. The old man, it is clear, never trusted France; and although the hand extended to Louis Napoleon is softly gloved, underneath there is an iron gauntlet. The English volunteer movement was inaugurated by Palmerston with reference to France, and so were these grand fortresses—soft sward outside, iron plates within—which line the coast, symbolizing the armed peace now existing between the two countries, which can never forget the accounts unsettled between them.

When I arrived at Messrs. Brown's works they were just about to roll out one of these enormous fortress-plates for Plymouth. A small regiment of swarthy workmen stood waiting. The huge furnace was hissing and heaving in its mighty gestation. At length the signal is given; a car is wheeled up; the furnace door flies open, and the great oblong block of fire darts out upon the car, which bears it like a bolt of lightning to a great roller, under which it passes with a shriek of agony. Some lords and ladies have gathered to gaze upon the work; but the roller and the plate take little account of their nobility. At the first plunge the great room is filled with a meteoric shower of flaming scoriæ, which fall upon corduroy and silk indiscriminately, burning my lady's mantilla quite perceptibly. The plate when rolled out is about seven inches thick, and twenty by five feet in extent. There were piles of plating for Austrian, Prussian, and French ships, and hard by them huge conical shells that may one day be battering the sides of those same plates. There are men here from Egypt, Italy, Central and South America, watching the making of rails for great railways in their several countries, for Sheffield's iron fingers run out into all lands. It is exhilarating to see these stalwart fellows following their flaming Proteus through all his shapes and mastering him at last. Now he is a dull, heavy block, and now winding in and out between the teeth of a giant comb, a huge fiery thread, to be clipped at intervals and cooled into rails. The most interesting thing to be seen at Messrs. Brown's establishment is what is called the "new Bessemer process" for making steel. In the invention and application of this process, which is now so widely employed, the relative parts of genius and talent in the business of the world are very well shown. A German scientific man discovered the principle that cast steel might be produced from pig-iron without any material of combustion beyond atmospheric air blown through the molten metal in finely divided streams. Having made his discovery—it was some twelve years ago—the German goes on with his investigations, and is doubtless to-day sitting in his attic eating his humble bread-and-cheese and drinking his lager as before. Mr. Henry Bessemer, talented engineer, seizes on the idea, makes an apparatus, patents the process (1856), and enables a hundred gentlemen to convert pig-iron not only into steel but gold, with double the rapidity of former times, to his own and their great advantage. The saving of fuel is enormous as contrasted with the old method of refining, and one may see in it one of the first steps by which, no doubt, invention will enable England to snap her fingers at the failing coal-strata, of which so much has been said.

The great round pit where we saw the process in operation was a wonder; one could imagine that Dante had looked upon such a circle with its moiled population of workers, all lurid under the blaze of the river of fire, and could have no doubt at all as to whence Milton drew *his* pandemonium. What a fortune such a scene would have been to an old preacher I once listened to, who used to have the big stove-door in the chapel opened to the terrified gaze of the country congregation, when he wished to enable them to realize what he called the "turrors of the lor!" Into a vast iron belly flows the lake of fire—whirling from cataract to cataract—and when the maw is satiated it turns over, and sends from its throat a column of fire and scoriæ twenty or thirty feet high, uttering meanwhile a terrific howl. On this fiery pillar every eye is now fixed. It sends out phosphorus, oxygen, and manifold other things; and it is at first a red flame, next it becomes yellow, again it becomes a beautiful mauve. When it becomes of this last color it is wheeled over in a flash and its contents poured out into a pot waiting to hold them. If, when the flame be-

* John Elliot invented and Mr. Abraham improved the "preserver" of which I have spoken.

comes mauve, there is a delay to the extent of thirty seconds the whole process is defeated. The big pot into which it is poured is swung round by a crane, and poured into each of a circle of jars that might hold the Forty Thieves.

Passing through all this region of Sheffield I was impressed with the feeling that these vast works were the realization of the world's old dreams, and the next moment saw that the English imagination was before mine, and had named the establishments "Atlas," "Cyclops," "Vulcan," "Phœnix" Works, and the like. A lady who recently returned from the East related to some friends that while at Baalbec she was conversing with a poor stone-mason who was engaged on some trifling work. "Why," she asked, pointing to some of the magnificent ruins of that place—"why do you not do such work as that?" "Ah," replied the man, "that kind of work can not be done any more; it was done by the genii." "But why can not the genii do the like again?" "They are no more here," was the reply; "they have gone into the far West, where they are boring through mountains, bridging streams, and bearing men swiftly over land and sea!" This poor Syrian was nearer to the secret of his country's dreams, and to the fact of the continuity of the race and its work, than many of our philosophers. Every prophecy hastens to its fulfillment, and the dream of one age is the history of the next. Titanic as these present genii and their labors are, I could not enough admire the nicety and delicacy of which they are capable. Yon monster hammer in the steel-works of Firth, who made us many Enfields, will bring down 175 tons on its anvil, or it will gently crack a filbert without breaking its kernel. A man lifts it fifteen feet with one hand on a "jack." The range of force and work in Sheffield were a better theme, it seems to me, than King Arthur for an English laureate.

It rouses a sense of mystical beauty in the mind to pass at once from the making of armor-plates to the manufactures of Rodgers, where one sees held in a tiny scale twelve pairs of perfect scissors, weighing, all together, exactly a half grain! They can be picked up, too, by machinery and made to cut. Need I say who is Rodgers? Every school-boy who ever "swopped" a knife knows that any knife that bore on it "Rodgers, Cutlers to Her Majesty," was equal in value to any two that bore not that magical inscription. (The last of the name in the firm has just died.) Sheffield has hardly another sight so fascinating as these show-rooms. Here is a little feathery steel flower, whose petals are blades; and there a knife whose handle of carven ivory is a foot long, which holds a whole set of surgical instruments, and ninety-five blades adorned with American views—a knife made for the Exhibition of 1861 at a cost of £966. The most curious knife, perhaps, was one containing 1867 blades—a new one being added every year. The handle is already a foot and a half high.

Through the influence of Mr. Abbott, our consul, who, while performing with ability the onerous duties of this post, has won general esteem by his courtesy and intelligence, I was enabled to converse with the very intelligent supervisor of this establishment upon the subject of his American trade. He said they now made but few of the "Congress" knives, since their contract for them with the United States ceased. He showed me a fine silver-mounted knife, the most expensive pocket-knife made. "The market for it," he said "is almost exclusively American; they will have the best of every thing." There was a large number of bowie-knives, once sold exclusively in America, but the business had become very dull, and I willingly hoped they are accumulating on his hands. The greatest demand for them had been at the time of the war in Texas, and the early Californian migration and gold-fever. It had been somewhat resuscitated just as the late civil war was breaking out; but since the suppression of the rebellion the demand had almost ceased, and it was probable that bowie-knives would soon appear only in museums by the side of flint and bronze weapons.

There is always a lower deep in the pit of destructiveness—apparently a bottomless one. Our regular Southwestern bowie-knife looks semi-civilized beside an older South American one with weighted end, the back and point of which are perforated with holes to contain poison. Happily this is a pattern no more used at all. It was interesting to compare these American weapons with the daggers and poniards used by people in Spain, Italy, and other South-European races. These latter are slender, delicate, lithe, and sharp as serpents' tongues, and evidently intended to be concealed. The bowie-knife was meant to be sheathed in the leg of a boot worn outside of the trowsers, and its handle made large, and sometimes ornamented for display. That huge poisoned weapon alluded to was made to dangle by the side. So, after all, the Western weapons, with all their deadliness, are more honest and more suggestive of fair play than the concealed stilettos, as a rattlesnake is more honest than the copperhead moccasin.

Sheffield means, etymologically, Sheaf-field; so I suppose we must conclude that there was a time when the sheaves gathered here, on the banks of the now-darkened Sheaf, Don, and Porter rivers, were of golden corn, and not glittering spears and knives. Chaucer has a line running,

"A Shefield thwytel bare he in his hose,"

which shows that Sheffield was even then—four and a half centuries back—making bowie-knives to be carried where the Texan ranger carries his. In 1570 some artisans from the Netherlands fled to England, and all the iron artificers were forwarded to Sheffield. Perhaps this pertinacious, slow-moving Dutch blood has helped to give the town some of those traits which have always distinguished it from other places

in England. In old times it was among the last to yield to the Norman gentry, and for ages they held their Hallamshire estates in fee for the Saxon king. In 1647 it was one of the readiest to side with Parliament, which demolished its ancient castle and gave its feudal woods and park to the axe. Then a famous old oak of the park, which symbolized the ancient "chivalry"—it measured twelve yards of girth—was cut down, and went about doing good in the form of 2688 cubic feet of wood. It was always tenacious of its Saxon institutions, and up to 1579 preserved in full activity the "cuckstool," with its two locks and chains, for the cure of scolds. During the recent investigations into the "Trade outrages" it was claimed by the Unionists in other parts of the kingdom that Sheffield could not be regarded as a fair specimen of the whole country, and it was generally conceded that the place had been always characterized by a certain hard and ferocious quality in its people. If Mr. Buckle were alive he would no doubt trace a moral Bessemer process by which "the Metropolis of Steel" had made its citizens over into its own image. Undoubtedly it is attributable to this peculiarity, in a great degree, that in the many-formed struggle between the ruling and the working classes of England, Sheffield has always been, as it is now, the hottest battle-field.

These men of iron have, however, the right to be judged by their representative men, and the mark they have made through such in the stratum of thought and the political formation now going on. I therefore proceed to give some account of a few men who belonged there, around whom the most vital elements of England have clustered. My reader will best understand the standard of the work-people in England by knowing the hands that have held it, and the story of the scars upon it.

In the pretty suburban cemetery the most prominent monument was a fine statue over the grave of the Moravian poet, who, though Scotch by birth, resided in Sheffield or its vicinity from his early boyhood. It raises the credit of Sheffield that from the midst of its smoke and noise the eye was raised which caught the gleam of pure sky expressed in the lines—

"Prayer is the soul's sincere desire
Uttered or unexpressed,
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

"Prayer is the burthen of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near."

I found several aged friends of the poet, whose reminiscences chiefly referred to him, and could not help feeling amazed that this writer of quietest hymns should be chiefly associated in Sheffield with political storms, which indeed twice cast him into prison. For that matter, there were not many true men in those days who did not see the inside of a prison.

I had some personal reasons for inquiring about Montgomery, for I well remember the enthusiasm with which old Joseph Gales, of Washington, used to speak of the scenes through which his father had passed with the poet. At the time when a boy of twelve, Robert Burns by name, was singing the ballads of Jenny Wilson at Ayr, near by, in the family of an humble Moravian preacher—who possibly had got his wife by lot, a thing once common among the United Brethren—was born the "Christian poet." When he was six years of age his father settled in the Moravian hamlet of Fulneck, near Leeds, where the boy was pretty well educated. He had defective vision, which prevented his mixing in the common sports of the boys, and by shutting him in on himself may have helped to unfold the interior vision. In the year 1794, when he was twenty-three, Montgomery wrote thus of the birth of his Muse: "At school, even, where I was driven like a coal-ass through the Latin and Greek grammars, I was distinguished for nothing but indolence and melancholy, brought upon me by a raging and lingering fever, with which I was suddenly seized one fine summer day as I lay under a hedge with my companions, listening to our master while he read us some animated passages from Blair's poem on the Grave. My happier school-fellows, born under milder planets, all fell asleep during the rehearsal; but I, who was always asleep when I ought to be waking, never dreamed of closing an eye, but eagerly caught the contagious malady; and from that ecstatic moment to the present, Heaven knows, I have never enjoyed one cheerful, one peaceful night." He was brought up to think of Christ with the same personal affection that led Count Zinzendorf, when a boy, to write letters to the Saviour and throw them out of the window. The *régime* was ascetic; nearly every book was mutilated and expurgated; and the one model was the Moravian hymn-book. However, young J. M. was turned out of school for "indolence," and apprenticed to a baker, where his chief occupation was to compose music. One morning the baker did not find him; the youth of sixteen is on the high-road, starting out into the great world with one suit of clothes and 3*s.* 6*d.* in his pocket. Soon after he finds himself in a village near to the palatial residence of Earl Fitzwilliam; whereupon he sits down and writes some of his verses and takes them to the Earl in person; the Earl reads them, and gives the lad a guinea. This led the boy to settle in that neighborhood (Wath) with a grocer, as shop-boy. Coming to the iron neighborhood, his first wonder was poor Thomas Paine's model "iron bridge," which was receiving much attention then. Like most bright country-born lads he makes his way to London, becomes shopman to a bookseller, and, avoiding the theatre and all the sights, writes "The Chimera," a story in which a number of persons advancing to see a monster, successively catch sight each of him-

self in a looking-glass! "You are more fit to write for men than for children," said an astonished publisher in returning it. After meditating on these words the young man, now about twenty, wrote a novel in the style of Fielding, of which the publisher said, "You swear so shockingly that I dare not publish the work as it is." This was such a dagger for Montgomery, who never swore an oath in his life, but supposed it was the proper thing in a novel, that he never got over it, and was soon after on the coach for Yorkshire and his safe Moravian hymns. About this time he suffered the calamity of losing both father and mother, who had gone upon a fatal missionary enterprise in the West Indies.

The year in which Montgomery reached his majority Joseph Gales, bookseller, auctioneer, and printer of the *Sheffield Register*, advertised for a clerk, and the young poet answered and was accepted. There was hardly a more solitary youth in England than he who now entered the city of iron. Near Mr. Gales lived his father, mother, and three sisters. They attended the Unitarian church. Montgomery sometimes went with them there, but oftener to the Methodist chapel. He was much influenced by the conversation and kindness of Mrs. Gales, a lady of fine taste, who had written a novel of merit ("Lady Emma Melcombe"), and was an efficient writer in her husband's paper. Mr. Gales was esteemed by all as a man of public spirit, and was a leader among the radical reformers of the day in demanding an enlargement of the franchise, and into the same ranks Montgomery threw himself mind and heart. To those of us who know the career of the *Raleigh Register* and *National Intelligencer*, and the side they have immemorially represented, the narrative of the English part of their (virtual) founder's life will appear somewhat droll. It was at the time when England was at war with the revolutionary party of France to crush democratic principles (1794) that the progressive elements every where were exasperated, and liberalism, but little known in England before, crystallized into a power which has since written its preface at least to the history of a new England. These elements had their chief centre, outside of London, at Sheffield, and in the printing-office of Mr. Gales. There was a society called the "Constitutional Society," of which he was secretary. The plans for Parliamentary reform which young Pitt had repeatedly urged upon the House of Commons had been scornfully rejected, and the radicals were at white heat. Thomas Paine was at work, and it is probable that Gales first printed his "Age of Reason," and that he (Paine) wrote for the *Sheffield Register*. Symmons, Ridgeway, and others, who sold Paine's works in London, were in prison for so doing; and Gales and Montgomery were under espionage. Gales was also publishing a small periodical, *The Patriot*, whose editor, Matthew Campbell Brown, was an occupant of what was called "Godfrey Fox's parlor," *i. e.*, the jail. At the meetings that were held Montgomery generally wrote the hymn that was sung by the multitude. One which he had to hear read at the Old Bailey afterward began—

> "O God of Hosts! thine ear incline,
> Regard our prayers, our cause be thine:
> When orphans cry, when babes complain,
> When widows weep, canst Thou refrain?"

About this time there came to Sheffield a very able and accomplished negro, or dark mulatto—he was the son of his former master at Bermuda—about whom there speedily gathered a romantic interest. He was, by general admission, the finest popular orator in England, fiery, impassioned, and thought by some equal to Mirabeau. His name was Henry Redhead Yorke. He was a guest in Mr. Gales's house, and while he was there a great meeting occurred, which afterward became famous as the subject of a state trial, under the name of "the Castle-Hill meeting." Yorke presided at this meeting, and was its leading orator. One who saw him on this occasion says: "His figure was good, and his dress striking, if not in the best taste, with Hessian boots and a stock of republican plainness: he wore a silk coat and waistcoat of court fashion, his hair at the same time defying the curt French character by its luxuriant curl — a tendency derived from the sunnier side of his ancestral tree." It is hardly possible to gather from the report of his speech in the indictment, as preserved in "Howell's State Trials" (Vol. 25), an idea of Yorke's ability; not only because so much is dependent upon voice and spirit, but because words that then were assaults have now become commonplaces. Nevertheless, one may gather that Yorke meant business. "The governments of Europe present no delectable symmetry to the contemplation of the philosopher, no enjoyment to the satisfaction of the citizen. A vast, deformed, and cheerless structure, the frightful abortion of haste and usurpation, presents to the eye of the beholder no systematic arrangement, no harmonious organization of society. Chance, haste, faction, tyranny, rebellion, massacre, and the hot, inclement action of human passions, have begotten them. Utility never has been the end of their institution, but partial interest has been its fruit. Such abominable and absurd forms, such jarring and dissonant principles, which chance has scattered over the earth, cry aloud for something more natural, more pure, and more calculated to promote the happiness of mankind. It must be granted that this experience is important, because it teaches the suffering nations of the present day in what manner to prepare their combustible ingredients, and humanists in what manner to enkindle them, so as to produce with effect that grand political explosion which, at the same time that it buries despotism—already convulsive and agonizing — in ruins, may raise up the people to the dignity and sublime grandeur of freedom." Such language as this—and I am not sure but

I have chosen the tamest of it—so wrought upon the people that they put the mulatto "Citizen Yorke" and Mr. Gales in a carriage, and themselves drew it with acclamations through the streets. The "Church and King party," infuriated, came with a recruiting military company, with drum and fife, to "Citizen Gales's" door, where they shouted and fired a little gunpowder, declaring that his windows would be smashed before night. This called up the democrats, who came in a body of five hundred and sang, in front of the house, a well-known radical hymn of the time—"God save great Thomas Paine!"

Immediately after this meeting there came into the hands of "The Committee of Secrecy of the House of Commons" a letter which showed conclusively that the radicals had been preparing pikes in Sheffield. It is probable they apprehended attack on their meetings, and had prepared to defend themselves. At any rate the cutler came forward and named Gales and some others as the persons for whom he had made them, and a warrant was issued for their arrest. Mr. Gales escaped it in a curious way. During "Citizen" Yorke's residence in Sheffield he had won the heart of Miss Sarah Gales, and formed an engagement with her. However, he suddenly left and went to Derby, under circumstances so unsatisfactory, as far as his attentions to the lady were concerned, that Mr. Gales followed him. That very day, after he had gone, the constable went to arrest him. Gales was advised of the matter, and at once escaped to Hamburg, and subsequently to America. It would no doubt have gone pretty hard with him if he had been caught; for he said truly, in a farewell paper sent to the *Sheffield Register*, and printed in the last number of that paper, "To be accused is now to be guilty." Yorke, however, got off better than was anticipated, possibly through an eloquent (and I suspect conciliatory) speech he made to the jury. He was fined £200, and sentenced to be imprisoned in Dorchester jail two years, and until his fine was paid. Here his captivating address availed him again; he married the daughter of the governor of the jail, his fine was paid, and, soon after his release, was, by the Masters of the Bench of the Inner Temple, called to be a barrister-at-law. He became such a model of loyalty that he made his appearance at Sheffield in the regimentals of a lieutenant-colonel to recruit for the very war against which his indignant anathemas had been hurled, but was hooted out of the town by the people.

Mr. Gales, with his wife and his son Joseph (seven years old), encountered many losses on their voyage, and reached Philadelphia with very little money. However, he was a man of indomitable energy, and was soon making a living out of the *Independent Gazetteer* of that city, which he established. He was the first to introduce the practice of reporting by shorthand the debates of Congress, which then sat in Philadelphia. He afterward went to North Carolina, and established the *Raleigh Register*. The Philadelphia paper went with Congress to Washington, and became the *National Intelligencer*, of which the younger Joseph Gales became and long continued to be the proprietor. The sisters of the elder Mr. Gales remained in Sheffield, and carried on the bookselling business under the firm of "Anne and Elizabeth Gales." The younger sister, Sarah, went to America. Montgomery, the poet, had his home with these sisters as long as they lived, and I judge that he was tenderly attached to Sarah by some lines he wrote at her departure; but he was never married. After the flight of Mr. Gales his paper reappeared as the *Iris*, with Montgomery as editor. He was, however, very soon sent to accompany Yorke in prison, the cause of it being the writing of a ballad for a street-hawker, which contained the following pretty strong verse:

"Europe's fate on the contest's decision depends;
Most important its issue will be;
For should France be subdued Europe's liberty ends.
If she triumphs the world will be free."

It is remarkable that in all his prose writings the poet wrote peacefully as a Quaker, and was a strenuous opponent of war; but whenever he was visited by his political Muse he became fiery. His bit of doggerel gave him an imprisonment of three months and a £20 fine. He rather enjoyed his imprisonment, perhaps for the same reason that Thoreau did, finding it a new point of view from which to look upon the world. His window commanded a beautiful prospect. Hardly had he got out of jail when he was imprisoned again. A newly-raised regiment in Sheffield, not having received their bounty-money, refused to obey some order, and a number of the people having assembled to see what was going on, the Colonel of the company plunged with his horse into the crowd, trampling down men, women, and children, and killing some with his sword. The Colonel considered himself libeled by the account of this dastardly proceeding which appeared in the *Iris*, and the poet was sent to York Castle and fined £30. His ability had by this time found a wide recognition, and he was much sympathized with. Coleridge came to Sheffield in those days and preached in the Unitarian church. He was interested to get subscribers for the *Watchman*, but he would not try to do so in Sheffield, lest, as he wrote, "I should injure the sale of the *Iris*, the editor of which (a very amiable and ingenious young man of the name of James Montgomery) is now in prison for a libel on a bloody-minded magistrate there." There were eight Quakers, who had refused to pay tithes, imprisoned at the same time, and he gained much from their society. He wrote considerably there, among other things his "Pleasures of Imprisonment," with its brave key-note—

"Blest with freedom unconfined,
Dungeons can not hold the soul:
Who can chain the immortal mind?
None but He who spans the pole!"

His subsequently published "Prison Amusements, by Paul Positive," shows, however, that he had dark days within those gloomy walls, for "rose-water" and "model prisons" were not yet known. But his humor seems to have fairly blossomed in the dark; as, for example, in the "Soliloquy of a Water-Wagtail on the Walls of York Castle:"

"Hear your sovereign's proclamation,
All good subjects young and old;
I'm the Lord of the Creation—
I—a water-wagtail bold!
All around, and all you see,
All the World was made for Me!"

Years afterward he wrote: "When distracted with the cares of business, and wounded with the disappointments of life, I look back with tender recollection on my prison hours;" in reading which one can not help remembering Carlyle's quaint announcement after visiting a much finer prison, that if they would only keep him in it the world would get a better book out of him than it had any chance of getting otherwise! The *Iris* was one of the finest papers in Great Britain, and especially there appeared in it from the poet's pen some of the finest estimates concerning Napoleon, who was then abolishing the Alps and riding rough-shod over Europe. He hated war, and Napoleon was to him war incarnate. He wrote some spirited stanzas about that time which show that at one time he was something of a transcendentalist:

"For ages and ages, with barbarous foes,
The Saxon, Norwegian, and Gaul,
We wrestled, were foiled, were cast down, but we rose
With new vigor, new life from each fall;
By all we were conquered: we conquered them all!
The cruel, the cannibal mind,
We softened, subdued, and refined;
Bears, wolves, and sea-monsters, they rushed from their den,
We taught them, we tamed them, we turned them to men."

Nevertheless he could not suppress the Englishman in him at the victories of Nelson. It is extraordinary that in a small provincial newspaper in England at that time there should have been a man writing such things as the following on the death of Pitt: "It is by extinguishing in an instant the luminaries of the world, the men whose minds have ruled the counsels of kings, whose hands have held the reins of government, whose breath has been the moving spirit of nations—it is by extinguishing these in an instant that Death makes his power universally known; it is by piercing a heart like Mr. Pitt's, whose pulsation was felt over sea and land through millions of bosoms, that he discovers to each of us the arrow which was launched from his bow at the moment of our birth, and which pursues us with steady, unerring, unceasing decision through every turning of life, increasing in speed as we fail in strength, till it reaches the mark, and we are, in the twinkling of an eye, as if we had never been."*

When Montgomery's "Wanderer in Switzerland" was published it went swiftly through three editions. Then the great Vaticide—the *Edinburgh Review*—in which Jeffrey's talons were sheathed—pounced upon it. He conceived the author to be "some slender youth of seventeen, intoxicated with weak tea." The fact that the same authority had sneered at Byron, and said of Wordsworth's poetry, "This will never do!" did not prevent a good deal of suffering from this review to Montgomery, who was much more ambitious than one would imagine from his poems. But Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey all sent friendly messages of admiration to their brother in Sheffield. Indeed, some of the best of Southey's letters were written to him, one of which has a passage in which the reader will be interested: "I have passed through many changes of belief....Gibbon shook my faith in Christianity when I was a school-boy of seventeen. When I went to college it was in the height of the French Revolution, and I drank freely of that cup....Coleridge came from Cambridge to visit a friend at Oxford on his way to a journey in Wales. That friend was my bosom companion. Coleridge was brought to my rooms, and that meeting fixed the future fortunes of us both. Coleridge had at that time thought little of politics; in morals he was as loose as men at a university usually are; but he was a Unitarian. My morals were of the sternest stoicism: that same feeling which made me a poet kept me pure—before I had used Werther and Rousseau for Epictetus. Our meeting was mutually agreeable. I reformed his life, and he disposed me toward Christianity, by showing me that none of the arguments which had led me to renounce it were applicable against the Socinian scheme. He remained three or four weeks in Oxford, and we planned an Utopia of our own, to be founded in the wilds of America upon the basis of common property—each laboring for all—a Pantisocracy—a Republic of Reason and Virtue. For this dream I gave up every other prospect. How painfully and slowly I was awakened from it this is not the time to say."

Sir Walter Scott wrote of Montgomery:

"Sheffield, with all its works of smoke and fire,
Has nought produced superior to thy lyre."†

But notwithstanding this welcome from other poets our author never mingled socially with them. A certain personal awkwardness and shyness inherited from his ascetic training adhered to him through life, and deterred him from mingling freely in general society. The letter from Southey just quoted was written at

* "It seems," says Thomas Moore in his Diary, "he writes all those imaginative (and some of them beautiful) things of his in one of the closest and dirtiest alleys in all dirty Sheffield."

† A compliment which led Montgomery's prosaic brother Ignatius to write: "As if the poet's lyre had been iron, and fabricated by one of the Sheffield artisans!"

one of the darkest periods of Montgomery's mental experience; and indeed it is not a little remarkable that one whose poetry expresses such peaceful faith should have been all his life tortured by despondency and doubt. Intellectually he became a Unitarian, but he was unable to find a satisfaction in it for his fervid spirit, and his friendships were chiefly with the leading Methodists—Adam Clarke, Jabez Bunting, and Alfred Cookman—whose views and confidence, however, he could not accept. The perpetual conflict between his head and heart filled his inner life with equinoctial storms, as many touching lines like the following show:

"There is a winter in my soul,
The winter of despair;
Oh when shall spring its rage control,
When shall the snow-drop blossom there?
Cold gleams of comfort sometimes dart
A dawn of glory on my heart,
But quickly pass away;
These Northern Lights the gloom adorn,
And give the promise of a morn
That never turns to day."

Dr. Johnson ("Life of Lyttelton") speaks of "that indistinct and headstrong ardor for liberty which a man of genius always catches when he enters the world, and always suffers to cool as he passes forward." He might well have said this of the *English* man of genius. Southey, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Carlyle, Tennyson, all began as radicals. Montgomery did not escape the overmastering tendency of English conservatism; and from the time of his second imprisonment, though not, I think, on account of it, his radicalism began to cool. He began to write hymns about benighted Greenland instead of oppressed England; and when the terrible wrong of the Prince Regent at Peterloo occurred the *Iris* was so colorless in its comments that he lost his popularity altogether, and a new paper was started in Sheffield to defend the popular cause. Thus the standard of the great battle passed out of his hand; and here we may best leave him—not, however, to forget that, so far as his ill-balanced temperament served him, he worked well while his day lasted.

THE SHIPS.

The leagues of ocean glide away,
The sunlight sparkles on the bay,
The city shines 'neath moveless skies,
Far off a snowy cloud-land lies,
Its silent hills and vapors curled
Betwixt th' upper and under world,
As through the Narrows, past the fort,
I see the ships sail into port.

From cinnamon shores of swart Ceylon,
From vales of the yellow Amazon,
The laden piers of the triple isles,
The bay where Naples sits and smiles,
The icy fields where whalers reap,
The calms where idle simooms sleep,
Within the Narrows, past the fort,
I see the ships sail into port.

What need have I to dare the seas?
My fancy comes and goes with these;
She drinks their wine and eats their bread—
On all the fruits of earth is fed;
So soft she rides, so still she slips,
Like breeze or tide beside the ships,
As through the Narrows, past the fort,
The glimmering sails come into port.

My book lies idle on my knee,
Dulled by the romance of the sea;
I mark the fair girl-traveler stand
With ardent eyes that search the land,
The Captain musing on his wife,
The sailor-boy on his stormy life,
As through the Narrows, past the fort,
I see the ships sail into port.

My thought sails on along with each,
With odors from some foreign beach;
I read the log-book, where, together,
Are notes of foul and pleasant weather;
I read the manifest, enrolled
With cargoes stifling in the hold,
As through the Narrows, past the fort,
I see the ships sail into port.

Though humble freight the bark may bring,
The kisses of far waters cling;
And those dull cocoas, heaping high,
Remind of Orient palm and sky;
These cashmeres of the caravan;
These scented teas of quaint Japan;
As through the Narrows, past the fort,
I see the ships sail into port.

How smoothly bright this sunny day!
The Gulf Stream cleaves its glittering way
Through watery walls from torrid zones
To lave the ice-king's great white thrones.
What sails are these that, worn and white,
Beat slowly out of Arctic night,
As through the Narrows, past the fort,
I see the ships sail into port?

Thus, wandering under every sky,
The earth and all therein floats by;
Ne'er stirring from this elm-tree's shade,
Full many a voyage have I made;
To slip at last, at close of day,
In safety up our purple bay,
As through the Narrows, past the fort,
I see the ships sail into port.



QUEEN VICTORIA IN 1840.

HIGHLAND LIFE OF VICTORIA AND ALBERT.*

THIS work, though not properly a continuation of the biography of the Prince Consort, is an interesting episode connected with the score of happy years which made up the married life of Victoria and Albert. The Queen's journal, from which the extracts in this volume are taken, commences at a period a little more than two years subsequent to her marriage (which took place February 10, 1840), and terminates October 16, 1861, exactly two months before the death of Prince Albert. But it not only covers the happiest era of the Queen's life; it secludes, as by insulation, a sacred portion of that era—her life with the Prince in the Highlands. This episode, too often interrupted by the saharas of Windsor, owes its peculiar interest—1st, to the fact that it is disclosed to us in the Queen's own words; 2dly, to its complete isolation from politics, the book being mainly, as the editor says, "confined to the natural expressions of a mind rejoicing in the beauties of nature, and throwing itself, with a delight rendered keener by the rarity of its opportunities, into the enjoyment of a life removed, for the moment, from the pressure of public cares;" and, 3dly, to the wonderful freshness and simplicity with which the incidents and scenes of this rural life are laid before us by one who was at once a true queen and a true woman—at once the representative of British sovereignty and the most loving of wives, the most dutiful of mothers.

The history of royalty in Great Britain is unusually instructive. The Cæsars belonged to pagan times, or to that period of the Christian era during which Christianity was a power struggling for existence. The importance of British sovereignty, on the other hand, is linked with the great problems of Christian development. But the significance of British royalty is gauged by the sentiment of loyalty among British subjects. And it is from this stand-point that we must look out upon the history of England from the reign of King John. From this point of view we find no absolute royalty, because we find no absolute, unquestioning loyalty. The

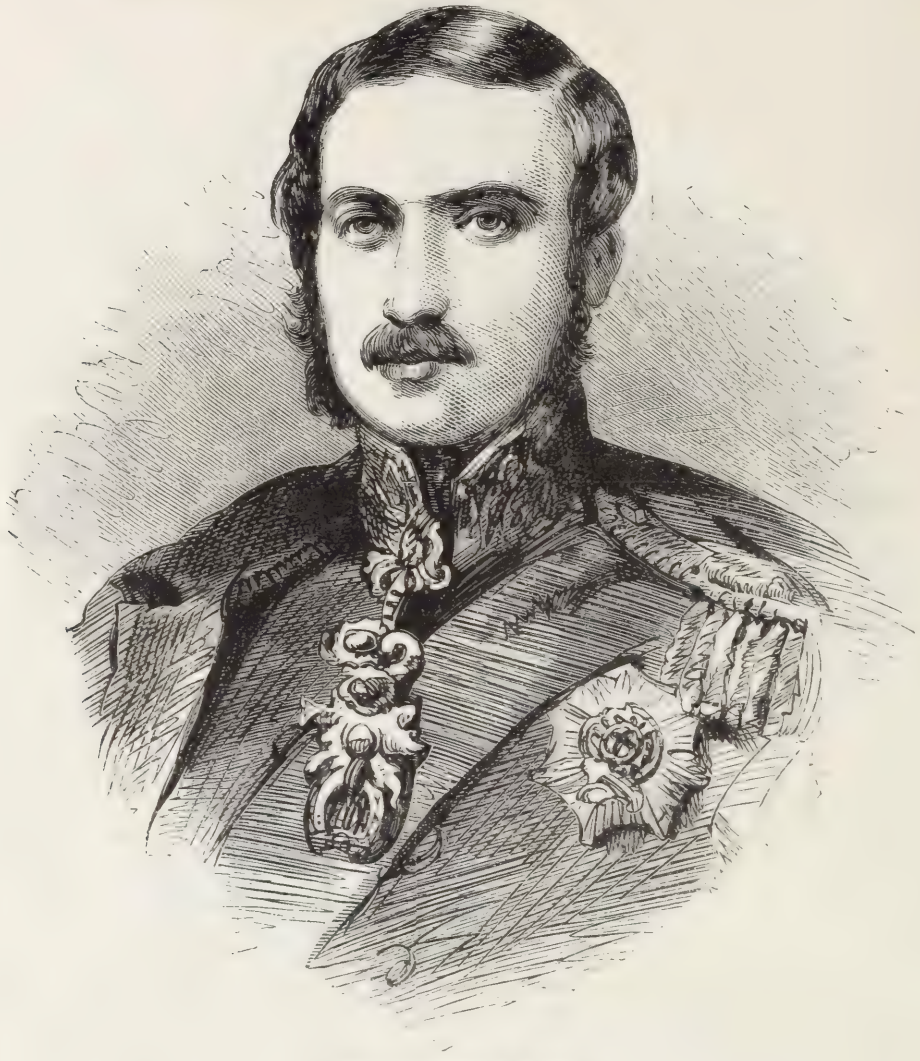
* *Leaves from the Journal of Our Life in the Highlands, from* 1848 *to* 1861. *To which are prefixed and added extracts from the same Journal, giving an account of Earlier Visits to Scotland, and Tours in England and Ireland, and Yachting Excursions. Edited by* ARTHUR HELPS. 12mo. Published by Harper and Brothers. $1 75.

"divine right of kings" could not stand as the creed of our Anglo-Saxon progenitors. First against the kings stood the barons; and next, the commons. The antagonism found its climacteric in the execution of Charles I., which served as a warning, as efficient as it was terrible, for generations to come. The respect paid to queens by British subjects could not even save them from a violent death at the hands of their enemies. When Anne Boleyn was married to Henry VIII. the London conduits ran with claret; but there was no voice potent to save in her extreme hour. The reader may conjecture what was the estimate put upon nobility by the people of England when he reads the record of the horrible execution of the venerable Countess of Salisbury. This lady resisted the executioner, who chased her round and round the scaffold with his axe, aiming at her hoary head, and mutilating her in a manner too terrible for recital before he could accomplish his purpose. Still it must be admitted that the sentiment in favor of royalty has always been strong in the British realm. After a short interval the execution of Charles I. was followed by the restoration of Charles II. And when James II. became an exile his place was not filled by another Protector, but by William of Orange. This sentiment in favor of royalty can not easily be removed. Perhaps it is due, in great part, to a partiality for the dramatic accidents of the royal institution rather than to devotion toward royalty itself. The powers which to-day inhere in the British crown are almost nominal, but the reverence for the crown remains. The drama survives its real significance. And in the case of a queen like Victoria it is easy to explain this loyal devotion of the British people. She holds a place in English politics which may be likened to that which the Madonna holds in the Roman Catholic faith. This sentiment, though easily overpowered in the case of royal usurpation, always revives when the antagonism is over. In the present reign it is stronger than it has been for centuries, because no political conflict has occurred to disturb it; the struggles which now agitate the realm are not between the Queen and her subjects, but between the aspiring masses of the people and a titled aristocracy. The sentiment of British loyalty to-day represents at once the pride of the nation in an institution dating from the beginning of her history and the chivalrous homage paid to woman in medieval times. It depends upon the glamour with which a venerable past gilds the present time; and the influence of which over the mind is only dispelled by the most violent dislocation. The English civil war eclipsed it for a brief period; but only by expatriation or voluntary exile—as in the case of the Puritan *profugi*—is it wholly obliterated.

To British readers the mere fact that the volume before us is the Queen's journal would be a sufficient basis for its popularity. But this would go a very little way with us Americans. Fortunately, however, the work can be made to rest on its own merits, both as regards its subject-matter and its style. This would not have been the case (at least not for us) if the Queen's journal were occupied only with processions, displays, and illuminations in her honor—if it only reflected a royal cortége and the vanities of court life. It is not the Queen who writes, we feel, in perusing the pages of this journal, but the woman, the wife, the mother, who has, as it were, fled to the Highlands to escape royalty, and to live as the happy, uncrowned women live. Thus our sympathies are profoundly affected. We feel as if we could help her tear away the odious crown and bid her live happy ever after; and we are sad indeed when she has to leave her "dear Highlands" and give up her "life of quiet and liberty." "Every thing," says she, "was so pleasant, and all the Highlanders and people who went with us I had got to like so much. Oh, the dear hills, it made me very sad to leave them behind!"

The Queen—or this woman Victoria, to whom the journal introduces us—is "distressed," "annoyed," and "provoked" when the winds (deaf even to royal mandates) push forward her ship too lazily. And when the waves are rough she becomes sea-sick like all the rest of us. She is "dreadfully tired and giddy" after a long ride, and makes full confession of these facts in her journal. She is accompanied by her pet dogs on her voyage, and knows exactly in what vessel of her fleet they are lodged. In her tour around Scotland she has her two eldest children with her—"Bertie" and "Vicky," as the Prince of Wales and the Princess Royal were known in their infancy—but she thinks regretfully of the three younger ones left behind. This is in August, 1847. She has, therefore, been married seven years, and every one of these years except two has brought her a child; and each one of these little ones is loved by her most tenderly; in her travels we find her giving lessons to little "Vicky," and hearing her and "Bertie" recite German poetry taught them by their parents. It is a pleasant picture which the Queen gives us of the landing at Dundee, September, 1844. "A staircase, covered with red cloth, was arranged for us to land upon, and there were a great many people.....Albert" (the Prince Consort) "walked up the steps with me, I holding his arm and Vicky his hand, amidst the loud cheers of the people all the way to the carriage, our dear Vicky behaving like a grown-up person—not put out, nor frightened, nor nervous." "Vicky" was then not quite four years old. About eight years later we find an interesting entry in the journal, from which we learn that even the Princess Royal can not with impunity sit down upon wasps' nests.

Nor are we less touched by Victoria's love for her husband, as shown on every page. It is "Albert and I" from first to last. They are both young when this journal commences—only



PRINCE ALBERT IN 1840.

twenty-three (both were born in the same year, 1819), and had only been married two years. Victoria was crowned when but a girl of nineteen years; and upon her first introduction to us in this volume, she is still fresh to the splendors which had so suddenly burst upon her life of comparative retirement. It is not strange, then, that we find her full of childish wonder at every thing about her. And especially does the freshness and tenderness of youth enter into and beautify her love for Albert. She looks up to him as her superior, thinking always that in marrying her he had made some great sacrifice. All that he does is beautiful to her. They read to each other their answers to letters received by them, and the Queen whispers in our ear how beautifully Albert read *his* answers! Evidently, as they rode among the hills, she hung upon his words as he described the views, or the people, comparing the scenes with others familiar to his boyhood. She tells us all these words of her husband, or rather she repeats them to herself (for the journal was not designed for publication) as if they were on no account to be forgotten. We can imagine how Edinburgh became in her thoughts a town of antique and shadowy grandeur, unequaled by any thing else in the world, when "Albert, who has seen so much, says it is unlike any thing *he* ever saw." How delighted she is when the Prince returns to her from his sports, tenderly noticing that he is "dreadfully sun-burnt and a good deal tired!"* His presence is essential to her ease and happiness. She is low-spirited when he is called from her side. Anxiously she follows him when absent, and is more deeply touched by tributes paid to him than by attentions given to her. A reception to herself is a dull and awkward affair when he is not also present. Thus at Dartmoor Forest in 1846: "There were crowds," she says, "where we landed, and I feel so shy and put out without Albert." Two months before the lamented Prince's death Albert and Victoria made their last Highland expedition together, going from Balmoral to

* And indeed the Prince's sports must have been very exhausting, if we may judge from the following description in his letter to Prince Leiningen (quoted in the Journal, p. 35): "Without doubt deer-stalking is one of the most fatiguing, but it is also one of the most interesting of pursuits. There is not a tree or a bush behind which you can hide yourself....One has therefore to be constantly on the alert in order to circumvent them; and to keep under the hill out of their wind, crawling on hands and knees, and dressed entirely in gray."

Ca-ness, "which," says the Queen, "delighted dear Albert, as this expedition was quite in a different direction from any that we had ever made before." And thus the journal closes: "The moon rose and shone most beautifully, and we returned at twenty minutes to seven o'clock much pleased and interested with this delightful expedition. Alas! I fear our *last* great one!" And below at an after date (1867) she adds—and who is not touched by the pathos of these five short words?—



THE DEAD STAG.

"IT WAS OUR LAST ONE!"

The Queen in her journeyings observes every thing. No feature of the landscape, no picturesque aspect of the people, escapes her quick and appreciative eye. She notices the old Scotch women in close caps, the barefooted children, and the young girls with their "loose-flowing" red hair. Beyond her guard she discerns the Welsh women in their "curious high-crowned men's hats," and even a poor woman in the river washing potatoes. When she is not too hurried she sketches a scene, and the journal is now and then illustrated with these rude outlines of the royal artist, which we reproduce without alteration.



FERRY OF THE SPEY.

The Queen's journal is divided into three parts: the first relating to Earlier Visits to Scotland, 1842–1847; the second to Life in the Highlands, 1848–1861; and the third to Tours in Ireland and Yachting Excursions in 1846, 1849, and 1861. To us the first of these, following so closely upon the youthful marriage of Victoria and Albert, is by far the most interesting. In the journal for September 8, 1848, we have the Queen's first impressions of Balmoral—the residence of the royal couple in the Highlands; and as an accompaniment to our illustration of this castle we quote her description:

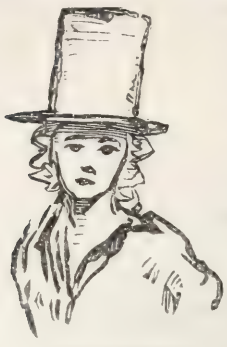
BALMORAL.

"We arrived at Balmoral at a quarter to three. It is a pretty little castle in the Scottish style. There is a picturesque tower and garden in front, with a high wooded hill; at the back there is a wood down to the Dee; and the hills rise all around.

"There is a nice little hall, with a billiard-



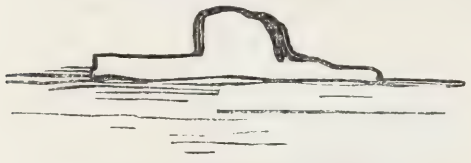
PRINCE'S ENCAMPMENT AT FEITHORT.



WELSH WOMAN.

room; next to it is the dining-room. Up stairs (ascending by a good broad staircase) immediately to the right, and above the dining-room, is our sitting-room (formerly the drawing-room), a fine large room; next to which is our bedroom, opening into a little dressing-room which is Albert's. Opposite, down a few steps, are the children's and Miss Hildyard's three rooms. The ladies live below, and the gentlemen up stairs.

"We lunched almost immediately, and at half past four we walked out, and went up to the top of the wooded hill opposite our windows, where there is a cairn, and up which there is a pretty winding path. The view from here, looking down upon the house, is charming. To the left you look toward the beautiful hills surrounding Loch-na-Gar, and to the right



THE DUTCHMAN'S CAP.

toward Ballater, to the glen (or valley) along which the Dee winds, with beautiful wooded hills, which reminded us very much of the Thüringerwald. It was so calm, and so solitary, it did one good as one gazed around; and the pure mountain air was most refreshing. All seemed to breathe freedom and peace, and to make one forget the world and its sad turmoils.

"The scenery is wild, and yet not desolate; and every thing looks much more prosperous and cultivated than at Laggan. Then the soil is delightfully dry. We walked beside the Dee, a beautiful, rapid stream, which is close behind the house. The view of the hills toward Invercauld is exceedingly fine."

This was the Balmoral of 1848. But on August 30, 1856, we find a new castle in the place of the old one. "We found," says the Queen in her journal of that date, "the poor old house gone!" The next day she alludes to the change. "The new offices and the yard are excellent; and the little garden on the west side, with the eagle fountain which the King of Prussia gave me, and which used to be in the green-house at Windsor, is extremely pretty, as are also the flower-beds under the walls of the side which faces the Dee. There are sculptured arms on the different shields, gilt, which has a very good effect; and a bas-relief under our windows, not gilt, representing St. Hubert, with St. Andrew on one side and St. George on the other side: all done by Mr. Thomas." But even here the chief attraction of the place so splendidly altered was its connection with Albert. "Every year," writes the Queen, October 13, 1856, "my heart becomes more fixed in this dear paradise, and so much more so now that *all* has become my dearest Albert's *own* creation, own work, own building, own laying-out, as at Osborne; and his great taste and the impress of his dear hand have been stamped every where."

The Queen became attached not only to the Highlands but to the Highlanders, who, she says, are all "so amusing, and really pleasant and instructive to talk to—women as well as men—and the latter so gentleman-like."

Sometimes Balmoral was visited by the "philosophers." At least the Queen's journal alludes to one such instance (September 22, 1859), when Professor Owen, Sir David Brewster, Sir John Bowring, Mr. J. Roscoe, Sir John Ross, Sir R. Murchison, and Professor Phillipps were among the invited guests, and it appears that the Queen attached no slight importance to this affair. She watched the clouds most anxiously. "The morning," she says, "dawned brightly. Suddenly a very high wind arose, which alarmed us; but yet it looked bright, and we hoped the wind would keep off the rain; but after breakfast, while watching the preparations, showers began, and from half past eleven a fearful down-pour, with that white curtain-like appearance which is so alarming; and this lasted till half past twelve. I was in despair; but at length it began to clear, just as the neighbors with their families, and some of the farmers opposite . . . arrived, and then came the huge omnibuses and carriages laden with 'philosophers.'" But after all the day passed off very pleasantly. "There were gleams of sunshine, which, with the Highlanders in their brilliant and picturesque dresses, the wild notes of the pipes, the band, and the beautiful back-ground of mountains, rendered the scene wild and striking in the extreme." It seems that the philosophers at Balmoral laid aside their abstractions and hobbies quite as readily as the Queen did her royalty. Instead of discussing the "theory of the earth," the mysteries of galvanism and electricity, or the problems of geology and astronomy, they became enthusiastic admirers of Scottish games —"throwing the hammer," "tossing the caber," and "putting the stone"—and afterward of dancing reels and "Ghillie Callum." During this fête news was received through some of the members of the finding of certain tokens of Sir John Franklin's lost expedition. Speaking of these courtesies offered at Balmoral to these philosophers, we are also reminded of the many allusions which occur in this journal to literature and authors. Victoria appears to have a genuine appreciation of Sir Walter Scott, to whose poetry she often alludes. As she rides upon the lake with her two pipers she recalls a passage from the "Lady of the Lake:"

"See the proud pipers on the bow,
And mark the gaudy streamers flow
From their loud chanters down, and sweep
The furrowed bosom of the deep,
As, rushing through the lake amain,
They plied the ancient Highland strain."



BALMORAL CASTLE FROM THE NORTHWEST.

When it rains, and outdoor rambling is impossible, she entertains her husband by reading to him "The Lay of the Last Minstrel." One passage from this poem so appropriately expresses her present feelings when, from her widowed solitude, she reviews the scenes enjoyed with one whom upon earth she can never meet again, that she has prefixed it to that part of her journal which treats of her happy Highland life. It is this:

"Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood,
Land of my sires! what mortal hand
Can e'er untie the filial band
That knits me to thy rugged strand!
Still, as I view each well-known scene,
Think what is now, and what hath been,
Seems as, to me, of all bereft,
Sole friends thy woods and streams are left;
And thus I love them better still,
Even in extremity of ill."

The Queen also shows that she appreciates the true eloquence of the pulpit. Thus, on Sunday, October 29, 1854, we find the following entry in her journal: "We went to the kirk, as usual, at twelve o'clock. The service



BALMORAL CASTLE FROM THE SOUTHEAST.

was performed by Rev. Norman M'Leod,* of Glasgow, son of Dr. M'Leod, and any thing finer I never heard. The sermon, entirely extempore, was quite admirable—so simple, and yet so eloquent, and so beautifully argued and put! The text was from the account of the coming of Nicodemus to Christ by night; St. John, chapter 3. Mr. M'Leod showed in the sermon how we *all* tried to please *self*, and live for *that;* and in so doing found no rest. Christ has come not only to die for us, but to show us how we were to live. The second prayer was very touching—his allusions to us were so simple, saying, after his mention of us, 'Bless their children.' It gave me a lump in my throat, as also when he prayed for 'the dying, the wounded, the widow, and the orphans.' Every one came back delighted; and how satisfactory it is to come back from church with such feelings!"

ECHOES FROM THE OUTER WORLD.

But sometimes the secluded quiet of this Highland life was invaded from without. Two instances of this are so memorable as to be worthy of notice here. One was an occasion of profound sorrow, the other of unrestrained gladness.

On the 16th of September, 1852, there came to the Queen a telegraphic dispatch announcing the death of the Duke of Wellington on the 14th. The report was scarcely credited by the Queen, but in the afternoon its confirmation came in a letter from Lord Derby. At the time of receiving this letter the Queen was at Dhu Loch. "We got off our ponies," she says, "and I had just sat down to sketch, when Mackenzie returned . . . bringing letters; among them there was one from Lord Derby, which I tore open, and alas! it contained the confirmation of the fatal news: that England's, or rather Britain's pride—her glory, her hero, the greatest man she ever had produced—was no more! Sad day! Great and irreparable national loss!

"Lord Derby inclosed a few lines from Lord Charles Wellesley, saying that his dear great father had died on Tuesday at three o'clock, after a few hours' illness and no suffering. God's will be done! The day must have come: the Duke was eighty-three. It is well for him that he has been taken when still in the possession of his great mind and without a long illness—but what a *loss!* One can not think of this country without 'the Duke'—our immortal hero!

"In him centred almost every earthly honor a subject could possess. His position was the highest a subject ever had—above party—looked up to by all—revered by the whole nation—the friend of the sovereign; and *how* simply he carried these honors! With what singleness of purpose, what straightforwardness, what courage, were all the motives of his actions guided! The Crown never possessed, and I fear never *will*, so *devoted*, loyal, and faithful a subject, so stanch a supporter! To *us* (who alas! have lost, now, so many of our valued and experienced friends) his loss is *irreparable*, for his readiness to aid and advise, if it could be of use to us, and to overcome any and every difficulty, was unequaled. To Albert he showed the greatest kindness and the utmost confidence. His experience and his knowledge of the past were so great too; he was a link which connected us with bygone times, with the last century. Not an eye will be dry in the whole country.

"We hastened down on foot to the head of Loch Muich, and then rode home in a heavy shower to Alt-na-Ginthasack. Our whole enjoyment was spoiled; a gloom overhung all of us."

This was one echo from the outer world which penetrated that Highland home and overwhelmed it with grief. The other which we have to notice was of a far different character. It was the news of the fall of Sevastopol. This came September 10, 1855. Let us give it in the Queen's own words:

"All were in constant expectation of more telegraphic dispatches. At half past ten o'clock (P. M.) two arrived—one for me and one for Lord Granville. I began reading mine, which was from Lord Clarendon, with details from Marshal Pélissier of the farther destruction of the Russian ships; and Lord Granville said, 'I have still better news;' on which he read, 'From General Simpson—*Sevastopol is in the hands of the Allies.*' God be praised for it! Our delight was great; but we could hardly believe the good news, and from having so long expected it one could not realize the actual fact.

"Albert said they should go at once and light the *bonfire* which had been prepared when the false report of the fall of the town arrived last year, and had remained ever since, waiting to be lit. On the 5th of November, the day of the battle of Inkermann, the wind upset it, strange to say; and now again, most strangely, it only seemed to *wait* for our return to be lit.

"The new house seems to be lucky indeed; for from the first moment of our arrival we have had good news. In a few minutes Albert and all the gentlemen, in every species of attire, sallied forth, followed by all the servants, and gradually by all the population of the village—keepers, gillies, workmen—up to the top of the cairn. We waited, and saw them light it, accompanied by general cheering. The bonfire blazed forth brilliantly, and we could see the numerous figures surrounding it—some dancing, all shouting; Ross playing his pipes, and Grant and Macdonald firing off guns continually; while poor old François d'Albertançon lighted a number of squibs below, the greater part of which would not go off. About three quarters of an hour after Albert

* Now editor of *Good Words*.

came down, and said the scene had been wild and exciting beyond every thing. The people had been drinking health in whisky, and were in great ecstasy. The whole house seemed in a wonderful state of excitement. The boys were, with difficulty, awakened; and when at last this was the case, they begged leave to go up to the top of the cairn.

"We remained till a quarter to twelve; and, just as I was undressing, all the people came down under the windows, the pipes playing, the people singing, firing off guns, and cheering—first for me, then for Albert, the Emperor of the French, and the downfall of Sevastopol."

BETROTHAL OF THE PRINCESS ROYAL.

Just nineteen days after the celebration at Balmoral of the victory of the Allies, Victoria, the eldest born of the Queen, and Princess Royal, was betrothed at the age of fifteen. The Queen, in her journal, alludes to this event thus (September 29, 1855):

"Our dear Victoria was this day engaged to Prince Frederick William of Prussia, who had been on a visit to us since the 14th. He had already spoken to us, on the 20th, of his wishes; but we were uncertain, on account of her extreme youth, whether he should speak to her himself, or wait till he came back again. However, we felt it was better he should do so; and during our ride up Craig-na-Ban, this afternoon, he picked a piece of white heather (the emblem of 'good luck') which he gave to her; and this enabled him to make an allusion to his hopes and wishes, as they rode down Glen Girnoch, which led to this happy conclusion."

VISITS TO THE OLD WOMEN.

Here is a beautiful little sketch in the journal (for September 26, 1857), which the Queen must tell for herself:

"Albert went out with Alfred for the day, and I walked out with the two girls and Lady Churchill; stopped at the shop and made some purchases for poor people and others; drove a little way; got out and walked to Balnacroft, Mrs. P. Farquharson's, and she walked round with us to some of the cottages, to show me where the poor people lived, and to tell them who I was. Before we went into any we met an old woman, who, Mrs. Farquharson said, was very poor, eighty-eight years old, and mother to the former distiller. I gave her a warm petticoat, and the tears rolled down her cheeks, and she shook me by the hands, and prayed God to bless me: it was very touching.

"I went into a small cabin of old Kitty Kear's, who is eighty-six years old, quite erect, and who welcomed us with a great air of dignity. She sat down and spun. I gave her, also, a warm petticoat; she said: 'May the Lord ever attend ye and yours, here and hereafter; and may the Lord be a guide to ye, and keep ye from all harm!' She was quite surprised at Vicky's height; great interest is taken in her. We went on to a cottage (formerly Jean Gordon's) to visit old widow Symons, who is 'past fourscore,' with a nice rosy face, but was bent quite double. She was most friendly, shaking hands with us all, asking which was I, and repeating many kind blessings: 'May the Lord attend ye with mirth and joy; may He ever be with ye in this world, and when ye leave it!' To Vicky, when told she was going to be married, she said: 'May the Lord be a guide to ye in your future, and may every happiness attend ye!' She was very talkative; and when I said I hoped to see her again she expressed an expectation that 'she should be called any day,' and so did Kitty Kear.

"We went into three other cottages: to Mrs. Symons's (daughter-in-law to the old widow living next door), who had an 'unwell boy;' then across a little burn to another old woman's; and afterward peeped into Blair the fiddler's. We drove back, and got out again to visit old Mrs. Grant.....who is so tidy and clean, and to whom I gave a dress and handkerchief, and she said: 'You're too kind to me; you're over kind to me; ye give me more every year, and I get older every year.' After talking some time with her she said: 'I am happy to see ye looking so nice.' She had tears in her eyes, and, speaking of Vicky's going, said: 'I'm very sorry, and I think she is sorry hersel';' and having said she feared she would not see her (the Princess) again, said: 'I am very sorry I said that, but I meant no harm; I always say just what I think, not what is fut' (fit). Dear old lady, she is such a pleasant person!

"Really the affection of these good people, who are so happy to see you, taking interest in every thing, is very touching and gratifying."

It has not been our purpose in this brief paper to follow the Queen and her husband through all their journeyings; we have only touched upon some of the interesting features of their Highland life. To do more than this, to portray the country, and to describe the picturesque customs of the people would involve a repetition of the entire journal. For all that is most characteristic and interesting we must refer the reader to the work itself. And we may safely assert that no journal ever yet published has been so full of interest and entertainment, or so calculated to affect human sympathy, as this, which covers the happiest years of Queen Victoria's wedded life.



DOCTOR STEDMAN.

THE WOMAN'S KINGDOM:

A LOVE STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

CHAPTER VII.

"WILL, do you mean to sit over your books all evening? Because if you do I'll not wait for you any longer, but take myself off at once."

"Where? Why, were you waiting?"

"Don't pretend that you have forgotten." Julius spoke with some of his old irritability. "We were to walk as far as the wreck: and unless we start in good time the tide will have risen, and we shall not be able to pass the point; which would be uncomfortable for ladies."

"Did the ladies decide to go? I thought Miss Edna rather objected."

"Miss Edna's objections were overruled. I arranged the matter."

Will smiled.

"Yes—I did. I'll not have her and you always getting your own way. I must have mine sometimes. I'm not your patient now, Will, and I have just as much right to enjoy myself as you have."

"Did any body say you hadn't, my boy? Who hinders you? Carry out any plans you fancy, provided they do you no harm."

The doctor rose, put a mark in his book, and prepared to clear his "rubbish" away.

"So, Will, you are going. I thought you would go, though you made believe to be so indifferent about it."

The elder brother flushed up, for there was an under-tone of rudeness in the younger's speech not exactly pleasant. But Will was too well accustomed to the painful irritability of illness to take much heed of it. He only said:

"For many reasons, I don't consider the expedition very wise; but if these young ladies are determined to go, they will be all the better for having a man to take care of them."

"They will have one in any case. I am going. No need for you to trouble yourself concerning them."

The sharpness of this speech made Dr. Stedman turn round. He was not a man of many words, nor yet a very sensitive man—that is, he felt deep things deeply and strongly, but the small annoyances of life passed harmlessly over him. He had always had something else to think about than himself, and the way people treated him. For this reason he often did not even see when Julius was annoyed; but he did now, and turned upon the brother a full, frank, good-natured smile.

"What are you vexed about, lad? Do you want to have your friends all to yourself? If so, I'll stay at home and read. I dare say Miss Edna—"

"Stop there. Yes, Will, I am vexed with you, and I have good reason to be."

"Out with it, then."

"What business had you to go talking to Miss Edna about me? Why open up to her my weaknesses and follies, which nobody knows but you, and you only too much? Why should these two girls—for whom, mind you, I care not a straw, except that they are pleasant companions—be taught to criticise me and pity me?"

"Pity you?"

"Of course they do—a poor fellow, with not a half-penny of money, and no health to earn it—wholly dependent upon you."

"That is not quite true."

"Yes, it is; and they must despise me—any girls would. There are times when I despise myself."

This outburst was so sudden, vehement, and inconsequent, as it seemed, that Will Stedman, though tolerably used to the like, scarcely knew what to answer. When he did, he spoke gently, as to a passionate child who was talking at random.

"Indeed, Julius, I had no thought of annoying you in what I said, which was, in truth, very little; and I felt I was saying it to a friend of yours, who was quite welcome to repeat it to you if she chose."

"But why talk to her at all about me? What are my concerns to her? If a friend, she isn't an old friend. Three weeks ago we had neither of us set eyes on either of these women. I wish we never had. I wish to Heaven we never had!"

Will replied a little seriously:

"I can not exactly see the reason of that. They are both pleasant enough, and, so far as we can judge, very excellent women."

"I hate your excellent women!"

"You don't hate these, though, I am sure of that, lad," said the doctor, smiling. "Be content; I have done you no harm. I said not a word against you to Miss Edna—quite the contrary."

"But, I repeat, why speak of me at all?"

"Perhaps I had my own reasons."

"What are they? I insist upon knowing!" and Julius rose and walked up to his brother with a dramatic air.

Will was comparing his watch with the clock on the mantle-piece. He paused to wind up and set both before he replied:

"Since you compel me to speak—and perhaps after all it's best—it has struck me more than once, Julius, that you would very well like—and, moreover, it would not be a bad thing for you—to spend your life, as you have pretty well spent the last fortnight, with such a sweet, good, sensible little woman as Edna Kenderdine."

Julius threw himself back into his chair, and burst into shouts of laughter.

"Was that it? And so you were saying a good word for me to her! What a splendid idea! You are the queerest old fellow that ever was."

"But, Julius—"

"Don't interrupt. Do let me have my laugh out. It's the best joke I've ever heard. You dear old boy! What on earth have I ever done or said to make you take such a ridiculous notion into your head?"

The doctor looked a little bewildered.

"It did not seem to me so ridiculous; and, at any rate, it is hardly civil to the lady to suppose so. She is about your own age—perhaps a year older; but that would not signify much. She is healthy, bright, active, clever—"

"But oh, so plain. Now, Will, in the name of common-sense, do you think I ever could fall in love with a plain woman?"

The childlike directness and solemnity of the appeal broke down Will's gravity; he, too, laughed heartily.

"Never mind. I've made a mistake, that's all. I don't know whether I'm glad or sorry. But still, it is a mistake; and I beg your pardon—Miss Edna's too—for mixing up her name in such talk. I am certain no idea of the kind has ever entered her head."

"I trust not—nay, I am sure not," replied Julius, warmly. "She's not an atom of a flirt—quite different from any girl I ever knew—the best, kindliest, sweetest little soul. But I would as soon think of marrying her—or, indeed, of marrying any body—"

"Wait till your time comes. Meanwhile, shake hands, and forget all this nonsense. Only, if ever you do fall seriously in love, come and tell it to your brother. He'll help you."

"Will he?" said Julius, eagerly.

But at that moment, sweeping past the window, plainly visible beneath the half-drawn Venetian blind, came the violet folds of Letty Kenderdine's well-known gown—the much-abused winter gown which had in its old age been complimented, and sketched, and painted, as making the loveliest bit of color, and the most charming drapery imaginable.

"There they are: we must not keep them waiting," said Dr. Stedman, as he took his hat and went out at once to the sisters.

The three sat talking very merrily on the bench at the cliff edge for several minutes, till finding Julius did not appear, his brother went in to look for him. He had started off alone, leaving word that they were not to wait—he might possibly join them on their return.

"Perhaps he wants to make a sketch or two alone," said the doctor, apologetically. "We will go without him."

"Certainly," said Letty, who was a little tenacious of the disrespect of delay. "Dr. Stedman, your brother is a most peculiar person; and I can never understand peculiar people."

"He is peculiar in the sense of being much better than other people," replied the doctor, who—whatever he might say to Julius—never allowed a word to be said against him, which idiosyncrasy at once amused and touched Edna. With the new idea she had taken concerning him, she resolved to watch William Stedman rather closely, and when, before they had gone half a mile, Julius turned up, and attached himself very determinedly, not to her side, but her sister's, she fell into the arrangement with satisfaction. It would give her opportunities of observing more narrowly this big, quiet, grave man, who was not nearly so easy to read as his volatile, impulsive, but clever, affectionate brother.

So they descended the steep cliffs, and walked along underneath, just below high-water mark, where the wet sand was solid to their feet: a little party of two and two, close enough to make neither seem like a *tête-à-tête*, and yet

sufficiently far apart to give to each a sense of voluntary companionship. But the conversation of neither seemed very serious; for Letty's gay laugh was continually heard, and Edna made, ever and anon, sundry darts from her companion's side to certain fascinating islands, formed by deeper channels intersecting the damp sand, and which had to be crossed through pools of shallow sea-water, crisped by the wind into wavelets pretty as a baby's curls. Edna could not resist them; but whenever Dr. Stedman fell into silence—which he did pretty often—she quitted him, and ran with the pleasure of a child to stand on one or other of these sand islands, and watch the long white rollers creeping in, each after each, as the tide kept steadily advancing upon the solitary shore.

Very solitary it was, with the boundless sea before, and the perpendicular wall of cliff behind, and not an object to break the loneliness of the scene, except that loneliest thing of all—the stranded ship. She lay there, fixed on the rock where she had struck, with the waves gradually reaching her and breaking over her, as they had done night and day, at every tide, for six months.

Julius regarded her with his melancholy poet's eyes.

"How sad she looks—that ship! Like a lost life."

"And what a fine ship she must have been! How very stupid of the sailors to go so near the rocks!"

"How very stupid of any body to do any thing which is not the best and wisest thing to do! Yet we all do it sometimes, Miss Kenderdine."

"Eh, Mr. Stedman? Just say that again, for I did not quite understand. You do say such clever things, you know."

"That was not clever, so I need not say it again. Indeed I'd better hold my tongue," replied Julius, looking full at Letty Kenderdine, with the sudden thirst of a man who is looking for perfection, has been looking for it all his days, and can not find it. And Letty, with those blue eyes of hers—the sort of azure blue, large and limpid, which look so like heaven, except for a certain want of depth in them, discoverable not suddenly, but gradually—Letty

"Gave a side glance and looked down,"

in her long accustomed way, thinking of nothing in particular, unless it was that the evening was coming on, misty and gray, and the sands were wet, and she had only her thin boots on.

She meant no harm, poor girl! She was so accustomed to be admired, to have every body looking at her as Julius Stedman looked now, that it neither touched nor startled her, nor affected her in any way—especially as the look was only momentary; and the young man returned immediately to his ordinary lively talk—the chatter of society—in which he was much more *au fait* than his brother, and which Letty could respond to much more easily. Indeed she had felt the change of companionship tonight rather an advantage, and had exerted herself to be agreeable accordingly. Though no one could say she smiled on one brother more sweetly than on the other; for it was not her habit either to feel or to show preference. She just went smiling on, like the full round moon, on all the world alike, as she had nothing to do but to smile. Did any hapless wight fall, moonstruck—who was to blame? Surely not Letitia Kenderdine.

And, meanwhile, Edna too had been enjoying herself very much, in a most harmless way, clambering over little rocks, and trampling on sea-weed—the bladders of which "go pop," as the children say, when you set your feet upon them—a proceeding which, I grieve to say, had amused this young schoolmistress as much as if she had been one of her own pupils. Finally, by Dr. Stedman's assistance—for the rocks were slippery, and she was often glad of a helping hand—she gained the furthermost and most attractive sand-island, and stood there, with her hat off, letting the wind blow in her face, for the sake of health and freshness; she was not solicitous about bloom or complexion.

Yet Edna was not uncomely. There was a fairy grace about her tiny figure, and an unaffected enjoyment in her whole mien, which made her interesting even beside her beautiful sister. While she was looking at the sea, Dr. Stedman stood and looked at her, with a keen observation—inquisitive, and yet approving—approving rather than admiring; not at all the look he gave to Letty. And yet, perhaps, any woman, who was a real woman, would rather have had it of the two.

"You seem to enjoy yourself very much, Miss Edna. It does one good to see any person past childhood, who has the faculty of being so thoroughly happy."

"Did I look happy? Yes, I think I am: all the more so because my happiness, my sea-side pleasure, I mean, will not last long. I want to get the utmost out of it I can, for we go home in three days."

"So soon? When did you settle that?"

"At tea-time to-day. We must go, for we have spent all our money, and worn out all our clothes. Besides, it is time we were at home."

"Have you taken all precautions about fumigating, whitewashing, etc., that I suggested?" (For she had told him about the fever, and asked his advice, professionally.)

"Yes; our house is quite safe now, and ready for us. And most of our pupils have promised to come back. We shall be in harness again directly after the holidays. Ah!" she sighed, hardly knowing why, except that she could not help it, "I have need to be happy while I can. We have a rather hard life at home."

"Is it so?" Then, after a pause, "Forgive me for asking, but have you no father living, no brothers? Are there only you two?"

"Only us two."

"It is a hard life then. I have seen enough of the world to feel keenly for helpless women left to earn their livelihood. If I had had a sister I would have been so good to her."

"I am sure you would," said Edna, involuntarily. And then she drew back uneasily. Was it possible that he could be thinking of her in that light—as a sister by marriage, who might one day take the place of a sister by blood? Was that the reason he was so specially kind to her?

She could not have told why—but she did not quite like the idea, and her next speech was a little sharp, even though sincere.

"Yet, on the other hand, however kind a brother may be, it is great weakness and selfishness in a sister to hang helplessly upon him—draining his income, preventing him from marrying, and so on. If I had ten brothers, I think I would rather work till I dropped than I would be dependent on any one of them."

"Would you? But would that be quite right?"

"Yes, I think it would be right—for me, at least. I don't judge others. Let all decide for themselves their own affairs, but, as for me, if I felt I was a burden upon any mortal man—father, brother, or—well, perhaps husbands are different, I have never thought much about that—I believe it would drive me frantic."

"You independent little lady!" said Dr. Stedman, laughing outright. "And yet I beg your pardon," he added, seriously. "I quite agree with you. I don't see why a woman should be helpless and idle any more than a man. And a woman who, if she has to earn her daily bread, sets bravely to work and does it, without shrinking, without complaining, has my most entire respect and esteem."

"Thank you," said Edna, and her heart warmed, and the fierceness that was rising there sank down again. She felt that she had found a friend, or the possibility of one, did circumstances ever occur to bring them any nearer than now. Which, however, was not probable, since, as to these Stedmans, she had determined that when they parted—they parted; that this brief intimacy, which had been so pleasant while it lasted, should become on both sides as completely ended as a dream. Indeed, it would be nothing else. The sort of association which seemed so friendly and natural here, would, in their Kensington life, be utterly impossible.

"Things are hard enough even for us men," said Dr. Stedman, taking up the thread of conversation where Edna had dropped it. "Work of any sort is so difficult to obtain. There is my brother now. He drifted into the career of an artist almost by necessity, because to get any employment such as he desired and was fitted for, was nearly impossible. Even I, who, unlike him, have had the advantage of being regularly educated for a profession—would you believe it, I have been in practice three years and have hardly made a hundred pounds. If I had not had a private income—small enough, but just sufficient to keep Julius and me in bread and cheese—I think we must have starved."

"So he has told me. He says he owes you every thing—more than he can ever repay."

"He talks great nonsense. Poor fellow, if he has been unsuccessful it has neither been through idleness nor extravagance. But he has probably told you all about himself. And you, I find, have told him what I yesterday said to you concerning him."

"Was I wrong?"

"Oh no. If it had been a secret I should have said so, and you would have kept it. You look like a woman who could keep a secret. If I ever have one I will trust you."

What did he mean? Further hints on the matter of sisterhood? Edna earnestly hoped not. Perhaps the fatal time had passed over, since the people who fell in love with Letty usually proposed to her suddenly—in two or three days. Now Dr. Stedman had been with her a whole fortnight—every day and all day long—and, so far as Edna knew, nothing had happened. If the sisters went away on Thursday nothing might happen at all.

She dismissed her fears and went on with her talk, in which the two others soon joined; the pleasant, desultory talk, half earnest, half badinage, of four young people allied by no special tie of kindred or friendship, bound only by circumstance and mutual attraction—that easy liking which had not as yet passed into the individual appropriation which with the keen delights of love creates also its bitter jealousies. In short, they stood, all of them, on the narrow boundary line of those two conditions of being which make hapless mortals—especially men—either the best or the worst company in the world.

They strolled along the shore, sometimes two and two, sometimes falling into a long line of four, conversing rather than looking around them—for there was nothing attractive in the evening. A dull, gray sky, and a smooth, leaden-colored sea, had succeeded those wonderful effects of evening light which they had night after night admired so much; yet, still, they went on walking and talking, enjoying each other's company, and not noticing much beyond, until Dr. Stedman suddenly stopped.

"Julius, look there; the tide is nearly round the point. We must turn back at once."

Letty gave a little scream. "Oh, what will happen! Why did we go on so far? Edna, how could you—"

"It was not your sister's fault," said Dr. Stedman, catching the little scream and coming anxiously over to Letty's side. "I was to blame; I ought to have noticed how far on the tide was."

"But oh, what will happen? Edna, Edna!" cried Letty, wringing her hands.

"Nothing will happen, I trust, beyond our

getting our feet wet. Perhaps not that, if we walk on fast. Will you take my arm?"

"No, mine," said Julius, eagerly, and his brother drew back.

"Do not be alarmed, Miss Edna; but indeed I see you are not," said the doctor, striding on, while she kept pace with him as well as she could with her little short steps. "We two will just walk on as fast as we can. There is no real danger. At worst we shall only get a good wetting; but that would be very bad for our invalids."

"Very bad. Letty—Mr. Stedman—please come on as fast as you can."

"Will!" shouted out Julius, "is it spring or neap tide?"

"I do not know; only get on. Don't lag behind."

"Get on yourself, and leave us alone."

"That isn't your habit, I'm sure, Miss Edna," said Will Stedman.

"What isn't my habit?"

"To get on by yourself and leave others to get on alone, as my brother has just advised my doing."

"Oh, he did not know what he was saying."

This was all that passed between them, as walking as rapidly as they could, though often turning uneasily back to watch the other two, the elder brother and sister reached the point where a "race," that is, a line of rocks reaching right up to the cliff, made the sea more turbulent, and where the cliff itself, jutting out a considerable way, caused the distance between it and high-water-mark to be scarcely more than a foot—in spring tides nothing at all. It was not exactly a dangerous place—not in calm weather like this. At most a wade up to the knees would have carried a wayfarer safely beyond the point; but still it was an uncomfortable place to pass, and when Dr. Stedman and Edna reached it, they found the worst had come to the worst—there was no passage remaining, or merely a foot or two left bare, temporarily, at each ebb of the wave.

There were no breakers, certainly; nothing more threatening than the long slow curves of tide that came creaming in, each with a white fringe of foam, over the smooth sand; but whenever they met, not sand but rocks, they became fiercer, and dashed themselves about in a way that looked any thing but agreeable, and ren-



EDNA WAITING.

dered footing among the sea-weed and sharp stones extremely difficult.

Edna and Dr. Stedman exchanged looks—uneasy enough.

"You see?"

"Yes, I see. It is very unfortunate."

"Will she be frightened, think you? Your sister I mean. She seems a timid person."

"Rather, and she dislikes getting wet. How fast the tide comes in! Is there no chance of climbing a little way up the cliff?"

"No, the cliffs are perpendicular. Look for yourself."

But the doctor looked uneasily back, his mind full of the other two.

"How slow they are! If they had only been here now we might cross at once, and escape with merely wet feet. There would be just time. Julius!" he shouted, impatiently. "Julius, do come on!"

"He can not," Edna said, gently. "Remember, he can not walk like you."

"Thank you; you are always thoughtful. No; I suppose there is no help for it. We may as well sit down and wait." He sat down, but started up again immediately. "I beg your pardon, Miss Edna, but would you like to go on? I can easily take you past the point and return again for them. Will you come?"

"No, oh no." And she, too, sat down on the nearest stone; for she was very tired.

It was full five minutes before Julius and Letty reached the point, and by that time the sea was tumbling noisily against the very foot of the cliff. Julius at once saw the position of things and turned anxiously to his brother.

"Will, this is dreadful. Not for us, but for these ladies. What shall we do?"

Letty caught at once the infection of fear.

"What is so dreadful? Oh, I see. Those waves, those waves! they have overtaken us. I shall be drowned. Oh, Dr. Stedman, tell me—am I going to be drowned?"

And she left Julius's arm and clutched the doctor's, her beautiful features pallid and distorted with fear. Also with something else besides fear, which shows plainly enough in most faces at a critical moment like this, when there awakes either the instinct of self-preservation, said to be nature's first law, or a far diviner instinct, which is not always—yet, thank God! it is often—also human nature.

Dr. Stedman was an acute man. No true doctor can well be otherwise. He said little, but he observed much. Now, as he looked fixedly down upon the lovely face a curious change came over his own. More than once, without replying, he heard the piteous cry—sharp even to querulousness—"Shall I be drowned?" and then gently released himself from Letty's hold.

"My dear Miss Kenderdine, if any were drowned, there would be four. But I assure you nothing so tragical is likely to happen. Look at the line of sea-weed all along the shore; that is high-water-mark; further the tide will not advance."

"But the point—the point."

"Even at the point the water is not more than six inches deep. It could not drown you."

"But it will spoil my boots, my dress—every thing. Oh, Edna, how could you be so foolish as to let us come?"

Edna indeed did feel and look very conscience-smitten, till Dr. Stedman said, rather abruptly:

"There is no use regretting it, or scolding one another; we were all equally to blame. Don't let us waste time now in chattering about it."

"No indeed. Let us get home as quickly as we can. Letty, take hold of me, and try to wade through."

But Letty, tall as she was, shrank in childish terror from the troubled waters, and several more precious minutes were wasted in conquering her fears, and finding the easiest passage for her across the sands. Meantime the line of sea-weed began to be touched—nay, drifted ominously higher and higher by each advancing wave, until Dr. Stedman noticed it.

"Look!" he said in an under-tone to Edna; "last tide may have been neap, but this is evidently a spring-tide. It makes a great difference. We must go on without losing more time. How shall we divide?"

"I'll help Letty."

"No, that is scarcely safe—two women together. Shall I take your sister, and you my brother? You can assist him best. Poor fellow! this is more dangerous for him than for any of us. Julius!" he called out, "don't waste more time; take Miss Edna and start."

Julius turned sharply upon his brother:

"Excuse me, but we have already made our plans. Come, Miss Kenderdine."

Will Stedman once more drew back, and would not interfere, but he looked seriously uneasy.

"What must be done?" he said again to Edna. "I wanted you to walk with Julius. She can not take care of him—she is too timid. She will only hang helplessly upon him, and drag him back when he ought to get on as fast as possible."

"Is there danger—real danger?"

"Not of drowning, as your sister thinks"—with a slight curl of the not too amiable mouth—"but of my brother's getting so wet and exhausted that his illness may return. Look! he is staggering now, the tide runs so strong. What can I do?"

"Go and help them. Get them safe home first."

"But you?"

"I can not cross by myself. I see that," said Edna, looking with a natural shiver of dread at the now fast-rising waves. "But I can stay here. I should not be afraid, even if I had to wait till the tide turns."

"That will be midnight. No, about eleven, I think."

"Even so, no harm will come to me; I can walk up and down this beach, or else I could clamber to that ledge on the cliff where the cliff-swallows are building. The highest tide could not reach me there. I'll try it. Good-by."

She spoke cheerfully, reaching out her hand. Dr. Stedman grasped it warmly.

"You are the bravest and most unselfish little woman I ever knew."

"Then you can not have known many," said she, laughing; for, somehow, her courage rose. "Now, without another word, go."

He went, but returned again in a minute to find poor Edna clambering painfully to her ledge in the rock. He helped her up as well as he could, then she again urged him to leave her.

"I can not. It seems so wrong—quite cruel."

"It is not cruel—it is only right. You and I are far the strongest. We must take care of those two."

"I have taken care of him all my life, poor fellow!"

"That I can well believe. Hark! is Letty screaming? Oh, Dr. Stedman, never mind me. For pity's sake go and help them safe home."

"I will," said he, "and then I'll come back for you in a boat, if possible, only let me see you safe. One step more. Put your hand on my shoulder. You're all right now?"

"Quite right, and really very comfortable, considering."

"This will make you more so, and I don't need it."

He took off his coat and threw it up to her, striding off before she had time to refuse.

"Miss Edna!" and to her great uneasiness she saw him looking back once more. "You'll not be frightened?"

"Not a bit. Oh, please go!"

"Very well, I am really going now. But I'll never forget this day."

Edna thought the same.

CHAPTER VIII.

Edna sat on her ledge of rock, to the great discomfiture of the cliff-swallows, for a length of time that appeared to her indefinite. She had no means of measuring it, for the very simple reason that the sisters only had one reliable watch between them, and, when it gave her no trouble, Letty usually wore it. Now, in her long, weary vigil, Edna's mind kept turning regretfully and with a childish pertinacity to this watch, and wishing she had had the courage—she did think of so doing once, and hesitated—to borrow Dr. Stedman's. It would have been some consolation, and a sort of companion to her, during the hour or two she should still have to wait before the tide went down. That was, supposing Dr. Stedman found it impossible to get the boat; which, when the evening began to close in, and still there was no sign of him, she thought must have been the case.

She was not exactly alarmed: she knew that the highest spring-tide could never reach the ledge where she sat—where the birds' marvelous instinct had placed their nests. Her position was safe enough, but it was terribly lonely; and when night came rapidly on, and she ceased to distinguish any thing except the momentary flashes of foam over the sea—for the wind had risen, and the white horses had begun to appear—she felt sadly forlorn—nay, forsaken. The swallows ceased their fluttering and chattering, and becoming accustomed to her motionless presence, settled down to roost; soon the only sound she heard was the waves breaking against the cliff beneath her feet. She seemed to hear them quite close below her: so the spring-tide must have been a high one; and she felt thankful for this little nook of safety—damp and comfortless as it was: growing more so, since, with the darkness, a slight rain began to fall.

Edna drew Dr. Stedman's coat over her shoulders, as some slight protection to her poor little shivering, solitary self: thinking gratefully how good it was of him to leave it, and hoping earnestly he had got home safely, even though in ignominious and discreditable shirt-sleeves. And, amidst all her dreariness, she laughed aloud to think how funny he would look, and how scandalized Letty would be, to see him in such an ungentlemanly plight, and especially to walk with him through the village. But while she laughed the moral courage of the thing touched her. It was not every gentleman who would thus have made himself appear ridiculous in a lady's eyes for the sake of pure kindness.

And then, in the weary want of something to occupy her mind and to pass the time away, she fell into vague speculations as to how all this was to end: whether Dr. Stedman really wished to marry Letty; whether Letty would have him if he asked her. One week would show; since, after Thursday, circumstances would be so completely changed with them all that their acquaintanceship must, if mere acquaintance, die a natural death. No "gentlemen visitors" could be allowed by the two young schoolmistresses; so that even though the Stedmans lived within a mile of them—which fact Edna knew, though they were not aware she knew it—still they were not very likely to meet. People in and near London often pass years without meeting, even though living in the next street. And if so—if this association, just as it was growing quite pleasant, were thus abruptly to end—would she be glad or sorry?

Edna asked herself the question more than once. She could not answer it, even to her own truthful heart. She really did not know.

But she soon ceased to trouble herself about that or any thing; for there came upon her a feeling of intense cold, also—let it not disgrace her in poetical eyes, this healthy-framed and healthy-minded little woman!—of equally intense hunger: during which she had a vision

of the bread and cheese and beer lying on the parlor-table, so vivid and tantalizing that she could have cried. She began to agree with Dr. Stedman that it was rather cruel to have left her here—at least for so long—so much longer than she had anticipated.

Surely they had all got home safe by this time. Nothing had happened—nothing was likely to happen; for she had seen them with her own eyes cross safely the perilous point and enter upon the stretch of level sand. With a slightly sad feeling she had watched the three black figures moving on—two together and one a little apart—till they vanished behind a turn in the cliff. Beyond that nothing could be safer, though it was a good long walk.

"And that young man is weak still," thought Edna, compassionately. "Of course he could not walk quickly; and Letty never can. Besides, when she learned I was left behind she might have been unwilling to go home without me."

But while making this excuse to herself Edna's candid mind rejected it as a fiction. She knew well, that with all her good-nature, Letty was not given to self-denial: being one of those theoretically-virtuous people who are content to leave their heroisms to be acted out by some one else. But the doctor: he was a man—a courageous and kindly man, too. He surely would never leave a poor, weak woman to spend the night upon this dreary ledge of rock.

"He said he would bring a boat; but he may not be able to get one, or to pilot it in this darkness and among all these rocks. It would not be safe." And this thought conquered all her personal uneasiness. "Oh, I hope he will not try it. Suppose he did, and something were to happen to him! I wish I had told him I would wait till the tide went down. Rather than any risk to him I would have sat here till daylight."

And with a kind of vague terror of "something happening"—such terror as she had never felt concerning any one except Letty—nay, with her very slightly, for in their dull, peaceful lives had occurred none of those sudden tragedies which startle life out of its even course, and take away forever the sense of security against fate—Edna sat and listened for the sound of oars, of voices — of any thing; straining her ears in the intense stillness until the sensation became actual pain.

But she heard nothing except the lap-lap of the tide going down—either it was going down, for it sounded fainter every minute, or else she herself was sinking into a state of sleepy exhaustion, more dangerous than any danger yet. For if she fainted or dropped asleep she might fall from her narrow seat and be seriously hurt. She thought, should he come and find her there, lying just at his feet, with a limb broken, or otherwise injured, how very sorry Dr. Stedman would be!

All these fancies came and went, in every form of exaggeration, till poor Edna began to fancy her wits were leaving her. She drew herself as far back against the rock as possible, crouching down like a child, leaned her head back, and quietly cried. Then excessive drowsiness came over her: she must, for some minutes at least, have actually fallen asleep.

She was roused by hearing herself called: in her confused state she could not think where or by whom; and her tongue was paralyzed and her limbs frozen just as if she had the nightmare.

"Miss Edna—Miss Edna!" the shouting went on, till the cliffs echoed with it. "Where are you? Do answer—only one word!"

Then the voice ceased, and a light like a glow-worm began to wander up and down the rocks below. Edna tried to call, but could not make herself heard. The whole thing seemed a kind of fever-dream.

At length, sitting where she was, she felt a warm hand touch her. She uttered a little cry.

"You are alive," some one said. "Thank God!"

Though she knew it was Dr. Stedman, and tried her utmost to appear the brave little woman he had called her, Edna's strength failed. She could not answer a word, but fell into a violent fit of sobbing, in the which the doctor soothed her as if she had been a child.

"There now. Never mind crying—it will be a relief. You are quite safe now; I have come to fetch you home. Oh, if I could but have got back here a little sooner!"

And then Edna was sufficiently her natural self to ask eagerly if no harm had befallen Letty or his brother—if they were both safe at home?

"Yes, quite safe. But it was a long business. Twice I thought Julius would have broken down entirely."

"And my sister?"

"Your sister is perfectly well, only a good deal frightened."

"Was she very uneasy about me?"

"Not overwhelmingly so," said Will Stedman, with that slight hardness, approaching even to sarcasm, which came occasionally into his voice as well as his manner, giving the impression that if very good he was not always very amiable. "But come! we are losing time; and I have to get you safe home now. I have no boat. I was delayed; they were so long in reaching home that when I went after a boat the water was too shallow to make it available—the men refused it."

"How did you come, then?"

"I waded. But the tide is down now. We may easily walk — that is, if you can walk. Try."

Edna stretched her poor cramped limbs, and attempted to descend. But she grew dizzy; her footing altogether failed her.

"I can't stand," she said, helplessly. "You will have to leave me here till morning."

"Impossible."

"Oh no! Indeed, I don't much mind."

For in her state of utter exhaustion any thing—even to lie down there and die—seemed easier than to be forced to make a single effort more.

"Miss Edna," said the doctor, with all the doctor in his tone—calm, firm, authoritative—"you can not stay here. You must be got home somehow. If you can not walk I must carry you."

Then Edna made a violent effort, and succeeded in crawling, with both hands and feet, down the cliff-side to the level sands. But as soon as she stood upright and attempted to walk her head swam round and consciousness quite left her. She remembered nothing more till she found herself lying on the sofa, in their own parlor, opposite a blazing fire, with Letty—only Letty—sitting beside her.

"Mrs. Williams! oh, Mrs. Williams! come here! She's quite herself now. My sister—my dear little twin-sister! Oh, Edna, I thought you were dead. I have been near breaking my heart about you."

And Letty hugged and kissed her, and hung over her, and gave her all manner of things to eat, to drink, and to smell at—with an affection the genuineness of which was beyond all doubt. For Letty was no sham; she had a real heart, so far as it went, and that was why Edna loved her. All the better that it was a keen-eyed love, which never looked for what it could not find, and had the sense not to exact from the large, splendid, open-bosomed *Gloire de Dijon*, the rich depths of perfume that lie hidden in the red moss-rose.

"Yes, Letty dear, I must have frightened you very much," said she, clinging to her sister, and trying to recall, bit by bit, what had happened. "It must have been a terrible suspense for you. But indeed I could not help it. It was impossible for me to get home. How did I ever get home at all?"

"I don't know, except that Dr. Stedman brought you. You were quite insensible when he carried you in, and he had a deal of trouble to bring you to. Oh, it was such a comfort to have a doctor in the house! and he was so kind!"

"Where is he now?" And as Edna tried to raise her head a faint color came into her white face.

"He has just gone away. He said it was much better that, when you came to yourself, you should find nobody beside you but me—that he had to sit up reading till about three in the morning; and if you were worse I was to send for him—not otherwise. He told me not to frighten myself or you. He was not uneasy about you at all; you would soon recover, you were such an exceedingly healthy person. Indeed, Edna, he must be a very clever doctor: he seemed to understand you as if he had known you all your life."

Edna smiled, but she felt too weak to talk. "And you—how did you get home?"

"Oh, it was a terrible business. I was so frightened. And that young Julius Stedman—he was no help at all. He is but a poor stick of a fellow for all practical purposes, and gets cross at the least thing. Still, when we reached home, and his brother started off again to fetch you, he was very kind also."

"I am sure he would be."

"He sat with me all the time we were waiting for you; I sent for Mrs. Williams, so it was quite proper—but, indeed, I was too miserable to think much about propriety. I only thought, What if you were to be drowned, and I were to lose my dear little sister—my best friend in all this world? Oh, Edna, Edna!"

And once again Letty kissed and embraced her, shedding oceans of tears—honest tears.

Mrs. Williams, too, put her apron to her eyes. She had grown "mighty fond" (she declared afterward) of these two young ladies. She was certain they were real ladies, though they had only one bottle of wine in the cupboard, and their living was as plain as plain could be. So she, too, worthy woman! shed a few glad tears over Miss Edna's recovery, until Edna declared it was enough to make a person quite conceited to be thought so much of. And then, being still in a weak and confused state, she suffered herself to be carried off to bed by Mrs. Williams and Letty.

It was a novelty for Edna to be taken care of. Either she was very healthy—though so fragile looking—or she did not think much about her own health, which is often the best method of securing it; but for years such a thing had not happened to her as to lie in bed till noon, and have Letty waiting upon her. It was rather pleasant than otherwise for an hour or two, until Letty began to weary a little of her unwonted duties, and Edna of the dignity of invalidism. So she rose, and, though still feeling dizzy and strange, crept down stairs, and settled herself in her usual place, with her work-basket beside her.

There Dr. Stedman found her, when, having sent a preliminary message through Mrs. Williams, he came, in the course of the afternoon, to visit his patient.

His patient he seemed determined to consider her. He entered the room with a due air of medical gravity—nay, a little more formal than his customary manner—touched her pulse, and asked a few unimportant questions, after a fashion which quite removed the slight awkwardness which Edna felt, and was painfully conscious she showed, toward him.

"Yes, she will soon be quite well," said he, turning to Letty. "Your sister is thin and delicate-looking, Miss Kenderdine, but she will take a great deal of killing, she has such a thoroughly pure constitution. You need not be in the least alarmed about her. Still, I will just look after her for a day or two, professionally—I mean in an amateur professional way—if she will allow me."

Letty was overflowing with thanks. Edna

remained silent. She disliked being Dr. Stedman's, or indeed any doctor's patient; but her position would have been still more difficult had he appeared to-day in the character of her brave preserver, who had waded through the stormy billows, like a Norse hero, and carried her back in his arms—as she now was sure he had carried her, for he could have got her home in no other way. But he had said nothing about this, and, apparently, nobody had asked him. Nor did he refer to it now, for which reserve Edna was very grateful. She would not have known what to say, nor how to thank him, but his delicate silence on the matter made all things easy.

Likewise Letty, who was not given to penetrate too deeply below the surface of things, seemed blessed with a most fortunate lack of inquisitiveness. She made no reference to last night, but sat talking sweetly to the doctor, in the character of affectionate nurse and sister, looking the while so exquisitely lovely that Julius, who, on his brother's suggestion, had been invited in to see Edna, was driven to beg permission to make a sketch of her on the spot, in the character of a guardian angel.

Nobody objected—for the young artist was treated like a spoiled child by them all. And, as it was a wet day—so wet that nobody could think of going out, and every body would be dull enough indoors—they agreed to share their dullness and spend the afternoon together. For, as some one suggested, their time was drawing short now.

So Julius brought in his sketch-book and fell to work. After a long discussion as to what sort of an angel Miss Kenderdine was to be made into, it was finally decided that she would do exactly as one of the Scandinavian Valkyriæ, who wait in the halls of Odin to receive the souls of the departed slain.

"Is that the business of guardian angels?" asked Will Stedman. "I should have thought they would have done better in taking care of the living than making a fuss over the dead."

Julius looked annoyed. "Pray excuse Will, Miss Kenderdine. He is not at all poetical; he always takes a matter-of-fact view of things. Now, just the head bent, with a pitying sort of expression, if you can manage it. Thank you—that will do exactly."

And Julius, with that keen, eager, thirsty look, which for the last few days had begun to dawn in his face, gazed at Letty Kenderdine, who smiled as usual, calm and moonlike. Even as Andrea del Sarto's Lucrezia might have smiled on him, and as dozens more as lovely women to the end of time will continue to smile, maddeningly, upon the two types of men with whom such charms are all-powerful—the sensualist, who cares for mere beauty and it alone; the poet, who out of his own nature idealizes physical perfectness into the perfection of the soul.

But there is a third type which unites both these. Was it to this that William Stedman belonged?—that is, in his real heart, though his eyes might have been temporarily no wiser than his neighbors'.

He seemed a little changed in his manner since yesterday, graver, and yet franker and freer. He made no attempt to interfere with his brother's complete engrossment of Letty, though he watched the two very closely at intervals. This Edna saw, and drew her own conclusions therefrom; but they were erroneous conclusions. Nevertheless, they made her resolve more strongly than ever that with next Thursday this intimacy should entirely cease. That one or both of these brothers should fall in love with Letty was a catastrophe to be avoided if possible. They were two good men, she was sure of that, and they should neither of them suffer if she could help it. No: just two days more, and the acquaintance with the Stedmans should come to a natural and fitting close.

This being decided Edna threw herself unresistingly into the pleasure of it while it lasted. For it was a pleasure—she had ceased to doubt that. No good, simple-hearted, sensible woman could help enjoying the society of two such men, each so different, and yet each acting as a set-off to the other. Julius, when he flung himself into conversation, was not only clever but brilliant; William said little, but whatever he did say, he said it to the point. True, as his brother had accused him, he did now and then take a matter-of-fact view of things; but his matter-of-factness was neither stupid nor commonplace. He might be slow, or obstinate, or hard to please, but he was not a fool—not a bit of it; in spite of his grave and solid temperament, most people would have considered him an exceedingly clever man, in his own undemonstrative way.

So Edna thought. And since he chose to talk to her, she talked to him back again, and enjoyed the exercise. For there could hardly have been a greater contrast than these two. Edna Kenderdine, though so quiet, was not a passive, scarcely even a calm woman. Whatever she felt, she felt acutely. Life and energy, feeling and passion, quivered through every movement of her small frame, every feature of her plain but sensitive and spiritual face—more so to-day than usual, through the excitement left behind by her last night's peril. Also by another sort of excitement, for which she could not at all account, but which seemed to make her whole being thrill like a harp newly tuned, which the lightest touch causes to tremble into music.

She could not think how it was: she ought to have been miserable, leaving that pleasant place to go back to London, and work, and endless anxieties. Yet she was not miserable; nay, she felt strangely happy during the whole of this day, wet as it was, and through great part of the next day—except the hour or two that she occupied in packing.

There, in the solitude of her own room—for Letty, whose back was quite too long for pack-

ing, was sitting on the bench outside, between the two Stedmans—poor Edna felt just a little sad and dull. They had had such a happy time, and it was now over, or nearly over: ay, forever!—such times do not return. People say they will, and plan renewed meetings of the same sort; but these seldom come about, or if they do, things are different. Edna, in her level existence, had not known enough either of happiness or misery to feel keenly the irrecoverableness of the past; still she had sense enough to acknowledge that a time such as she and Letty had had for the last fortnight, so exceptional in its circumstances and its utter unworldliness of contentment, was never likely to occur twice in their lives.

First, because two hard-working, solitary women were never likely again to be thrown into such close yet perfectly harmless and blameless relations with two such young men as the Stedmans—thorough gentlemen, refined in act and word, never by the slightest shadow of a shade crossing the boundary of those polite and chivalric attentions which every man may honorably pay to every woman; men, too, whom they could so heartily respect, who apparently led a life as pure and simple as their own. At this time, it was with the young men as with the young women, such an innocently idle life. When they met again, if they ever did meet, they would all be in the whirl of London, absorbed in work—the restless, jarring, selfish work of the world—in which they might both seem and be quite different sort of people, both in themselves and to one another.

So thought Edna, as she hastened her packing in order to go down to the others—who did not seem to want her much, she fancied. Still, she wanted them: there were several things she would like still to talk about to Dr. Stedman, and why should she not talk to him as long as she could?

As she closed her trunk the heavy fall of the lid felt like closing a bright chapter in her existence. She had an instinct that such seasons do not come often, and that when they do they are brief as bright. She did not weep—this cheerful-hearted Edna, who had, and was always likely to have, enough to do and to think of to keep her from unnecessary grieving. She locked her box, having placed inside it the little mementoes they were carrying home—a pebble which Letty had picked up on the beach, supposed to contain the possibility of a valuable brooch, if they could afford to have it cut and set; a piece of some queer sort of sea-weed which Dr. Stedman had given her, telling her that, if hung up in a dry place, it would prove a faithful barometer for months and years; also, pressed between her blotting-book's leaves, the very biggest of primroses, a full inch in diameter, which she had gathered in a competition with Julius Stedman. All these trifles, and a few more, which were nobody's business but her own, she locked up fast: but as she did so Edna sighed.

CHAPTER IX.

In this love-tale I find I am telling the story of the women more than of the men—which is not unnatural.

But, in truth, of the men there is as yet little to be told. Their passion had not arrived at the demonstrative stage. Every thing they did was done quite as usual. No doubt they seized every opportunity of joining their fair neighbors—watched them out and in; met them constantly on the cliff and down the shore; contrived, in short, by some means or other, to spend with them nearly the whole of the last three days; but beyond this they did not go. And even this was done by a tacit understanding, without prior arrangements. Men are much more delicately reticent in love-affairs than women. Many women, even good women, will chatter mercilessly about things which a man would scorn to reveal, and think himself a brute to pry into.

On the Wednesday night the brothers had sat till ten o'clock in the Misses Kenderdine's parlor—the visits were always there. On no account would the sisters have penetrated into that bachelor sanctum, of which, in its chaos of bachelor untidiness, they had sometimes caught a glimpse through the open door—to Edna's pity and Letty's disdain. The young men themselves felt the contrast between their masculine chamber of horrors and the feminine sitting-room opposite, which, humble and bare as it was, looked always cheerful, neat, and nice.

"What a muddle we do live in, to be sure!" said Will, when they returned this last evening to their own parlor. But he sat down to his books, and Julius to his drawing, and there they both worked away till nearly midnight, without exchanging ten words.

At length Will rose and suggested his brother's going to bed.

"We have to be up early to-morrow, you know."

"Have we?"

Will smiled. "Didn't I hear you settling with the Misses Kenderdine to see them off by the coach? It starts at seven A.M."

"I said I would go; but that does not imply your going."

"Oh, I should like to go and see the last of them," said Will.

"It may not be the last. There is no necessity it should be. They live in London, and so do we."

"Do you know their address?" Will asked, abruptly.

"No. Do you?"

"Certainly not. They did not tell me, and I should have thought it a great piece of impertinence to inquire."

"Should you? Perhaps you are right. I assure you I have never asked them—though I intended to ask to-morrow. But one wouldn't do the ungentlemanly thing on any account.

So I suppose, if they give us no special invitation to call on them, they will drift away like all the pleasant things in this world, and we shall never see them more."

Julius spoke sentimentally—nay, dolefully; but with a complete resignation of himself to fate, as was his character. He never struggled much against any thing.

Will moved restlessly among his books—piling and re-piling them in a vain effort at order. At last he let them be, and lifting up his head, looked his brother steadily in the face.

"Yes, I suppose at seven to-morrow morning we shall see the last of them. And I think it ought to be so."

"Why?" said Julius, sharply, taking at once the opposition side, as was also his character.

Dr. Stedman paused a minute before speaking, and the blood rose in his rugged brown face as he spoke.

"Because, Julius, in plain English, two young men can not go on in this sort of free-and-easy way with two young women—at least, not in any place but here, and not here for very long—without getting talked about, which would be very unpleasant. For the men it doesn't matter, of course, which makes it all the more incumbent on us to be careful over the women."

"Careful! What nonsense!"

"No, it isn't nonsense, though perhaps my speaking about it may be. But I've had it on my mind to speak, and it's better out than in."

"Very well, then. Preach away."

And Julius stretched himself along the sofa, his arms over his head, listening with a half-vexed, half-contemptuous air.

"Well, lad," said Will, stoutly, "I think that for a man, because he likes a girl's society, to daunder after her and hang on to her apron-string till he gets her and himself talked about, is a piece of most arrant folly—not to say knavery; for he gets all the fun and she all the harm. It's selfishness—cowardly selfishness—and I won't do it! You may if you choose; but I won't do it!"

"Do what?" said Julius, with an irritable and most irritating laugh. "What's the use of blazing up and striking your hand on the table as if you were striking me—which, perhaps, it's what you're after? Come on, then!"

"Do you suppose I'm an idiot?"

"Or I either? What harm have I done? Was I going to offer myself on the spot to either of your fair friends? A pretty offer it would be! A fellow who has not a half-penny to bless himself with. Why, she'd kick me out of doors, and serve me right, too. No—no!" and Julius laughed again very bitterly: "I know women better than that. Pray compose yourself, Will. I'm not going to be a downright fool."

"You quite mistake me," said Will, gravely. "Any man has a right to ask the love of any woman—even if he hasn't a half-penny. But he has no right to pay her tender attentions, and set people gossiping about her, and perhaps make her fancy he likes her, when he either does not like her, or doesn't see his way clear to marry her. It's not to be done, lad—not to be done."

"And have I any intention of doing it? You foolish old fellow—what crotchets you take up! Why—hang it—if I had never flirted more than I have here—"

"I hate flirting," broke in Will, tearing a sheet of foolscap violently in two. "Women may like it; but men ought to have more sense. What's the use of philandering and fooling when you mean nothing, and it all ends in sheer waste of time. If ever I marry, I vow I'll go up to the woman and say, 'Mary' or 'Molly'—"

"Her name is Molly, then? That's information."

"I mean, I'd ask her point-blank to marry me. If she said 'Yes,' well and good."

"And if 'No,'" said Julius, with a keen look.

"I'd walk off, and never trouble her more. If a girl doesn't know her own mind, she isn't worth asking—certainly not asking twice. She never would be asked twice by me."

"Wait till your time comes—as you once said to your obedient, humble servant. Go on, Will. I'm waiting for another sermon, please. Plenty more where that last came from, I know."

Julius seemed determined to turn the whole into a laughing matter; and at last his brother was fain to laugh too.

"One might as well preach to a post—it always was so, and always will be! Come, I've said my say, and it's done. Let us dismiss the subject."

"Not a bit of it," replied Julius, who, with his other womanish peculiarities, had a most provoking habit of liking to have the last word; "only just tell a fellow what you are driving at! What do you want us to do about these girls? Shut ourselves up in our rooms, and stare at them from behind the keyhole without ever daring to bid them good-by?"

"Rubbish! We'll just meet them, as you said, at the coach, wish them a pleasant journey, and there it ends."

"Does it?" said Julius, half to himself; while his soft, sad look wandered into vacancy, and he leaned his arm behind his head, in his favorite listless attitude, in which there was something affected and something real; his small, slight figure, dark, meagre face, and brilliant eyes, making equally natural to him both languor and energy. A true southern temperament—made up of contrarieties, if not contradictions, and never to be reckoned on long together in any way.

But he ceased to argue, either in jest or earnest; and soon the two brothers parted for the night; quite amicably—as, after all their little warfares, they were in the habit of doing; for neither of them were of the sullen sort; and, besides, Will had a doctrine—learned at the big

public school where he had been educated, fighting his way of necessity from bottom to top—that sometimes after a good honest battle, in which either speaks his mind, men, as well as boys, are all the better friends.

Julius went to bed. But far into the small hours Will's candle burned in the parlor below, as was his habit whenever he had spent a specially idle day.

Edna, too, sat up late, for to her always fell the domestic cares of packing, arranging, and settling every thing. Not that Letty did not try to help her; but she helped her so badly that it was double trouble—every thing had to be done over again. Letty's unconscious, good-humored incapacity was one of the things which tried her sister most, and caused her to hope that whenever the of-course-certain husband did appear, he might be a man sensible and practical, and sufficiently rich to make his wife independent of those petty worries which a clever-er and braver woman would breast and swim through, and perhaps even gain strength and energy from the struggle.

As it was, whenever they had any thing to do or to suffer, Edna's first thought was, how to get Letty out of the way. She had sent her to bed early, and creeping in tired beside her was only too thankful to find her sound asleep. And Letty slept still, when in the gray dawn of the morning Edna woke, with the consciousness that something had to be done, or something was going to happen, which came with a sharp shock upon her the minute she opened her eyes.

She took her watch to the window to see the time correctly, and stood gazing out upon the sea, which lay so lonely and quiet—dim and gray—just brightened in the eastward by those few faint streaks in the sky which showed where the sun would rise ere long.

A strange unquietness came into Edna's spirit—hitherto as placid as that sea before the sun rose—a sense of trouble, of regret, for which she could not account. For though she was of course sorry to leave this place, still she might come back again some day. And now she was going home with Letty quite strong again, and herself also, ready to begin their work anew. Why should she grieve? She ought to be very glad and thankful.

Perhaps she was only tired with the excitement of last night—when the two Stedmans had staid later and talked more than usual; pleasant, refreshing talk, such as clever, good men can make with good, and not stupid women; talk difficult to be detailed afterward, if indeed any conversation written down does not seems as tame and lifeless as yesterday's gathered roses. But it had left a sweet aroma behind it, and while it lasted it had made Edna feel happy, like a creature long pent up in horrible cities, who is set free upon its native mountain, and led cheerily up the bright hillside, at every step breathing a fresher and purer air; at every glance seeing around prospects wider and fairer; the sort of companionship, in short, which makes one think the better of one's self because one can appreciate it and enjoy it. How keenly she had enjoyed it Edna knew.

And now, with a slight spasm or constriction of the heart, she recognized that it was all over, that this morning was the very last day. She should probably never meet the Stedmans more.

She was not "in love." She did not for a moment fancy herself in love with either of them, being no longer of that unripe age when girls think it fine to be in love with somebody; but she was conscious that all was not right with her; that the past had been a delicious time, and that she began to look forward to her school life, and her home life, alone with Letty, with a sense of vacancy and dreariness almost amounting to dread. Be sorry for her, you who can understand this state of mind! And ye who can not—why, she had need to be sorry for you!

She stood looking at the sombre sea—at the smiling, hopeful dawn, then went back to her bed, and, hiding her face in the pillow, wept a few tears. But there was no time for crying or for sleeping; she had still a great deal to do, and they must leave soon after six; so, early as it was, she rose.

Her neighbors were early stirring too, though it was, after all, Will who accomplished this, rousing his brother into sufficient energy to be in time. The impulse of overnight had faded out, and Julius now seemed very indifferent whether or not he wished the sisters good-by.

"If we are never to see them again, what does it matter to see them now?" said he, carelessly. "Or, indeed, what does it matter in any case? Women only care for fellows with lots of money."

"In one sense, perhaps—the matrimonial; but I thought we had decided that this was not the sense in which your civilities were to be construed."

"Our civilities, Will. You have been quite as sweet upon them as I have."

"Then there is no reason why our civilities should not be continued to the end. Get your hat, man, and let us start to the coach-office."

"Now?"

"Yes, now. We are better out of the way here. We'll not bother them with any last words."

And the doctor, who looked a little jaded, as if he had sat up most of the night—which indeed he had—contrived to stay out, and keep his brother out, on the breezy cliffs during the half-hour that there was any chance of staircase meetings, or interference, for good or ill, with the proceedings of the Misses Kenderdine. But all this half-hour the young men never once referred to their friends—or regretted their departure. They lounged about, read the newspaper, and talked politics a little, until, suddenly taking out his watch, Will said:

"Now, if we mean to be in time, we had better be off at once."

They walked up to the coach-office. In those days, and at that early season of the year, there was only a diurnal coach which passed through the village, taking up any chance passenger by the way. It was just the usual old-fashioned stage, with outside and inside places, and was rarely full; still to-day, as it came lumbering up the hilly street, it looked to be so.

"Suppose they can't get seats," suggested Julius.

"Not impossible. I wish I had suggested their booking places overnight."

Small trivial sentences, about such a trivial thing!—save that all the manifold machinery of life hangs pivoted upon trifles.

The brothers found the two sisters standing waiting amidst a conglomeration of boxes, at which Julius shrugged his shoulders and winked aside at Will in thankful bachelorhood. But the four met and shook hands as usual, just as if they were starting for their conjoint walk this merry, sunshiny, breezy morning.

"What a fine day! I am glad you have good weather for your journey. We thought we might be allowed to come and see you off. Can we be of any use, Miss Kenderdine?"

Dr. Stedman addressed himself to Letty, who looked nervous and fidgety.

"Thank you, thank you. It is so troublesome, traveling; especially without a gentleman to take care of us. Edna, are you sure the boxes are all right? Did you count them? Two trunks, one bonnet-box, one—"

"Yes, all are right. Don't vex yourself, dear," said Edna, in her soft *sotto voce*, and then she was aware that Dr. Stedman turned to look at her earnestly, more earnestly than usual.

"Let me help you; you are carrying such a heap of cloaks and things, and you look so tired. Are you able for the journey to-day?"

"Oh yes, quite able. Besides, we must go."

Will made no reply, but he took her burdens from her, arranged her packages, and stood silently beside her till the coach came up.

Julius too, his languor and indifference dispersed as if by magic, placed himself close to the blooming Letty, paying her his final politenesses with remarkable *empressement*.

"Yes, I am sorry to leave this place," she said, in answer to his question. "We have had a pleasant time; and we are going back to horrid school-work. I hate it."

"No wonder. Still, your pupils are somewhat to be envied."

"Eh?" said Letty, not detecting the compliment, her mind being divided between Julius, the boxes, and the approaching coach. "Look, Edna, it is quite full. We shall have to go inside—nay, the inside is full too. What must we do? Oh, Edna, what must we do?"

"It was my fault," said Will Stedman. "I ought to have told you it was better to secure places. Coachman, is there no chance whatever for these ladies?"

Coachman shook his head, remorseless as Fate; and Fate, laughing from under the coach-wheels, and making mouths at them from the dickey, set at naught all the excellent schemes of these four young people.

The two sisters regarded each other in mute consternation.

"How very, very foolish I was!" said Edna, in extreme vexation. "Can nothing be done? Dr. Stedman, will you think for us? We *must* go home to-day."

"Po' chay, ma'am—po' chay to Ryde," suggested the landlord.

"How much would that cost?"

A serious sum was named. Edna looked at and counted her money. No, it was not to be done. She saw Dr. Stedman watching her, and blushed crimson.

He came near her, and said almost in a whisper, "Excuse me, but at a journey's end one sometimes runs short. If—"

Edna shook her head, and set her little mouth together, firm as Fate—whom she fancied she was thus resisting: at which Dr. Stedman blushed as deeply as herself, and retired.

There was no help for it. Several boats crossed daily from Ryde; but to get to Ryde from this out-of-the-way-place was the difficulty.

"No, Letty," said Edna, "not being able to travel about in post-chaises, we must e'en put up with our misfortunes. We can go by the coach to-morrow morning. I dare say Mrs. Williams will take us in for one night more. Things might be worse, you see."

But as she watched the coach roll away, Edna, though she spoke cheerfully, looked a great deal more annoyed and troubled than her sister did; and Dr. Stedman saw it.

"You have a tell-tale face," said he. "This has vexed you very much, I perceive."

"Of course it has. Many reasons make it important for us to go home."

"Your sister takes it easily enough, apparently."

"She always—" and Edna stopped herself. Why should she be discussing Letty with a stranger—with any body?

"I beg your pardon," said Dr. Stedman, abruptly, and disappeared.

But when they had all escaped out of the condolences of the little crowd round the inn-door, and were ignominiously retracing their steps to Mrs. Williams's lodgings, he overtook them, breathless.

"Stop, Miss Edna. I have found a way out of your difficulties. There will be a post-chaise here at noon, bringing a wedding-couple from Ryde. It will take you the return-journey for merely coach-fare. If you cross at once you will be able to start from Portsmouth to London to-night. Will that do?"

"Admirable," said Edna, turning back. "Let me go and settle it at once."

"It is settled—I took the liberty of settling

it with the landlord, whom I know. Always provided you were satisfied. Are you?"

"Quite."

"Thank you. And now you have only to repay me the coach-fare—inside places for two," said the doctor, holding out his hand with a smile.

Edna laughingly and, as it occurred to her long after, most unsuspiciously, gave him the money; and he walked on beside her, receiving silently her expressions of gratitude. She did indeed feel grateful. It was so new to her to have the burdens of daily life thus taken off her, and in such a considerate way, simply a man doing a man's part of kindness to a woman—nothing more. It made her remember his words: "If I had had a sister I would have been so good to her." Though while Edna recalled them, there was a strange sting in the remembrance.

At the familiar door they all stopped, rather awkwardly, till Dr. Stedman said, with something beyond his usual formality:

"I wonder, Julius, if these ladies would consider it presumption in us to offer them our bachelor hospitality for the next few hours? It might be more convenient, and they would at least get a dinner."

"Oh, they must—they must," cried Julius. "Say you will, Miss Edna," and he caught hold of her hand in his boyish, affectionate way. "Come and dine with us: it will be such fun. And we will go a long walk before then. Oh, I am so much obliged to Fate and that grim coachman. We'll have such a jolly day."

He was evidently in a state of considerable excitement, which relieved itself in almost puerile pranks, an incessant flow of talk, and a pettish assertion of his own will, which was, as Edna declared, "exactly like a baby." Nevertheless, she and the others only laughed, and gave way to him.

Evidently the catastrophe about the coach had produced in none of the little party any permanent depression; and it was with almost exuberant spirits that they prepared to make the very most of this sweet, stolen day—all the sweeter, Julius insisted, because it was stolen—a clear robbery out of the treasure-house of Destiny, who had not many such.

"At least not for us," added he, with the dash of melancholy which ran through his merriest moods. "So I'll take the residuum of my pleasures as I used to take the spoonful of sugar at the bottom of an emptied coffee-cup, which I was always told it was such ill-manners to touch, though it was the best bit of the draught. And yet we have had a good draught of happiness this fortnight—have we not, Miss Edna? Our coffee of life was thoroughly well-made—strong and clear, with plenty of milk in it."

"The milk of human kindness?"

"Yes; and some water too. We had only too much water on Monday night. But I beg your pardon." For Edna still turned pale, and then red, whenever there was the slightest allusion to her painful adventure; so that now all reference to it had tacitly ceased.

"I think," said Dr. Stedman, "since our friends have gained an extra day of sea-air they had better make use of it. So come away all of you down to the shore."

There they wandered for hours, as merry as children, tossing the shingle at one another, or entombing themselves in it as they sat; writing names and sentences with umbrella-sticks on the sand, or building out of it castles and moats for the incoming tide first to fill and then to wash away. Some mixture of seriousness there was; for sea-side folly has always a touch of solemnity in it; and there is but a step between the babyish pranks on the sand and the awfulness of the silent ocean beyond. But still, whatever they did, or whatever they talked about, these four were very happy. It was a day—one of those single, separate days—which stamp themselves upon the memory for years, both from their heavenly beauty, externally, and their moral atmosphere of pleasantness and peace. A day never to be forgotten in its innocent Arcadian enjoyment, to which all things seemed natural; and they themselves felt not like modern work-a-day men and women, but creatures of some perfectly ideal world—shepherds and shepherdesses of some long-past golden age.

They dined, nevertheless; upon cold mutton and suet dumplings, which was the best Mrs. Williams could provide; and they dined heartily and merrily. It might have been a little "incorrect," this bachelor entertainment to two young maiden ladies. In midst of the meal a grave doubt of this struck Edna; but it was a merry meal for all that, with not one bit of sentiment about it, or regret that it was the first and last. For still, with all their mutual friendliness, the sisters withheld their address, and the brothers were too courteous to ask for it.

Suddenly, in midst of the gayety, Dr. Stedman said, "It is nearly three. Your carriage will be at the door in five minutes." And for that five minutes every body was rather silent.

Edna sat at the window, taking a farewell look at the beautiful sea; and Dr. Stedman came and looked at it with her.

"You are better now than in the morning, I hope?"

"Yes, the salt air always does me good."

"It will be very late before you reach home to-night. Are you afraid?"

"Oh no."

"You seem afraid of nothing."

"Not of many things—outside things. Why should I be? And it would do no good. I am not like a carefully-guarded young lady; I am a poor schoolmistress, who, whether she likes it or not, must face the world."

"Do you find that very hard?"

"Sometimes—only sometimes; for I am young and strong, and not given to despondency. It may be otherwise when I get older."

And a vague cloud came over Edna as she spoke; a fear that it not only might but would be thus; that the days would come when her strength would fail, and her courage sink, beaten down; when she would be dull, weary, lonely, and old.

"Are you afraid of growing old?" said Dr. Stedman again. "I am—a little."

"Why should you be?" said Edna, forgetting the question in the confession, and turning to look inquiringly at him. "Old age can have no terrors for you. A man is so different from a woman."

"He is—horribly different—in some things. Miss Edna—I would give the whole world if I were more like you."

These words, spoken in a tone that seemed at once appealing, apologizing—nay, almost caressing, so low and soft was it, quivered through Edna from head to foot. But before she had time to answer, or think of answering, the post-chaise was at the door—a goodly equipage—all in its bridal splendor—white favors and all.

Letty jumped up in delight. "Oh, how nice! We shall get to Ryde so comfortably. And think of our starting from the very door. So kind of you to order it, Dr. Stedman. It is almost as good as if we had our own carriage. Ah, Edna! shall we ever have our own carriage?"

"Possibly—I should say not improbably," said Dr. Stedman, dryly, as he handed the beautiful woman, with careful courtesy, to the chaise, which she seemed to step into as if she were born to a carriage.

Julius hung back, and made his adieux with a cynical air.

"Mrs. Williams thinks the white favors a lucky omen, Miss Kenderdine. She hopes to see one or both of you two young ladies back again ere long—in a similar equipage. I trust the owner may be a duke at least."

"Eh?" said Letty, not comprehending, but smiling still.

"Mrs. Williams says, next time you come here, she hopes it will be in your own carriage, and married to some rich gentleman—possibly a duke."

Letty bridled. "Oh, Mr. Stedman, you are so funny! Good-by!"

So they parted—all four with the smile on their lips, shaking hands cordially, and keeping up their jests even to the last moment; expressing all manner of mutual good wishes, but not a hint or hope of future meetings. They parted—as completely as two ships that had crossed one another's track in the mid-ocean—paused alongside for a short space of kindly greeting—then divided, steadily and finally, to sail on round the world their several and opposite ways.

Edna knew it must be thus—that it was best it should be. Some instinct, forestalling experience, warned her of the fact—proved fatally by how many wrecked lives!—that men ought to be nothing to women, and women nothing to men, except in the merest ordinary friendship—unless they are either akin by blood, or deliberately choose one another in love and marriage: that all so-called "Platonic attachments," sentimental compromises which try to steer clear of both, and institute pseudo-relations which nature never meant, almost always end in misery—blameless, but still heart-deep, life-long misery. Edna wished to avoid every thing of the kind—for both herself and her sister. Nothing had happened; nobody had proposed to Letty, and she was thankful thus peacefully, friendly, and kindly to close all associations with the Stedmans.

Yes, they had parted just as (she said this to herself again and again during the long drive)—just as she most desired them all to part—like ships on the ocean, never to sail in company again. Still, she felt that for some days to come her own little vessel would sail rather drearily, and flap its canvas idly in the breeze, scarcely noticing whether or not there was sunshine on the sea, which looked so limitless, and yet which she must cross—and cross alone.

"I wonder," she thought to herself, "which of us will grow old the fastest or live the longest—Dr. Stedman or I?"

KID GLOVES.

IT will be many years before we reach in this country the manufacture of ladies' gloves of the best quality, inasmuch as the industry—accomplished chiefly by hand—is quite varied and minute, and belongs for the most part to a population highly concentrated in numbers.

In ascending the mountains of Europe one discovers that the flocks of goats are maintained during the Alpine summer at elevations not far short of the snow line, where they browse, eating what no other animals would subsist on—the tops of mountain shrubs and herbs. As the cold season advances they are driven gradually toward the plains; but the goat is not bred in districts which carry sheep. We have seen a flock of about three hundred goats on the eastern slope of the Alps, assembled near one of the wild passes, for the purpose of being salted by their attendant, who with others was also engaged in milking them. The average yield of milk from each was then about a quart per day, the young kids having been separated from the dams. Their milk and flesh, as articles of food, constitute a far greater object in raising them than do the skins, which are, however, carefully secured and preserved. The cheese manufactured in the Alps from goats' milk, separately, or combined with milk from other animals, is highly prized in all countries. Its manufacture has become an important part of the industry of the Swiss, who are obliged to attend their flocks with the utmost diligence, to see that scarcely an article of food escapes the united scrutiny. The goat ventures to reach spots inaccessible to the foot of man, but although firm-footed, active, and careful, is sometimes dashed to pieces in the vain attempt to obtain

a mere shrub or herb growing on some slight shelf amidst the steep acclivities of the mountains. In addition to the collection of goats into flocks, large and small, these animals are kept singly by the poor in many parts of Europe for their milk, for which object the very minute division of lands in France is favorable. Those who can not maintain a cow will, of course, be very glad to keep a goat, and as the owner generally occupies a very humble position, he will be compelled to look to all the purposes to which the animal may be applied. Its produce in the shape of a kid is valuable for its flesh and its skin; its hair is used with wool to make certain descriptions of dress-goods, and its horns are converted into the handles of knives.

The skins of the young kid, after being roughly dried in the sun and air, are sold to peddlers who go about from place to place gathering them, in order that the latter may in turn sell them to dealers in the principal towns adjacent to the mountain ranges. These peddlers commence this work in Italy as early as March in each year, and proceed northward as far almost as the Baltic, as the season advances and the young kids reach their required maturity. The most important point for obtaining skins in Italy is Naples. Leipsic, in Germany, is also one of the considerable markets. The extent of the trade may be inferred from the fact that a single manufacturer of gloves in Paris makes about six hundred thousand pairs annually. He leaves no market in Europe unexplored to obtain the best material for the manufacture of gloves. The price of skins—such is the growing demand—has advanced nearly fifty per cent. in the last five or six years.

The process of cleansing the inner portion of the skin from fleshy impurities, of reducing the thickness when necessary by paring or scraping, and of removing the hair after it has been soaked in a solution of lime and water or otherwise prepared, is very much the same as with other light skins. After expelling the lime which has already performed its service, the skin is converted into soft leather for gloves by subjecting it to a solution chiefly of alum and salt. The skins, immersed in this emulsion, are trampled upon with bare feet until they become thoroughly impregnated with the liquid. They are dried, and also rubbed and stretched to make them smooth and supple, and portions are bleached—the object of these several processes being to render them incapable of the decomposition to which they are liable in their natural state, and to make the leather soft, pliable, and partially impervious to water.

Some of the manufacturers in France perform this work, as well as that of dyeing, in their own establishments, so as to be certain to command a large trade, but others buy the skins already prepared.

For the purpose of coloring, the liquid dye is made in a kind of tub, attached to which is a sloping rest composed of wood, on which the leather—for such it has become—is fastened so as to permit the ready application of the dye to its outer surface by smearing, which is done by the hand, with the aid of a brush. If it were immersed, the inner portion of the glove would receive the dye as well as the outer, and stain the hand. The best leather is that dyed black, or of some other dark color, as only those skins are used for these colors which are free from imperfections on the surface. The dye does not penetrate beyond the mere exterior, and such imperfections as become visible when the glove is stretched—in the nature of a slight opening—are more obvious when the color is dark, and hence skins of poorer texture are used for white kids, which are known to be more flexible than others. The number of shades communicated in dyeing these leathers is about two hundred, gloves of any one of which will be furnished to a large customer who sends his orders in advance of their manufacture. Nearly all the diversity in the colors of flowers and plumage of which we know is presented, to afford gratification to the sense of pleasure occasioned to the wearer by their appropriation and display.

Large dealers in gloves usually keep on hand a book of sample colors, in which small pieces of colored leather are arranged in the order in which the respective shades vary, each being numbered so as to correspond with a like book retained by the manufacturer, to which reference is made in giving and filling orders.

The leather thus tanned and dyed is cut up into small rectangular pieces, and then stretched to the length and width of the proposed glove—the process being accomplished by holding each extremity of it in the hand and straining the piece gradually over a metallic edging fashioned for the purpose. A small metallic plate, furnished with sharp points arranged according to the shape of the hand, is then pressed on the leather, so that the latter may be cut into the shape and of the size which the points indicate. The person who does this—or some other if the business is on a large scale—follows with his scissors the slight indentations in the leather, which show the line for each finger and the position of the thumb. Others are engaged in cutting out thumbs, and still others in fashioning the gores, portions of which are cut out of the small pieces which remain when the chief parts of the glove are formed. There are ten different sizes for ladies' gloves—5¾, 6, 6¼, 6½, 6¾, 7, 7¼, 7½, 7¾, and 8; thirteen for gentlemen—7½, 7¾, 8, 8¼, 8½, 8¾, 9, 9¼, 9½, 9¾, 10, 10½, and 11; and seven for misses—5, 5¼, 5½, 5¾, 6, 6¼, and 6½. The numbers in each class indicate a different size, those of gentlemen being longer in the fingers and higher in the wrists than are those of ladies of like numbers, though they are alike in width, and the misses' gloves are narrower than either. Each of these sizes is cut in the manner above-mentioned by the points of a corresponding plate. Great care is exercised in securing uniformity of shade and texture in the various parts of a pair of gloves,

although close scrutiny sometimes shows the wearer a slight difference.

The gloves being cut and all the parts supplied except the button or other fastening, or some ornament, they are tied together in bundles of a dozen each, and distributed over Paris and adjacent convenient towns for the purpose of being sewed. The families that do the sewing have scarcely any other industry, except that which appertains to their own households, or, if in the country, to their rural establishments, and occupy the intervals when not otherwise employed in these duties in sewing gloves. The amount paid for each pair—which is only about ten cents—would scarcely maintain those who devoted themselves exclusively to the work. The sewing is generally done by hand, but the parts to be united are held in a metallic clamp, the edges of which are regularly notched as a guide for the needle; and so accustomed do the women become to their work that, although the notch is very slight, they are able to reach it with the point of the needle with such accuracy as to give to the stitch the appearance of having been made with machinery, and this without keeping the eyes upon the work. Each stitch is now held with a knot to prevent ripping—a fault until recently common to gloves.

Our space does not permit an account of each process of manufacture, including the addition of buttons, fastenings, ornaments, etc., up to the collection of the finished gloves into bundles of a dozen each, ready for market when placed in paper boxes; for all this may easily be supposed. We have presented enough of this branch of industry to show what are its general features, and the great probability that our own country will not engage in it extensively, as long as it is conducted by hand-labor, until the more obvious channels of industry become choked up with a redundant population, when people will be driven to the tops of mountains and to every species of labor to obtain their livelihood. The belle of another generation may, perhaps, adorn her hand with elegant gloves sewed in our own inland cities, from leather prepared and dyed in our own establishments, made of skins obtained here from kids which displayed their first antics on the Alleghanies or on the ranges of our now incipient Switzerland.

LENT.

THE onward march of time has carried us, in the revolution of the ecclesiastical year, from Advent, its beginning, through the gentle and joyous tide of Christmas and the holidays, to another period, when the scene changes, and a shadow obscures the hitherto bright aspect of the Church year. It is the Lenten season.

The annual time of the observation of this season turns always upon the day of the year on which Easter falls. Easter is a movable feast, and the time of its recurrence depends upon the moon. In the early Church there was a great controversy upon the subject. At the Council of Nice, however, A. D. 325, the question was definitely settled. Since then the rule for finding the day upon which Easter should be kept has been this: "Easter-day, on which the rest of the movable feasts depend, is always the first Sunday after the full moon which happens upon or next after the 21st day of March; and if the full moon happen upon a Sunday, Easter-day is the Sunday after." The following Sunday, or the Octave of Easter—the Octaves of all feasts being their complements—is known as Low-Sunday. Every Sunday is an Easter, but only Easter-day is High-Easter, all other Sundays being Low-Easters, and the first Sunday after High-Easter being, for evident reasons, especially denoted Low-Sunday. In early times it was also called Alb-Sunday.

Easter-day this year falls upon the 12th of April, and Low-Sunday, consequently, upon the 19th. If we count back—remembering that this is leap-year—seventy days from Low-Sunday, we come to February 8—Septuagesima Sunday. With this Sunday begins pre-Lent, which extends to Ash-Wednesday. It is the time of preparation for Lent, and has been finely described by Bishop Coxe as the "*penumbra*" of the shadow of the great fast approaching. The year begins to darken. Soon the shadow will come.

The second Sunday in pre-Lent is styled, in round numbers, Sexagesima, and the third, Quinquagesima Sunday. The last day of pre-Lent is Shrove-Tuesday, the next day being Ash-Wednesday, the commencement of the true Lenten season, when, the penumbra having passed, the shadow of the fast falls upon the year.

The last Monday in pre-Lent was called by our Anglo-Saxon ancestors Collop-Monday, because, says Hone, "it was the last day of flesh-eating before Lent, and our forefathers cut their fresh meat into collops, or steaks, for salting and hanging up until Lent was over." Polydore Virgil says of this season "that it sprang from the feasts of Bacchus, which were formerly celebrated in Rome at the same period." Collop-Monday, therefore, may be only an adaptation from the heathen. In confirmation it may be added that at this period the Eton boys write verses to Bacchus. The Roman Church probably adapted many customs from heathendom.

The next day is Shrove-Tuesday. This day was also marked in the olden time by odd customs. Popularly it was called Pancake-day; for it was the custom to eat pancakes at that time. In some places in England the curfew was rung at Shrove-tide, even after it had fallen into disuse generally. But pancakes were the feature of the day. Shrove-Tuesday derives its name from *shrive;* devout Romanists always taking care to get shrived on that day, in order that they might communicate early in Lent.

The close of pre-Lent is especially noted as the time of High Carnival. The word comes from *carnis* and *vale*—"farewell to flesh"—the Roman Church requiring abstinence from flesh and carnal amusements during Lent. Hence in Rome, where the Carnival is only seen in full perfection, there is a very general surrender to pleasure and enjoyment of every kind, as if in some degree to balance the approaching season of quiet and deprivation. Strictly the Carnival begins at Twelfth-day; but only the latter days of it are termed High Carnival, when the public festivities take place. "Formerly," says Lady Morgan, "they commenced with an execution, a criminal being reserved for the purpose. But this custom, to his great honor, Cardinal Gonsalvi abolished. The Carnival holds out some most favorable traits of the actual condition of the Italians; for if the young and profligate abuse its days of indulgence, a large portion of the middle and inferior classes are exhibited to public observation in the touching and respectable aspect of domestic alliance and family enjoyment, which, under all laws, all religions, and all governments, those classes best preserve. A group of three generations frequently presents itself, crowded in an open carriage, or ranged on hired chairs along the Corso, or towering emulously one above the other in galleries erected near the starting-post of the course, taking no other part in the brilliant tumult than as the delighted spectators of a most singular and amusing scene. For several days before the beginning of these festivities 'the city of the dead' exhibits the agitation, bustle, and hurry of the living. The shops are converted into wardrobes; whole streets are lined with masks and dominos, the robes of sultans, and jackets of pantaloons; canopies are suspended, balconies and windows festooned with hangings and tapestry; and scaffolds are erected for the accommodation of those who have not the interest to obtain admission to the houses and palaces along the whole line of the Corso. At the sound of the cannon—which, fired from the grand Piazza di Venezia, each day announces the commencement of the amusements—shops are closed, palaces deserted, and the Corso's long and narrow defile teems with nearly the whole of the Roman population. The scene then exhibited is truly singular, and, for the first day or two, infinitely amusing. The whole length of the street, from the Porta del Popolo to the foot of the Capitol, a distance of considerably more than a mile, is patrolled by troops of cavalry. The windows and balconies are crowded from the first to the sixth story by spectators and actors, who from time to time descend and take their places and parts in the procession of carriages, or among the maskers on foot. Here and there the monk's crown and cardinal's red skull-cap are seen peeping among the heads not more fantastic than their own. The chairs and scaffolding along the sides of the streets are filled to crushing with maskers and country folk in their gala dresses, by far the most grotesque that the Carnival produces. The centre of the Corso is occupied by the carriages of princes, potentates, the embassadors of all nations, and the municipality of Rome; and the two lines of carriages, moving in opposite directions on each side, are filled by English peers, Irish commoners, Polish counts, Spanish grandees, German barons, Scotch lairds, and French marquises; but, above all, by the hired jobs of the *badauds* and *pizzicaroli* of Rome. These form not the least interesting and curious part of the procession, and best represent the Carnival as it existed a century back. In an open carriage sits bolt upright *la signora padrona*, or mistress of the family, her neck covered with rows of coral, pearl, or false gems; her white satin robe and gaudy head-dress left to the 'pitiless pelting of the storm,' showered indiscriminately from all the houses, and by the pedestrians, on the occupants of carriages, in the form of sugar-plums, but in the substance of plaster of Paris or lime. Opposite to her sits her *caro sposo*, or husband, dressed as a grand sultan or Muscovite czar; while all the little *signorini* of the family, male and female, habited as harlequins, columbines, and kings and queens, are crammed into the carriage; even the coachman is supplied with a dress, and appears in the character of an elderly lady, or an Arcadian shepherdess; and the footman takes the guise of an English miss, or a French court lady, and figures in a spencer and short petticoat, or accoutred with a hoop and a fan, salutes the passers-by with 'Buon giour, messieurs.' At the Ave Maria, or fall of day, the cannon again fire as a signal to clear the street for the horse course. All noise then ceases; the carriages file off by the nearest avenue; their owners scramble to their windows, balconies, chairs, or scaffolds; while pedestrians that have no such resources, driven by the soldiery from the open street, are crowded on the foot-ways to suffocation. But no terror, no discipline, can restrain their ardor to see the first starting of the horses. A temporary barrier, erected near the Porta del Popolo, is the point from which the race commences; another, on the Piazza di Venezia, is the termination of the course. The horses are small and of little value. They have no rider, but are placed each in a stall behind a rope, which is dropped as soon as the moment for starting arrives, when the animals seldom require to be set in motion by force. A number of tin-foil and paper flags are stuck over their haunches; small pointed bodies are placed to operate as a spur; and the noise and the pain of these decorations serve to put the horse on his full speed, to which it is further urged by the shouting of the populace. At the sound of the trumpet, the signal for starting, even at the approach of the officer who gives the order, the animals exhibit their impatience to be off, and they continue their race, or rather their flight, amidst the screams, plaudits, and vivats of the people of all ranks. This

scene forms the last act of each day's spectacle, when every one is obliged to quit his Carnival habit; for it is only on one or two particular evenings that there is a masked ball at the *Aliberti.*"

At the grand balls which are held on Shrove-Tuesday night a singular spectacle may be witnessed. Whatever may be occurring—in the midst of the gayest festivity, the wildest dancing, the most enthusiastic revelry, the instant the clock strikes twelve the scene changes. Every eye falls, seriousness resumes its sway, and solemnity takes the place of joy. Lent has come. The crowds disperse, quiet returns, and devotional feeling, if not sadness, rules the hour. It is the same all over Italy; but of course it is more marked in the large cities. The sudden change in manner and feeling reminds us of the scene in the "Gerusalem Delivered," where the Crusaders, inspired with delight at the first sight of the Holy City, suddenly think of the Crucifixion, and are overcome by contrition and shed tears of reverence.

The Carnival is celebrated in most countries where the Romanist religion predominates. Rome, however, is its home; there it is seen in perfection. Here the Carnival is observed only in New Orleans. Neither is it celebrated in England, nor in Protestant Germany. It does not seem to be akin to the Saxon character.

Pre-Lent terminates with Shrove-Tuesday; and henceforth the festivities of the year are abandoned until Easter-tide allows their resumption. The mode in which the Sundays of pre-Lent are numbered is peculiar and, as it may be said to contain a moral, interesting. "It is the way of the world," says Bishop Coxe, "to reckon advancing time by addition; but the Church now gives us seventy days, and gently hints to us how life is going as she bids us daily to *subtract* one, that so we may number our days and apply our hearts unto wisdom. In these seventy days — from Septuagesima to Easter—we see a striking emblem of our threescore and ten years, a model of our Christian life, its varied progress to the Resurrection." The thought is not less poetical than true, and should give rise to reflection.

Ash-Wednesday is the first day of the actual Lenten season. This year it occurs upon the 25th of February. The whole season extends to the close of Easter-even, comprehending forty days, exclusive of the Sundays which fall within that period, as all Sundays are feasts, and therefore can form no part of Lent. There is a difference of opinion as to whether the fast of Lent anciently lasted during forty days or forty hours. But it must be admitted that for centuries the forty *day* rule has been practically in the ascendant.

A peculiar import appears always to have attached in the East to the number Forty. Among the Persians it is often used to express a large number, or an indefinite sum. In the Scriptures perhaps it is only second to the sacred number Seven in the frequency of its use. When men lived long upon the earth, forty seems to have formed an epoch in existence. It was the usual age at which to marry, or to undertake any great work. Thus Isaac and Esau took to themselves wives at forty; and Moses was forty years old when he visited his own nation. Forty years, too, Israel "walked in the wilderness;" and forty years the "land had rest." Further, twice Moses was forty days on the mount; forty days Goliath "presented" himself in the valley of Elah, to "defy the armies of the living God;" forty days did Elijah go "in the strength" of a single cake; forty days was Christ "tempted of the devil;" and forty days did He converse with his disciples after the resurrection. More instances of the use of the word might be given.

The only fast mentioned in the Mosaic law is that very solemn one which was appointed to be held upon the great day of atonement, the 10th of Tisri (September), on which occasion the people were "to afflict their souls." This fast was adopted by the early or primitive Church, and, very naturally, was placed at the anniversary of the atonement of Christ. This always took place in the spring. Hence the Saxons called it the *Leng*, *Lent*, or spring fast. The early Christians believed in fasting, because our Saviour had said—in reply to the objection urged by the disciples of John, "Why do we and the Pharisees fast oft" (the Jews, after the return from Babylon, introduced many fasts unknown to the law), "but thy disciples fast not?—Can the children of the bride-chamber mourn as long as the bridegroom is with them? But the days will come when the bridegroom will be taken away from them, and *then shall they fast.*" "Accordingly," says the Vicar Hook, "in the first instance they began the solemn period of their annual fast on the afternoon of the day on which they commemorated the crucifixion, and continued it until the morning of that of the resurrection. The whole interval would thus be about forty hours. But by degrees this institution suffered a considerable change; different, however, at different times and places. From the forty hours or the two days originally observed, it was extended to other additional days, but with great variety in their number, according to the judgment of the various Churches. Some fasted three days in the week before Easter, some four, and others six. A little after some extended the fast to three weeks, some to six weeks, and others to portions of seven weeks. Finally the time was fixed at forty days," extending from Ash-Wednesday to Easter, excluding the Sundays.

The Greek Church has always kept four Lents, distributed quarterly throughout the year. They observe these Lents or fasts with great strictness. Indeed, if fasts are to be observed at all, they ought to be with some austerity; for merely a change from one kind of food to another can hardly be called a fast. The old Mosaic fast was to "afflict the soul."

The rules for keeping Lent are rigid both

in the Roman and Greek Churches. Marriage during the season is not tolerated; and abstinence from flesh, all carnalities, and festivities is required. Dispensations, for certain reasons, however, are frequently granted to those who may be in a position to obtain them. But the rules of the Church are not generally adhered to. It is true, some who are ascetically inclined absolutely fast the whole forty days, while others only abstain from certain articles of diet, as meat, eggs, etc.; but the majority content themselves with doing without flesh on Wednesdays and Fridays. All are more devotional during this period. Temperament has much to do with it. People are differently constituted; as they are constituted so they act in the affairs of religion as well as of the world.

Severe penances are often prescribed by the Roman priests in Lent. The souls and bodies of the faithful are sometimes truly "afflicted." In the Middle Ages quite odd penances were at times inflicted. "On the 8th of March, 1555," says John Strype, "while a doctor preached at St. Paul's Cross, a man did penance for transgressing Lent, holding two pigs, ready drest, whereof one was upon his head, having *bought them to sell.*" Hardyng's Chronicle gives an earlier and more interesting example of a penance. "Before St. Paul's Cross, in 1483, was brought, divested of all splendor, Jane Shore, the charitable, merry companion of Edward IV., and after his death of his favorite, the unfortunate Lord Hastings. After the loss of her protectors she fell a victim to the malice of Richard III. He was disappointed of convicting her of witchcraft, and confederating with her lover to destroy him. He then attacked her on the side of frailty. This was undeniable. He consigned her to the severity of the Church. She was carried to the Bishop's palace, clothed in a white sheet, with a taper in her hand, and from thence conducted to the cathedral and the cross, before which she made confession of her only fault." Poor Jane bore the mortification with commendable resignation and humility. Her penance will recall that of the Duchess of Gloster, described by Shakspeare in the Second Part of Henry VI.

By the Anglican Church, and other Episcopal Churches affiliated with it, Lent is observed in a modified way. Moderate abstinence in the use of food is recommended, and an intermission of gayety and pleasure, that more time may be devoted to religious reflection, to contemplation, and to more extended public devotions—the churches being constantly open for the latter purpose. The Lenten season is always productive of much good, of much religious development. As Advent is considered the "former," so Lent is regarded as the "latter rain." The fruits must depend in a degree upon the husbandry.

Throughout pre-Lent and Lent proper the services of those Churches which have service-books are adapted to the season, and are of a steadily-increasing solemn character. These services are quite ancient, little if any thing new having been added since the primitive days of Christianity. Nearly all Churches except the Roman use their respective vernaculars; the latter has ever adhered to the Latin tongue.

The Lenten season runs six weeks and a half; and though the Sundays form no part of the season, yet they are affected by the shadow which then is passing over the ecclesiastical year. This is evident from their respective services.

Ash-Wednesday, the first day of Lent, sometimes called Pulver-day, derives its name from the custom which early prevailed at Rome of the priests blessing and incensing ashes made from palms which had been blessed the previous year and laid up for the purpose, and putting them upon the heads of the people, to remind them that they are but ashes, and to dust and ashes must return. Penitents at the same time put on sackcloth. To scatter ashes upon the head and wear sackcloth was, among the Orientals, anciently, an ordinary way of giving external expression to grief. It was also considered a sign of contrition. Examples of the habit might be adduced from various parts of Scripture. Henry VIII. directed the custom to be continued in England after he had assumed the civil headship of the Anglican Church. In England Ash-Wednesday is marked by the reading of the Commination Service. It is taken from a Jewish rite, and, as Mr. Brand justly remarks, is "a departure from the Christian dispensation." The custom would be more "honored in the breach than in the observance." Mr. Fosbroke says that ladies wore friars' girdles at this season. Camden relates that Sir Thomas More, "finding his lady scolding her servants, endeavored to restrain her. 'Tush, tush, my lord,' said she, 'look, here is one step to heavenward,' showing him a friar's girdle. 'I fear me,' said he, 'that that one step will not bring you one step *higher*.'" That there was virtue in dresses and bodily afflictions was generally believed in the Dark and Middle Ages. The world, however, has grown wiser, and people know now that the only really valuable "afflicting" is that of the soul. Says Herick:

> "To show a heart grief-rent,
> To starve thy sin,
> Not bin;
> And that's to keep thy Lent."

The Sundays and weeks in Lent are numbered First, Second, Third, and so on. The Fourth is mid-Lent, and in the service of that Sunday Christ is represented as a prophet. The Fifth Sunday is also called Passion-Sunday—the Passion beginning then to be described. Christ on that day is regarded in the light of a priest. The Sixth Sunday is Palm-Sunday, the anniversary of our Saviour's entrance into Jerusalem, exhibiting Himself then as a prince; thus completing His three great parts of prophet, priest, and king. Out of a desire to commemorate this triumphal entry grew the custom of bearing palms, which were blessed for

the occasion. People were enjoined to carry their palms, which were sometimes of evergreen and sometimes of willow, "discreetly."

Palm-Sunday is the first day of the last week of Lent, called Holy-Week or Long-Week—there being a particular service for every day in the week—and popularly Passion-Week. Thursday of this week is termed Maundy-Thursday, or the day of the mandate: "Do this in remembrance of me." It is followed by Good-Friday, the day of the crucifixion, when the shadow has reached its deepest phase, to remain so until dispelled by the Easter sun. In the Roman Church upon this day the *Tenebræ*, a service signifying *darkness*, is celebrated in commemoration of the darkness and other circumstances which marked the crucifixion. Fourteen yellow candles, representing the Virgin, the Apostles, and the women, are lighted. Fourteen psalms are chanted, and at the end of each one candle is extinguished. A noise is then made to represent the earthquake. After which darkness and silence reign, all being supposed to have fled. At St. Peter's, Rome, the hundred lamps on the tomb of the Apostle are put out, and an immense illuminated cross appears as if self-dependent from the great dome. The customs of the Roman Church upon all important fasts and feasts are numerous.

In England Good-Friday and Christmas are the only close holidays of the year, when the shops are all closed and the churches opened. At early dawn "hot cross-buns" are cried throughout the streets. The word is supposed to be derived from *boun*, the name of a cake made of flour and honey which the Greeks presented to their gods. The prophet Jeremiah and others speak of the custom—the former with indignation. In Ireland it was once a rule on Good-Friday to starve infants and exhibit public signs of woe. Revelations from Christ supposed to be beneficial were written down and given to the people. It is not recorded that they ever did any good. In Spain they hold obsequies, in which the death and burial of Jesus are enacted, and to which they used to add the execution of a figure of Judas. But in all countries most of these eccentric customs have waned. Generally Good-Friday is observed both in Greek, Roman, Anglican, and other Churches as a solemn day of prayer, and often of fasting. In our country the day will ever be remembered by many, in addition to its own peculiar merits, as the anniversary of the assassination of President Lincoln.

Good-Friday is succeeded by Easter-even, the last day of Lent. It is a vigil. The first Easter-even was a high Sabbath; now it is but a Saturday, upon which, in quiet and sadness, the concluding services of Lent are held. In Rome they baptize two Jews upon this day, and have other usages which we can not stay to describe. In Jerusalem the Greeks and Armenians have peculiar ceremonies at this period. It would take a volume to describe all these things, and we must draw to a close.

We have thus carried our readers cursorily through the dark days of the Lenten season. We trust this Lent has been to them fruitful of that "repentance which needs not to be repented of," and that when the shadow shall have passed away from their Christian year they will be prepared to hail joyfully the auspicious light of another Easter-morn, and that it will be to them a renewed assurance of that Great Easter which they are invoked to celebrate hereafter in heaven, where the weary are at rest, and where there is no night, no *tenebræ*, for all is joy and brightness.

THE GREAT GRUFFHAM ROBBERY.

MY last boarding-school vacation fell just about the Christmas holidays, and never was a poor little featherless chicken so glad to get back to the maternal wing and the sheltering barn-yard as was I to return to the protection of my family after six months' ostracism in a fashionable seminary for young ladies. I could tell a feeling tale of the woes of damsels turned loose in a menagerie of their own sex, and guarded by tribes of whippers-in, in the shape of stern teachers and oily professors. Manners and morals were both injured by the taint in the social atmosphere; the austere propriety preached in the school-parlors and from the *estrade* being laughed at in the dormitory, and treated with contempt on the promenade.

But the great and desired result of all this discomfort was, in my case at least, fully attained. I was a good French scholar, and I could dance well. What fashionable American mother does not feel satisfied at such a reward, no matter what the sacrifice to obtain it!

While I was at school my parents had given up housekeeping, and I found them settled in furnished apartments, which, though wanting in many domestic comforts, were more expensive and more fashionable than the pleasant home we had before inhabited.

The story below us was rented by a very gay family, with four romping, pretty girls, just let loose upon society, their heads full of dress and lovers, and their tongues glib with small-talk and repartee. My parents and I were the occupants of the floor above—the pleasantest in the house, and decidedly the most tranquil in its internal arrangements.

On the third floor, however, dwelt the cynosure of every eye — no other than the elegant, the charming, the immensely rich George Gruffham; the admiration, as I soon discovered, of the four Misses Fox down stairs, and the goal of all the hopes of the many anxious mammas in his extensive circle. For Georgie Gruffham was indeed an unexceptionable match in every particular. He was young, to be sure, and somewhat green for a boy brought up in a great city; but such faults are sure to mend; and in compensation fate had gifted him in the

present with good looks, a large fortune, and an honest, truth-loving nature.

There was, however, a drawback to the advantages of this *bon parti*. Happily for him, perhaps, and unhappily for the four Misses Fox, an aunt, ancient and weazen, watched over this precious nephew, and boldly defended both him and his fortune from the attacks of the unscrupulous. This old lady, Miss Matilda Gruffham, was indeed a terror to evil-doers, and an admirable watch-dog, ready to take alarm on the slightest provocation. She knew the world thoroughly, its wickedness and its follies. So much of her time, indeed, had been spent in acquiring this information that the ordinary rudiments of education had been almost entirely neglected. This would have been nothing wonderful had Miss Gruffham's circle been of a different order, but as she belonged both by birth and association to the best class of society, her peculiarities of diction were more striking and ludicrous.

My mother was already on intimate terms with this lady when I returned from school; I found myself, therefore, entirely at home when surrounded by the Foxes and Gruffhams, and was quite willing to interest myself in their little concerns.

One thing was evident: George Gruffham was in a state of siege, the youngest Miss Fox having made several very successful attempts on his young affections, and being prepared, in spite of his watchful aunt, to win and carry off the prize.

Susie Fox, though pretty, and not positively obnoxious, was decidedly fast, so I was not at all surprised that Miss Gruffham was ready to do battle with the invader of her territory, and that she seized upon me as a useful auxiliary. I was younger than Miss Fox; and though (I am sorry to confess it) hopelessly plain, yet I might succeed for a time in making a diversion from the first to the second story, and prevent George from getting entangled with a decidedly uncomfortable connection. Miss Gruffham was not slow to pour into my ear all the troubles that came bubbling up to her lips. "My dear," said the old lady, with her usual recklessness of illustration, "I do assure you I have made a perfect Lazarus of myself worrying over Georgie and his affairs! If Susie Fox once gets on the deaf side of him, it's no knowing at all what the end of it will be. Do make a paragon of yourself, my dear, and cut off that detestable girl; with her jokes, and screams, and tomahawks, she drives me beyond the bounds of nature!"

"Why don't you move away, Miss Gruffham?" said I, endeavoring to subdue my mirth to a modest smile. "The Foxes have taken their rooms for another year, and the power of numbers is certainly against you."

Miss Matilda sighed. "We have taken our rooms, too," said she, "for the same period; and our furniture is so careworn already, with being dragged about the streets, that I think it hardly advisable to set it going again. If Georgie would only not marry Miss Fox I could be willing to stay here all my life, for I never shall find so much commodity again, I know. My dear," she said, after a pause, "I wish you would play the piano continuously; George is fond of music, and I think, as the Foxes don't like it, he would naturally prefer you on that account. Pray don't fail, my dear; it may do a world of good, and I shall be forever your creditor!"

The enviable position awarded me by Miss Matilda was decidedly not to my taste. Although I could perfectly appreciate her sentiments as regarded the Foxes, I did not care to enact the part of decoy selected for me, particularly as I could see that my want of personal attraction rendered me in her eyes a perfectly safe person—and who, at the age of eighteen, wishes to be considered perfectly safe where a handsome young man is concerned?

George Gruffham and I, therefore, would have shunned each other, but for a little circumstance that took place a few days after my arrival. He was making an evening call in our parlor, and though I had to admit that he was very agreeable, I could not make up my mind to be civil to him, and he was therefore having a very dull time of it indeed, when a cry of fire in the street brought us to the windows. It was late in the evening, and all were in bed in the house except the Foxes, who, discovering that George was up in our parlor, did not hesitate to make this disturbance an excuse to invade it.

Just at this moment a fearful shriek from the third story arrested our attention. I rushed out, and beheld a vision that never can be altogether blotted from my memory. Miss Matilda Gruffham stood on the top of the stairs, wigless and toothless, her bald head shining in the gas-light, and her dress a combination of that of a ballet-dancer and an old man, George Gruffham's great-coat wrapping her shoulders, and giving her a weird and unnatural appearance. My young visitor was after me in a moment, and no doubt the terrified Miss Matilda would have been betrayed to the merciless ridicule of Molly and Susie Fox, had my presence of mind not come to my aid. I took George Gruffham by the arm, and pushing him back into the parlor, where the young ladies were still standing, I flew up to the third story and conveyed Miss Gruffham, who was almost convulsed with terror, back to her vacated apartment.

After this Georgie Gruffham and I became very good friends. He was horribly afraid of ridicule, and as I was the only one of his young lady acquaintances who had ever endeavored to save his feelings on the subject of his aunt's peculiarities, his gratitude knew no bounds. He was too affectionate and too true-hearted not to love and respect her for her good qualities; but her oddities made him wince, and rendered him morbid to a fearful degree.

In this respect Susie Fox had not played her cards very cleverly; the love of fun was too

strong to allow her to be discreet, and she would often forget that the influence of both youth and fascination may be ignored where the pride has been hurt or the affection wounded.

It was about this time that Miss Matilda made me the confidant of a secret. George would be nineteen in a few days, and by way of solemnizing this important event Miss Gruffham had determined to present him with a gift suitable in her eyes to the occasion. Never very lavish as to the expenditure of money, she had some difficulty in selecting an article which would be showy, and yet not expensive. The result was a signet-ring, of immense size, hideous in shape, and of very moderate worth, but in the eyes of the giver it was a jewel fit for a monarch to bestow or to accept.

I felt sorry for George Gruffham when I saw to what the Fates had doomed him in his first article of jewelry, but I did not realize that a young man's taste in ornament at his early age is unformed, and had it not been for the hardly-veiled sarcasms of the Misses Fox, I doubt whether my young friend would have understood the bad taste of the selection. He wore it, however, as in duty bound, and treated the gift with the distinction that in the eyes of the old lady it was worthy to receive.

But this was not our only excitement. Susie Fox suddenly conceived the idea of giving a birthnight party to Georgie; and after going around and canvassing the amiability of the household as to the relinquishment of our parlors for the evening, the plan, with many hitches, progressed to its fulfillment. None of the Foxes were in the least diffident in asking for any thing they wanted, and, like many other people with the same assurance, they succeeded wonderfully in gaining their ends. My mother, with some reluctance, agreed to lend her parlor for the supper-room, and even Miss Matilda Gruffham promised to let George's chamber be turned into a dressing-room for the guests, induced thereto by Miss Susie's blandishments.

"Think of that old cat giving up the room," said the same young lady to me. "I never believed she would do it; even George said he thought it was doubtful."

"George did not want it himself," said I, flinging a Parthian arrow into Miss Susie's camp. "He says parties in boarding-houses are vulgar affairs at best."

"Did he though?" said the damsel, looking annoyed for a moment; "the ungrateful scamp, when it's all in his honor I'm giving it! I've a great desire to give him a piece of my mind on the subject! No matter," said she, brightening up in an instant, "I shall have the party all the same, only I'll find a way to pay him off for that speech! Upon my word I will, so you needn't laugh!"

The party came off eventually with much *éclat*. George was the hero of the occasion, and, arrayed in what his aunt Matilda called a *sparrow-tailed* coat, with his hands encased in lavender gloves, he led the Misses Fox one after another through the mazes of the dance. Susie was looking her very prettiest, and was of course the belle of the evening. Early, before any one came, she took me through the apartments and showed how cleverly she had contrived to make the most of every corner. Last of all we went together to George Gruffham's room, which had been arranged as a lady's dressing-room, and surveyed the transformation that had been effected. Susie, standing before the glass, gazed at her pretty face with satisfaction; while I, in the back part of the room, waited for her to get through with as much patience as I could command.

"He seems to have only just gone out of here himself," said I; "there are his gloves on the table, and his handkerchief."

"Yes, and upon my word—" said the young lady, and then relapsed suddenly into silence.

"Upon your word what?" said I, too much used to the expression from her lips to be much excited thereby.

"Well, just come here," said Susie, "and let us measure by this glass. Upon my word I shouldn't wonder if I were taller than you after all!"

As this was a moot-point between us I prepared to do battle for my inches, and after much turning and comparing the difference was settled in my favor. The voice of Miss Gruffham now summoned us from our interesting discussion, and we descended to the parlor to await the other guests.

Miss Gruffham was by no means inclined to look at things with delighted eyes. She and my mother were the only guests invited not of a very immature age, and this politeness would have been omitted had there been a possibility of avoiding it.

"Really, my dear," said Miss Gruffham to me, confidentially, "I feel quite decomposed in this atmosphere of young people; old-fashioned persons have no situation in a party of this kind; and but for the supper, and my having no room to speak of up stairs, I think I should resign at once!"

"By no means, Miss Gruffham," said I; "what would mamma do without you among these girls and boys? You must stay to keep her company."

"Yes, and the supper," said Miss Gruffham, with a sigh; "after all the expense of dressing myself like the Grand Mufti, I think I have at least earned my chicken salad! How well you look, my dear," added the old lady, after a moment's glance at my pink dress; "neat as a paper of pins, I declare! Now it's true Susie Fox can beat you in style, for she's a beauty, for all her impudence; but for looking like a lady, you upset the whole family—father, mother, and all!"

After this modified compliment to my merits I took the floor again, and left Miss Gruffham to find a new listener to her discourse.

Such women as she, very rich, very plain-spoken, are generally looked upon as scourges

in society; but they frequently do much good, as strong bitters sometimes prove the most successful tonic. The manner in which she took foolish old Mrs. Fox to task for her mismanagement of her daughters was no doubt disagreeable in itself, but salutary; also the style in which she lashed Miss Susie herself for the freedom of her manners to gentlemen.

"Horrors of war!" said she quite loudly to that young lady, after seeing her go through a very fast *galop*, "if you were *my* daughter I would never let you dance again, if you begged me on your hands and knees; and if George ever marries a woman that flirts like you, I'll see him a beggar on horseback before I'll as much as give him a good-day!"

Such was her dictum, and Miss Susie violated the proprieties no more that evening.

The party, however, was a decided success. Half the people invited kindly staid at home, leaving the rest space to enjoy themselves, and George Gruffham and I, whose first party it had been, declared that the Lancers, even on a boarding-house carpet, was a thing not to be despised by the young and agile. The next morning I slept soundly; the dreams after my unaccustomed gayety were sweet, and it is impossible to say how long they might have lasted had not a horrible uproar in the house startled me suddenly from my slumbers. The sound I caught first was the voice of Miss Gruffham, raised to its loudest pitch, and running the gamut from the high C to the lowest contralto tones. Then afterward, somewhat in the style of antiphonal chanting, responded the housekeeper and three Irish servants in angry and doleful chorus. I could not at first make out the cause of the racket, but that a robbery of some dreadful sort had been committed in Miss Gruffham's region of the house was quite evident from the constant repetition of the words "burglary," "larceny," and "felony," which that lady flung about her with perfect recklessness of propriety. Presently was heard the sound of a policeman's tramp below, and Miss Matilda requested him to come up immediately to the attic and search the servants' trunks. At this the man seemed to demur, and the three Hibernian damsels set up a howl of rage and despair that filled the establishment with consternation. Never before did I hear such unearthly yells, and I was positively terrified.

Just at this moment my mother came in and relieved my mind as to the cause of the tumult. George Gruffham's signet-ring had been stolen, taken the evening before off the mantle-piece where he had left it when dressing for the party; he had missed it before the guests arrived, and had searched every corner of his room, but in vain. Knowing the excitement the loss would cause, he had kept it secret till the morning, when the storm had broken in full force over the astounded household. It is needless to say that our lives were a burden to us for the ensuing week. Not only was the ring advertised in all the papers, the servants' trunks searched and themselves interrogated without respite, but the discussion of the robbery was carried on in the Foxes rooms and ours without cessation. Miss Gruffham could not recover from the calamity, and dilated upon its every phase in a manner and with a constancy that was absolutely terrifying.

"I really believe that woman will go crazy," I once observed to Susie Fox, "if that ring is not found; I declare I would pay its value myself rather than hear it talked about any longer."

"Well, I wouldn't," said Susie, coolly; "it's just good for her, avaricious old tabby! I think George is well rid of such a hideous dud as that ring; he ought to be eternally grateful to the person who took it, whoever he is."

"Perhaps you know something about it," said I, remembering on the instant the little scene in the dressing-room on the eventful evening. Susie looked very angry for a moment, and then walked toward the door.

"I suppose," said she, tersely, "you don't imagine seriously that I would steal George Gruffham's ring? If you should, however, entertain such a wild idea I assure you solemnly that I have not got the inestimable jewel, nor did I take it from his room, nor do I know any more of its present whereabouts than yourself." And she marched out, banging the door behind her.

In the mean time the owner of the treasure was apparently the most indifferent to its loss. A change had come over George Guffham in those days, and neither his aunt's continual lamentations, Susie's gibes, nor his usual occupations, seemed to have any more influence with him. I might never have fathomed his secret, had it not been that I suddenly met him one afternoon coming out of a miserable hovel, in a part of the city where, through some mistake in a direction, I unwittingly found myself. He seemed shocked to see me there, and I, frightened at my position, was glad enough to accept his protection and hurry back to more respectable quarters. Then it was, however, that George Gruffham opened his heart and gave me another insight into the extraordinary working of circumstances to bring about the most unlooked for events.

One of the answers to the advertisements for the ring, which had been put in a daily paper, reached him by a man whose extreme sickliness and poverty of appearance struck him as something unusual. Though the ring which this person brought was not the Gruffham treasure, George was interested in him, and in a moment of kindness promised to come and see him, and give him a little assistance.

The result of this one visit was what no one could possibly have foreseen.

George Gruffham had been reared in the most entire comfort, and from his sight every glimpse of privation and suffering had been hidden; what was his sorrow, therefore, amounting to positive pain, in seeing the vice, disorder, and misery that this one visit opened before him!

He awoke as from a dream, and learned the terrible truth that the rich and prosperous are but as the straws floating on the waters, while misery and want are as the ocean beneath, that never stilleth its waves! Being brought face to face with these forms of wretchedness, George Gruffham took a new view of his duties, and entered at once into new plans for the employment of his life.

Perhaps had Miss Susie Fox been in my place she would have attempted to laugh our young friend out of his benevolent notions. I did not, however. With all his wealth, his opportunities for self-indulgence, and his warmth of heart, George's position was fraught with dangers. To see him, therefore, anxious to turn his advantages to good account for others was something I could not but encourage and admire.

I was to return to school in a few days, but all the time I had left I gave to George and his plans. He allied himself to a Society whose object was the amelioration of the condition of the poor, and soon he had taken his place among the band of workers, and was doing good in the world.

In the mean time Miss Gruffham had fallen into a stern melancholy with regard to the loss of the ring. She remarked that she knew that there was some pettifogging about it somewhere, but she could not put her finger on the spot. "My dear," she added, with emphasis, "this is a body-blow. I feel masticated all over!"

But my holiday was up, and a few more days found me at school again, busy as ever with my studies, and almost forgetful of the Misses Fox, whose blandishments had been suddenly renewed with fervor just before my departure. My school-term, however, ended much more abruptly than I had counted on. About half of it was gone when I was taken ill with a low fever, that baffled all the physician's skill, and I was ordered home with a directness that could not be disobeyed.

I remember well the morning of my release. I was lying on a sofa, while my school-girl friends were taking my clothes out of the closet and packing my boxes with all the celerity of which they were capable. Finally a pink silk dress was handed down from the peg—my first and only party-dress, worn at my first and only party. Why I had brought it with me to school I hardly knew, except, perhaps, to recall occasionally the pleasant evening I had passed with George in the Foxes' parlor. Any way, there it was; and as one of the girls prepared to fold it up I surveyed it with a sort of affection.

"Let me look in the pocket," said I, carelessly; "I see there are some mottoes there yet. I did not know I had taken any." I put my hand out, dived into the long corner of the muslin pocket, and brought out, to my entire astonishment, George Gruffham's signet-ring!

My first effort, on arriving at home, was to obtain a moment's private conversation with Susie Fox. On thinking matters over I had arrived at the inevitable conclusion that the ring had been put in my pocket by Miss Susie's agile fingers on the night of the party, when we had been measuring our several inches before George's dressing-glass. That she had denied knowledge of it afterward was not, perhaps, to be wondered at, especially as she had guarded her language (as I now remembered) very carefully, so as to be not literally untrue, though the impression conveyed was entirely false.

Now, however, things were different. What was at first but an idle joke had opened out into such grave consequences that, though I doubted whether Susie Fox would have the courage to confess her agency in it, I felt it my duty not to keep the discovery a moment secret. Several very good servants had left the house with damaged reputations on account of the supposed theft, and to redeem them from suspicion was an imperative duty.

There are some people who always prefer to be truthful if it be not injurious to their interests. Susie Fox was one of these. I think she preferred the straight paths of rectitude when there was no appearance of danger, but let an enemy approach, or an obstacle present itself, and she would quickly, though not joyfully, glide into the by-ways of deceit. She did not like these tortuous ways of wrong-doing, but success was her idol, and to gain her ends no sacrifice was too mighty, not even that of a good conscience.

So it was, then, that when I boldly charged the young lady with having put the ring into my pocket, though her manner confessed every thing, her lips denied the whole. Yet her words were incoherent, and she evidently had difficulty in saying what she did.

Her real fear was of Miss Gruffham, who she insisted would be "down upon her" did I breathe a word of my suspicions. It was in silence, therefore, as to these convictions that I handed back the ring to George Gruffham, telling him only what I actually knew of its recovery; and as he was also as guarded as myself in his remarks to his aunt, she to this day considers its happy reappearance one of the "*mysticisms* of the age."

But George Gruffham was not so easily blinded as to the person concerned. He suspected Susie immediately, and charged her with the abstraction in the first moment of private conversation. Susie, not understanding his character, and still fearing Miss Gruffham's wrath, denied all knowledge of it to him, as she had done to me. Not with the same result, however; George was not silenced by her denial, and after several weeks of teasing and of questioning the whole matter finally came out. Susie Fox counted on his evident interest for forgiveness, and she acknowledged at last both her foolish joke and the multitude of falsehoods she had told to hide it.

"Think of the untruths she has uttered to

conceal a childish trick!" said George to me not long after, when we were talking the whole matter over together; "can you conceive how she could have done it? Blackened her soul for fear of my anger, or a few harsh words from my aunt. Heavens! what a terrible wife she would make for a truth-loving man!"

"You have studied her, then, in that light?" said I, somewhat anxiously.

"In every light," he replied, quietly; "and except as to her beauty and fascination she has proved altogether wanting. She is the fair vision that 'leads but to betray;' never would I trust my happiness in such deceitful hands."

I confess that at this moment a mountain of lead seemed lifted from my heart, but for what reason it was impossible for me exactly to determine. Enough that ever after Miss Susie's charms lost their main attraction in my eyes, and I was affected by them no more.

It is now some years since the incident occurred which gave rise to this story, and various changes have taken place in our little circle since then.

George still holds to his benevolent purposes and pursuits, assisted by a coadjutor who is both willing and interested. I need hardly say who it is that thus divides his affection and duties; certainly not Miss Susie Fox, who has long since married and departed to regions unknown. As to Miss Matilda, she blooms in perennial freshness; never was she happier, brighter, more voluble than now. Her *bon-mots* are brilliant, and her whole manner that of jaunty satisfaction.

"My dear niece," said she to me the other day, "who would have thought of all this happiness coming throughout the signet-ring and that odious Susie Fox! I am sure we are the most melodious family in Christendom, and we have every reason to be thankful for that undissolved mystery, the Great Gruffham Robbery."

Editor's Easy Chair.

THE following note from Mr. Anonymous is one of many which come to the managers of this Magazine, and the Easy Chair politely informs the new-comers into the monthly field that they also will have to deal with a multitude of similar correspondents. Probably Mr. Anonymous will be surprised to find himself in print; but as he and his co-laborers probably have very little conception of the kind of letter they write upon these occasions, he shall have the satisfaction of seeing it at length, and the vast diocese of the *Monthly* shall see a specimen of the lions that roar in the path of their industrious Bishop. If they do not consider it to be a lion at all—if they insist that with all the tender consideration of him who disfigured or presented the most famous lion in literature, this one roars as 'twere a sucking dove—why, in that case, the Easy Chair supposes that the diocese must be permitted to hold its own opinion.

Whatever that may be, here is the letter:

"NEW YORK.

"*Dear Mr. Editor:*

"How is it possible that so extensively experienced publishers as you can give a place in your usually valued *Monthly* to so tame, insipid, and positively childish an article as '———,' and also, I may add, '———?'

"You can not think your readers can be so blind as to appreciate any excellence in either! In a child's story-book these feminine productions possibly would be endurable, but in a Magazine which has enjoyed the contributions—and profited, no doubt, by them too—of authors of acknowledged stamp, these puerile, weak productions are sadly out of place.

"Again, then, I beg the boldness to query how it is that in all, or in most of all, your complement of reading material in the *Monthly*, Boston or New England must stick right out of it? Does this section smack more of interestedness than other parts of this somewhat extensive country? Are New England writers cheaper than others? That's none of my business, to be sure! I know very well, too, notwithstanding you were to say to the contrary, they have no more brains nor are they more competent to amuse and entertain the public with their literary productions than writers of other sections. Still, they always, it appears, write. Don't give us any more New England-isms! Give us something new, instructive, and entertaining; not trash, balderdash, and stuff! Now, I'm an old reader of the Magazine, and have a taste for such reading as, in my poor way, I can appreciate; but such stuff as appears in the January Number I couldn't appreciate if I tried for years. It may be charitable to assist your needy contributors, and put their productions in a corner and fill up; but charity begins at home, and thus to your readers.

"Because I write this, don't think I expect any allusion or even notice, because I don't; nor think that I am not, in a measure, competent to comprehend a finished contribution from a children's story; or, again, that I am any the less respectable because I sign myself as ANONYMOUS."

This is the kind of note with which editors do not trouble themselves; but as the Anonymous is a very large family, and as one does not know the folly of another, each might suppose himself to be a pioneer in this very path unless he were informed that he is one of a vast company who travel the swift and sudden road to the waste-paper basket, making no sign. If this especial Mr. Anonymous is troubled by the puerility of the papers in this Magazine, let him and his friends remedy the difficulty by sending better, more masculine, and entertaining articles, and they shall be examined and justly judged. And if he finds too much "New England" in our pages, he and his gallant allies are certainly "competent to amuse and entertain the public with their literary productions" in which there shall be no "New England-isms," and the editorial fraternity of *Harper* entreat them to draw their pens and vigorously fall to.

Meanwhile let a compassionate Easy Chair beg and entreat, and beseech and urge Mr. Anonymous not to devote years to the effort of appreciating the "stuff" that appeared in our January Number. There is a way in which he can save all the labor, all the time, and all the money, and that is omitting to buy the Magazine. Spare yourself, Mr. Anonymous; leave it to the deluded millions who suppose that they do appreciate our modest efforts to amuse them, and without the devotion of "years." And consider our gener-

osity in printing your note! Is it not evident that those who have been so ignorantly entertained by us will now exclaim that you have pricked the bubble, and declare that you have revealed your peculiar vocation, which is to provide a magazine which shall be neither "tame, insipid, nor positively childish." The office of this Magazine will now be overwhelmed with notes demanding that Mr. Anonymous be forthwith promoted to the chief editorial chair, that New Englandism and puerility in these pages may cease.

One of the Anonymous family writes that he wishes we wouldn't print so many sketches of Western life and frontier travel. Another imparts the interesting information that he is tired of our Southern and Southwestern papers. Still a third Mr. Anonymous demands more poetry. His neighbor by the same mail wants to know if we think he is a love-sick Miss to "appreciate" sentimental rhymes. Mrs. Anonymous indignantly declares that she wishes more serious reading. Tom Anonymous suggests a department of Parisian news, "gay little sketches, you know, of Mabille and the Chateau; a little flash and sparkle, you know." Solomon Anonymous writes that it is very extraordinary the Dodge Club should not have been continued; he expected it to run on for several months. Twenty Anonymouses write to complain that there was no serial in December. Ten other Anonymouses write in January to inquire if we are never going to stop this infernal business of serial tales. The Reverend Doctor Anonymous thinks that every other Number might be easily devoted to missionary literature. W. Scott Anonymous recommends us to print a great American novel. J. Milton Anonymous thinks that an epic published serially in cantos would be a variety, and writes, "people are tired of prose," as if he supposed they were likely to escape it in an epic! One Mr. Anonymous writes: "What do you print such an article as 'A Pilgrimage in Sunny Lands' for in the December Number?" Another demands if we mean to insult the public by "The Nurseries on Randall's Island" in the December Number? Belinda Anonymous wishes to ask why, in the December Number, we have an article upon "Trouville: a new French Paradise," when there is Saratoga, an old American Paradise, very much nearer? And her father writes upon the envelope of her letter: "Don't, for pity's sake, give us any more stuff like 'A Day's Fighting in Queretaro' in the December Number."

Positively it puts an old Easy Chair out of breath to try to keep up with the remonstrances of the Anonymous family. And what do they amount to? Simply this: that somebody does not happen to like an article or something in it, and straightway writes his individual feeling, as if that would be, or should be, of any weight with the Editor. When an Editor finds that people are ceasing to buy his little monthly offering he has the most conclusive evidence that they are ceasing to care for it, and he acts accordingly. His mission, as that remarkable missionary, Louis Napoleon, is fond of saying, is the entertainment and instruction of the public; and while he must be always glad to receive any real hints or suggestions, he has no time whatever to devote to the pointless correspondence of the Anonymous family, which goes straight into the basket of doom. If you have any thing to say to an Editor, say it. But he knows infinitely better than you can know what his readers like and wish; and your individual liking, although of very great value to Mrs. Anonymous, is wholly unimportant to the Editor.

A few months ago the Easy Chair, seeing that changes were making in the old State House in Boston, one of the few Revolutionary and truly historic buildings that remain, modestly ventured to regret it, and to deplore the rapid disappearance of the venerable relics that had come down to us from a former generation. It suggested, or meant to suggest, or might, could, would, or should have suggested, and will now, under correction, suggest that there are very few buildings in the city of New York which recall that earlier epoch of the country. With a natural and pardonable logic, or association of ideas, the Easy Chair enlarged upon the value of historical relics, of monuments, of visible traditions; and urged possibly that it made life a little barer, a little less poetic here than it would otherwise be.

The temerity of such a strain of remark does not seem to be very extravagant; it might indeed be put forth without any secret hostility to human rights, to liberty, to the equality of men, and even without a sigh for the repose of effete despotisms, and the traditions of outworn monarchies. But not in the opinion of a certain excellent journal, which we will agree to call the *Bugle of Freedom*, and which blew a sonorous blast and rallying-cry against the sentiments of the Easy Chair's mild and innocent suggestions. "Monuments!" blew the *Bugle of Freedom*, "Monuments! remains! traditions! Old lumber and rotten timber! What, in the name of humanity, have all these to do with a manly and patriotic sentiment? Look at Egypt; what have the pyramids done for the civilization of Egypt? and we hope they are 'monuments,' and ancient enough. Look at Greece; the very queen-mother of the noblest architecture! Look at Italy, teeming with 'storied' monuments. And what do we see?" played the *Bugle of Freedom;* "what do we see? Do we wish to be Egyptians, or modern Greeks, or Italians? Heaven forbid!" and the resounding *Bugle* seemed to execute roulades and runs and trills of contempt at the unhappy Easy Chair, which was gazing vacantly at Egypt, Greece, and Italy, as the *Bugle* had directed.

Has the *Bugle of Freedom* no drawer, or box, or casket of any kind, in which there is, possibly, a yellow rose-bud, faded years and years ago, in the days when it was a mere raw, shrill, piping flageolet? Has it no bundle of letters, worn and parted at the seams; no knotted handkerchief, hidden out of sight, that shall never more be unknotted; no glove, delicate and perfumed, still holding the form gained by soft pressure upon a hand that shall never again be pressed; is there no tree in a garden, in a public square, by the road-side, in a green field by a brook, under which at every hour of the day and night, whenever and with whomsoever it is passed, there stand a youth and maid who shall be seen of men no more; is there no house in town or country from whose windows long-vanished faces look

when the *Bugle* passes by, and in whose unchanged rooms there are figures of old and young whose presence is infinitely tender and chastening? Would life be richer, and better, and more manly and inspiring for the *Bugle* if all these were swept away? Would the rights of man and eternal justice be more secure if some morning Biddy should throw old letters, old rosebuds, and old handkerchiefs into the fire; and the woodman should not spare the old tree, and the haunted old house should be burned up or pulled down? That is the whole question.

It is merely a matter of association. It is in human nature, and the Easy Chair did not put it there. The mysterious delight in the most ancient and inarticulate remains of human skill is the recognition by the soul of man of its identity and endless continuance; and when you descend from the Cyclopean work in the foundation of the wall of the temple at Jerusalem to the knotted handkerchief and the yellow bud, you have only come, oh *Bugle*, to the individual delight in one's own experience, to the unsealing of sweet fountains forgotten, and the quickening of sanitary emotions. Surely when you were traveling and delighting yourself in Greece you did not come upon the plain of Marathon with the same emotion that you cross the Hackensack meadows in the Philadelphia train. But what was the difference? Byron's lines sang themselves out of your mouth:

> "The mountains look on Marathon,
> And Marathon looks on the sea."

Why did Byron's lines arise in your memory? Why did Byron write the lines? Why was your glance eager and your mind pensive and your imagination alert and your soul full of generous impulse when you stood on the plain of Marathon? Because of the great conflict between two civilizations long and long and long ago—the conflict of ideas of which you are the child; the conflict of men, essentially like you and your brothers who fought at Gettysburg or before Vicksburg.

But if there be this subtle and overpowering influence in association with a place, ennobling and consecrating the place, although it is earth and trees and grass and stone, like all other and all nameless places, is there not the same charm and power in association with a building, a tree, a stream? And while Marathon has not saved Greece from decline, has it not been one of the natural influences that have pleaded against national decay? and could Marathon and Salamis and Platæa have been swept out of mind would not the decline have been a thousandfold hastened? Are we not stronger and braver for Bunker Hill and Saratoga, for the sunken *Alabama* and the Wilderness?

For the same reason, oh, loud-blowing *Bugle of Freedom*, that it would be a national injury to forget the great deeds, it is in a lesser degree a misfortune, although an inevitable one, gradually to lose from sight the objects that recall them. Would it be a pity to shovel Bunker Hill into Boston back bay? The battle of Bunker Hill would still remain in history; the advantages of the revolutionary war which it began would still survive, but something we should have lost, and the argument that urged the sparing of the hill would be sound and natural. So with the old State House. To destroy it or essentially to change it was in a lesser degree to shovel Bunker Hill into the back bay.

The town of Stratford-upon-Avon seemed not to be conscious of the great truth which the Easy Chair is expounding when it seemed disposed to let the house of Shakespeare be sold, and even moved away. But England, at least, was wiser, and the house remains. Some day, and the Easy Chair dedicates the remark as a conciliatory conclusion to the *Bugle of Freedom*—some day the *Buglets* of that honored name will gaze at the present printing-office—where a sympathetic Easy Chair trusts the jobs are many and profitable—and will say, with emotion, "There the parental *Bugle of Freedom* blew its melodious note."* It will do the *Buglets* no harm, as they return to their "palatial mansions," to reflect upon the simple and sturdy origin of their prosperity.

The Easy Chair has the more feeling upon this subject because directly opposite to the vast and many-windowed building whence it surveys the world stands the old Walton House. Eighty years ago it was one of the finest houses in town. The Square, where now business hums and roars, then softly murmured with fashion, and this was the Faubourg St. Honoré of the Republican city. The house has still the stately air of the old régime. The stone pediment of the windows is elaborate and arrests the idle eye. But it is now a sailors' boarding-house. The walls are cracked; and the house has an indescribable aspect of shabbiness and neglect. Surrounded by the mere mob of three-story modern brick buildings, it has evidently become reckless and lost to shame, like a king's heir fallen into debauched and degraded courses. Long since slighted and forgotten—its peers utterly gone—their descendants moved miles away, and become a modern generation about the reservoir on Murray Hill, the Easy Chair has yet more than once, late on a summer afternoon, when trade had gone up town, and silence and dreams were setting in, beheld the old Walton House glancing covertly across the street at our modern, many-windowed, bustling palace of busy traffic with a look of high-born haughtiness and contempt. "There may be trade going on within my walls," it seems to say as it gazes, "but I am innocent of it; I was not built for trade, at least." And then the Easy Chair, with its own eyes fixed upon the cracked and leaning walls of the old house, seems to see it reeling away again into its dingy obscurity.

It is a tradition of Franklin Square that Washington once lived in the Walton House; and it is certain that citizen Genet married here the daughter of Governor George Clinton. Once indeed, some years since, the Easy Chair hearing an extraordinary and novel sound like the smooth rolling of a stately chariot, thought, as the day was late and the twilight was already beginning, that some of the fine old society of that fine old day had somehow forgotten themselves into returning to the scene of so much last century festivity; and anxious to see both them and their amazement at the transformation of the fashionable square, rolled itself to the window, and looking out—saw the first horse-car rumbling gravely along to the neighboring ferry.

Remaining at the window and, mindful of

* The printer will be careful to observe that the *t* is not an *s* in this word.

Washington as it gazed at the old Walton House, the Easy Chair was aware of Mercury, who runs the editorial errands and is a much meditating young messenger, standing by his side with one of the editorial brethren.

"Mercury," said the editorial brother, "do you know who George Washington was?"

"The Father of his Country," promptly replied the messenger.

"And what did he ever do that was notorious and disreputable?"

Mercury was plainly indignant at this question, and answered, evasively:

"Well, he never told a lie if he did chop down his father's apple-tree."

"And what else did he do?"

With great energy Mercury responded: "He whipped the bloody Britishers."

"And what became of him when he grew up?"

"He was President."

"Mercury," said the editorial brother, "do you see that house across the street?"

"The old Walton House?"

"The old Walton House."

"Of course I do."

"Well, Mercury, he lived there."

"Who lived where?" demanded Mercury, with wide opening eyes.

"George Washington lived in the old Walton House."

"But not the same George," asked Mercury, doubtfully, "not the first President?"

"The first wood chopper of fame and the first President," replied the brother quill.

Mercury gazed at the house earnestly for a little while and then warmly demanded,

"Why don't they keep his old sign-board up to let folks know?"

—*Bugle of Freedom!* out of the mouths of babes and sucklings the truth proceeds. It was the same instinct which caused the Easy Chair to exclaim a year ago, as it contemplated the prospect of changing the old and famous State House, "Why take the old sign down?"

Among the earliest recollections of the Easy Chair is that of the grave figure of a man in middle life moving almost demurely but quickly through the street, of a square frame and rather massive head, and with the stoop in the shoulders which too often betrays the scholar. The peculiar movement, it was easy to see afterward, was the result of shyness. Yet there was nothing of the oddity or grotesqueness of aspect which sometimes steals over the scholar. Indeed there was almost a smugness of appearance as of a well-shaven bank officer; and if the traveler casually delayed in the city which lies between the Blackstone and the Seekonk, the city of Roger Williams, has asked, as he passed, "Who is that?" and had heard, "The Judge of the Municipal Court," he would have said merely, "Ah!" perhaps have had a momentary feeling that he would like to have his causes heard by such a judge, and so have passed on.

But how if he had heard, "The author of Old Grimes?"

For such was the fact; the municipal judge was the author of the poem which is probably more universally known than any ever written in this country. The boys of a certain period at school in Providence used to be of one mind that Goldsmith had done very well in Madam Blaize, but that the fullness of such fancy was manifested in Old Grimes. Some of them indeed read it gravely as a very graphic description, very natural, very simple, and searched their memories to discover if, before the fatal day, they had ever seen Mr. Grimes. There was more than one who might have been the original of the portrait, and the imagination of one boy at least finally settled upon a quaint and plain figure of the old school—a venerable gentleman whom he never heard speak but once, and then with the utmost awe; for the venerable hand was laid upon his head with the benediction, "May you be a better man than your father!"—a benediction which seemed to the boy very extraordinary and uncourteous, as his father was with him. And when he was told that it was merely the manner of the Old School, the boy thought that then the manners of the Old School were very bad manners. But he had no doubt that this was the lamented Grimes; and he continued in that innocent faith for some time, until it suddenly occurred to him, that as the poem was written before he was born, and bewailed a deceased Grimes, it could not very well be the one who had laid hands upon his head. But that did not seriously trouble him. It was enough that he must have seen one of the family.

The quiet author and judge, mild, genial, scholarly, remained, until, toward the close of his life, he went to reside in Cleveland, the most noted literary man in Providence. But no man ever showed less for a reputation. Yet, while most people in the world probably thought that "Old Grimes" growed, like Topsy, every body in the pleasant city knew that the Judge wrote it. They instinctively respected in him the genius of letters. Some of the glory of "Old Grimes," indeed, naturally fell upon them. It was a Providence poem—indigenous—and every citizen had a kind of reserved right in it, and an undivided right—when it could be accurately determined—in its renown.

Yet if the Judge showed little for so wide a reputation it was not because of poverty of resources. He passed from the bench to his library, never seeking general society; and, in his library, he absorbed its contents. His scholarship in elegant literature was rich and deep, and his interest in it positive. He even began the publication of a *Literary Journal* in the then little city. It was a touching act of faith, and endeared him all the more to the lovers of literature. But Providence did not smile—nor buy; and after the usual year of literary journals in small places it expired with lamb-like placidity. Afterward, when the literary sympathy of the city drew together a cultivated circle, which, from some unimaginable reason, took the modest name of "Coliseum," the Judge, had there been columns in the "Coliseum," would have been the most shining. It is impossible for the Easy Chair not to smile—with a sad heart—when he recalls the gravity with which one member said to another, "The 'Coliseum' meets at Mrs. Nero's this evening," or Mrs. Hadrian's, or Mrs. Vespasian's—as it might be.

The Judge wrote a little poem upon the old mill at Newport, making it the rendezvous of the spirits of the mill, and translating their song. But he published no book; at least the Easy

Chair knows of none. Whether the hapless experiment of the *Literary Journal* had quenched his ardor, whether he had conquered the last infirmity of noble minds, or whether his extremely fastidious taste prevented his satisfaction with what he wrote, he was the American poet who published no volume. But while his tranquil life went on, it was understood that he was writing a humorous poem—a Yankee poem, "The Yankee Muster"—into which it was his intention to weave every truly Yankee phrase that he could gather. It was in its nature a growing poem. He had planted it and sedulously tended it. He showed it in its cotyledonous state to the "Coliseum;" it was just sprouting and full of promise. And year by year it grew and grew, waxing to a humorous epic. It could not be exhibited to the world until it was grown, and in its nature it was of endless accretion. Therefore the poem remained in manuscript; and although already privately known at various epochs to many persons, every lover and student of Yankee literature (always excepting Mr. Anonymous) will now hope to see it published.

Through all the great changes and rapid growth of the city he led his noiseless life, never diverted from his beloved library, but turning his back upon the world without churlishness. The Easy Chair, which remembers the Judge as the first author, or indeed the first famous man he had ever seen, had never any nearer acquaintance than that of occasional neighborhood and observation with the laureate of Old Grimes. But his image is unfading in memory as that of a faithful, simple, modest, accomplished man of letters; a perpetual suggestion in the whirling activity of a commercial city of the serenity and sweetness of the literary life. And that image arose in the mind of the Easy Chair as fresh and attractive as ever—the old days in the old town returned, softened, even, and saddened by the great magician—he saw again the demure, grave-faced scholar moving with quick, nervous step along Benefit Street or far over the College hill, as his eye caught in a newspaper the words: "The Honorable Albert G. Greene, of Providence, Rhode Island, died in Cleveland, Ohio, last week."

His Majesty King Vanderbilt, of one of whose possessions the Easy Chair spoke last month in discoursing of railway comfort and safety, seems to have disturbed the serenity of the ancient city of Albany by removing the station of the various railroads to a point near the bridge and very far removed from the Delavan House. The Central Railroad crosses the great Albany thoroughfare, Broadway, and all Albany, or the stranger within its gates, wishing to leave the city by rail, must cross the track before he can reach the station. This is a serious inconvenience, and when contrasted with the ancient way is certainly unpleasing. The ancient way, however, was in itself the most abominable and laughable imposition. There was an area in the rear of the Delavan House, over part of which there was a shed, but the whole of which was exposed to the weather, and to and from which all the trains moved. The confusion upon the arrival of a train was indescribable. The rival touters of the Hudson and Harlem roads were there to confound confusion with their tyrannical chatter and scream; the bells rang, and locomotives whistled and puffed; two or three other trains were just leaving, and the belated passengers were hurrying and asking and agonizing and pale with the certainty of getting into a train that had just arrived, or springing breathless and just in time upon a train going in the wrong direction: passengers were clambering over the platforms of cars, so as to make a rapid escape to the Delavan, at the risk of being carried off upon the way; and a more bustling and bewildering scene of the kind could not be observed than that of the former station of the railroads in Albany.

But how pleasing for the Delavan House, for every train stopped at its back-door! And how convenient for every body in Albany, citizen or statesman, from the interior—for the Delavan House is the chief hotel, the residence of most of the strangers, and close to the centre of the city! Indeed the lobby of the Delavan House is only less swarming and humming than that of Willard's at Washington—and it was but a step from this lobby to the cars going north or south or east or west! His Majesty has stretched forth his sceptre and changed it all. He has provided shelter, if you can cross the track safely, and by carrying the station so far up town has severed the connection between the trains and the lobby—of the Delavan House, only, well understood. Even the royal power will not be sufficient to cut the connection between the trains and the other lobby.

But wherever his Majesty chooses to place his Albany station, or that at any other city, even though he compels his subjects to cross the track to reach it, and however severe may be his taste in cars, even to frowning upon "palace cars" and "drawing-room cars"—if he will only take care that his dominions are safe, he will be sure of universal loyalty. Sure and safe travel, with as much speed as may be; neat and comfortable cars, to which black walnut tables and mirrors are not essential; courteous and intelligent agents and officers of all kinds—these are the natural rights of railroad travelers, which the Easy Chair, in the form of a petition of right, now lays at the foot of the throne. His Majesty has acquired the power of a giant—let him use it like a good and sensible man; so shall his memory be sweet to the latest generation of travelers, and so will his petitioners ever pray.

A little book appears upon the table at the side of the Easy Chair, the opening words of which will probably attract more than his attention. They are substantially that on Bridge Street, in Trenton, New Jersey, a few steps from the railroad track, is a row of small and plain frame houses. A strip of tin is nailed upon one of these, painted with the words "Chairs Caned Here." The door opens into a small and scantily-furnished room, in which there is a rag carpet, a couple of tables, and several broken chairs. There are a few engravings upon the walls, a few books upon the tables, and a cross upon the mantle. Five or six children are playing in the room, and a woman clad in faded calico is kneeling at work upon a chair. This woman, says the preface, is Mrs. Howarth, the writer of the poems in the volume. A short story of a sad life follows; the old struggle with poverty; the loss of her husband's eye-sight, and a year ago her own disability from paralysis. The neighbors have secured

at least shelter to her and her children, and this little book is published by Martin R. Dennis and Co., of Newark, New Jersey, for her benefit.

The verses show a sad and weary heart, yet they are very much better than many volumes of poetry which are published with more prestige, for the sobriety of tone is real, and the melody is sincere. In one of the poems—"The Tress of Golden Hair"—there is a sweetness and naturalness of pensive feeling which are deeply touching; and "My Soldier comes no more" will remind many a heart of a sorrow that seemed universal:

"Now here they come with heavy tramp,
And flags and pennons gay,
Who were his comrades in the camp,
His friends for many a day.
The music ceases as they pass
Before my cottage door;
The flags are lowered; they know, alas!
My soldier comes no more."

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

OUR Record closes on the 30th of January. Congress reassembled on the 6th, after its holiday recess. The proceedings have been of decided importance, indicating clearly the continuance of the hostility between Congress and the President.

THE SUSPENSION OF MR. STANTON.

On the 12th of December the President transmitted to the Senate a communication setting forth his reasons for suspending Mr. Stanton from the exercise of the functions of Secretary of War. The essential facts in the case were noted in our Record for October. The main point set forth by the President is that the "mutual confidence and general accord" which should subsist between the Chief Magistrate and the members of his Cabinet had long ceased to exist. The President had before taken every measure to induce Mr. Stanton to resign, short of a positive request. At length, on the 5th of August, he formally notified Mr. Stanton that his resignation would be accepted. The Secretary declined to present his resignation before the next meeting of Congress. The President, therefore, as soon as necessary arrangements could be made for filling the office, suspended Mr. Stanton. The Secretary denied the right of the President to suspend him, basing his denial, according to the President, upon the provisions of the Tenure of Office Bill. The President affirms that before vetoing that bill he asked the advice of his Cabinet, relying mainly upon the opinions of the Attorney-General and of Mr. Stanton who had once held that office. Every member of the Cabinet pronounced the law unconstitutional. "Mr. Stanton's condemnation of the law," the President affirms, "was the most elaborate and emphatic; and he advised me that it was my duty to defend the power of the President from usurpation, and to veto the law." At this time, before the bill had become a law, there was no question of the authority of the President to remove any member of his Cabinet; and had any one of them intimated that he would avail himself of the provisions of the bill in case it became a law he should at once have removed him.

The President proceeds to detail the action of his Cabinet in regard to the reconstruction of the Southern States, and quotes Mr. Stanton's testimony before the Impeachment Committee to the effect that he "entertained no doubt of the authority of the President to take measures for the organization of the rebel States on the plan proposed, during the vacation of Congress, and agreed in the plan specified in the proclamation in the case of North Carolina." Up to this time the President says that there had been perfect accord between himself and his Cabinet, and that he saw no necessity for a change. But then arose the "unfortunate difference of opinion and policy between Congress and the President upon this same subject, and upon the ultimate basis upon which the reconstruction of these States should proceed, especially upon the question of negro suffrage. Upon this point three members of the Cabinet found themselves in sympathy with Congress. They remained only long enough to see that the difference in policy could not be reconciled;" and thereupon resigned; parting, as the President says, "with mutual respect and mutual regret." But when the question upon the Suffrage Bill for the District of Columbia, and the Reconstruction Acts of March 2 and 23, passed over the veto, came to be considered Mr. Stanton stood alone in the Cabinet opposed to the views of the President. The difference of opinion could not be reconciled; and so "that unity of opinion which, upon great questions of public policy or administration is so essential to the Executive, was gone." In such a state of affairs the President argues that the only course of a member of the Cabinet is to resign.

The general and main ground upon which Mr. Johnson justifies his suspension of Mr. Stanton is in brief: that upon grave and important questions the views of the Secretary of War differed from those of the President.

Beyond this is a special ground, which, says the President, "if it stood alone would vindicate my action." This relates to the riot which took place in New Orleans on the 30th of July, 1866 (the President erroneously gives the date as the 30th of August; the facts are noted in our Record for September, 1866). The substance of the President's charge is that on the 29th of August —it should have been written July—Mr. Stanton received a very important dispatch transmitted the day before by General Baird, then, in the absence of General Sheridan, in temporary command at New Orleans, stating the condition of affairs, and asking for instructions as to the course which he should pursue. Mr. Stanton, according to the statement of the President, neither gave any instructions, nor brought the matter before the President. Mr. Johnson avers that had proper instructions been sent to General Baird the riot and massacre would not have taken place. It was not, he says, "the fault or the

error or the omission of the President that this military commander was left without instructions," but for all these defaults, says Mr. Johnson, "the President was held responsible;" whereas the Secretary of War knew that the President was not responsible, for he knew nothing of the state of affairs at New Orleans until many days thereafter. The President urges that if the Secretary of War had given proper instructions to General Baird the riot which arose on the assembling of the Convention would not have occurred.

The President contends that the relation between the Executive and a member of the Cabinet is essentially that of principal and agent; so that it has been judicially decided that an order made by the head of a department is presumed to be made by the President himself; and that therefore "the principal upon whom such responsibility is devolved for the acts of the subordinate ought to be left as free as possible in the matter of selection and of dismissal." To hold him to responsibility for an officer beyond his control, to allow the agent and not the principal to decide upon the question of his own fitness, "would be to reverse the just order of administration and to place the subordinate above the superior." Moreover, continues the President, among other relations between the President and the head of a department is that of "mutual confidence." This had entirely ceased between him and Mr. Stanton; yet "while the President was unwilling to allow Mr. Stanton to remain in his administration, Mr. Stanton was equally unwilling to allow the President to carry on his administration without his presence." The President had hoped that Mr. Stanton, as intimated in his note of August 12, would have ended the complication by resigning upon the assemblage of Congress. The President closes this communication by saying that, "as far as the public interests are involved, there has been no cause for regret. Salutary reforms have been introduced by the Secretary *ad interim*, and great reductions of expenses have been effected under his administration of the War Department to the saving of millions to the Treasury."

This message was referred to the Military Committee of the Senate, a majority of whom, on the 8th of January, presented an elaborate Report, controverting nearly every point set forth by the President. The design of the Tenure of Office Act was to prevent the President from making any removals except for mental or moral incapacity, or for some legal disqualification; and these facts must be proved prior to removal. The constitutionality of the Tenure of Office Bill is assumed, and it is affirmed that the President has recognized it by his action in this very case.

Passing to the immediate question of the suspension of Mr. Stanton, the Report goes on to declare that, if the opinions of the Attorney-General (given in our Record for July and September, 1867) "were carried into practice, as Mr. Johnson proposed that they should be, and as he had instructed his subordinates to carry them out, the plain intention of Congress in regard to reconstruction in rebel States would have been defeated." Mr. Stanton expressed his dissent from these opinions, and Congress upon assembling in July, 1867, passed a third Act of Reconstruction. This also was vetoed by Mr. Johnson, "whose whole course of conduct was notoriously in open and violent antagonism to the will of the nation, as expressed by the two Houses of Congress. Mr. Stanton, on the other hand, favored the faithful execution of these laws. He had good reason to believe, and did believe, that if he resigned his post Mr. Johnson would fill the vacancy by the appointment of some person in accord with himself in his plans of obstruction and resistance to the will of Congress. Such an appointment would by the Constitution have remained in force till the end of the session of the Senate."

The Report admits, as averred by the President, that Mr. Stanton considered the Tenure of Office Bill to be unconstitutional, and was opposed to its becoming a law; but the Committee contend that "it does not follow because a public officer has entertained such an opinion of a proposed measure, he is to carry his notions so far as to treat it as void when formally enacted into a law by a two-thirds vote of each House of Congress." The Report eulogizes Mr. Stanton's conduct in refusing to resign, declaring that "in so doing he consulted both his own duty and the best interests of the country."

The Report then proceeds to consider the allegations of the President concerning Mr. Stanton's procedure in regard to the New Orleans riot. The general conclusions are that: "Mr. Johnson in his report seeks to throw off from himself all the responsibility of the riot, and denies that he was warned in time. This denial, in the face of the uncontested and incontrovertible facts of the case, admits of but one reply, and that is, that it is untrue, and known to be so to Mr. Johnson. He was warned, and fully warned, of the impending violence, and it is in vain for him to deny a fact so well established. Mr. Stanton was not so warned."

A Minority Report, presented by Senator Doolittle, sustained the views of the President upon the general ground that the Chief Magistrate, "by the Constitution of the United States and by the uniform practice of the Government, has the power to remove at his pleasure all executive officers;" and that in this special case the removal was fully justified. This Report concludes with the recommendation of a resolution that:

> The Senate advise and consent to the removal of Edwin M. Stanton as Secretary of War.

The Report of the majority of the Committee concluded with the following resolution:

> Resolved, That having considered the evidence and reasons given by the President in his Report of the 12th of December, 1867, for the suspension from the office of Secretary of War of Edwin M. Stanton, the Senate do not concur in such suspension.

The essential point was the adoption of one or the other of these resolutions. It finally reached a vote on the 13th of January, when by a majority of 35 to 6 the resolution of the Majority Report was adopted. The consequence was that Mr. Stanton resumed the exercise of the functions of Secretary of War, General Grant voluntarily vacating the position which he had held *ad interim*.

NEW RECONSTRUCTION BILL.

Probably the most important measure now pending before Congress is that the text of which we give below. It was drafted by the Recon-

struction Committee in the House in accordance with instructions from that body. Many amendments were proposed to it in its various stages, and it was as a result much modified by the Committee. On the 21st of January the bill was passed in the House by an almost strict party vote, there being 123 ayes to 45 nays, the ayes being all strictly Republican; the nays being all Democrats, with the exception of Mr. Cary of Ohio. The following is the text of the bill as it passed the House:

SECTION 1. *Be it enacted, etc.*, That in Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas, Florida, and Arkansas there are no civil State Governments, republican in form, and that the so-called civil governments in said States, respectively, shall not be recognized as valid or legal State Governments, either by the executive or the judicial power or authority of the United States.

SEC. 2. *And be it further enacted*, That for the speedy enforcement of the act entitled "An Act to provide for the more efficient government of the Rebel States," passed March 2, 1867, and the several acts supplementary thereto, the General of the Army of the United States is hereby authorized and required to enjoin, by special orders, upon all officers in command, within the several military departments within said several States, the performance of all acts authorized by said several laws above recited; is authorized to remove, at his discretion, by his order, from command, any or all of said commanders, and detail other officers of the United States Army, not below the rank of Colonel, to perform all the duties and exercise all the powers authorized by said several acts, to the end that the people of the said several States may speedily reorganize civil governments, republican in form, in said several States, and be restored to political power in the Union.

SEC. 3. *And be it further enacted*, That the General of the Army may remove any or all civil officers now acting under the several Provisional Governments within the said disorganized States, and appoint others to discharge the duties pertaining to their respective offices, and may do any and all acts which, by said several laws above mentioned, are authorized to be done by the several Commanders of the Military Departments within said States; and so much of said acts, or of any act, as authorizes the President to detail the Military Commanders to said Military Departments, or to remove any officers who may be detailed as herein provided, is hereby repealed.

SEC. 4. *And be it further enacted*, That it shall be unlawful for the President of the United States to order any part of the army or navy of the United States to assist by force of arms the authority of either of said Provisional Governments in said disorganized States, to oppose or obstruct the authority of the United States, as provided in this act and the acts to which this is supplementary.

SEC. 5. *And be it further enacted*, That any interference by any person, with intent to prevent by force the execution of the orders of the General of the Army, made in pursuance of this act and of the acts aforesaid, or any refusal or willful neglect of any person to issue any order or do any act required by this act, or other of the acts to which this act is additional and supplementary, with intent to defeat or delay the due execution of this act or of either of the acts to which this is supplementary, shall be held to be a high misdemeanor, and the party guilty thereof shall, upon conviction, be fined not exceeding five thousand dollars and imprisoned not exceeding two years.

SEC. 6. *And be it further enacted*, That so much of all acts, and parts of acts, as conflicts or is inconsistent with the provisions of this act, is hereby repealed.

The debates upon this bill in both Houses have been exceedingly animated. In the House, Mr. Fernando Wood, in the course of a speech, denounced it as "a bill without a title, a child without a name, and probably without a father; a monstrosity, a measure the most infamous of the many infamous acts of this present infamous Congress." These words were held to be derogatory to the dignity of the House, and it was ordered by a large majority (114 to 38) that Mr. Wood should be publicly reprimanded by the Speaker.

CENSURE OF THE PRESIDENT.

In the House, January 6, was brought up a resolution previously offered, censuring the President for the removal of General Sheridan from the command of the Fifth Military District, and thanking General Grant for his action in the matter. The question was divided. The clause in these words, censuring the President, was passed by a vote of 79 to 28:

"Resolved that this House utterly condemns the conduct of Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, for his action in removing that gallant soldier, Philip H. Sheridan, from the command of the Fifth Military District."

The clause tendering thanks to General Grant was adopted by a vote of 82 to 23.

THE SUPREME COURT.

A very important bill in relation to the Supreme Court of the United States was passed in the House, January 13, by a vote of 116 to 39. It provides in substance that any number of the Justices of the Supreme Court, not less than five, shall constitute a quorum; and that no case before the Court involving the validity of any law of the United States shall be decided adversely to the validity of such law without the concurrence of two-thirds of all the members of the Court.—The importance of this bill arises from the fact that it is supposed that a majority of the judges consider the Reconstruction laws, as passed by Congress, to be unconstitutional. This presumed majority is less than two-thirds of the whole. Hence, should the bill become a law, the requisite number of judges to render invalid these Acts will not be obtained.

RIGHTS OF AMERICAN CITIZENS ABROAD.

Some further action has been taken upon this subject. In the House a resolution was passed requesting the President to intercede with the Queen of Great Britain for the pardon of Father McMahon, now imprisoned in Canada. It is alleged that he went to Canada on private business, although in company with a body of Fenians, and that after the skirmish which took place he was captured while administering spiritual consolation to the wounded Fenians; but that he was in no other way implicated in the invasion. ——On the 27th of January, Mr. Banks, from the Committee on Foreign Affairs, presented a Report upon the general question of the rights of naturalized American citizens. It recites that at the close of the War of Independence three questions were left unsettled between the United States and Great Britain: (1.) The Impressment of Seamen; (2.) The Right of Search; (3.) Expatriation.—The first and second were virtually settled by the war of 1812; the third, and most important, remains unsettled. The total emigration to this country from Europe since the Declaration of Independence is 6,640,000, and English law holds them and their descendants to be British subjects. After an exhaustive statement of the origin of the people of the United States, the Committee say that out of a population of 35,000,000 there are 20,000,000 who under this claim are subjects of the several States of Europe, and their service is due to them; and any one of them visiting Europe is legally liable to be drafted into the armies of the respective nations; so that, in the event of a war with Europe, three-fifths of our able-bodied citizens could be

summoned to fight against this country. The Committee prepared the draft of a bill to meet this case, the salient features of which are that the right of expatriation is affirmed, and asserted to exist in the case of all persons of foreign birth who shall be able to prove a continuous residence in the United States of five years; and in case the rights of any such citizen are infringed upon by any European Government, reprisal may be made by seizing the person and property of any subject of the Government so offending. The Committee, however, believe that no such action will be required, for, they say, "it can not be that in this age, when all the political traditions of the Middle Ages are trembling, that Europe will at this day rush to extremities to sustain a claim repudiated by every authority of law, humanity, experience, civilization, and justice."

FINANCIAL PROJECTS.

In view of the unexpected failure of the cotton crop a bill passed the House suspending the payment of the tax upon cotton. The Senate proposed certain amendments, to a part of which the House refused to accede; committees of conference have been appointed, but as yet no positive action has been taken.——Among other questions which have been under consideration is that of the enormous frauds in regard to the collection of the tax upon distilled spirits. It is not denied that more than three-fourths of the revenue which should have been derived from this source has failed to be realized by the Treasury. The same is true, though not quite to the same extent, of the tax upon tobacco and its manufactures. Various measures to obviate these frauds have been proposed, and are under consideration.

The most important subject connected with finances is that which relates to the character and amount of the circulating medium. Upon one side it is urged, notably by the Secretary of the Treasury in his Report—the main points of whose argument were stated in our last Record—that the paper currency should be gradually contracted, with a view to the return at an early day to a specie currency. On the other hand it is urged that the existing currency is not too large in amount for the requirements of business; and that, as existing obligations were entered upon on the basis of the present amount of currency, any contraction would result in great financial disturbance.

Closely connected with this question is that which relates to the character of our paper currency. The point is, whether the present National Bank notes should continue in circulation, or should be replaced by "Greenbacks," issued directly by the Government. The argument in favor of the National Bank is presented by the Secretary of the Treasury, and noted in its main points in our last Record. A bill now under consideration in the House proposes to do away with these institutions. The following comprises its chief features:

§ 1. After the passage of this Act it shall be unlawful for any individual or corporation to issue as money any note or bill not authorized by Act of Congress; and the Secretary of the Treasury is to issue not exceeding $300,000,000 of United States notes, not bearing interest, which shall be a legal tender.

§ 2. These notes shall be issued only in exchange for circulating notes of National Banks.

§ 3. Circulating notes of National Banks paid into the Treasury of the United States are not to be reissued; but the Secretary of the Treasury may pay out an equal sum in the notes authorized by this Act; and may exchange such notes for National Bank notes. When the notes of any National Bank in the Treasury amount to $900, the bank is required to redeem them in lawful money.

§§ 4 and 5 provide for the transactions between the Treasury and the banks.

§ 6 directs that the amount of notes thus issued shall be invested in Treasury bonds or interest-bearing debt of the United States, the preference being given to bonds held in the Treasury as security for circulating notes of National Banks.

The object of this Bill is to secure the gradual withdrawal of notes of National Banks, and to substitute therefor "Greenbacks."

RECONSTRUCTION CONVENTIONS.

The Reconstruction Conventions are now in operation in all of the ten States included within the scope of the Military Bill, except in Alabama, whose convention has adjourned, having completed the new Constitution.

This Constitution opens with a "declaration of rights," according to which all persons are declared citizens of the State who are "resident in this State, born in the United States, or naturalized, or who shall have legally declared their intention to become citizens of the United States." All such persons are declared to possess equal civil and political rights and public privileges. It is also provided that no person shall be imprisoned for debt; that every citizen has a right to bear arms in defense of himself and the State; and that no form of slavery shall exist in the State. Article 2 relates to the boundaries of the State. Article 3 relates to the distribution of the powers of the State Government. Article 4 defines the sphere, duties, and mode of election of the Legislative department. It is made the duty of the General Assembly, within five years after the adoption of the Constitution, and within every subsequent period of ten years, to provide for the revision, digesting, and promulgation of all the public statutes of the State. No person engaging in a duel shall be capable of holding office under the State Government. Article 5 defines the duties of the Executive department; and article 6 those of the Judiciary. Article 7 relates to Elections. All male citizens of 21 years old and upward are declared electors, with the exception (1.) of those who, during the late rebellion, inflicted or caused to be inflicted any cruel or unusual punishment upon United States soldiers or citizens; (2.) of those disqualified by the proposed 14th amendment of the Constitution of the United States, or who were excluded in the late registration under the operation of the Military Bill; (3.) of those convicted of treason, embezzlement of public funds, malfeasance in office, crime punishable by law with imprisonment in the penitentiary, or bribery; and (4.) of those who are idiots or insane. The 2d exception is modified so as to admit as voters "such persons as aided in the reconstruction proposed by Congress, and accept the political equality of all men before the law; and provision is made for the removal of disabilities by the General Assembly. Articles 8 and 9 relate to Representation and Taxation; Article 10 to the Militia; Article 11 to Education; Article 12 establishes a Bureau of Industrial Resources; Article 13 relates to Corporations; Article 14 exempts from sale on execution the property of any resident of the State to the value of $1000,

and every homestead not exceeding $2000 in value. Article 15 relates to the oath of office, which is simply to support the Constitution and laws of the United States and of the State of Alabama. Article 16 provides for Amendments of the Constitution, the proposition for such amendments to be adopted by two-thirds of each House of the Assembly.

In South Carolina, at the close of 1867, General Canby issued an order suspending executions and staying proceedings in all cases arising during the war, suspending sales under foreclosure, and providing for a homestead exemption. He also revoked General Sickles's order prohibiting the distillation of liquors and the granting of licenses to bar-rooms. The bar-rooms have been reopened, and the proceeds of licenses are devoted to the support of the poor.

Governor Pierpont's (Virginia) term of office expired January 1. No successor has been provided for. Governor F. B. Flanders, of Louisiana, resigned January 2, and General Hancock appointed Joshua Baker to fill the vacancy. On the 11th General Hancock issued an order annulling Sheridan's instructions to boards of registration. On the same day General Meade removed Governor Jenkins, of Georgia. The destitution of the Southern States still continues. New-Year's Day was quite generally celebrated by the negroes of the South as the fifth anniversary of their emancipation.

REPORT OF COMMISSIONER WELLS.

The Report on our National revenue system, recently made by Special Commissioner David A. Wells, is a very important document. Mr. Wells, upon an estimate of our National annual expenditure at $140,000,000 for ordinary expenses, $130,000,000 for interest on the public debt, and $50,000,000 for the reduction of the public debt, expresses his belief that this expenditure can be met by a tax of only $8 73 per head, and the principal of our debt extinguished within twenty years. The Commission estimates the internal revenue from distilled spirits, fermented liquors, tobacco, income, stamps, banks, railroads, legacies, salaries, etc., as $152,000,000. This would leave a deficit of $18,000,000 necessary to make up the sum ($170,000,000) that was, according to previous estimates, to be provided for from internal revenue sources. To meet this deficiency he relies upon "special" or "license" taxes.

The most important portion of the Report is that which relates to "reform in revenue administration." Mr. Wells is of the opinion that frauds are not confined to whisky revenues, and says that if the truth were known it would be found that those connected with the tobacco revenues were still greater, and that those in coal oil are not inferior to those in whisky and tobacco. These evils, he says, do not exist in other countries, and there is no necessity for them here. The remedy must come from an entire change in the system according to which revenue officers are selected, and in the tenure of their office. This change would not necessarily do away with patronage, but by making necessary an examination of the candidates, would secure honest and competent officers. Mr. Wells also recommends the consolidation of large cities into single collection districts under one assessor and one collector, and concludes with a proposition that there should be a Board of Revenue Commissioners, consisting of five members, to which should be transferred the whole business of collecting the revenue, both customs and internal, subject only to the general supervision of the Secretary of the Treasury: this Board to constitute also a Board of Examination, whose approval should be the necessary condition precedent to the granting of any revenue commission.

SOUTHERN AMERICA.

Captain-General Lersundi assumed the governorship of Cuba at the close of the year. In his circular to the district governors he recommends the utmost vigilance in the suppression of the slave-trade.—At Porto Rico the earthquake shocks have continued, but not on such a scale as to alarm the inhabitants.—On the 11th the inhabitants of St. Thomas voted almost unanimously in favor of annexation to the United States, in accordance with the terms of the treaty between the United States and Denmark.

On account of the recent rebellion in Yucatan against the authority of Governor Cepeda, the Mexican Government blockaded the port of Sisal December 30, and ordered a large military force, under General Diaz, to the peninsula. The rebel governor, Pastor Rios, has, it is said, received support from the neighboring English colony of Belize.—Advices of December 22 state that the congressional canvass of votes for the Presidency of Mexico had resulted in favor of Juarez, only three members voting against him. Constitutional reforms were under consideration in the Mexican Congress, assimilating the government to that of the United States in respect to the relations between the executive and legislative departments.

Early in the month a revolution broke out in San Domingo; the regular government was compelled to find a refuge in Turk's Island.

Early in December, 1867, the rebellion against President Prado's administration in Peru had, under the lead of General Canseco in the south and Colonel Bulta in the north, extended to the provinces of Huancayo, Jauja, and Tarma, east of Lima, but on the opposite slope of the Andes. The city of Arequipa, held by the revolutionists, was in a state of siege, with but little prospect of escaping capture.

EUROPE.

The year 1868 opened auspiciously. On the part of the Great Powers of the Continent the most unreserved assurances were given of peaceful intentions.

In France, by a decree of the Emperor, published December 31, the Corps Legislatif for the next five years is to consist of a total of 292 members. The city of Paris is entitled to 9 representatives, as hitherto. The passage of the Army bill has produced great excitement in Europe. It raises the army to over 750,000 men, and provides for a National Guard of 400,000 militia.

A cable telegram states that Archduke Albrecht of Austria had been ordered to prepare for the field. These facts, and the determined attitude recently assumed by Russia on the Eastern question, have naturally excited serious apprehensions of an approaching European war.

The British Government continues to arrest

Fenians. Lord Strathnairn, Commander-in-chief of the forces in Ireland, was on the 3d actively engaged in disposing his troops to meet a possible outbreak. On the night of the 3d a body of Fenians entered the magazine in Cork and carried off half a ton of blasting powder. George Francis Train was arrested at Queenstown on the 18th on the ground of his Fenian sympathies, but the act was disavowed by the British Government.

The remains of Maximilian were landed at Trieste on the 16th.

Italy is still unsettled and bewildered. At the beginning of the year King Victor Emanuel counseled the people and the parliament to preserve their calmness, declaring that it was the unanimous desire of Italy that Rome should become the national capital, but that the treatment of the question demanded patience. General Menabrea, after much difficulty, had on the 6th succeeded in the organization of a Cabinet with Reale as Minister of War.

Mount Vesuvius, during the week ending December 14, afforded a spectacle of unusual grandeur. "Large masses of lava," says the London *Times* correspondent, "were shot up to a great height, one of which, even from the city, was seen to fall like a mighty rock and roll down the sides of the greater cone. Streams of red-hot lava were flowing over the crater and bathing the whole of the upper part of the mountain, while fiery lava, ashes, and sand, were sent up with an immense impetus, irradiating the sky far and near." The cannonade was heard in the most distant part of Naples.

A telegraphic dispatch, dated at Naples on the 29th of January and received in time to appear in the New York papers of the morning of the 30th, gives the latest account of this eruption. The dispatch reads: "The eruption of Mount Vesuvius, which has continued with greater or less intensity since its occurrence in the past year, has culminated in an unusual and very fatal catastrophe. Yesterday evening the side of Mount Vesuvius lying right opposite to the gate of Castello Nuovo, one of the fortifications of the city, situated between the royal palace and the sea, fell, tumbling outward. The detached portion buried several houses built in the vicinity, and overwhelmed carriages and other conveyances passing on the highway at the moment. The scene is melancholy and full of ruin. The road running in the neighborhood of the volcano is filled with rocks and earth which just lately formed part of the mountain. This extraordinary event has also been attended with considerable loss of life; but the number of persons killed has not been ascertained."

In Portugal the unpopularity of the new system of taxation led to riots in Lisbon and elsewhere, at the beginning of the year; and owing to the excitement the ministry resigned. A new cabinet was organized under Count Avila.

We group together the substance of the main telegraphic dispatches bearing date January 29, and received by us on the 30th, at the moment when we close this Record:—The London dispatch says: "The internal condition of Italy is becoming critical. Fears are entertained that a *coup d'état* is contemplated at Florence. It is believed in Paris that the relations between the French and Italian Governments are not so cordial as they have been."—From Florence, under date of January 29, the telegraph reports that "a special agent of the President of the United States has arrived at Rome on a secret mission to the Pope, and that he will be supported by Admiral Farragut, whose fleet is hourly expected at Naples, and whose arrival at Rome is looked for at an early day," and that "the General Council of the Roman Catholic Church, preparations for which were some time ago intrusted by Pope Pius IX. to a special commission of seven cardinals, will assemble at Rome in November next."—From London the telegraph reports that "the policy adopted by Prussia on the Roman question and her agreement with France in the treatment of the subject, have caused surprise. But an explanation of this course is found in the fact that in sustaining the temporal power of the Pope the Prussian Government finds a powerful means of conciliating its Catholic subjects, and of strengthening its influence over the Catholic States of South Germany."——Contrary to our custom of introducing into the Record only statements of ascertained facts, we here give an abstract of the current European rumors of a single day. Our purpose is to show that the general condition of Europe is such that an outbreak is looked upon as liable to occur at any moment; and that consequently the wildest rumors are received with credence, and are thought of sufficient importance to be telegraphed across the Atlantic.

THE EAST.

According to advices from Yokohama, December 6, 1867, the Tycoon of Japan had resigned his power into the hands of the Mikado—the spiritual head of the Japanese Government. The empire was henceforth to be carried on, under the Mikado, by a council of Damios, or nobles. Earlier advices (November 26) state that in the northern part of China the imperial troops sustained a severe repulse from the Ninfei rebels. Mr. Anson Burlingame, United States Minister to Pekin, had been appointed by the Emperor as special embassador to the Great Powers to settle the complicated questions which have, during several years past, arisen under the treaty between those powers and China. The Emperor has appealed to European powers to aid him in putting down the rebellion.

AFRICA.

The British invasion of Abyssinia was, on the 14th, fairly entered upon. The British expedition, 12,000 strong, one-fourth of which consists of a brigade of coolies, had at that time, under General Sir Robert Napier, reached Abyssinia, and were marching against King Theodorus. The latter is reported to have an army of 60,000; but these are rudely armed and equipped; and the fact that many native chiefs are opposed to the King—principal among them the Governor of Tigre—will prove a material aid to the English. The occasion of the expedition was the imprisonment by King Theodorus of some British subjects, a few months ago.

Editor's Drawer.

ONE of the pleasantest essays in "The Rambler" commences with a quotation from Horace:

"Wisdom at proper times is well forgot!"

Locke, whom there is no reason to suspect of being a favorer of idleness or libertinism, says that "whoever hopes to employ any part of his time with efficiency and vigor must allow some of it to pass in trifles. It is beyond the power of humanity to spend a whole life in profound study and intense meditation, and the most rigorous exactors of industry and seriousness have appointed hours for relaxation and amusement."

With authority so potential we open another Drawer from the capacious bureau which, thanks to genial friends scattered up and down the highways and by-ways of the land, is amply filled with things humorous and edifying.

No name is better known, and no memory more revered throughout the South, than that of the late Bishop England, of Charleston. It was his custom, wherever he was preaching, whether in a public court-house, or Protestant church, or in his cathedral, to wear his ordinary episcopal robes—soutane, rotchet, and short purple cape. Many of the former buildings being in his time rather primitive structures, and affording little accommodation for robing, he was frequently compelled to make his ecclesiastical toilet behind the pulpit. This happened on one occasion when his fame was at its height, and people of every creed, as well as class and condition, rushed to hear the famous preacher. One of the robes worn by a Roman Catholic Bishop—the rotchet—is a kind of surplice ("surplus," as Mrs. Partington called it), usually made of muslin, or fine linen, and trimmed with lace. Dr. England remained some time hidden from the view of the audience, probably engaged in prayer, and the expectation was somewhat increased in consequence. At length one, more impatient or more curious than the rest, ventured to take a peep, and saw the Bishop in his rotchet, and before he had time to put on his cape; and, rather forgetting the character of the place and the nature of the occasion, he cried out, in a voice that rang throughout the building: "Boys! the Bishop's stripped to his shirt! He's in earnest, I tell you; and darn me if he ain't going to give us hell this time!" The Bishop, who, Irishman like, dearly loved a joke, and who frequently told the story, ever with unabated relish, mounted the steps of the pulpit, and looked upon his audience as calmly and with as grave a countenance as if these strange words had never reached his ears.

As showing the enterprise as well as the *sang froid* of the American man of fashion, when doing himself and his country the honor of a temporary sojourn among the monarchies of Europe, it is related by a lady that recently, when dining at the house of a fashionable financier in Paris, after having taken her place she glanced at the plate next her, and found on it a gilded card bearing the name of a marquis. The lady began to think she was honored with a noble neighbor, when, lo! in sauntered Mr. ——, well known in New York, and took his seat beside her. Confessing to disappointment, she said: "I think you are mistaken—it is the seat of a marquis." To which he answered, putting his glass to his eye: "Beg your pardon, Madame, *it is my evening name!*"

During the political campaign of 1866 General Joe Geiger was speaking in Butler County, Ohio. The audience was attentive, with the exception of one fellow, who interrupted the General with pointless remarks and questions. At length Geiger said: "Young man, you seem to have a mighty open countenance in the dark; suppose you bring it a little closer to the stand, so that we can take a squint at its beauty?" The fellow, urged by those around him, was simple enough to go forward, when Geiger, with great solemnity, said:

"Young man, have you ever searched the Holy Scriptures?"

"Certainly I have."

"Have you ever read in the New Testament of the man who was advised to be born again?"

"Yes."

"Well, my young friend, that was the counsel of inspiration. For the sake of yourself, your relations, and public meetings, follow it; go through that interesting process, and the next time you are born be *still born!*"

As the young person meandered from the front General Geiger observed: "That was a Christian work in me. I have put a spiritual stop-cock on that sinner's wind-pipe, and if he will view it in the right spirit it may be the means of saving him."

A fresh anecdote of the late President:

A gentleman called upon Mr. Lincoln seeking a pardon for a young surgeon in the Confederate service, who had passed clandestinely through the Union lines under mitigating circumstances, but had been arrested, tried, convicted, and sentenced to confinement during the war. After hearing the case the President said, "I can not interfere; I must not offend Secretary ——." "That can not happen," said the petitioner; "Secretary —— has not been requested to give the pardon. I have preferred to make the application to the President, who listens patiently, which Secretary —— will not always do." "Perhaps," said Mr. Lincoln, "there is that difference between the Secretary and myself; and it recalls a story told to me by Sweat, of Maine: A man in his neighborhood had a small bull-terrier that could whip all the dogs of the neighborhood. The owner of a large dog which the terrier had whipped asked the owner of the terrier how it happened that the terrier whipped every dog he encountered? 'That,' said the owner of the terrier, 'is no mystery to me; your dog and other dogs get half through a fight before they are ready; now, *my dog is always mad!*'"

On another occasion the same gentleman solicited Mr. Lincoln to release a number of men, women, and children who had been arrested by order of General Hunter. After listening to the statement the President said, "Did you ever read

a book called 'Flush Times in Alabama?'" "No, Sir," was the reply. "Well, you ought; for there is a case in it which just fits this: An old Judge had a propensity for fining offenders, no matter what the offense. On one occasion the regular term of court was not long enough to close all the cases and enable the Judge to order fines, so he held an adjourned term for that purpose, and while intently occupied in that agreeable duty the stove-pipe fell; whereupon the Judge, enraged at the interruption, without stopping to learn the cause, called out, 'Sheriff, arrest every one in the room! Mr. Clerk, enter a fine against every one of them!' Then, looking through his spectacles and seeing the crowd, his Honor said, 'Stop, Mr. Clerk; enter a fine against every one in the room, women and children alone excepted.' And," said Mr. Lincoln, "I don't know but General Hunter has as great a propensity for *arresting* as the old Judge had for *fining* people." Which is "about where it lights," as the excellent Joe Gargery was in the habit of remarking.

A MEMBER of the House of Representatives at Washington writes us that while at his home in the Granite State, during the holidays, he found that Professor Chandler, of Middlebury, Vermont, had been engaged to deliver a course of lectures on geology, notice of which was posted about the town, headed "Geological Lectures." A youth of "Irish extract," who is called a bright boy in school, and who was evidently well up in his abbreviations, seeing the notice, went home to his mother and informed her that there was to be a lecture that evening. "What is it about?" asked the mother. "Well," replied Danny, "I don't know what it's about, but *Geo Logical* is the man who's going to lecture!"

A BOSTON correspondent says: Your anecdote of the late lamented Isaac O. Barnes, in the January Number, reminds me of one I have not seen in print. At the time the Second Advent believers were in full blast in Boston Mr. Barnes was passing their place of meeting and urgently solicited to enter. He inquired the object of so large and solicitous a gathering, and was told: "We are anxiously awaiting the second coming of Christ—do come in and be saved!" "Excuse me," he replied; "I am now in somewhat of a hurry, but *if He arrives I beg of you to treat Him better than when He made His first visit!*"

DURING Sam Houston's incumbency of the Gubernatorial chair of Texas it was proposed in the Senate of that turbulent State to abolish the State Geological Commission, of which a very capable German professor was chief. On being asked his opinion, Houston said he was opposed to abolishing the Commission, as the professor was a very useful man—very; "for," added the Governor, "he has already discovered *six distinct strata of dirt on Dick Scully's neck, with various animalculæ!*" Dick was a Member of Congress.

SOON after the battle of San Jacinto a theatrical company visited the city of Houston. At one of their performances President Houston stepped into the principal box, wearing a cocked hat with an enormous red feather, and the red velvet lining of his coat turned outside. Standing in the front of the box until all eyes were turned on him, he raised his finger, and fixing his eyes on the leader of the orchestra, thundered out: "*Do President Houston the favor to play 'Won't you come to the bower?'*"

ANOTHER of Old Sam: While President of the Texan Republic he received a challenge to fight a duel with some person whom he considered his inferior. Turning to the bearer of the challenge, he said: "Sir, tell your principal that *Sam Houston never fights down hill!*"

ONE more: During his Presidency Congress took exception to Houston's oral messages, insisting that they should be written out, so as to be available for reference, and as being more respectful. Acceding to their wishes, and the next day being the one set apart for the delivery of his inaugural, he appeared with a roll of paper in hand, tied with ribbon, and marked in large letters—"INAUGURAL." He addressed them with the roll in his hand, waving it gracefully that all might see it; and, on concluding, handed it with a bow to the clerk, and stalked out of the chamber. On opening, it was found to be a roll of blank paper!

DURING Sam Houston's Governorship of Texas an old acquaintance of his went to Austin to obtain an appointment as Captain of Rangers. Among Houston's peculiarities was his recollection of faces. A man's face once seen was never forgotten; so when our friend entered the presence he was greeted with: "Why, Perry, how are you?—haven't seen you for twenty years!—how have you prospered?" The proper answers having been made, Perry really began to have hopes of success. "Well, Perry," continued the Governor, "can I do any thing for you?" Perry presented his little matter; to which Old Sam replied: "Ah! Perry, I *should* like to oblige you, but do you remember, Perry, soon after Jacinto your name, with others, appeared attached to a paper stating that Sam Houston was a coward, a knave, etc.? So, Perry, I can't do it; I'm sorry, Perry, but I can't. Good-by, Perry; God bless you, Perry—God bless you, my boy!" And Perry emitted himself from the premises and returned unto his own ranch.

IT is ever the case with effervescent material that to be very sparkling it must be thoroughly bottled. This has frequently proved to be the case with General Butler—the tighter the place, the greater his "pop." The General, while in active practice in Massachusetts, was a terror and torment to Judges of thin calibre. On one occasion Judge Sanger having been bullied and badgered out of all patience, petulantly asked, "What does the counsel suppose I am on this bench for?" Scratching his head a minute, Benjamin F. replied: "Well, I confess your Honor's got me there!"

THE solemn and the jocular sometimes become ludicrously mixed in temples of justice. At Fort Benton, for instance, a doctor had been appointed Justice of the Peace. A suit was brought in his court, and he proceeded with the trial; and thus did he administer the oath to the first wit-

ness: "You do solemnly swear that the evidence you shall give in this case shall be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth—*you bet!*"

WHAT ridiculous things occur sometimes at funerals! For instance: on one of those solemn occasions out West there stood in the house of the defunct an old-fashioned clock, which, when it finished the announcement of the meridian hour, was made to play a tune. The officiating minister was in the midst of his sermon when, noon having arrived, the clock commenced striking twelve. In a very solemn tone he impressed on his hearers the inevitable flight of time; but the exhortation was evidently ineffective, as the clock instantly followed with the cheery old notes of "Yankee Doodle!"

How neatly and lovingly, in the following verses, has some one expressed the thought that springs daily from many a heart while waiting patiently for "The Step on the Stair:"

"Twilight is coming, and work is o'er,
And I am quite free from all care;
I silently, patiently watch, and I wait
For the sound of the step on the stair.

"'Tis a welcome sound to my listening ear,
And my heart beats quick and fast;
For I know that my darling's returning to me,
And the toil of the day is past.

"Baby is sleeping within his warm nest,
The tea-kettle sings in loud glee;
Nearer the sound of the step on the stairs—
Husband's come home to his tea.

"He comes, and I'm happy: my heart is at rest;
I've no trouble, nor shadow of care.
How he'll laugh when I tell him I watch and I wait
For the sound of his step on the stair.

"God grant that we ever may thus happy be;
All trials we'll equally share.
If I were called first to that bright home above,
I'd still list for his step on the stair."

WHEN Charles Anderson, ex-Governor of Ohio, was about to leave Texas, in 1861, having been engaged there some years in stock-raising, he was arrested on his way to Brownsville by the Confederate authorities, to be held as a prisoner of war. Just before starting to return to San Antonio, seeing something wrong with the feet of one of his mules, Anderson stepped from his ambulance, and, attempting to take hold of the mule's leg, received a severe kick. To this he apparently paid no attention, and met with no further accident until just as he was entering the prison camp on the Solado he drove over a dog, which yelped terribly. The Governor had a remarkable fondness for dogs and horses, which led him again to dismount, to see if the brute was badly hurt. Endeavoring to soothe him, the dog bit his hand. Raising himself, with a voice husky with disgust and anger, he shouted: "Anderson's luck! Kicked by the meanest mule ever put in harness; bit by the mangiest cur that ever gnawed a bone; and taken prisoner by the meanest apology for a government the world ever saw, and all in one day! Drive on, Bob; *nothing more can happen to me!*"

BISHOP COLENSO seems to have a friend in Holly Springs, Mississippi, an army surgeon, who informs us how summarily he was put to shame and confusion by a clergyman of those parts. "On one occasion," says our correspondent, "when arguing with me that the account of the creation given in the first chapter of Genesis must be taken literally, geological revelations to the contrary notwithstanding, I ventured to quote some of the discourses and writings of Hugh Miller; when my clerical friend replied, 'You must not quote Hugh Miller to me, for you know *the Millerites are not accounted orthodox!*'"

DURING a long career of public service in the Senate, Mr. John P. Hale, our present Minister to Spain, was noted for the faculty of apt and good-natured repartee. Soon after his admission to the Senate he delivered a speech on the Slavery question, and was answered by Mr. Toombs, of Georgia, who said that, judging from the tenor of his speech, he must be the character of whom Shakspeare spoke: "Hail! horrors—hail!"

"However that might be," replied Hale, "there was no question but the gentleman from Georgia was the one to whom Watts refers when he says:

"'Hark! from the *Tombs* a doleful sound,
Mine ears attend the cry!'"

ONE of the most important and interesting cases to insurance offices that has been made the subject of judicial investigation was that of the New York and Norwich Transportation Company, recently tried before the United States Circuit Court in Hartford. The insurance companies undertook to prove that the loss of the steamer *City of Norwich* was by sinking, not by burning, making it a marine loss, against which fire insurance companies did not insure. But even in so grave a case as this, and for that matter in most cases where humor would seem to be out of place, there was not lacking a bit of fun to enliven the tedium of the proceedings. It having appeared from the evidence that Mr. Tracy, the pilot of the boat, was hanging on the rudder just before the steamer went down, Mr. Scudder, counsel for the companies, thus interrogated:

"Mr. Tracy, what do you think the boat was worth at the time you were holding on to the rudder?"

"I really couldn't tell, Sir."

"But what do you think, Sir?"

"I didn't think any thing at all about it."

"Mr. Tracy, what would you have been willing to give for her at that time?"

"Well, I don't know. I was not buying steamboats very much about that time."

"Mr. Tracy, would you have been willing to have given the old coat that you say you had on at that time for the boat?"

"Well, I don't know but I should. On the whole, I guess I should; for I don't suppose I should have needed an over-coat *where I was going.*"

Mr. Scudder gave it up, and called the next witness.

WHEN the city of Ripon, Wisconsin, some years since, had its Board of Trade, an arrangement was made by the Boards of Chicago and Milwaukee to advance the rate of selling wheat in those cities from one cent to one-cent-and-a-half per bushel. The merchant princes of Ripon denounced the charge as exorbitant, and went into Committee of the Whole to discuss the ways and means to evade its payment. A certain important person, Mr. ——, interrupted the debate

with a lofty wave of the hand, saying: "Gentlemen, you are too fast; you had better keep posted; that project was killed." And pulling out of his pocket the Milwaukee *Sentinel*, read: "The joint committee from the two cities met, and, after transacting some other business, passed unanimously the resolution agreeing to raise the price for selling, and then adjourned *since dead!*"

As there seemed to be no practical use in discussing a defunct proposition, the Board adjourned *sine die*.

A YOUNG gentleman who is so unfortunate as to have a slight impediment in his speech, which doesn't seem to embarrass him much (indeed, he makes fun of it at times—good fun, too), recently returned to the old homestead in Connecticut to spend Christmas. His good mother, while passing to him the festive pudding, made of plum, remarked: "Really, Tom, you seem to stammer more since you went to New York than you used to down here in Stuninton."

"C-c-cert-'n-ly, mother, and I h-h-ave to st-st-t-ammer *m-o-re*, because, y-o-u see, New-ew York's a *la-la-lar-ger place!*"

IF the truth of the old proverb that "truth is stranger than fiction" be doubted, let the unbeliever consult the records of courts where divorces are sought. From the royalties of the Old Testament down to the monarchs of modern times, and through every class of the people, including the Yelverton outrage and the more recent Culling Eardley scoundrel, proceedings for divorce bring to light the strangest phases of life. Recently at Vincennes, Indiana, the husband of Harriet Campbell petitioned the Court of Common Pleas to grant him a divorce, on the ground that she had run away from the home and the hearth on which he had "always kept a fire blazing brightly to welcome her return." He had addressed many affectionate epistles to her, hoping to touch her stony heart, one of which is copied into the legal plea, and runneth as follows:

"My dearest Harriet, why have you left me,
Sighing, weeping, all alone?
With none to talk to or caress me—
My wretched fate I much bemoan.

"My eyes are swollen big with weeping,
My nose is red and swollen too;
I have in all respects the poorest keeping
Of any man who tries his duty for to do.

"Come back, O Harriet! I entreat you,
Come back and live with me once more!
Come back, and I will treat you
As I have treated you before.

"I say again, then, as I said before,
Come back to your Johnny so true:
Come and stay at your home as before,
'For there is a light in the window for you.'

"And your petitioner says and further represents to your Honor that, in response to all his offers and entreaties, she has refused with scorn and contempt to return to his home. Wherefore he prays your Honor will hear his prayer herein, and forever divorce him from the said Harriet."

NOT only can the "men of Rochester" boast "a fall of water a hundred feet high"—in honor of which Mr. Webster once addressed an oration to the people of that city—but Rochester numbers among its clergy two witty gentlemen, Dr. Shaw (N. S.), and Dr. Hall (O. S.). At the recent Union meeting of the Presbyterians of that city, Dr. S. said he had known and loved Dr. H. for twenty-seven years, but had never exchanged pulpits with him. They had just appointed a Sunday for the first exchange. Dr. Hall had said to him: "You can't trot about in my pulpit as you do on your own platform in the 'Brick,' but you have my full permission to run up and down the pulpit stairs." He had said to Dr. Hall: "I'll excuse you from trotting around the whole platform, but you'd better move about a little, or the children will think you don't amount to much."

AN admirable institution is the Sleeping Car, though the bed-rooms are rather brief, especially when occupied by lengthy people, such as are grown in Kentucky. A Cincinnati correspondent, returning recently from the East, was about to file himself away in one of those railway pigeon-holes when the somnolent passengers were aroused by the voice of a huge Kentuckian, who, holding up a pillow between his thumb and finger, roared out to the attendant:

"I say, you boy, come back and take this away!"

"Wha' for, Sah?"

"Because I'm afraid the darned thing will *get into my ear!*"

None other, however, was to be had, and the Anakite placed his shock of hair on the feather or two inserted in the tick, and was soon in the land where

"Sleep knits up the raveled skein of care."

THE Drawer has no political "views." It sits serenely on the fence, and leaves the schemers and plotters of party to scheme and plot as they may. It pounces, however, upon every clever *jeu d'esprit* the publication of which, while offending none, contributes to the general hilarity. Whatever may be said or sung of General Butler, no one denies to him superior ability. Many smart people have come to find that out while endeavoring to extinguish him. The General's friends and every body will laugh at the want of faith in an overruling Providence expressed by a noted optician of New Orleans, named Leja. Professor Leja visited Corinth a few weeks since, stopping at the Scruggs House. One day, while sitting at the table conversing with Colonel Johnson, the clerk of that popular resort, the conversation turned upon the yellow-fever, with the various phases of which the Professor is quite familiar; and, among other things, the course of General Sheridan in neglecting, while controlling the affairs of the Gulf Department, to take the usual precautions to ward off, or, at least, prepare the city for the visit of Bronze John, was severely condemned. In this connection Colonel Johnson remarked:

"You must confess, Professor, that, notwithstanding his many faults, General Butler exhibited great administrative ability in the conception and prosecution of measures to save New Orleans from the dreaded pestilence while in command there."

Up jumped the optician, his face pale with ill-suppressed wrath, his eyes darting fire:

"By gar, vat you take me vor? You no believe in a God? You no believe zere is mercie? Yallow-fever and G-e-n-e-r-a-l Butler at ze same time!!!"

And the choleric Creole walked off almost foaming at the mouth, with fists clenched, muttering between his teeth, 'Ya-low fe-vor! he can not believe zere is ze God who has mercie!"

One of the women best known to army folk during our late troubles was Mrs. Bickendyke, who ordinarily confined her good works to the common soldier, though occasionally she condescended to a Major-General. General B—— avers that she saved his life at Corinth. He had suffered fearfully from a congestive chill, and was laboring for breath, when he sent for Mrs. Bickendyke as a last resort, knowing her unwillingness to leave the men who so much needed her services. "General," said she, "you must have a bath." "A bath!" he gasped, "that's impossible; there's no water within four miles." "Never you mind that," said she; "I'll get it." That was enough for the General, and he waited. In fifteen minutes she appeared, with two soldiers carrying a huge tub of steaming water. "Now, boys," she said, "strip the General, put him in the tub, cover him close with a blanket, and I will give him a drink." Her orders were promptly obeyed. She gave him a glass of hot toddy; then had him rubbed with dry, warm cloths till circulation was restored, placed him in bed, surrounded with hot bricks, and Richard was himself again. A person familiar with the incident recently asked her the particulars of the case. They corresponded precisely with the General's statement; and the old lady added, with glee: "And he didn't know that I afterward bathed sixteen tired, dirty, half-sick boys in the same water, adding a little hot each time, as all the *water for the hospitals was hauled four miles.*"

It is not contemplated to transfer from the advertising columns of the daily press to the columns of the Drawer the controversy so vigorously waged between the Piano and Safe people. We supposed the matter had been disposed of, so far as this periodical is concerned, by the publication of the poultry statement in the December Number. Such, however, seems not to be the case. We are implored, as a matter of simple justice, to say that at a recent trial of safes of two other manufacturers plates of butter were locked in and submitted to the usual fiery test. As soon as the warmth had subsided one was opened, and the butter, in a melted state, dripped out upon the ground; but, on opening the other, the butter was found to be frozen so fast to the iron lining that it was impossible to remove it. A workman and chisel were sent for, but at the first stroke of the hammer a chip of the frozen article flew off and *put out the workman's eye!*

It is one of the peculiarities of Mr. Greeley never to be disturbed by personalities that may be addressed to him by small-beer politicians, or persons who have failed to succeed in inducing Mr. G. to turn the circular stone that is accounted needful to give edge to their little axe. Not long since one of these persons entered his private sanctum to express indignation at a *Tribune* editorial. Mr. G. was writing, and though violently accosted never looked up. The irate politician roared out: "Horace Greeley, I charge you with betraying the best interests of your party. You are a secret foe to Radicalism. You do us more harm than you do good. Confound it, if you'd go over to the Democrats, body and soul, it would be the best thing you could do. You stay with the Republicans, and stab them in the dark. You are the worst enemy Radicalism ever had in this country. I once thought you honest, though I knew you to be a fool. Now, I'll swear you are a scoundrel and an idiot!" Here he paused again for breath, as he had several times before, expecting H. G. to make some defense, or at least reply to the ferocious charges. But he was disappointed. The veteran journalist remained at his desk apparently unconcerned, still scribbling at his editorial. The politician attempted to give vent to another burst of indignation, but he was so mad he couldn't speak, and after a splutter of epithets he hurried to the door. The philosopher then lifted his head for the first time, and called out, in his high, shrill voice: "*Don't go off in that way, my friend. Come back and relieve your mind!*"

Not a Weston-day's-walk from the thriving village of Owego resides a veteran retired merchant, a man of great wealth and benevolence, but matter-of-fact to eccentricity. Sentiment is entirely foreign to his composition, and all poetry, to his practical mind, is an abomination. Although through a long mercantile career he had been eminently prosperous in money matters, he had invariably met with poor success in matrimony. Dry-goods had blessed him with a rich basket and full store, and experience pronounced him a good judge of such materials; but every *mortal* "piece of calico" in which he invested soon faded and failed. He had reached a ripe old age when the "weaker vessel"—his fourth female venture—stranded and sunk. With the promptness and enterprise which had ever characterized his commercial career, he soon selected another partner for life. As usual, a numerous circle of relatives and friends were bidden to celebrate the nuptials. A distinguished Presbyterian divine was summoned to "boss the job." The solid ceremony concluded, friends crowded around the happy pair to offer their congratulations, when our hero of the five weddings drew forth his ancient calf-skin wallet, coolly counted out twenty-five dollars, and handing the goodly greenbacks to his reverence, blandly but distinctly remarked, "*That's what I have been in the habit of paying!*" Fancy the feelings of the blushing bride!

The art of reading and writing was not much in vogue on the Eastern Shore of Virginia, judging from the following revelation forwarded by a gentleman who wore straps during the late differences:

During the famous Turkey war on "Eastern Shore," Virginia, it was my luck to be an officer in the column of invaders. Our road to Drummond Town was at one place obstructed by felled timber, so that the column made a detour of some miles to avoid it. Sergeant W—— and myself, bent on a little scouting of our own, pushed through by the more direct route, and, gaining the road by which the column was expected to pass, called at a little house of very primitive construction, inhabited by an old lady in a tow frock and night-cap, and asked for a

drink of water. We were plentifully supplied from a gourd-shell dipper, and at the same time were entertained by the scandal of the neighborhood. She was in the midst of a glowing tirade against a certain preacher who had displayed his genius for war by erecting a battery in the worst possible position, and who insisted that the old lady's house should be burned in order to give range to his guns, when the head of the column swept by. First came the New York Fifth, Duryea's Zouaves, followed by the Sixth Michigan. The old lady gazed with open-mouthed astonishment as company after company passed her dwelling, and at last broke forth with: "Lord! I never see so many people in all my life!" then, after a pause: "*I reckon they ha'n't all got names!*"

A GENTLEMAN who is believed to be surreptitiously "selling Erie short" informs the Drawer that, during the rebellion, at a time when "Erie" and other railway shares were in a very depreciated state, Uncle Sammy G—— drove up alongside a passenger train at one of the stations on the Erie road. His horse was of the poorest sort, in fact only the shadow of a horse, a framework of bones covered with hide. The "gentlemanly conductor" suggested to the old gentleman that he "had better have an eye on his trotter, as the train would soon start." Uncle Sammy intimated that he thought he could manage the animal. The conductor, still animated by the spirit of waggery, inquired: "Old man, on what do you feed that horse to make him so very fat?" To the which Uncle Samuel replied: "*I feed him on Erie stock!*" The "gentlemanly conductor" waved his hand to the engineer, and the train departed on the even tenor and soprano of its way.

SOME of our readers may remember that last year Mr. John Francis Maguire, a distinguished Irish Member of Parliament, was in this city, and was honored with a dinner at Delmonico's by the *élite* of our Irish gentlemen. Mr. Maguire went through the land, from Newfoundland to the Southern States, and has given the result of his observations in a very readable volume just published in London. It contains a few anecdotes which are clever, as illustrating the subject under notice. The following, showing how promptly after battle soldiers cease to be foes, as well as the value which Irish soldiers attach to their fighting qualities, is not bad:

"After the battle of Manassas, won by the Confederates, the victors were gathering the wounded to convey them to the nearest hospitals. The Confederates were generally first attended to; but an Irish soldier happening to recognize in a wounded Federal an old acquaintance from his own parish 'in the ould country,' at once raised him from the ground, and placing him tenderly on his shoulder carried his helpless friend to a camp-hospital which had been just improvised, and attended to him as well as he could. Next morning, at an early hour, he proceeded to the hospital to inquire after the patient, and learn how he had got through the night. He found a sentinel at the door, who barred the passage with his bayonet. 'You won't lave me pass, won't ye?—not to see the poor lad from my own parish?' 'Faith I can't; 'tis again orders,' was the reluctant reply of the Irishman on guard, as he still presented the weapon. 'Yerra, man, stand out of the way with you, and don't bother me! *Haven't we done the height of the fighting on both sides?*' The boastful query, coupled with the good-humored violence with which the bayonet was shoved aside, were too much for the Hibernian, who, shouldering his rifle, consoled himself with the remark: 'Look at that! Faith, one can see *that* fellow doesn't know much of the laws of war, *or he'd respect a sintry.* Well, no matter; *his intention is good, any way!*'"

IN one of the courts of Texas a Mexican was interested in a suit involving a question of title to a horse. When the case was called the Court proceeded to empanel a jury, and needing one man to complete the panel the sheriff was ordered to select one from the by-standers. Not being acquainted with the parties to the suit, and taking the first man he met, the *defendant* in the case was ushered into the jury-box, unknown to all but his own lawyer, who of course said nothing about it. The cause was tried; the jury retired, and in a very short time returned with a verdict in favor of the *plaintiff!* On remonstrating with the Mexican why he did not "hang" the jury, the lawyer asked him, "Why did you bring in a verdict against yourself?" He answered, shrugging his shoulders after the manner of his race: "*Quien, sabe? the Americans did it!*" On inquiry, it was found that the jury was composed of eight Mexicans and four Americans, the latter making up the verdict without consulting with the others; and when they (the four) had arrived at a conclusion, they merely told the others: "Come along—it's all right!" And the result was as stated.

ANOTHER instance of the impartial administration of justice occurred at the sitting of the same court, where a Mexican was arraigned charged with having stolen a pistol. He proved conclusively that the pistol was his own, and that it had been in his possession long before the alleged theft took place. The case went to the jury at twelve o'clock, the usual hour of adjournment, and the jury, not wishing to be kept until court opened again at three o'clock, hurried to give in their verdict. The foreman, turning to the rest, without leaving the box, said: "Well, boys, what do you say?—let's give him two years at Huntsville." Another answered: "All right! put him through, or the Judge will adjourn." A third: "Go ahead! hurry up! or we must stay here till three o'clock!" At this point a quiet old gentleman on the jury suggested—"But *is he guilty?*" The foreman responded: "Well, d—— the odds! we want our dinner; if you think he *ain't* guilty, *let's clear him!*" So those twelve good men and true instantly vindicated the majesty of the law by rendering a verdict of "Not guilty." Such is the vivacity of the American juror!

THERE must be "something rotten" in the post-office at Kansas City, Missouri, to which the attention of Postmaster-General Randall is hereby directed. For some time prior to the date of our correspondent's note there had been a peculiar and very unpleasant smell about the office. A member of the Board of Health came to make investigation as to the cause of the objectionable

perfume, when a droll citizen from the back country remarked that *he* guessed the bad smell was "caused by the *dead* letters!" A perfectly logical supposition.

During the rebellion Archbishop Purcell, of Cincinnati, the oldest Roman Catholic Bishop in the United States, was invited to preach in one of the camps of the Army of the Cumberland, and he delivered on that occasion an admirable discourse, which elicited the warm approval of non-Catholics, and excited the enthusiastic admiration of the Irish soldiers, one of whom said to his comrade: "Did you hear that, Mick?" "To be sure I did," replied Mick. "Yes, man; but what did you think of it?—wasn't it the real touch?" "Well, in my opinion, if I'm to give one—and, mind, 'twas you asked for it—the *Archbishop didn't know what he was preaching on.*" "Why, what the d—l do you mean?—what's come over you?" "I tell you again, and it's only my opinion—the opinion of a poor gommal, if you like—the Archbishop didn't know what he was preaching on. Look, man, what he *was* standing on!"

Sure enough, the Archbishop did not know what he was preaching on; for there was sufficient in the *boxes* under his feet to blow up the Vatican and the College of Cardinals.

As a general thing poetry inspired by Spiritualism does not seem to have touched the popular heart. However spiritual themselves, poets have not yet taken much to the *ism*. We are indebted to a Western correspondent for the specimen which follows, written on the death of a worthy member of the masonic fraternity, named Dodge, and claimed to have been inspired by the spirit of Shakspeare. It was appended to certain resolutions of condolence addressed to the family of the deceased:

"Above, in that Celestial Lodge,
Lies now our Brother, Israel Dodge;
His presence there shall ever be
A Brother's prayer, Almighty G."

Twenty odd years ago there flourished in Virginia a cross-eyed, dark-skinned, wiry-made, eccentric Methodist preacher, named Clawson. At times he was eloquent, always excitable, occasionally extravagant. He once accompanied a brother minister, the Rev. Mr. R——, to a colored church. Mr. R—— gave the colored preacher the hint, and Clawson was invited to preach. He did so, and set the impulsive Africans shouting all over the house. This, in turn, set Clawson to extravagant words and actions, and he leaped out of the pulpit like a deer, and began to take the hands of the colored brethren, and mix in quite happily. He wept for joy. Then, pressing through the crowd, he found Brother R——, and sitting down beside him threw his arm round his neck, and, with tears streaming down his cheeks, said: "Brother R——, I almost wish I had been born a nigger! These folks have more religion than we have." "Well, well," said Brother R——, "*you come so near it that you needn't cry about it!*"

During one of the famous battles of the war a young Irishman, named Peter Hughes, was wounded in the thigh by a musket-ball, and fell helpless on the field. At the same moment a comrade of his, Michael M'Fadden, received a shot in the groin, and fell prostrate on poor Hughes. Hughes had two infirmities—an irritable temper and a deplorable stutter; and neither of these was improved by the pain of his wound and the weight of his comrade. He could not shake M'Fadden off, nor could M'Fadden help remaining as he fell; so Hughes remonstrated with the superincumbent mass in this fashion: "Da-a-a-m-n yo-u-u! isn't this fie-l-ld la-a-rge en-n-o-ough to-to fall in, with-o-out tum-um-um-bling on m-me?" M'Fadden protested his innocence, declaring he was not a free agent in the matter, and that if he had his choice he would prefer not falling at all; but Hughes would take no excuse, and insisted on M'Fadden tum-um-um-bling off a-a-gain—where, he didn't care. M'Fadden could not stir, but Hughes would not believe in his protestations or his inability to move—so from words they came to blows; and it was in the midst of a regular "mill" that they were found by the infirmary corps, by whom the combatants were separated and carried to hospital, where Hughes recovered from his wound, and somewhat improved his temper; but his st-ut-ter was beyond cure.

Old army officers are usually stocked with more or less anecdotes of those two old-time Generals, Harney and Twiggs. The following is communicated by an old Mexican contributor:

Being advanced in years, both were compelled to use eye-glasses. Differing as to whose sight was best, they agreed to test the matter by seeing which could most readily read the fine print of a newspaper. Harney, commencing, began to adjust the focus of his spectacles by moving the paper to and from his eyes. Twiggs, seeing this, sang out: "Ah, Harney, that's not fair! *no tromboning! no tromboning!*"

During the rebellion a regiment of Confederates was marching through Arkansas, up to their knees in mud. An officer riding by a party of soldiers who were assisting to pass a cannon through the mud was hailed by one of them, who sang out: "Wa'al, Kernal, I'll go through with you this hitch; but if you ever have any more Unions to break up, *you may jest bet your life I ain't thar!*"

One of the felicitous results attending the location of the State Normal School at Albany is the obvious improvement of the Albanian youth in the department of English literature. We are favored with the following original composition of "a little shaver" on the objects and results of

"EDUCATION."

"Education is an act or process of educating;—the result of educating.

"It is also an act of training by study and discipline. The A B C's are the seeds of education.

"The undersigned is soil which requires plentiful application of birch fertilizer.

"Education is to draw forth the powers of the mind; and, on the whole, is a very handy thing to have in the house. And so is Webster's Dictionary.

"THE END."

The following is an extract from the Monthly Report of Captain ——, Agent of the Freedmen's Bureau at Brenham, Texas, a place not particularly noted for loyalty and good order:

"The agent has been employed at all hours, both day and night, in making settlements of crops between, in many cases, lazy, idle freedmen, and thieving, cheating employers.

"Saturdays and Mondays are devoted to office duty; other week-days to visiting plantations; and *Sundays* to Freedmen's Sunday-schools, church quarrels, and fights among the brethren."

The "Lines on the letter H," published in the October Number of the Drawer, have brought from a fair correspondent at Cooperstown the name of their author, Catherine Fanshawe, who was conspicuous among the literary celebrities of London during the early part of the present century. Miss Mitford, in her "Recollections of a Literary Life," says: "The 'letter H' (I mean the enigma so called, ascribed to Lord Byron) she wrote at the Deepdene. I well remember her bringing it down at breakfast and reading it to us, saying that she had just composed it."

We give another riddle—a charade—written by Miss Fanshawe:

"Inscribed on many a learned page,
In mystic characters and sage,
Long time my *first* has stood;
And though its golden age be past,
In wooden walls it yet may last
Till clothed in flesh and blood.

"My *second* is a glorious prize
For all who love their wondering eyes
With curious sights to pamper;
But 'tis a sight which should they meet
All improviso in the street,
Ye Gods! how they would scamper!

"My *third's* a sort of wandering throne,
To woman limited alone—
The Salique law reversing.
But while the imaginary queen
Prepares to act this novel scene,
Her royal part rehearsing,
O'erturning her presumptuous plan,
Up climbs the old usurper—man,
And she jogs after as she can."

Judge Dowling, of the Tombs Police-Court, frequently takes long walks about the city. At the entrance of Central Park he lately encountered a peddler, who told him, as an inducement to buy his wares, that they were surreptitiously obtained in Philadelphia—"In fact, Sir, stolen;" and he could afford to sell them cheap—a very common trick of peddlers to dispose of inferior articles. The Judge talked to the man until he had fully committed himself; and when again asked by the importunate dealer "what he would take," answered:

"Since they are so cheap, and since you say you stole them, I'll take the whole stock."

And calling a policeman who knew him, he ordered the goods to be seized and turned over to his desk—the property-clerk of the Tombs Court—and they were.

Ex-Judge Reynolds, of the City Court of Brooklyn, is as modest a man as he is an able lawyer. Lately, while summing up in the case of Dunsmore *vs.* Reikes, he had occasion to quote one of his own decisions on a point of law, and asked permission of the presiding Judge (Thompson), with an apology for doing so. In the course of his apology he remarked, desiring to show that he had not had the decision published: "How in heaven it was ever reported I don't know." One of the jurors asked, quietly: "Was it reported in heaven, Judge?" The Judge smiled audibly, and blushed. "If not reported in heaven, perhaps 'twas muttered in hell," suggested the juror, having the memory of the famous enigma in his mind.

Every one has noticed the incongruous readings which are often found on places well plastered or papered with hand-bills. The amiable wife of A. Oakey Hall—late a candidate for District-Attorney of New York County, and, we are happy to know, the successful one—relates that she was astonished to find, from some of these hand-bills, that the New York public were seriously advised to "*Buy the best Fireside Companion, A. Oakey Hall.*"

The late Henry K. Smith, of Buffalo, was not only remarkable for high legal attainments and commanding eloquence, but, as a companion and *raconteur*, the writer has never known his superior. During his incumbency of the office of Recorder there were in Buffalo several droll characters, runners for steamboats, who were noted for rough-and-ready wit, chief of whom was Fred Emmons. Fred had been indicted for some violation of law, but, in one way and another, had managed to have his trial postponed. Tired of evasions, the Recorder, when the case was next called, told Emmons that no further delay would be permitted. Frederick, seeing that his time had come, proceeded to "the dock," as the steamboat region is designated, and secured the services of five notorious roughs as witnesses. With these he returned to the court-house, and awaited the action of the Court. His Honor soon entered, took his seat, and said:

"Well, Emmons, are your witnesses here?"

"Yes, your Honor."

"Are you ready, Mr. District Attorney?"

"Yes, Sir."

"How many witnesses have you?"

"*Three*," replied the public prosecutor.

"And how many have you, Emmons?"

"There they sit, your Honor, '*a full*' *three knaves* and *two deuces*, and *you* know, Judge, that beats '*trays*' any day!"

It did; but there was some remarkable swearing.

Is there a gentleman among us who has been in Washington at any time during the last five-and-twenty years who has not had the honor of an introduction to Beau Hickman?

The last time the writer saw the "Beau" he remarked that he was "now taking 25-cent chips" from gentlemen, which was beggarly compared with the golden-ingot era of Webster and Clay. We noticed that he limped a little, and that a hole had been cut in his shoe. We asked the cause, and hoped it was not gout.

"Ah no," said Beau; "it's not that. If I were a wealthy gentleman like yourself I *might* call it gout, but if you wish to know the actual truth, and won't repeat it, I'll tell you."

We promised.

"Well," replied the Beau, "my *private* opinion is that it's *whisky on the hoof!*"

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EQUIPPED FOR THE CORDILLERA.

AMONG THE ANDES OF PERU AND BOLIVIA.

BY E. G. SQUIER.

I.—OVER THE CORDILLERA.

WHEN, fifteen years ago, I prepared for this Magazine an article on "Ancient Peru," embodying the results of rather extensive investigations among books and manuscripts, I little thought I should ever be able to realize my dream of visiting and exploring the vast region in which was established the largest and best-organized of the aboriginal empires of America, and which was the theatre of the boldest and most dramatic of the Spanish conquests. Yet among Time's changes and accidents came one to me sad and appalling, but which led to the realization of my early dream. Stricken with *amaurosis*, in the most active and exciting period of our civil war, the light faded away before my eyes, and a dark veil fell slowly between them and the bright and moving world. The skill of the oculist was exerted in vain; every day the darkness deepened, and after some months of ineffectual treatment I was told, kindly but firmly, that further applications were useless, and that perhaps absolute mental rest and a total change of life might reinvigorate the overworked nerves, and restore, in part at least, my failing vision.

A few days afterward, and while suffering under a depression of spirits which only those who have been threatened with blindness can comprehend, I received, from an old and steadfast friend in the Department of State, information of the probable speedy appointment of a mixed commission to sit in Lima "for the settlement of all outstanding claims and points of difference between the United States and Peru," and intimating that my name had been mentioned in connection with the appointment. My ambition to visit the land of the Incas was re-

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vived by this intelligence, which created a mental reaction that, no doubt, went far to check the advance of disease. A month later, with my credentials as Commissioner, I was on board a filthy Vanderbilt steamer, bound for the "City of the Kings," as the old, luxurious, licentious capital of Peru was proudly called under the Spanish rule.

At the end of two years, mainly spent in explorations of the country, and during which time I had traveled not far from five thousand miles, crossing and recrossing the Cordillera and the Andes, from the Pacific to the Amazonian rivers, traversing nearly the whole of the great Andean Plateau—the Thibet of America—sleeping in rude Indian huts or on bleak *punos* in the open air, in hot valleys or among eternal snows, gathering with eager zeal and omnivorous appetite all classes of facts relating to the country, its people, its present and its past—at the end of two years I found myself, surrounded with my trophies of travel, on the deck of a swaying steamer in the harbor of Callao, homeward bound, brown in color, firm in muscle, and with my sight practically restored.

It will require much time, robbed fragmentally from absorbing occupations, and a labor far less stimulating than was spent in collecting my data, to properly prepare them for the public eye; but meantime, perhaps, the readers of this Magazine may not be indisposed to hear something of Peru, its vast interior, its high plains, mighty mountains, and great lakes whose bosoms lie level with the summits of the Alps—as well as of the strange and imposing monuments of human art and ancient greatness which are crumbling away in sea-coast valleys, or which, in stony solidity, defy time and the elements on the lofty table-lands of Cuzco and Titicaca. They may be interested to know something of the descendants of the Children of the Sun, whose pride and state rivaled those of Oriental potentates, and whose tragic fate gives to their history the interest of romance. Hardly less interesting will it be to know something of the descendants of the Pizarros and Almagros, and what relations they hold toward the people whose empire they subverted and religion they overthrew—what are their hopes as a nation and their prospects as a republic.

Upon these points something may be learned in the following pages; and without further introduction I ask the reader first to climb with me the mighty Cordillera, into the lofty terrestrial basin of Southern Peru and Bolivia, where repose the silent, enigmatical ruins of Tiahuanaco, the Baalbec of the New World; and then to accompany me to the great lake of Titicaca and its Sacred Islands, whence the Incas dated their origin; and go with me thence, following the footsteps of Manco Capac to Cuzco, the City of the Sun, the capital of the Inca empire, and the Rome of the Western World.

We will pass over the intervening six thousand miles of sea, leave behind us without a word the quaint old city of Panama, through which the tides of emigration have twice flowed—once toward the golden shores of Peru, and again upon the doubly golden strands of California.

Quaint, picturesque Panama, with its ruined temples, vine-covered and blossoming walls, slouching negroes, and fruit-laden *bongos*. We will not touch at the emerald islands in its bay, where yellow plantains, russet cocoa-nuts, and golden oranges, glow out from the eternal green of the trees; nor will we linger at Guayaquil, where the mangroves, like inverted forests, line the slimy shores of its sluggish river, congenial homes of the scaly cayman, and where slumbers sultry and eternal noon. We will not stop for more than a passing glance at the *Isla del Muerto*, which looks through the yellow haze like some dead giant floating on a drifting plank in the ocean. Nor will we give more than a passing glance at the Island of Puna, where Pizarro bore up so long and faithfully against open foes and treacherous friends, and organized that force wherewith he reduced the grandest, richest, and most powerful of the ancient empires of America.

Coasting along the shores of Ecuador, we may perhaps catch a glimpse of Chimborazo, flaunting its banner of smoke in mid-heaven; but, at any rate, we shall see every where a low strip of dingy green, backed by umber-colored mountains, and behind them a blue range, tipped here and there with the white of eternal snow. This is the great volcanic range of the Cordillera. By-and-by we turn in toward the land. A cliff of pale gray rock; a narrow beach of pale gray sand; a cluster of pale gray houses, resembling for all the world the nests of the eaves-swallow; with a petty mole, an iron custom-house of pale gray, and a church of the same color; the whole half-defined, and to the stranger appearing to be only a clay-bank, fantastically worn by the rains. Here we have Paita, the first port in Peru at which touch the steamers of the British South Pacific Mail Steamship Company—a line originated by an American, who had to sell his birth-right to England because American capital was too cowardly and too little enterprising to do for America the work Americans ought to do. You will probably go ashore at Paita, and, with me, traverse the narrow pale gray streets, between the most comical houses of canes and pale gray mud, and mount the pale gray cliffs, and look out listlessly upon the vast plain of pale gray sand, which stretches away twenty leagues to Piura, of which the cluster of huts in Paita is the port. You will be thirsty when you return from this pale gray expedition, and will be told that the water you drink, to wash out your pale gray reminiscences, is brought from a distance of thirty miles on the backs of donkeys. You will not be sorry when you leave Paita, but you will wonder what this portion of burnt-out creation was made for, when the captain tells you that you have seen

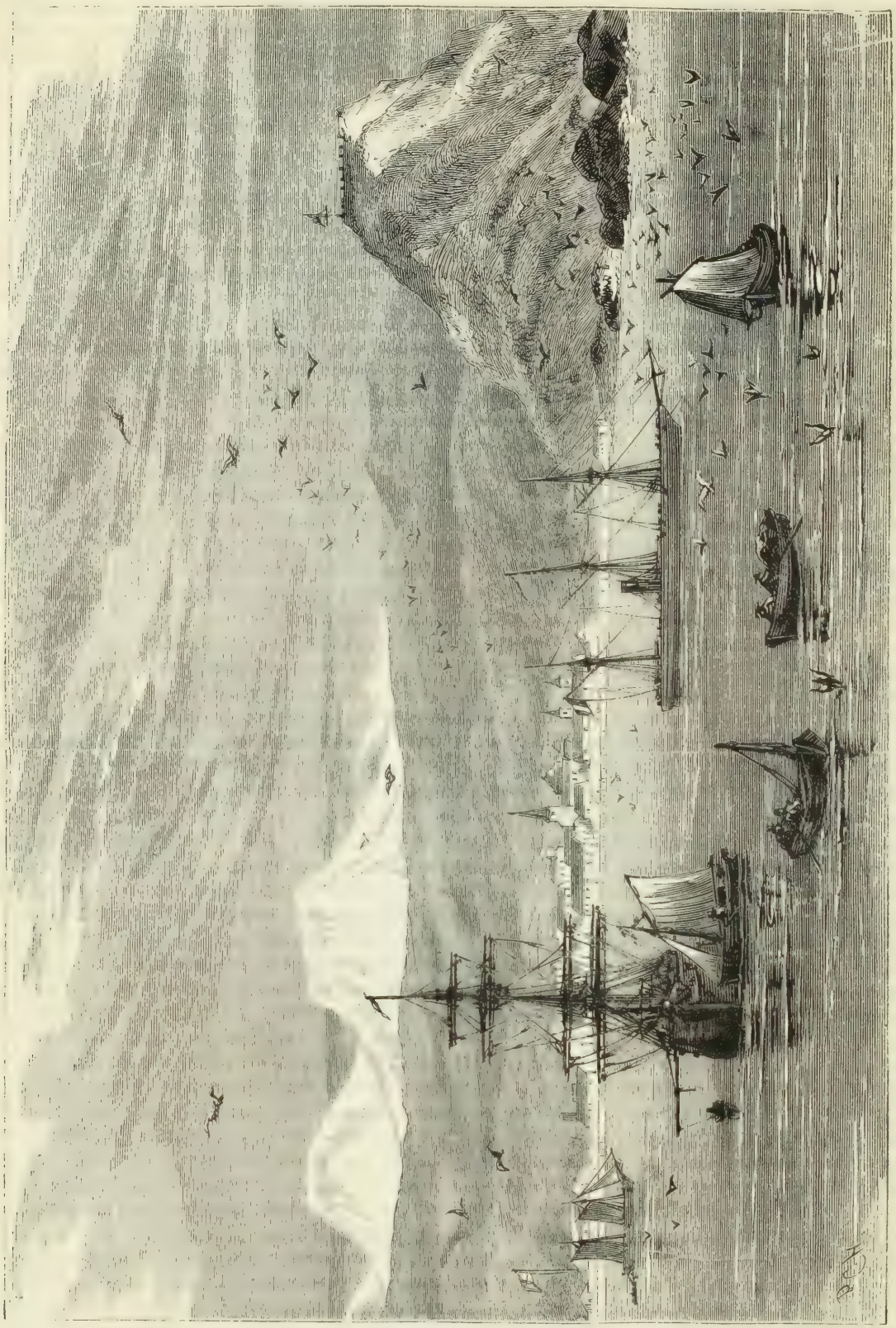
Peru, or at least its coast, fairly typified in and around Paita, and that for two thousand miles you will find only this dreary waste of barren rock and sand, treeless and lifeless, traversed only here and there, at long intervals, by ribbon-like valleys of green, marking the course of some small stream or river struggling down from the mountains to the sea. Bold men were the *conquistadors* who coasted slowly along these arid shores in face of the prevailing south wind and against the great Antarctic current. Nothing short of an absorbing love of adventure, and a consuming and quenchless avarice, could have prevented them from putting down their helms and flying shudderingly from the Great Desolation before them.

Three days from Paita, passing too far from the shore to enable us to see the city of Truxillo, around which spread out the vast ruins of Grand Chimu, we find rising bluff before us, crowned by a light-house in the clouds, the bold island of San Lorenzo, inside of which is the harbor of Callao, with its busy huddle of steamers and forest of masts standing out in relief against the yellow walls of the Castle of San Felipe, above whose massive battlements the Spanish flag waved for the last time in Continental America. A noisy crowd of negroes, *cholos*, Chinese, and vagrant fellows of all nations receives us on the mole, where there is a guard of soldiers in red trowsers, and a uniform altogether out-Frenching France, with officers each bearing more golden lace on his person than would fit out a dozen Brigadiers.

Two considerable streams enter the sea near Callao, the Rimac and the Chillon, and their valleys widen out as they approach the ocean, forming a level district of considerable extent, in the centre of which is Lima, the capital of Peru. Behind it rise high, snow-capped mountains, among whose topmost peaks are the famous silver mines of Cerro de Pasco. We will not stop to visit Lima now, but leave it and its busy port behind us and continue our course down, or as it is called here, *up* the coast. For a hundred miles, to the port of Pisco, the shore preserves its aspect of a desert, with the single interruption of the small but wonderfully rich and productive valley of Cañete. At Pisco the stream of the same name comes down to the sea, through a valley literally purple with the grape. Off this valley lie the high, rocky, guano-covered islands of the Chinchas, repulsive repositories of treasures richer than the glittering mines of Golconda or Potosi. Beyond Pisco the bare, treeless, silent mountains come close to the sea. I call them mountains, and so they appear to us, but they are only the broken edges of a high desert *plateau*, undermined by the ocean and corroded by the ceaseless south wind. But one or two streams succeed in penetrating this high desert, and their beds are mere *cañons* or narrow gorges, with no interval land, and affording no soil nor room for culture. The towns that exist stand back at the foot of the Cordillera, sixty or a hundred miles from the coast, where the streams emerge from the snowy mountains in a full and perennial volume before they are drunk up by the thirsty sands. We touch at but one harbor, as we sail along under the shadow of this desolate table-land, that of Islay, the port of the second city in Peru, Arequipa, ninety miles distant inland, and only to be reached by a forced ride of that length over a desert of shifting sands, in which not a drop of water is to be found nor a blade of grass to be seen. Islay is merely a wretched collection of huts perched on a corroded cliff, full of dark caverns, in which are to be discerned only the flash of the ocean spray, or the gleam of the white wings of the thousands of sea-birds which, with multitudes of howling seals, give all there is of life to the shores and islands of Peru.

The great table-land of which I have spoken, and along which we sail so closely that its rugged edges shut out from sight the monarch mountains beyond, extends all the way to Arica, the last port but one in Peru, and the principal one in its southern Department of Moquegua, whence we shall start inland on our rough mountain journey.

It is gray morning when our steamer slacks up before the port, and moves slowly to her buoy in the open roadstead. To the right, projecting boldly through the thin mist, half made up of spray from the surf that beats on the rocky shore, and which exaggerates its proportions, we discern the great Morro or headland of Arica. Its face is frayed, seamed, and corroded, and is full of caves and dark, inaccessible grottoes which a Scandinavian imagination would fill with gray, elfin creatures, deformed and malicious, but which our unimaginative glasses show us to be the roosts and refuges of the countless water-fowl that flap and shriek around us, and dash up the smooth sea in showers of spray in their eager pursuit of the myriads of fishes that fill these quiet waters. On the very brow of the Morro we detect moving figures, and make out a rude battery, mounted with a few guns, which has been hurriedly erected with a view to intimidate or repel the Spaniards, who have just seized on the Chincha Islands. To the left of the headland there is a low line of verdure, a cluster of modern-built houses, a gayly painted church, and a mole—the latter giving us comforting assurance that here we are not to be obliged to perform the difficult feat of landing on the shoulders of a stalwart *cholo*, staggering over rolling stones through a thundering surf. This is Arica, the port of Tacna, forty miles distant inland in the direction of the snowy Cordillera that lies, in a long line, crowned with frosted silver, high up beyond a great and ominous range of umber-colored and treeless mountains. A railway, the longest and almost the only one in Peru, connects Arica with Tacna; and puffs of steam rising fitfully near a long and low, and rather dingy building, indicate the hither terminus of the iron road.



THE PORT AND MORRO OF ARICA.

We look inquiringly and with unspeakable interest toward the great mountain billows before us, each succeeding one higher and more mysterious; and wonder what marvels of rock and stream, and what remains of ancient human greatness they conceal; and what will be our own sensations when, after days of travel and toil, and nights of cold and exposure, we shall be swallowed up in their unknown recesses? To one who had read and written of Peru and its wise and powerful Inca rulers, and with whom a journey to the centres of its ancient civilization had been a dream of life, this standing at the portal of the land, and this realization of a wish which had before scarcely assumed more than the outlines of a hope, inspired a feeling of awe and responsibility rather than of eagerness or romance. The vast ranges piled up before me seemed to be barriers interposed by nature against frivolous intrusion. "Let none enter here except with reverence. Seek not to unveil the secrets behind these

mighty bars except with humility and truth!" Such seemed to be the stern, albeit inarticulate, behest of the great Cordilleras, as on the deck of our swaying steamer I stood face to face with them, rigorous with eternal winter, and severe in their silence and desolation.

Sweeping back from the Morro and behind the town, forming a kind of amphitheatre, is a great windrow of yellow sand, unrelieved by shrub or blade of grass, on the flanks of which the commandant of the port is drilling his men in evolutions original if not brilliant. This ridge is a huge cemetery of the ancient inhabitants, and is crowded with the desiccated bodies of those who patiently and skillfully cultivated the narrow valley on the borders of which they are buried, or fished from *balsas* in front of the Morro. Here, as the workmen dug away the sands to fill up the little pier and to open a track for the railway, they found, not alone the poor fisherman wrapped in his own net, and the humble laborer enveloped in braided rushes and stained fabric of cotton, but the more pretentious personage of his day, now equally grim and ghastly, wrapped in a shroud of beaten gold, which rough hands rudely tore away from his dry and crumbling bones, and left them to dissolve in the rasp sea air.

The landing at Arica, as I have intimated, is easy, and a tramway runs from the head of the pier to the custom-house to facilitate the transport of goods. On the pier was a pile of coal which had been covered up with matting and rubbish of all kinds, so as to disguise its real character from the Spaniards, who were supposed to be in want of the article and quite likely to use no ceremony in appropriating it if discovered. Other evidence of hostile, or rather defensive intent, was afforded by a succession of rifle-pits dug along the shore in front of the town, preparations made under orders of Colonel Prado, Prefect of the Department, who, since, as Dictator of Peru, drove the self-same Spaniards ignominiously from the Bay of Callao.

Tacna is high above Arica, not far from 2000 feet; and as the ascent is accomplished in forty miles the grade of the railway is in places very heavy, so that the wheezy locomotive which carries one up travels slowly and painfully. It took us four hours to accomplish the ascent—four hours over a waste of sand loose or indurated, without a semblance of life or verdure, except at the half-way house or station, where there is a subterranean flow of water, and where a few scrubby bushes attest its existence deep in the sands.

The entrance into the valley of Tacna is marked by one of those sudden transitions from desert waste to luxuriance of vegetation which so greatly impresses the traveler in Peru. The *azequias*, or conduits for irrigation, are always carried as high up on the borders of the valleys as possible, and the water is distributed below, so that the *azequia* constitutes an abrupt and strongly-marked boundary between the barren sands and cultivated fields. These fields, in fact, are as sharply defined as if clipped out with a shears from a sheet of green paper.

We alighted from the train in a very respectable dépôt, with thrifty piles of merchandise on all sides, just delivered or awaiting transportation, and I handed over unmistakable metal "checks" for my baggage to a man with a cart, who undertook to deliver it at the "Bolo de Oro;" the hostelry whither I had been directed, kept by a Frenchman, and by no means to be confounded with the hotel "Leon de Oro," which is kept by a native, and consequently dirty and uncomfortable. There was quite a gathering around the dépôt and in the adjacent streets, inasmuch as the day had been set apart for patriotic purposes—that is to say, for listening to denunciations of the Spaniards, for glorifications of Bolivar, and for volunteering. A squad of volunteers were at the dépôt, quite drunk with enthusiasm and *cañaso*, and looked as though they would be a useful riddance to Tacna, and would depart amidst ardent aspirations from the entire community that they might all realize the soldier's loftiest ambition, and "die in the arms of victory!"

Tacna has little of the prevailing Oriental aspect of Spanish-American towns. Stone and adobe scarcely enter into the construction of its buildings, which are mostly of wood brought from Chile, from California, or around the Horn, and are run up after the fashion prevalent in our mushroom Western cities. Generally of but one story, the houses of Tacna recall the description of Albany by the rare old geographer Morse: "A city of one thousand houses and ten thousand inhabitants, all standing with their gable-ends to the street." The long, low, monotonous lines of gables, with no attempt at architectural relief, are poor substitutes for the heavy arched doorways, Moorish balconies, and jalousies of the older cities, and which, however neglected and tumble-down, convey an impression of strength and respectability. Nor is Tacna exceptional in its architecture alone. It has two theatres and but one church.

The public buildings of Tacna, as I have intimated, are as mean as are its private houses. The only evidence of public spirit is the Alameda, lying quite to one side of the town—a long and rather narrow area, planted with willows, with a broad *azequia* paved with stones in the middle, and crossed at intervals by stone bridges, modeled after those pictured in Chinese paintings, each surmounted by a coarse marble allegorical statue. There are also stone seats here and there for visitors; but, in common with all the alamedas, or public walks, of the cities of Peru, that of Tacna is the one place above all others deserted. A very fine view is commanded from here of the brown, bare mountains of Pachia, with the snowy peaks of Tacora and Chipicani rising brightly beyond.

My hotel, the Bolo de Oro—I presume it remains the same—was one of the quaintest of



THE ALAMEDA OF TACNA.

caravanseries. The entrance was through the shop of the proprietor, surrounded by shelves gay with bottles of fanciful fashion and labeling, some containing wines and liqueurs, and others comfits and preserves. Every vacant space of wall was covered with chromo-lithographs of the latest French victories. The hot sunset colors of Solferino and gorgeous tints of Magenta were sufficient to start a perspiration on the coldest day. And then the little round tables sacred to *eau sucré*, café, and dominoes! Of French, Frenchy! Not omitting the comfortable-looking *Madame la Propriétaire*, who sat at her sewing behind the counter, and dispensed smiles, bonbons, bon mots, absinthe, and cigars with equal alacrity and grace. Behind the shop was, of course, the inevitable *billard*, opening on a court set round closely with little wooden buildings, resembling on a slightly exaggerated scale those sold in the toy-shops, and all presenting their gables to the court. Each gable was penetrated by a door, and over the door was a window hung on a pivot, opened and shut by a cord inside, which afforded light and air to the interior—a single room, with a cot, a small table, a smaller wash-stand, a single chair, and a tall candle. From the further end of the court rises a perennial fragrance of onions, and there is a gentle and constant sizzling of frying meats, appetizing enough, but suffering some detraction from the circumstance that the way to the closets is through the kitchen, dirty as French kitchens always are, and which are clean only by comparison with the Spanish.

Bolivia has only one port on the Pacific, Cobija, 300 miles south of Arica; but as the road thence to La Paz, the capital, is long and difficult, over a region indescribably desolate, communication between the coast and the interior is chiefly carried on, as I have already said, through Tacna, which is the true *entrépôt*, not of Bolivia alone, but of the larger part of the important Peruvian department of Puno. It would be supposed, therefore, that ample facilities exist in Tacna for the journey inland, and that no difficulty would be encountered in obtaining the supplies and equipments necessary for it. I was assured in Lima that "every thing" could be had in Tacna; but, happily, was too old a traveler to neglect making some provision for the trip. Happily, I say, for it was with the greatest difficulty I could obtain the cooking utensils, pans, kettles, coffee-pots, and other requisites for travel in an uninhabited region, or among a people ignorant of the appliances of civilization. After long search I found a broken *cafetéra*, in which alcohol could be used for boiling coffee. This I repaired with my own hands, after the job had been given up by the clumsy native tinman as impossible; and it proved to be my best friend on many an occasion when neither wood nor other material for lighting a fire or heating water was to be found, sometimes for days together. The hammock—that supremest device for human rest, repose, and enjoyment, afternoon *siesta* or midnight slumber, the solace and reliance of the traveler in Central America and Mexico, in which he may suspend himself in happy securi-

ty above the filth of his dormitory, and out of the reach of its vermin—is useless among the *sierras* of Peru. There are no trees between which to swing it in the uninhabited regions, and the mud and stone huts of the Indians and *lomeros*, besides being generally too low, afford no projections to which it may be fastened. Unless, therefore, the traveler has made up his mind to rough it in roughest fashion, wrapped only in his blanket at night, or to take the risk of finding now and then a filthy sheep-skin for his couch, he must literally carry his bed with him—a necessity imposed also by the severe cold of the interior. So I had a mattress made in Tacna, light and handy, covered with leather on the under side to prevent the absorption of damp from the ground, and as a protection, when rolled up and on the mule's back, against the rain—a brilliant device, on which I never ceased to congratulate myself, and which saved me, no doubt, from indefinite rheumatism, not to say something worse. It took five days to get my mattress made. I had to buy the wool in one place, the ticking in another, the leather elsewhere, and when I had collected all these, the dusky individual who condescended to put them together demanded, in a tone equally reproachful and imperious, "But where are the needles and the thread?" I acknowledged my oversight, apologized in fact, and proceeded to obtain them. I only wonder now that the mattress-maker of Tacna allowed me to keep on my hat in his august presence.

There is, of course, but one mode of reaching the interior from Tacna, and that is on mule-back. But to obtain mules is both difficult and expensive. I had been recommended to an *arriero* named Berrios, who had had the honor of conducting that extraordinary superfluity of our diplomatic establishment, the American Minister to Bolivia, over the Cordillera, and who had also accompanied Mr. Forbes in his geological explorations, and in his ineffectual attempt to reach the as yet untrodden summit of Tacora. But Berrios looked yellow and ill, and complained that two nights among the snows of Tacora had nearly finished him. Besides, his mules had not had time to recover from the fatigues of their last trip over the mountains two months before. Furthermore, they were at pasture in the valley of Lluta, fourteen leagues distant, beyond the desert. Finally, however, after much diplomatizing and a great concentration of mercantile influence, to say nothing of the offer of about double the usual rate of hire, Berrios undertook to supply me with mules, and to accompany me himself, aided by two *mozos*, all the way to Puno. After having fixed the day two or three times, and as often disappointed me, the echoes of the *patio* of the Bolo de Oro were startled one afternoon by the clatter of hoofs, the jingling of spurs, and a general rush of a dozen mules, which hustled in before the cracking whips of Berrios and his *mozos*. We were to have started at daylight, and slept at Palca, the last *aldea*, or village, before finally plunging among the mountains and entering on the *Despoblado*. But now we could get no farther than Pachia, three leagues distant. Having been waiting, booted and spurred, since dawn, I was not in the best of humor; and my ruffled temper was by no means soothed on discovering two mules already loaded with baggage not my own, and learning that it belonged to a party of three Bolivians, who had arranged with Berrios for the mountain trip subsequently to his engagement with me. It was to suit their convenience that I had been detained in Tacna; and they had, moreover, already gone on to Pachia, where they would, no doubt, monopolize the limited accommodations of the little *tambo* at that place.

I confess to a decided liking for mules—not less for their patience, sure-footedness, and faithful service than for their little wicked ways. The cargo-mule thinks that every moment his load can be evaded is an hour of happiness gained; and although, when it is once on his back, he will walk off resigned, if not perfectly content, he will resort to every expedient his thick head is capable of devising to avoid receiving it. It was amusing to see Berrios and his *mozos* chase around the *patio* after a mule that would dodge in and out among its fellows until cornered, and then lay back its ears, put its nose to the ground, and kick out with vicious vehemence, until the *lasso* was once around its neck, when it would surrender itself tamely, and receive its load with expression of face as gentle and demure as if it rejoiced in its lot, and had years before repented of all mulishness. There was one, however, the largest and most powerful of the lot, who held out to the last; and nothing could be done with him until a *poncho* was thrown over his head and tied under his throat, leaving only his nose uncovered. But the spite and malice that quivered in the withdrawn upper-lip, and glanced from his broad, yellow teeth, and nestled in every wrinkle, when the girths were tightened by two men surging on each side, with one foot braced against his ribs, were past description. He became quiet enough, however, long before we got to Puno, and as humble as the rest.

A traveler accoutred for a journey among the Andes is a picturesque if not an imposing personage. Heavily clothed and booted, with a felt hat with a broad brim, capable of being bound down over his ears for the double purpose of warmth and security against being blown away by the currents of wind that suck through narrow gorges or sweep over unsheltered heights with hurricane force, his neck wound round with a gayly-colored *bufanda*, a thick, native-made *poncho* of vicuna or llama-wool over his shoulders, and falling to his knees, a serviceable knife stuck in his boot-leg, spurs that look like cart-wheels *minus* their perimeters, and not much smaller, which jangle as he treads and tinkle as he rides, a rifle hanging at the bow of his saddle, and a well-filled

alforgas fastened behind him — these go to make up the equipment of the adventurer among the mountains; that is to say, if he have what the Spaniards call *sabiduria*, and we call *gumption*. It only requires the addition of a large pair of green goggles to protect the eyes from the glare of sun and snow, to make one's best friend irrecognizable.

The road from Tacna to Pachia lies straight across the sandy desert, into which the traveler enters soon after leaving the town, while the narrow, cultivable valley deflects in a curve to the right. The distance is ten miles, and the rise 1630 feet, but scarcely perceptible to the eye, probably from being regular and constant. It was dark when we reached the *tambo*—a collection of mere huts, but for default of a better place a resort of the *jeunesse* of Tacna, who gallop out here to eat dulces, drink *chicha*, fight cocks, and in other modes gratify the universal Spanish passion for play. As I had anticipated, the intruding Bolivians were already on the spot, and had taken possession of the mud-banks that ran around the solitary apartment of the *tambo*, and which, throughout the interior, are the sole substitutes for bedsteads. Some young foreigners, however, out for a holiday, who had a kind of club-house or club-hut close by the *tambo*, invited me to share it and their supper with them, which I was glad to do; and I was especially pleased to observe my Bolivians still hungry after their meal of sloppy *chupe*, sneaking around the door of our hut, and glancing with longing eyes at our table on which were heaped the edibles of three continents.

And as *chupe* is the eternal and almost always the sole dish obtainable in the interior of Peru and in Bolivia, I may as well dispose of it at once. It may be described as a kind of watery stew, which on the coast and in the principal towns is made up of vegetables and fragments of different kinds of meat and fish, boiled together and seasoned with salt and *aji* or peppers, and is sometimes rather savory, or at least eatable. As we go into the interior it decreases in richness as the materials for making it become fewer and tougher, until it consists of only a few square pieces of lean mutton and some small, hard, bitter, water-soaked potatoes, floating about in a basin of tepid water, which at most has simmered a little over a smouldering fire of llama or cow's dung, from the smoke of which it has absorbed its predominant flavor. A little brown salt from the native salt quarries, in which it is mixed with a variety of other and astringent ingredients, constitutes the only seasoning. One wonders how life can be kept up in these frigid regions on such thin and unsubstantial fare. Unhappy is the traveler here who has not made provision for the frequent occasions when nothing but the most diluted *chupe* can be obtained, and for the not infrequent occasions when not even this poor substitute for food can be procured. Detesting it in its best form I literally loathed it in its degeneracy, and only ate it with inexpressible stomachic protests.

We left Pachia at three o'clock in the morning. The air was chill, and we already experienced the usefulness of our thick *ponchos*. Our cavalcade was strung out in a long line, and as we followed each other silently over the echoless sand, we might have been mistaken for a ghostly procession. When day dawned we found ourselves already hemmed in by the steep slopes of the Quebrada de la Angostura, through which descends, with a rapid current and many a leap and bound, one of the brawling affluents of the stream that fructifies the oasis of Tacna. A few dwarf *molle* trees, which somewhat resemble our willows, but which bear a berry in taste much like that of our red cedar, found scant foothold here and there along the stream, far below our narrow path, which was little more than a shelf worn in the abrupt hill-side by the tread of countless mules and llamas. The ascent was steep, and the gorge narrow and barren for two leagues, when we came to a point where the *quebrada* widens out into something like a valley. Just before entering this valley, at the right of the mule-path, we came upon a rock or boulder covered with figures, which Berrios pointed out to me as a rare relic of antiquity. Roughly pecked in the rock, barely penetrating its ferruginous crust, I observed a great number of circles and semi-circles, some angular figures, and rude representations of llamas, mules, and horses. The latter appeared no fresher or later than the former, and all looked as if they might have been worked in the stone yesterday by the same idle and unskillful hand.

In the narrow valley, which now takes the name of the Quebrada de Palca, there were many desperate attempts at cultivation, particularly of *lucerne*, always in great demand as fodder for the mules entering the *Despoblado*, and Berrios bought here a little and there a little—there was not much in all—which was packed on the sumpter-horse and the lightly laden mules, and behind the *albardas* of the *mozos*. It was a wise provision of Berrios, as we found out afterward.

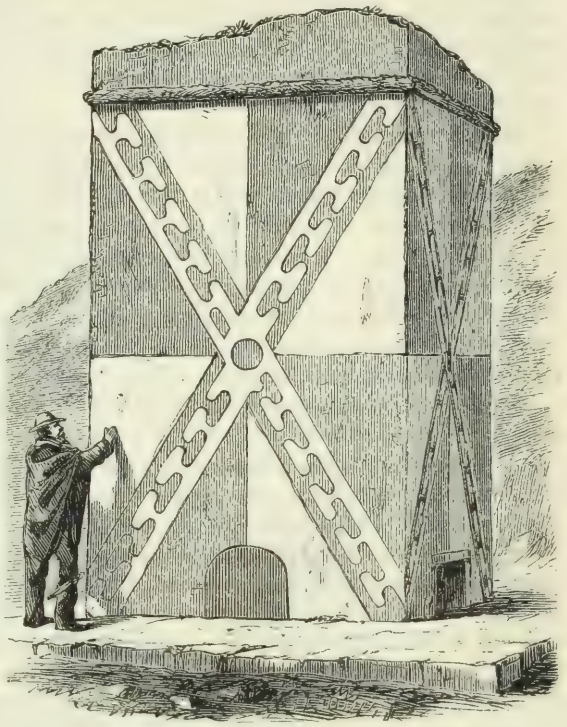
At eleven o'clock A.M. we came in sight of Palca, a poor but picturesque little *caserio* or village, with a small white church gleaming out against the dull brown of the bare mountain side. The village is five leagues from Pachia, and 9700 feet above the sea. There were some scant fields of maize and lucern around it, and the lower slopes of the mountains were thinly sprinkled with stems of the columnar cactus. Here and there in the valley, standing on little natural knolls or artificial eminences, we saw a number of ancient burial towers, which afterward became familiar to us under the name of *chulpas*. They are rectangular in plan, from six to ten feet square at the base, slightly widening upward, and from ten to fifteen feet high.

Beyond Palca the *quebrada* narrows again, and the path was at one time high up on the slopes

of the mountains, at a dizzy height above the fretting torrent below, and next in the very bed of the rapid, stony stream, not unfrequently between rocks almost closing above our heads, giving to the atmosphere a chill, sepulchral feel that made us shiver beneath our heavy *ponchos*. Here we began to meet *atajos*, or trains of mules, descending from the resting-place or *dépôt* of La Portada, laden with bags of *barilla* (copper, or tin ore), which is brought to that point by llamas. These *atajos* are always led by an educated horse with a sonorous bell attached to his neck to warn approaching travelers to stop at some spot where the road is wide enough to prevent their being run down outright or toppled over the precipices by the thundering, heavily-laden train that plunges down behind the equine leader. The fear of being thus run down is what most disturbs the traveler in the Sierra, where there are many long and dangerous passes, with paths so narrow as not to admit of two animals passing each other. It is customary to shout or to blow a shrill blast on a pandean pipe, which every *arriero* carries for this purpose, before entering on these dangerous sections of road, which is responded to by whoever happens to be struggling along it. If not answered the road is supposed to be clear.

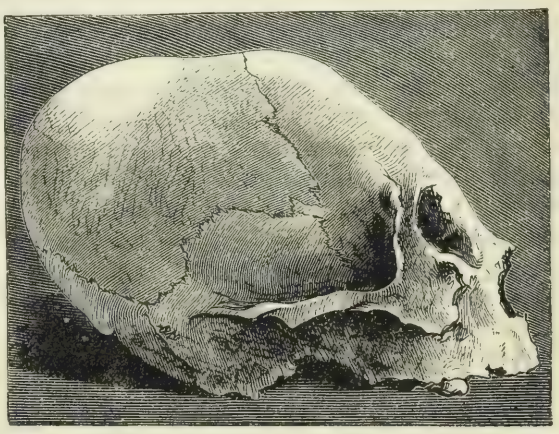
We passed several great stacks of bags of *barilla* as we went on, and one or two storehouses of corrugated and galvanized iron for receiving ores, and, still ascending, came to a little open space, where, on the shelves of the steeps around us, we observed a number of burial towers similar to those which we had noticed, two leagues below, at Palca. I dismounted to examine them, and ran a thorn or spine of the cactus into my foot, through the thick leather of my boot, in my eagerness to reach them, which it took half an hour to extract.

Primarily these *chulpas* consisted of a *cist* or excavation in the ground, about four feet deep and three feet in diameter, walled up with rough stones. A rude arch of converging and overlapping stones, filled in or cemented together with clay, was raised over this cist, with an opening barely large enough to admit the body of a man, on a level with the surface of the ground, toward the east. Over this hollow cone was raised a solid mass of clay and stones, which, in the particular *chulpa* I am now describing as a type of the whole, was sixteen feet high, rectangular in plan, seven and a half feet face by six feet on the sides. The surface had been "rough-cast" with clay, and over this was a layer of finer and more tenacious clay or stucco, presenting a smooth and even surface. At the height of fourteen feet was a cornice or projection of four inches, and of about six inches in vertical thickness, formed by a layer of compacted *ichu* or coarse mountain grass, placed horizontally, and cut off evenly as by a shears. Above this the body of the *chulpa* reappeared, a little frayed by time and weather, to the height of about eighteen inches. The whole structure rested on a square or rather rectangular platform of roughly hewn stones, extending about four feet around it on every side.



CHULPA OR BURIAL TOWER.

The stuccoed surface of the *chulpa* had been painted in white and red, as shown in the engraving, where the shaded parts represent the red, and the light parts the white of the original. The opening, as before stated, was toward the east, on a level with the platform, and was about eighteen inches wide and high. But every other face of the *chulpa* had a painted opening, which led me to think that the real one had once been closed and also painted over, so that the fronts corresponded in appearance. However that may be, I wedged myself through the opening into the cist or vault, the bottom of which was covered a foot deep with human bones and fragments of pottery. There were no entire skulls, but many fragments of skulls in the cist—a circumstance by no means surprising, as these remains are close by a principal road or trail from the coast to the interior, which has been more or less traversed by cu-



AYMARA SKULL FROM TOTORA.

rious and Vandalic people for three hundred years.

Although I did not obtain a skull from these *chulpas* I secured one from another point, a few leagues distant, of which I give an engraving on the preceding page. It is a fine specimen of the Aymara skull, artificially distorted and lengthened.

At the *chulpas* our mules had begun to pant and stagger under the influence of the *soroche*, or rarefaction of the air, but which Berrios insisted was from the *veta*, or influence due to mineral substances (*vetas* or veins of metal) in the earth. And, in reality, at a little distance farther on, although meanwhile our ascent had been constant, they seemed to have sensibly recovered, but still showed signs of the *soroche*.

At three o'clock we turned abruptly from the gorge of the torrent, which we had been following, now reduced to a trickling rivulet, and began to climb the steep mountain-side on our right, zigzagging towards the *cumbre* or crest. Two hours were occupied in this slow and painful ascent, the mules suffering much, and frequently stopping to recover breath. From the summit of the ridge—which was the *divide* between two of the sources of the Rio de Tacna—although bleak mountains still rosé above us, cutting off from view the still higher *Nevadas*, or snowy mountains beyond them, we could, nevertheless, look down with scarce an interruption on the great sandy *plateau* of the coast, in which the valley of Tacna appeared only as a speck. A thin white, but confusing, haze cut off our view of the ocean; but the intervening desert, dull and monotonous, was clearly defined.

On what may be termed the saddle of the crest are the remains of *tambos*, or stone edifices, which the provident Incas had erected as *hospices* or refuges for the travelers between the coast and the interior. So-called Spanish civilization has supplied nothing of the kind, albeit, as I have said, this is the principal route of travel and commerce between the capital of Bolivia and the sea.

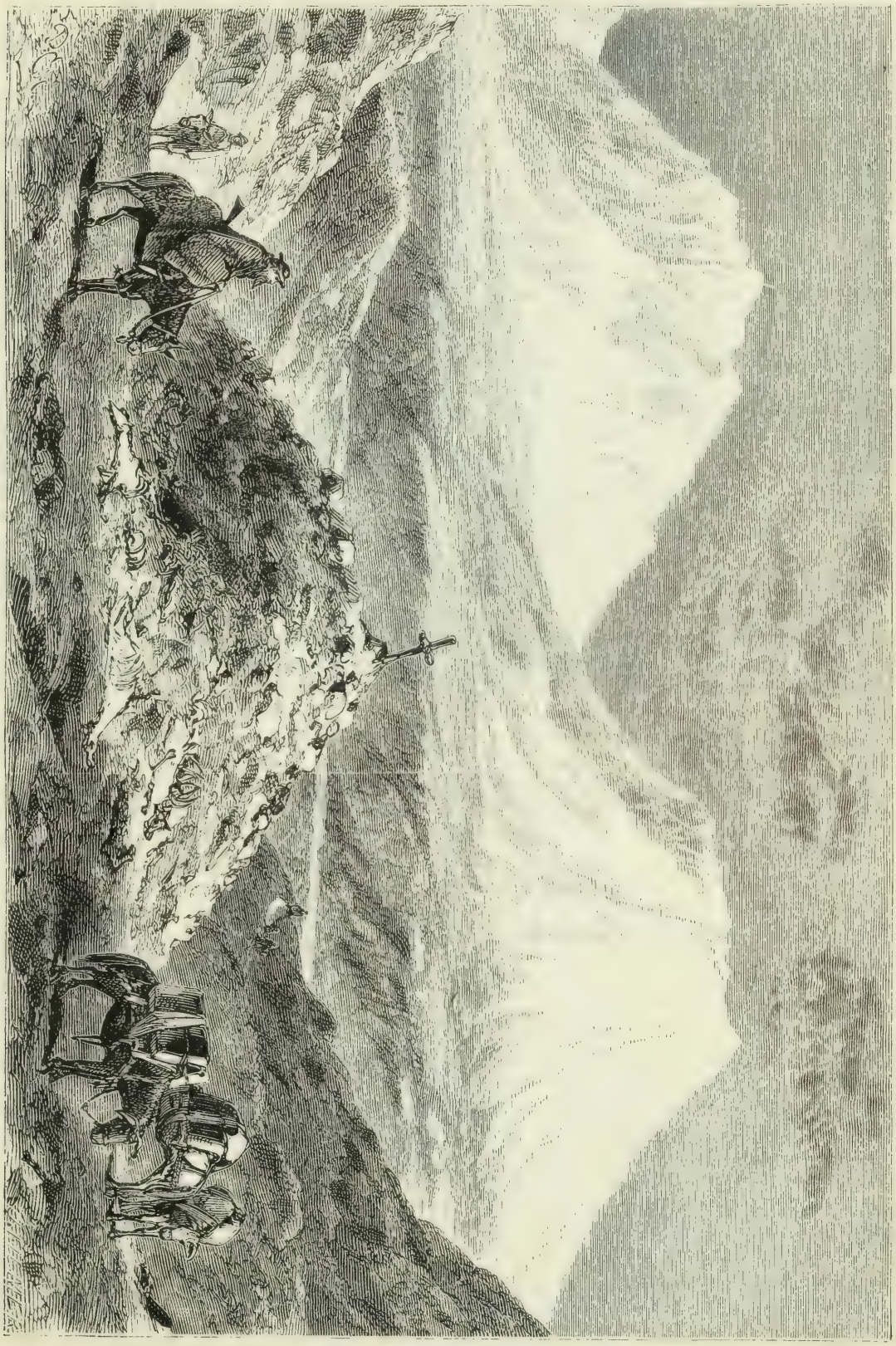
Descending from this ridge we found ourselves in another gorge or valley somewhat wider than that by which we ascended, and watered by a larger stream. Following up this, it being now late in the afternoon, we began to experience the cold consequent on our great altitude, and became aware of an unnatural distension of our lips and swelling of our hands, due to diminished atmospheric pressure. Icicles depended from the dripping rocks in shaded places, and the pools of the stream were bridged over with ice. Suddenly we came to a point where the rocks closed so nearly as to permit but one loaded animal to pass at a time, stumbling through the stream among loose stones and the skeletons of mules—a dark, cold, shuddering place! Fortunately the pass, which is that of *La Portada* (the portal), is not long, and we soon emerged from it, in sight of the great *corral* and depository of *barilla*, of the same name, standing upon a kind of shelf on the mountain-side, with the stream chafing close to it on the left.

The merchants of Tacna have built here a rude inclosure for the droves of llamas that come from the interior with products for the coast, and here also is a little cluster of buildings for persons connected with the trade—homely and poor, but a welcome refuge for the tired traveler. As we rode up a troop of more than a thousand llamas, with proudly-curved necks, erect heads, great, inquiring, timid eyes, and suspicious ears thrust forward as if to catch the faintest sound of danger, each with its hundred pounds of ore secured in sacks on its back, led, not driven, by quaintly-costumed Indians, filed past us into the inclosure of the establishment.

We obtained hospitality in one of the buildings of La Portada. But let not my readers mistake the meaning of the word hospitality. In Peru it consists generally in permitting you, with more or less of condescension, to spread your own bed on the mud floor of an unswept room, alive with vermin, with a single rickety table for its chief and often its only article of furniture. It consists in permitting you to cook your own food, with fuel for which you will not be obliged to pay your host or his servant acting under his direction, much more than four times its value, and who expects that you will permit him to take the lion's share of your preserved meats, and no inconsiderable portion of your last bottle of the stimulant you most affect, which can not be replaced, and which is here often vitally necessary.

I have crossed the Alps by the routes of the Simplon, the Grand St. Bernard, and St. Gothard, but at no point on any of them have I witnessed a scene so wild and utterly desolate as that which spreads out around La Portada. There is neither tree nor shrub; the frosty soil cherishes no grass, and the very lichens find scant hold on the bare rocks. In altitude La Portada is 12,600 feet above the sea, or about 1000 feet higher than the hospice of the Grand St. Bernard, and but little lower than the untrodden summit of the Eiger. The night was bitterly cold. The *cañaso*, *aguardiente*, or native rum, which I had purchased for making coffee in my *cafetéra*, refused to burn, and extinguished the lighted match thrust into it as if it were water. I was obliged to abstract some refined alcohol from my photographic stores to supply its place, with which my Bolivian companions made themselves free, besides taking the best places for their beds, and leaving only the table and a narrow bench for H—— and myself.

Before going to bed I went out to the *corral*. The llamas had been fed each with a handful of maize, and were crouching on their bellies, with their legs mysteriously folded beneath their fleeces and invisible, but with their heads erect, and ears thrust forward, chewing their cuds with an expression of distant contemplation



THE NEVADOS OF TACORA AND CHIPIGANI FROM THE PASS OF GUAYLLOS.

such as we often observe in confirmed smokers. If I were to paint a picture of Rest it would not be of a child in slumber, of a Hercules leaning on his club, nor yet of a harvester reclining beside his sheaves, but of a llama in repose. The group impressed me in the starlight as the sphinxes did when looking up the lane of Luxor. The Indians who had charge of the llamas had built up a semicircular wall against the wind with bags of *barilla*, and had lighted a smouldering fire of *taquia*, or llama dung, thrusting into it from time to time fragments of meat, which they ate from their fingers, while their poor dish of *chupe* seethed and simmered over the unfragrant embers. They were as silent and abstracted as the animals they attended, and took no apparent heed of what went on around them.

We were in the saddle at dawn and resumed our upward path. The road was narrow and

slippery, for every spring, rivulet, and pool of water was frozen solid. The murmur of the stream that flowed past La Portada was hushed beneath its icy armor. At eight o'clock we seemed to be close on the *cumbre*, but it was nine o'clock before the silver peaks of Tacora and Chipicani began to show themselves, and the sun to stream into our faces from the east —a genial and welcome apparition.

Half an hour later, our mules laboring severely and stopping momentarily to recover breath, we reached the Pass of Guaylillos, marked, as is every other high pass in Peru, by an *apacheta*, or great *cairn*, raised by the Indians, each one of whom as he passes casts a stone on it or a quid of coca, as an offering or propitiation to the genius of the mountain, who has the power of conferring strength and relieving fatigue. This *apacheta* is about twenty feet high, surmounted by a rude cross, and with its slopes covered with the skeletons and desiccated bodies of mules that had here succumbed under the influence of the *soroche*.

The Pass of Guaylillos is 14,750 feet above the sea, or but little less than the altitude of Mount Blanc, and more than double that of Mount Washington. The view backward from this point presents only a series of dark-brown, desolate ridges radiating toward the sea, the buttresses of the high, broken plain in front, bristling with snowy peaks, from some of which may be seen issuing plumes of smoke, indicating their volcanic character. Between us and the icy Tacora and Chipicani, rising 8000 feet above our heads, their pure summits yet untouched by human foot, is a broad but shallow valley covered with hardy *puna* grass, now sere and withered, but affording food for a flock of graceful *vicuñas*, which lift high their heads and stare straight at us as I fire my rifle, the report of which sounds wonderfully hollow and weak in the thin atmosphere. While we sat gazing on this grand but bleak and wintry scene, the distended nostrils and heaving sides of our animals telling painfully how great was their difficulty in breathing, we were startled by the sudden fall from his saddle of one of our Bolivian companions under the effects of the *soroche*. On lifting him from the ground we found him nearly senseless, with blood trickling from his mouth, ears, nostrils, and the corners of his eyes. Copious vomiting followed, and we administered the usual restoratives with good effect. In doing this I drew off my gloves, and was surprised to find my hands swollen and covered with blood which appeared as if it had oozed from a thousand minute punctures. Excepting this, a tumefaction of the lips, and occasionally a slight giddiness, I did not suffer from the rarefaction of the air or from the *veta* while in the interior of Peru, although for six months I was seldom less than 13,000 and often as high as 18,000 feet above the sea.

We wound down by an easy path into the valley that intervened between us and the base of Tacora, at the bottom of which we came to the Rio de Azufre. Its banks, as its name implies, are yellow and orange with sulphurous deposits, and lined with the skeletons of horses, mules, and llamas that had ventured to drink its poisonous waters. I tasted the water, and found it abominably acrid and bitter. Indeed, all the water of the Despoblado, even that which to the taste does not betray any evidence of foreign or mineral substances in solution, is more or less purgative, and often productive of very bad effects. In many parts of the country the thirsty traveler discovers springs as limpid and bright as those of our New England hills; yet when he dismounts to drink, his muleteer will rush forward in affright with the warning cry, "Beware; *es agua de Veruga!*" The *Veruga* water is said to produce a terrible disease, called by the same name, which manifests itself outwardly in both men and animals in great bleeding boils or carbuncles, which occasion great distress and often result in death.

From the Rio de Azufre our path wound round the base of Tacora, which is of volcanic origin, and 22,687 feet in elevation, and gradually ascended to a broad plain, sloping gently to the right, covered with stones, sere *ichu* grass, and clumps of a low resinous shrub called *tola*. Groups of *vicuñas* were scattered over the plain, and at a low, marshy spot, near where a patch of ground white with the effloresence of some kind of salts showed the existence of a shallow pool in the season of rains, we observed a belt of light green grass, on which a troop of llamas was feeding. They were interspersed with *vicuñas*, which grazed by their side as if members of the same community.

I need not say that we were eager to get a shot at the *vicuñas*, but they were shy, and kept well out of reach. I dismounted, and endeavored to steal from one clump of bushes, and from one rock to another, until within reasonable range; but always at the critical moment the male of the family—they always run in groups of ten or a dozen, females and young ones, under the lead of a single patriarch—would stamp his foot and utter a strange sound, half-neigh half-whistle, and away they would dart with the speed of the wind, only, however, to stop at a safe distance and stare at us intently, not to say derisively. After several attempts and failures I ventured a random shot at a group fully half a mile distant. They bounded away, all but one, which after going a few yards stopped short. "*Es herido! es herido!*" —he is wounded! he is wounded!—shouted my companions, who threw off their ponchos and *alforgas*, and calling to me to follow their example, started on a chase after the wounded animal. And such a chase I venture to say was never before seen at the foot of solemn old Tacora! The shot had broken one of the forelegs of the *vicuña*, just below the knee, but we soon found that with his three sound legs he was more than a match for us, on a stern chase. After half an hour's hard riding we stopped to arrange a little piece of strategy, and the *vicuña*



NEVADO AND TAMBO OF TACORA.

stopped also, as if to say, "Take your time, gentlemen! I am a little sore, but in no kind of a hurry!" Our plan was soon fixed, and we separated, making long *detours* so as to surround our victim, whom we were to dispatch with our revolvers as he attempted to break through our line. He regarded the whole proceeding with complacency, and never moved, except to contemplate us one after another as we closed slowly and cautiously around him. Nearer and nearer, and still he never moved. We were almost within pistol range, and our fingers were already on our triggers, when with a bound he dashed between me and Berrios, who had joined in the chase, with the velocity of an arrow. I fired twice rapidly, and Berrios discharged his rusty horse-pistol, loaded with a half-pint of slugs, without effect, when our excited Bolivians, closing in, commenced an irregular fusillade, sending their bullets singing around us in most unwelcome proximity. I suspect I came much nearer being shot than the *vicuña*, and not choosing to take more risks gave up the chase. But the Bolivians kept on, while Berrios, H——, and myself toiled back to the mule-path and onward to the *tambo* of Tacora.

This *tambo*, which is a favorable type of what in Switzerland would be called "refuges," consists of four low buildings of stones and mud, thatched with *ichu*, and surrounding a small court, in which the travelers' animals are gathered at night. Sometimes, and for the accommodation of the troops of llamas, there is a large supplementary *corral*, or inclosure, constructed of loose stones, or stones laid in mud. Often these *tambos* are without keepers, occupants, or furniture of any kind; but that of Tacora had a resident, who occupied the principal building, in which he had a scant store of wilted *alfalfa*, or lucern, and a few articles of food, principally the flesh of the *vicuña*. Another building served as a kitchen; a third for the storage of cargo and as a dormitory for the *arrieros;* while the fourth was reserved for travelers. It had no entrance or opening except the doorway, elevated two feet above the ground, and barely large enough to permit a full-grown person to squeeze through. This was closed with a flap of raw hide. The interior was dark and dirty beyond description. I doubt if it had been swept, or if any attempt had been made to cleanse it, for many months. It had no furniture whatever, only there was the usual mud bank on every side of this den whereon the traveler might spread his bed.

The keeper of the *tambo*, wearing a slouched felt hat, and wrapped in a blue cloak with a fur collar and a gilt clasp at the neck as big as one's hand, complied loftily and somewhat haughtily with our request for some *cebada*, or barley, for our mules; and motioned to one of his Indian women to cook some *chupe* for our *mozos*. We preferred to open a can of stewed beef and a box of sardines for our dinner. I observed that the proceeding arrested the attention of our distant host, with whom we had signally failed to open conversation, but who now seemed to have been suddenly called down from his contempla-

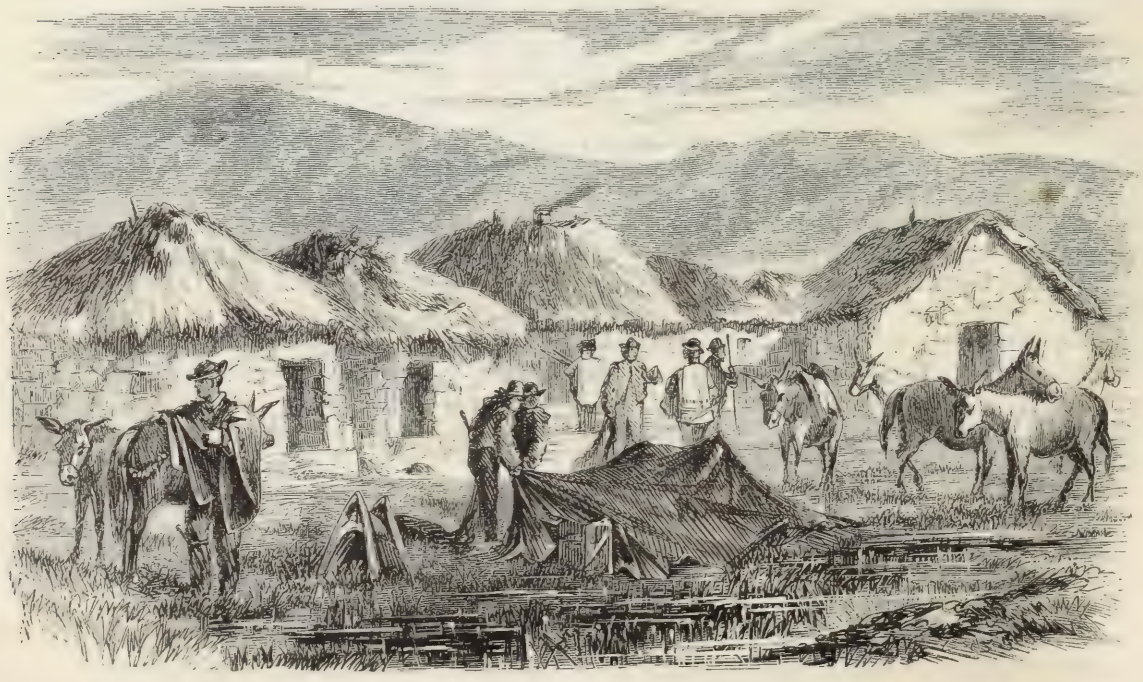
tions to a cognizance of what was going on around him. I think I never saw a more fixed and eager gaze than that he fastened on our edibles and on our bottle of brandy. His eyes followed every morsel from the plate to our mouths with an expression of indescribable longing. There was no evading the conclusion that the man was ravenously hungry, but if there had been any doubt, the alacrity with which he responded to my invitation to join us, and the unctuous "*como no?*"—"why not?" of his reply would have dispelled it. He certainly did justice to his meal, if not to us, for he made no pause until the last morsel had disappeared, which it did just as our Bolivians came in, panting and exhausted, from their fruitless chase after the wounded *vicuña*. I could not resist encroaching a little on my stores, under the circumstances, in their behalf, and gave them also a can of beef and a box of sardines. Our host did not wait to be invited to join *them*, and when I left the *tambo* for a ramble in its neighborhood I observed that the larger part of this feast also was disappearing behind the wonderful gilt clasp. But all this did not prevent him from demanding a price for his *cebada* and *chupe* which made Berrios speechless with astonishment.

Beyond the *tambo* the ground becomes a little undulating and broken, but soon subsides into a broad plain white with efflorescence of some kind, at the lower part of which appeared La Laguna Blanca, a considerable but apparently shallow sheet of water, along the edges of which we discerned vast numbers of water-fowl. Several mountain streams, fed from the snows, descending from the slopes on our left, had taken the mule-track for their channel, and we splashed along for a mile or more through the icy water. The plain now became less stony, and more thickly overgrown with *tola*. *Vicuñas*, too, were more numerous and less shy, and toward evening we were able to approach so near them that I might have shot a dozen, if I liked, with my revolver. We contented ourselves with one, taking with us only the saddle, and leaving the rest to the condors.

The ground over which we rode during the afternoon, and after leaving La Laguna Blanca behind us, rose gently in a broad swell or billow, which here, although nearly a thousand feet lower than the ridge of Guaylillos, is the real *divide*, separating the waters flowing into the Pacific from those discharging into the lakes of the great terrestrial basin of Titicaca. From its summit a fine view is obtained, stretching southward to an immense distance, with the smoking cones of the undescribed volcanoes of Pomarope and Sahama on the horizon.

At the foot of this dividing ridge we come to the considerable, clear, and rapid stream of Uchusuma, flowing into the Rio Maure, which in turn falls into the Desaguadero, or outlet of Lake Titicaca, itself pouring its flood into the unmapped and mysterious lake of Aullagas.

Night began to close around us soon after passing the river, and we turned abruptly to our right, across the *tolares*, or tola-fields, into a shallow valley near the stream, where Berrios said there was some grass for the animals, and some *casitas* for ourselves. We soon reached a little group of low stone huts, hardly bigger than the houses the beaver builds, and quite as rude. They had been erected by a couple of Indian families, who undertook to pasture a drove of llamas on the banks of the Uchusuma, but who had all died of small-pox about two years before our visit. The *casitas* had fallen rapidly into ruin. The wind had torn great holes through the thatch of the roofs, and the frost had made



THE CASITAS OF UCHUSUMA.



OUR DORMITORY AT UCHUSUMA.

breaches in the rough walls. Our Bolivians, who always contrived to get in ahead of us, took hasty possession of the best preserved and largest of the huts, and we were fain to take the next best, which had been the chapel. It was not an imposing structure, the interior being barely seven feet long by five feet wide, and so low as to prevent a man of ordinary height from standing erect. At the further end was a little altar of mud, and a little wooden cross hung undisturbed against the rough stone-wall. There was barely room to stow away our saddles and *alforgas*, and spread our two beds. We closed the orifice which answered for a door with a blanket, and then set about cooking our saddle of *vicuña*. All hands turned out to gather the dry stems and roots of the *tola*, which burn fiercely and rapidly, and we soon had a bright fire blazing in one of the half-unroofed huts, which we had improvised as a kitchen. Our baggage was arranged in a square, and a tarpaulin spread over all, forming a sort of tent, which here and subsequently was the sole protection of Berrios and the *mozos*, and which we were often too glad to share with them.

I can't say much for *vicuña* flesh on first trial and when freshly killed, and would prefer good mutton to it at any time. We nevertheless had *chupe* of *vicuña*, and *vicuña* steaks, and might have had a joint of *vicuña*, if we could have had a fire constant enough to roast it by. On the whole I don't think I had a good appetite that night, and fell back early on coffee, the traveler's best reliance under all circumstances and in every clime.

We had burned out the last stem of our supply of *tola* before we stole to our couches in the chapel. The sky was dark as a pall, and the stars burned out on the still, bitter air with unnatural lustre. I watched them through the openings in the roof of our rude dormitory until midnight, and then fell asleep and dreamed that they were golden-tipped spears, darting down from the sky. Berrios did not rouse us early next morning, nor until the sun was up, for every one was cold and stiff and needed thawing out. My beard was matted with ice, and the blanket around my head was spangled over with the frost.

We were now fairly entered on the cold, arid region known as the *Despoblado*, that drear, desolate, silent region, which forms the broad summit of the Cordillera. It has the aspect of an irregular plain, and is diversified with mountain ridges and snowy and volcanic peaks, imposing in their proportions, notwithstanding that they rise from a level 14,000 feet above the sea. In all directions spread out vast *tolares* or *tola* fields, with here and there patches of *ichu* grass, which grows in clumps, and at this season is dry and gray, stiff and needle-like. Toward noon we came to many broad dry runways or channels, between disrupted beds of trachytes, and indicating that, during the rainy season, heavy volumes of water descend from the Aucomarca and Quenuta mountains and ranges to the north. Just at noon we reached the Rio Caño, a rather broad and shallow stream, flowing in a sandy bed, and which is here the boundary between Peru and Bolivia. On its opposite bank rises a cliff of porphyry, fissured and broken in a thousand shapes, which deflected our path to the southward until we

reached a point of practicable ascent for animals.

Among the rocks we saw for the first time the *biscacha*, about the only quadruped, except those of the llama family, that is found in the Altos of Peru. It is of the chinchilla family, about the size and shape of a rabbit, gray on the back, reddish-brown on the belly, but with a long tail like that of the squirrel, which it curves up over its back in sitting erect, as is its custom, like the latter animal. It has some of the quaint and amusing habits of the prairie-dog of our own country, and delights to perch itself on some point of rock, whence it will contemplate the traveler silently and without motion, only, however, to plunge down suddenly into some covert with the quickness of light; but as often without as with apparent reason. After a few moments' absence he will very likely appear again, first projecting his head above the rocks, then his shoulders, and, should the reconnoissance prove satisfactory, he will resume his erect position, perhaps, however, to repeat his previous gymnastic feat a second after. The *biscacha* is esteemed good food, provided the tail is cut off immediately after it is killed. If this is not done the natives maintain the animal is *corrumpido*. For myself I class the flesh of the *biscacha* with that of the *vicuña* as a possible alternative against starvation.

An hour later, some very regular elevations or table rocks appearing on our right in the distance, we came to the Rio Maure, a large stream flowing in a deep channel between high cliffs of purple porphyry-conglomerate, which is here fissured and weather-worn into a thousand castellated and fantastic shapes. The descent to the water is by a steep, break-neck path, partly worn and partly worked among the rocks, and down which it seems incredible that a loaded animal can pass. In the dry season the stream is fordable, the water reaching only to the saddle-girths; but in the rainy season it is often impassable. The water is remarkably clear and pure, and I observed one or two small fishes in the pools.

The Maure is a tributary of the Desaguadero, the outlet of Lake Titicaca, and falls into that stream about midway in its course between the lake just named and that of Aullagas. Its left bank is less precipitous than the right, though abrupt, and we toiled slowly up its acclivity to the broken plain, in which the bed of the river is only a fissure or rent, invisible at the distance of a few hundred yards. At three o'clock the ground became more broken and we became involved among a series of hills, our path ascending and descending, and crossing at intervals narrow, swampy valleys, where patches of green and tremulous sod alternated with dark, deep pools of water, affording a scant pasturage for some droves of *alpacas*, which find a congenial home in these localities. At various points we observed rough stone inclosures in which the alpacas are herded for clipping and other purposes, and which, perhaps, date beyond the conquest. But nowhere could we discern a trace of human habitation. In some sheltered spots we noticed a few dwarf *quinua*, or wild olive-trees, with trunks rarely over an inch in diameter, and which are carefully protected by the *arrieros*, to whom they afford a desirable substitute as fuel for the dung of the *vicuña* and llama. The latter, as I have said, is about the only kind of fuel to be had in the Altos of Peru; and even this would be scant and difficult to get if it were not the unvarying habit of all the members of the llama family to make their droppings in certain fixed spots, where they form accumulations or mounds often ten to twelve feet broad, and from two to five feet high. These black heaps are characteristic features in the *puna* landscapes.

Toward night we began to climb the high ridge known as the Pass of Chuluncayani. The summit of the ridge, according to Pentland, is 15,160 feet above the sea, and from it we caught our first view, over lofty and rugged intervening ridges, of the Nevados of the Andes—that magnificent snowy range that dwarfs the Alps, and stretches in a glittering line along the horizon for three hundred miles. The descent of the ridge was almost as difficult and dangerous as that into the gorge of the Rio Maure, but much longer and wearisome. Both H—— and myself broke the cruppers of our saddles under the sudden plunges of the mules, and in many places, in common with our *arrieros*, we were obliged to dismount and proceed on foot. At the base of the ridge we came to a small, wet *pampa*, or plain, sloping somewhat rapidly to the right and traversed by half a dozen bright and brawling rivulets, falling from a high ridge on the north. On the further edge of the plain, which, from its abundance of water and favorable exposure to the sun, was relatively fresh and green, we saw the buildings of the *tambo* of Chuluncayani—a welcome sight through the cold mist that had already begun to rise from the damp surface of the *pampa*.

The keeper of the *tambo*, which is much larger and better appointed than that of Tacora, is by far the most enterprising and active man that I met with in Bolivia. He had several flocks of *alpacas* scattered in the surrounding valleys, kept a store of barley-straw for the mules of travelers, and was able to furnish the traveler himself with a chicken, if he chose to pay therefor the sum of three dollars. His *chupe* was less thin than we found to be the average quality of that kind of delicacy; and, in bottles bearing labels gorgeous in crimson and gold, he had brandy of the kind that Berrios called *muy endemoniado*, and in which red pepper seemed to be the predominant ingredient. And, although the floor of the room set apart for travelers was the bare earth, innocent of brush or broom, yet were not its walls gay with paper only less dazzling than the labels of his brandy bottles? We had a *chupe* and two chickens, returned one of the two bottles of brandy, and had

barley-straw for our mules, for which our enterprising host charged me sixty-four dollars! There was no charge for bedding and lights, for these we supplied ourselves. From this statement the adventurer in Southern Peru and Bolivia may form some estimate of the expense of travel in those interesting regions. Sixteen cents a pound, or at the rate of $320 a ton, is the current charge in Chuluncayani for green barley-straw — "market firm." I left my Bolivian friends disputing with the landlord because he had charged them four dollars each.

Beyond Chuluncayani the road winds through a hilly country, constantly descending, until, in a beautiful little savanna, or *pampa*, completely hemmed in by hills, it crosses the Rio Santiago, a stream flowing nearly due east, between parallel ranges of hills artificially terraced, and where we saw the first signs of cultivation we had discovered since leaving Palca. These *andenes*, or terraces, became familiar enough before we left the Sierra, but here they were welcome indications of the proximity of human beings. The crops were all gathered, but we learned that barley, *quinua*, and potatoes, were cultivated on these sunny hill-sides. Barley does not ripen, and is cultivated only for fodder. Following down the Rio Santiago, we finally came to some isolated buildings, in one of which was a cretin afflicted with concomitant goitre, who, except in color, might be mistaken for one of the miserable wretches so common in Switzerland and the Tyrol.

The valley now began to widen, and soon spread out into a broad plain, on a slight eminence in which we discerned the village of Santiago de Machaca. The stream or river here deflects to the left, and not to the right, as laid down in the maps, and pursues a northeastern course. Numberless water-fowls, including geese, ducks of various kinds, several varieties of water-hens and ibises, disported themselves in its icy waters, or flew away, screaming, on our approach.

At noon we reached the village, which has a population of between five and six hundred souls, chiefly occupied in raising llamas, for which the broad plain is favorable. The plaza in the centre of the town is large, and the streets entering it at each corner are covered with arches and flanked by little open chapels of adobes, in each of which is a mud altar surmounted by a wooden cross covered with tinsel and weighed down with withered mountain flowers. A low, rambling church, with a dilapidated bell-tower standing apart, occupies one side of the plaza, facing the *cabildo*, with a prison on one hand confining two or three dirty and emaciated wretches, and a school-room on the other, in which a dozen children were learning a prayer, *viva voce*, but in which they stopped short as we rode past, and seemed to relish the opportunity to exclaim, "*Buenos dias caballeros!*" We had been recommended to the *cura*, who was rather noted in the Sierra for his intelligence and hospitality, but found that he had died a few weeks previously, and that his house was shut up. There was, however, a kind of *pulperia*, or shop, fronting on the plaza, where *bayeta*, or baize, was sold, and some rough woolen cloth of native manufacture, besides cheese, *charqui* (sun-dried beef), and eggs. We purchased the entire stock of the latter, and took our dinner on the sunny side of the building.

In Santiago the houses are built of *adobes* or compacted mud, and all are thatched with *ichu* grass. They seldom consist of more than a single apartment, entered by a low and narrow door, closed by a dried hide inside, the sill of which is raised so as to prevent the water from flowing in from the street. The walls of all of them incline inward, after the style characteristic of all the Inca edifices that we afterward had occasion to examine; and the doors were also narrower at the top than at the bottom, precisely as in the ancient structures. There are no "party walls" or single walls answering for contiguous houses, but each building has its distinct gables.

It was in Santiago that we saw for the first time the extraordinary *montero*, or hat, universally worn by the women of the Aymara race or family. It may be compared, not inaptly, to a coffin, with a kind of black valance suspended around a stiff body of pasteboard, covered with red cloth and tinsel. Nearly all the Indian women had children, silent, uncomplaining little creatures, slung in a thick shawl over their shoulders.

Striking across the plain of Santiago, which extends to the northeast almost to the outlet



STYLE OF HOUSES IN SANTIAGO DE MACHACA.



AYMARA FEMALE HEAD-DRESS.

of Lake Titicaca, where it is relieved by a number of mammiform hills or *buttes*, and which is dotted all over with heaps of llama dung, and sprinkled with the llamas themselves, we came to a little isolated church, with no building near, and with scarcely a hut in sight. I suppose some sort of pilgrimage or procession to it takes place on occasion, but as the church of Santiago was disproportionally large for the town, this edifice seemed entirely supererogatory. Just beyond it, in a little hollow, was the dead body of a mule, from which a group of condors were tearing the flesh in great strips, while a dozen or more of king-vultures, gorgeous in color, were ranged in a circle around, respectfully waiting until their masters were gorged, when it would be their turn to take part in the unsavory feast. I fired at the group from the back of my mule, but owing to the wonderful trajectory of my rifle, with whose vagaries I had not yet become familiar, I missed my aim. After a series of ungraceful leaps, flapping their wings the while, for a hundred yards along the ground, the great birds succeeded in rising in the air, and commenced to circle in defiant and threatening evolutions above our heads. I dismounted for surer work, and with my second shot brought down one of the largest with a broken wing. But like the wounded *vicuña* on the stony plain of Tacora, he was more than a match, on his legs, for our worn and battered mules, and after a chase of half a mile I gave up pursuit, consoling myself with the reflection, "what could I have done with the gigantic scavenger had I caught him?"

Our halting-place for the night was fixed at the village of San Andres de Machaca, and we pushed forward over some low ranges of hills with all our energy to reach it before dark. We passed some terraced slopes, subdivided by stone-walls, resembling fortifications, which were the *huertas* or gardens of St. Andres; crossed some streams flowing northward in shifting channels through an alluvial valley, and at five o'clock reached the irregular and rambling village for which we were bound. Our Bolivians, whose feet were literally "on their native heath," had taken great airs on themselves at Santiago, but they now became imperious. They rode to the house of the *gobernador* as if he were a born vassal; but that official had discovered our approach and hidden himself, a common expedient with alcaldes not addicted to hospitality, or else he was really absent from home. At any rate his poor habitation was shut up and tenantless. Our next recourse was to the *cura*, who lived in a relatively grand house behind the church, but he too was absent. His *supliente* or substitute, a pleasant young man, was in charge of the establishment, and gracefully accepted the situation, giving us a vacant room, and treating us to *chupe* and eggs.

The church of San Andres was the first one we had seen of that series of fine temples reared by the Jesuits in their days of prosperity and power in all parts of the Titicaca basin. Almost every squalid village has its church—always of good architectural design, and often of grand proportions and wonderful solidity. That of San Andres had never been finished, but was nevertheless imposing. Its façade is relieved by a lofty archway with a bold sweep, and its towers rise with a strength showing that the designer of the building was no feeble or timid architect. In front is an elaborate cross of beautiful white *berenguela* or alabaster, taken from extensive quarries of that material not far distant. Slabs or plates of this supply the place of glass in the windows of many of the churches of the Sierra, and give to the transmitted light a soft and mellow tinge like that let through the painted windows of old cathedrals.

We left San Andres before daylight, and resumed our course toward Nasacara, or, as the point is sometimes called, the Balsas of Nasacara, on the Rio Desaguadero. The morning was bitterly cold, and we suffered much until the sun rose and thawed the icicles from our beards. The country retains its aspect of a high plain, without cultivation, and covered with *tola*. At nine o'clock, having traveled five leagues, we came to the edge of the table-land, and obtained our first view of the valley of the Desaguadero, covered with sward, broken here and there by small patches of cultivated ground, and traversed up and down, as far as the eye can reach, by the broad and placid river. At our feet, built partly on the hither, but mainly on the further bank of the stream, is the village of Nasacara, distinguished chiefly for its bridge of *balsas* or floats of *totora*



BALSA BRIDGE OVER THE RIO DESAGUADERO.

or reeds, and as being the point where the Bolivian custom-house is established, where passports are scrutinized and baggage fumbled.

The bridge of Nasacara is a type of a considerable number of bridges in South America, and merits more than a passing notice. It is a floating-bridge, not unlike that across the Rhine at Cologne, except that, owing to the entire absence of timber in the country, the floats are of dried reeds, bound together in huge bundles, or *balsas*, pointed at the ends like canoes. These are fastened together by great cables of braided reeds, anchored to firm stone towers on both banks. The roadway is also of reeds resting on the floats, about four feet wide, and raised above the floats about the same height—a rather yielding and unsteady path, over which only one or two mules are allowed to pass at a time. The causeways leading to both extremities of the bridge are barred by gates at which toll is collected. When the river is swollen and the current very strong, it is usual to cut the cables at one extremity or the other, and let the bridge swing down the stream so as to prevent it being swept away.

At the point where the bridge crosses the Desaguadero the river is 150 feet wide and 30 feet deep, flowing with a strong but even current. This point is about 40 miles below where the river debouches from Lake Titicaca, and 130 feet, according to Mr. Pentland's observations, below the level of the lake; thus giving to the river a fall to Nasacara of 3½ feet to the mile. I nowhere saw rapids in the stream, nor did I hear of falls, and was told that it was easy to ascend the river in canoes to the lake itself. However that may be, nothing can be more absurd than the story which once found place in some educational publications that the waters of Lake Titicaca sometimes flow into Lake Aullagas, and *vice versa*, varying with the amount of rain-fall, etc., in the northern and southern parts of this great terrestrial basin. Mr. Pentland fixes the level of Lake Aullagas at 570 feet lower than that of Lake Titicaca, and the distance between the two at about 170 miles, which would give an average fall throughout corresponding with that between Lake Titicaca and Nasacara. I have no doubt the river throughout is practicable for small boats, and that no serious interruption by rapids exists at any point.

We experienced no detention from the custom-officers of Nasacara, although they exhibited unnecessary curiosity regarding my breech-loading rifle, which I really believe they would have confiscated if they could have satisfied themselves how to use it, and how to replace the fixed ammunition without which it would have been useless. They gave us *chupe* and sold us cheese, and a little *puno* butter which comes packed in small bladders like snuff.

Here our Bolivians separated from us to pursue their road to La Paz, and Berrios coolly proposed to do the same thing, and leave us in charge of a dark and sinister-looking *arriero* whom he had met, and who was in some way a dependent of his, but who had never been over the road we were to follow, and could not speak a word of Aymara or Quichua, now the universal languages of the country. My remonstrances were equally forcible and effective, and as they were made in the open street, must have been edifying to the good people of Nasacara. At noon we struck off from the town at right angles to the La Paz road, following up the valley of the river, over an undulating but uninhabited plain, to Jesus de Machaca, situated in

marshy ground, near the base of the high ridge that separates the valley of the Desaguadero from that of Tiahuanaco. Its inhabitants are all Indians of the Aymara family, who eke out a scanty subsistence as shepherds and cultivators of the bitter variety of potato to which I have alluded, and which grows on the sunny hill-sides. Like San Andres it has a great church in good repair, and containing some large pictures, of the excellence of which we were unable to judge under the "dim religious light" that stole through the alabaster windows. Having no place of refuge we rode direct to the house of the *cura*, who was neither a drunkard nor an adulterer, and in both these respects an exception to the wretches who in general profane the sanctuaries of God in Bolivia and Southern and Central Peru. He was an intelligent, meek, earnest man, who did for us all that we were unable to do for ourselves, and made no apologies for deficiencies which were obviously inseparable from his position. We passed the evening pleasantly in his society. He showed us through his church, in which five times the population of his village might easily assemble, and pointed out the beauties of its architecture with a faint flush of pride. His hectic cheek and rasping cough told us then that he verged on the close of his earthly career; and we were not surprised, although we were grieved, to hear a few months later, and before we left the Sierra, that the good *cura* of Jesus de Machaca, Manuel Valdivia, was dead.

The ridge behind Jesus de Machaca reaches close up to Lake Titicaca, and extends southward for a hundred miles, nearly parallel with the Desaguadero. The path over it is little frequented, rough, and in some places dangerous. We were from six o'clock in the morning until noon in reaching its summit, marked by the inevitable *apacheta* or cairn of stones, standing at an elevation of 3600 feet above the valley of the Desaguadero, and 16,500 feet above the sea.

It was from this point that we obtained our first view of Lake Titicaca, or rather of the lower and lesser lake of Tiquina, with its high islands and promontories, and shores belted with reeds. It was here, too, that the great snowy chain of the Andes, of which we had only caught glimpses before, burst on our sight in all its majesty. Dominating the Lake is the massive bulk of Illampu, or Sorata, the crown of the continent, the highest mountain of America, rivaling, if not equaling in height, the monarchs of the Himalaya. Observers vary in their estimates and calculations of its altitude from 25,000 to 27,000 feet; my own estimates place it at not far from 26,000. Extending southward from this is an uninterrupted chain of *nevados*, or snowy mountains, nowhere less than 20,000 feet in height, which terminates in the great mountain of Illamini, 24,500 feet in altitude. Between the eminence on which we stand and these gigantic mountains is, first, the deep valley and plain of Tiahuanaco, with a high table-land or *puno* succeeding, and a range of mountains beyond, which look small only from contrast with their snow-crowned neighbors.

Looking back, the view, if not equally imposing, is nevertheless as interesting. We can trace the windings of the Desaguadero through its shallow valley until lost in the distance in the direction of Lake Aullagas. There, too, is the broad plain of Santiago over which we have toiled, its inequalities scarcely discernible from our elevation. Beyond it, distinct, white, grand, and solemn, the volcanic peaks of Sahama, Pomarape, and Tacora, the pinnacles of the Cordilleras, and themselves reflecting their silver crests in the Pacific.

Nowhere else in the world, perhaps, can a panorama so diversified and grand be obtained from a single point of view. The whole great table-land of Peru and Bolivia, at its widest part, with its own system of waters, its own rivers and lakes, its own plains and mountains, all framed in by the ranges of the Cordillera and the Andes, is presented like a map before the adventurous visitor who climbs to the *apacheta* of Tiahuanaco. Grand, severe, almost sullen is the aspect which nature presents here. We stand in the centre of a scenery and a terrestrial system which seems to be in spirit, as well as in fact, lifted above the rest of the world, coldly and calmly looking down upon it, sharing none of its sympathies, and disturbed by none of its alarms. The silent, wondering vicuña, the gliding llama, the great condor circling high up in the air, or sailing down toward us as if in menace, the absence of forests, the clouds surging up from the dank plains and forests of Brazil, only to be precipitated and dissolved by the snowy barriers which they can not pass, the clear metallic blue sky above, the keen sunlight, the awful silence — all impress the traveler with the feeling that he is no longer in the world that he has known before. There is nothing with which he is familiar, nothing in the way of association or suggestive of other scenes. Not an unfitting region this for the development of an original civilization like that which has carved its memorials in massive stones, and left them in the plain of Tiahuanaco at our feet, and of which no tradition remains except that they were the work of giants, who reared them in a single night.

The descent into the valley or plain of Tiahuanaco is more abrupt than in the direction of the Desaguadero, and the most reckless travelers find it requisite to dismount and proceed on foot. It was dark when we struck the edge of the plain, and ascertained that we had yet nearly four leagues to go before reaching the village of Tiahuanaco. This border of the plain receives the wash of the adjacent ridge, and is covered thickly with rocky débris, and seamed with shallow torrent beds. To get at the soil and protect the ground when once reclaimed, the stones in many places have been heaped together in mounds, or long, heavy



VIEW OF LAKE TITICACA AND ILLAMPU, THE CROWN OF THE ANDES.

ridges, capable of resisting or diverting the rush of the waters descending from the hills. This work seems to have been in great part, if not wholly, performed by the ancient inhabitants; showing that here, as every where else, they were avaricious of arable soil, and spared neither time nor labor to rescue the scantiest portion of it to cultivation.

At a distance of two leagues from the western border of the plain we came to a considerable swell of land, free from stones, and of which considerable patches were broken up for crops; and a league and a half further, after fording a shallow stream of clear running water, we reached the village of Tiahuanaco itself, situated upon another slight elevation, in a well-chosen position. The narrow, unlighted streets, lined by low huts of rough stones laid in clay, covered with thatch, destitute of windows, and entered only by low and narrow doorways, closed

for the most part with raw hides, were silent and deserted; the wretched inhabitants have hardly fuel wherewith to cook their scanty food, and are fain to slink away into their dark and squalid habitations as soon as the sun withdraws his genial rays. The traveler who emerges in the morning, blue and benumbed from his bed on the ground in an unventilated, gloomy hut of the Sierra, where the pigs are not his most unpleasant companions, to thaw himself into life on the sunny side of the wretched *chosa* that has sheltered him, will readily comprehend how the people of Peru became worshipers of the sun.

We were not long in finding the *plaza* of Tiahuanaco, where a faint light shining out from a single *portada* in front of the church gave us the first evidence that the town possessed inhabitants. The house proved to be the *posta*, and the most we could learn from the saturnine Indians in charge was that the master of the post was absent. They neither invited us to come in, nor made any movement to assist us when we dismounted, but disappeared one by one into dark dormitories, leaving us standing alone, hungry and cold, in the open court. However, the arrival of our *arrieros*, some of whom spoke Aymara, changed the aspect of affairs. They pushed open the door of the principal or travelers' apartment, and, piling the barley in stalk which it contained at one end, cleared a space for the single piece of furniture in the room—a broken table—and with imperative words and acts as emphatic, finally secured for us a dish of diluted *chupe*.

While this was going on we received a visit from the *cura*, on his return probably from some nocturnal adventure. His face was red and bloated, deeply scarred by small-pox, but retaining traces of original manly beauty. He was quite drunk and not very coherent, and when we began to question him about the celebrated ancient ruins of the neighborhood he became suddenly silent, and drew me into a dark corner of the court-yard, where, in a mysterious whisper, he told me that he knew all about the *tapadas*, or hidden treasures, and that we could count on his guidance in obtaining them, for an equitable division of the spoils. It was in vain I protested that we were not money-diggers; he could not conceive how any stranger should evince an interest in the "vestiges of the Gentiles" not founded on the hope of discovering treasure among them. And here I may mention that throughout all of our explorations, in all parts of Peru, whether in the city or in the field, we were supposed to be searching for *tapadas*, and were constantly watched and followed by people who hoped to get some clew to the whereabouts of the treasures through our indications. Often, when engaged in surveys of fortifications or buildings, we found the marks left by us at night, to guide us in resuming our work in the morning, not only removed, but the earth deeply excavated below them. The ancient monuments of the country have suffered vastly more from the hands of treasure-seekers than from fanatic violence, time, and the elements combined. The work of destruction from this cause has been going on for three hundred years, and still actively continues.

YOUNG AGAIN.

I'm growing old, but what of that!
The winter snows are in my hair,
And like an antiquated cat
I love my fire and easy-chair.

To sit and think, and read the news
Through pebbles twain that bridge my nose,
A matted stool beneath my shoes,
To coax the dull blood to my toes.

I'm growing old, but what of that!
Each failing sense, each twinge of pain,
But tells me with familiar chat
I'm coming to my youth again;

And bids me joy that change eterne
Revives, renews the meanest thing—
That life is born when grasses turn,
That out of winter leaps the spring.

And such a spring! Rejoice, oh me!
That age and mildew pass away,
That a brief cycle sets me free
To launch into unfading day.

The snows shall fade from out my hair,
Dim eyes and weakness flee with pain,
Heart's-ease the wrinkled brow repair,
And all my youth come back again.

Night flames his wings and turns to day,
Mid joy and bells the year is born;
Though all things seem to pass away,
To all shall come another morn.

Him we call Death, with kindly hand
Plants all the daisies of the plain,
And when o'er me he waves his wand,
I shall renew my youth again.



INDULGING IN LUXURIES.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF THE WAR.

BY A VIRGINIAN.

[Eleventh Paper.]

RELIEVED.

September 23, 1862, *Tuesday.*—Fair and warm. I have been occupied all morning in the Topographical Office improving my map of Central Virginia; but what with the charming weather and the few days of rest, I find the labor intolerably irksome, and am longing again for the excitement of the march and the battle-field.

In the afternoon our camp was thrilled with excitement of an unexpected character by the appearance of Mr. Lincoln's proclamation conditionally liberating all the slaves in the rebel States, to take effect on the 1st of January next, 1863, if the insurrection does not subside by that time. There is a very general expression of dissatisfaction and dissent around these head-quarters, although not so decided as might have been expected. I am shocked and frightened, not at the proposed liberation of the Southern blacks (I have always looked forward to that as an inevitable and essential result of the war), but at the unseasonableness of this proclamation. Can the Federal Government afford to invite the bitter and concentrated hostility of a whole section, when it has not shown itself able to repress the rebellion of a faction in that section? Do we mock the poor negro with offers of freedom before we have satisfactorily proved that we can defend our own? Yet I have faith in the President's honesty of purpose and soundness of judgment. Our horizon here is limited. His high position affords a more comprehensive view both at home and abroad. The nation may be better prepared for this than we think, and, after all, I would not be surprised if the necessities of our foreign policy dictated this paper at this time. I begin to perceive that even here the feeling of dissent is rather superficial and temporary, and the sounder thinkers are rapidly subsiding into acquiescence.

A matron of the neighborhood, not over comely and past the prime of life, called at head-quarters to-day, inquiring for a bucket. She forced the guard and commenced a rigorous search of the sacred line of tents at the head of the parallelogram, declaring she had loaned a bucket to General McClellan, and was

determined to have it or let him hear of it. It appears that a very civil soldier had called at her house yesterday and requested a bucket of milk for General McClellan. Although religiously opposed either to lending or borrowing, her patriotism could not resist the appeal, and the milk was furnished; the civil soldier promising to return the bucket immediately. To the old lady's astonishment the bucket was not returned, and it required some pecuniary diplomacy to save the General's tent from a search.



"I WANT MY BUCKET."

It appears that Pleasonton's cavalry raid toward Moorfield, and that proposed to be started from Washington against Gordonsville, have both been abandoned.

September 25, *Thursday.*—Fair and cool. There was a decided change in the weather yesterday, from summer's heat to autumnal coolness. The season for active campaigning is passing away rapidly. The General called for some topographical information about Harper's Ferry and surroundings, I believe with a view to fortifying. I made a sketch from memory, which gave considerable satisfaction. We have another proclamation from Mr. Lincoln, suspending the Writ of Habeas Corpus. *Inter arma silent leges* is a very good maxim, and suited to these times, yet until we mash up these rebel armies in front of us I have little faith in edicts and proclamations.

The reconnoitring balloon has been up several times to-day, which is always significant of nothing. Our aeronauts invariably see lions in our path, and we dare not move forward lest we be devoured. The Grand Duke Constantine, a royal Russian martinet, is reported to have said, "He hated war; it was ruinous to the army." I think there is some vague idea of that sort about these head-quarters.

September 27, *Saturday.*—Chilly night and heavy fog followed by a clear day. Colonel Key and myself accompanied General Marcy on a tour of inspection to Hagerstown and Williamsport. We traveled in the ambulance with the four grays, followed by an escort of cavalry. We dined in Hagerstown, and drove thence to Williamsport, where we stopped at General Kenley's head-quarters. Kenley fully indorses the proclamation liberating the blacks, and thinks it will alarm and weaken the Southern army. We hear that the enemy occupies Martinsburg, with his right resting on the Opequan, and his left on the North Mountain. I have no faith either in his intention or ability to enter Maryland again. Leaving Williamsport we took the direct road to Sharpsburg, passing Couch's Division in camp at Downsville, and a portion of Franklin's Corps near Bakersville. It was pitch dark ere we reached Sharpsburg; but at several miles' distance we were advised of its proximity by the mephitic odor of the battle-field. During our absence head-quarters camp had been moved, and as none of our party knew of its locality we wandered for several hours in the darkness, not reaching our tents until eleven o'clock.

September 28, *Sunday.*—Foggy morning with clear and warm day. Our present encampment is delightfully located in a situation both secluded and romantic—a great improvement on our recent site; and instead of the war-wasted environs of Sharpsburg we have all the sights and sounds and smells of rural felicity.

In a circle of officers, all of whom had seen more or less service, the practical method of our warfare was discussed. Artillery is more noisy than destructive. It is still formidable in its moral power, and is the safety of an army on the defensive or retreating. It may be used irresistibly by massing it and concentrating its fire on a given point. It has seemed to me, as I have generally seen our artillery used, the guns have been too much scattered, and the fire too diffusive and uncertain.

Thus far our cavalry has done nothing in a pitched battle. The great range and efficiency of modern fire-arms making it impossible for them to charge infantry or artillery with any hopes of success. In the combats of cavalry with cavalry the revolver and carbine have almost entirely superseded the sabre. In the few instances where we have authentic accounts of crossing sabres the National cavalry have invariably been the assailants, and have with equal certainty overthrown their enemies. This is the result of superior discipline and equipment, and this superiority will continue to increase. The rebel light cavalry are frequently armed with the double-barreled fowling-piece, which, loaded with buck-shot, is a far more formidable weapon on horseback than either the revolver or carbine, and a decided improvement on the old bell-muzzled blunderbuss. In every independent command of cavalry I would have a portion armed with this weapon, which I think would be found efficient in night encounters, and always more certain in horseback firing.

For decisive results in battle the fire of the infantry is the main—indeed the only reliance. Through the improvement in fire-arms this has

become so destructive, and kills at such long range, that the bayonet, like the sabre, is become more ornamental than useful. I have never seen a collision of bayonets or a man killed by a bayonet on any of our battle-fields. An officer who was at Fair Oaks, in front of Richmond, says he saw twenty or thirty of the enemy killed in a bayonet charge of ours, but it was after they had broken and were attempting to escape—receiving the thrust from behind in almost every instance. Neither has the artillery lost on either side been captured by a rush with the sabre or bayonet, as it usually appears in the newspapers, but by bushwhacking the horses from a distance, so that, when the supports are driven back, the guns are necessarily abandoned to the victors. Ordinarily, at least ninety-five in a hundred of the casualties of a battle-field are attributable to the fire of the infantry. At Antietam the opposing regiments, in several instances, destroyed each other at forty paces. In a rush with the bayonet, if the defensive line stood firm, the attack would invariably break, falling back in confusion, or halting at forty or fifty paces, would open fire; then, becoming heated in the fierce emulation, they would endeavor to win each other's colors by concentrating their fire on the color-bearers. An officer states that in his regiment five men were shot down consecutively while supporting the colors; and in this desperate game whole regiments were mutually reduced to the verge of annihilation. In the late battle we won thirty-nine regimental standards and lost none.

Colonel Hall, of Fort Sumter memory, led a regiment armed with repeating rifles (seven-shooters). As the enemy advanced to the charge his regiment delivered a full volley in their faces at fifty yards. This shattered and staggered them; but supposing his fire spent, and that they could break him before the men could reload, they closed up and made a second attempt to advance; met by a continuous stream of fire, after forcing themselves up within thirty paces, the feeble remnant that were still capable of locomotion turned tail and fled. This is a practical proof of the superiority of breech-loading and repeating fire-arms. The objectors still insist that in rude service they are more liable to get out of order, and that from the facility of firing men are more apt to waste their ammunition at long range and without aim. That the very necessity of manipulating every load restrains the tendency to inefficient firing, and engenders coolness. Under the most favorable circumstances the waste is enormous, not more than one shot in three hundred taking effect. The immense quantities of ammunition already required to supply a modern army, more than any other cause, limits its sphere of action and hampers its mobility. Therefore certainty, rather than rapidity of fire, would seem to be the desideratum. This is undoubtedly true, but it will be as easy to train men to care and deliberation in the use of a superior weapon as with an inferior one.

Never being ready for war, we have generally fought with the weapon just behind the age. Although the use of percussion was thoroughly established in 1848, we fought the Mexican war chiefly with flint-locks. The superiority of the breech-loading and repeating fire-arms has been for some time established in the country, yet we will doubtless worry through this war with the percussion muzzle-loader, and adopt something better afterward.

The rebels are in the general worse armed than we, and their very deficiencies in that respect have been turned to their advantage. Their scarcity of ammunition has made them more careful in its use, and therefore comparatively more efficient. Their inferiority in artillery especially has induced them to rely less upon that high-sounding but indecisive arm, and to look always to their infantry for results; while the very contempt with which their aristocratic leaders regard the lives and sufferings of their rank and file—their remorseless marches, the reckless manner in which they dash their columns against our positions—have thus far given them a decided advantage over our more humane and economical generals—a mode of warfare which would beat us were the resources of the contestants equal, but which, as the case stands, will end in their speedier destruction.

October 1, *Wednesday.*—Fair and warm. We have heard guns all day from time to time, which I understand are those of Pleasonton, who has made a reconnoissance toward Martinsburg. A courier informs us that he occupies Martinsburg, and is shelling the rebels toward Winchester. Another telegram brings tidings that President Lincoln and suite will visit headquarters, arriving to-night. Major Haller is hastily erecting three large tents facing that of the commander, borrowing beds and blankets to accommodate the distinguished guests.

October 2, *Thursday.* — Cool and drizzling. The President and party staid at Harper's Ferry last night and will visit us to-day. I met General Pleasonton in General Marcy's tent, and heard his report of the reconnoissance yesterday. As he approached Martinsburg he found the bridge over a deep and impracticable mill-race had been rendered impassable to cavalry by tearing up the flooring, and the rebels in some force occupying the town. As the Union banners were seen advancing over the hill the women issued from the adjoining houses and replaced the flooring of the bridge, so that his column was enabled to pass over without a halt. The enemy being driven out, Pleasonton occupied the town for two hours, until he perceived they were returning upon him with heavy reinforcements. He then retired by the Shepherdstown road, exchanging cannon-shots with Stuart, who followed at a respectful distance. As the rear of his column cleared the bridge the friendly women again ran out, and tore up the



WOMEN OF MARTINSBURG REPAIRING BRIDGE FOR THE UNION CAVALRY.

flooring, thus forcing the enemy to follow by another less direct road. The section of artillery accompanying the expedition was commanded by Lieutenant Edmund Pendleton, U.S.A., a native of Martinsburg, and in the bombardment he narrowly missed sending a shell through his paternal mansion.

The sky cleared, and the day is bright and warm. The President and suite arrived in the afternoon. They were received without ceremony, and soon afterward, accompanied by the Commander and Staff, rode out to see the late battle-field. The cavalcade returned after dark, and the chiefs went to dinner in the General's mess-tent. Two military bands relieved each other in furnishing music for the feast, while peals of uproarious laughter at the President's hard jokes filled up the intervals. I had neither ridden nor feasted with the party, and I went to bed long before their jollity concluded.

October 3, *Friday.*—Morning fog—day clear and warm. The Presidential guests rose early, and I saw them grouped in front of the large tent. Marshal Lamon called me over, and presented me to his Excellency, who remembered and recalled our former interview. I repeated to him Pleasonton's account of how the women of Martinsburg had repaired the bridge. He seemed much interested and pleased at this practical exhibition of good-will to the Government, especially by that charming sex, who seem more naturally and generally to admire sedition and rebellion. The President then remarked the ingenious manner in which my servant John had accommodated himself under the eaves of my tent by stretching an additional piece of canvas over the ropes which held the fly. By increasing the length of the fly on either side, reaching to the pegs, it would afford better protection to the square tent and sleeping accommodation for two persons, servants or attachés of the officer. I have enjoyed the convenience of having my man always within easy call at night, and suggest the improvement to future campaigners.

President Lincoln is a most interesting study. He is in all points a fair representative man of the American people. He is American, internally and externally, in mind and person; his tastes, manners, ideas, and capacities are part and parcel of our system. He is simply the result of that system, and the system is entirely responsible for the manner in which he fulfills the important duties of his office. If he fails we may give up the system conclusively; for, while we may often find worse, we can never hope to see a higher grade of men at the head of our affairs. Indeed those who have heretofore assumed to be the men of light and leading in this nation have failed so miserably that we may be content hereafter to trust the helm to an honest man of the people—and Divine Providence.

October 8, *Wednesday.*—Fair and warm. We broke camp to-day, moving to a point on the river below Harper's Ferry. From some questions of the Commander-in-Chief I suspect there



TENT IMPROVEMENT.



BROWN'S COTTAGE.

is a plan maturing for crossing the Potomac in the vicinity of Leesburg. General McClellan, with the body of his Staff, crossed the South Mountain at Crampton's Gap, where Franklin fought the other day. To avoid the crowd and dust Colonel Key and myself rode apart, crossing Elk Ridge, near Rohrersville, by a narrow, secluded mountain-road refreshingly shaded. Descending into Pleasant Valley we left Rohrersville to the right, and approaching Brownsville our attention was arrested by a singularly picturesque cottage that stood near the road at the foot of the South Mountain. It was built of logs, with huge uncouth chimneys, porches, and irregular shaped doors and windows, all whitewashed, vine-clad, and embowered in the shade of tall, overhanging trees. The style of the building was Anglo-American of the olden time, and decidedly more pleasing in character than those presented by our new-fangled cottage architects.

Immediately under the gable of the house, in the midst of a group of weeping-willows, stood a whitewashed spring-house, the fountain bubbling out from a niche in the terrace wall, and falling beyond into a large moss-covered wooden trough. On a post bristling with side-pegs, resembling a rustic hat-rack, hung a dozen or more clean milk-crocks, suggestive of lacteal refreshment. Key could not resist the tempta-

tion; so we dismounted, and Dame Bountiful of the Cottage gave us a crockful of delicious rich milk, which we fairly emptied at a sitting. Mr. Brown, the proprietor, came out to exchange civilities, and informed us that the house had been built by his grandfather, and that he had seventy acres of land attached to it, which had remained in the family since the original improvement. The house had evidently been built without any plan or attempt at ornament —log walls, stone chimneys, wooden porches, and awkward windows — all thrown together by hap-hazard, just as convenience or conceit suggested. Its site on a smooth spur of the mountain had been chosen on account of its proximity to the spring, yet the result was one of the most charming rural pictures I have ever seen. Doubtless it owed much to the circumstances under which we viewed it. After nearly a year of uninterrupted campaigning, of hardship, dirt, weariness, battle, blood, and death, until our hearts had become dry and dreary as the trodden highway, at the sight of this calm retreat we again felt the seeds of hope begin to swell and germinate amidst the hot dust, and I went, humming over Campbell's sweet stanzas of the "Soldier's Dream."

"Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array
Far, far I had roamed on a desolate track,
'Twas autumn, and sunshine arose o'er the way
To the home of my kindred that welcomed me back.
I flew to those pleasant fields traversed so oft
In life's morning march when my bosom was young;
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung."

The scene haunted my fancy for many a day, and I said to my companion, "If I could only be permitted to spend a quiet month in that cottage with my family, I would be willing to campaign for the remainder of my life."

Turning the butt of South Mountain at Weverton we found the Head-quarters camp in a plain stubble-field, near Petersville, in the Middletown Valley. Major Haller had the opportunity of staking off his parallelogram with mathematical accuracy; but the locality is totally wanting in the picturesque beauty which made our late encampment so attractive.

October 9, *Thursday.*—Fair and hot. Having understood that the Commander-in-Chief was going to Baltimore to meet his family I took it for granted that the campaign was ended, and therefore asked for leave to visit Berkeley Springs. This was obtained without difficulty, and in half an hour thereafter I was in the saddle *en route* for the mountains. I passed over Crampton's Gap and through Sharpsburg, whose bloody environs were still haunted by curious visitors, and mourners from a distance searching among the graves for their dead. I reached Hagerstown by dinner-time, so entirely overcome by the heat that I determined to leave my horse, and take a seat in the coach that would start for Hancock in the afternoon. We got off about five o'clock, and for an hour or more I began to fear that I had gained nothing by the exchange, the weather still being intensely hot and the vehicle crowded, I being jammed in between a rough, hard, working man and a garrulous old woman. I was especially annoyed by the dame, who fidgeted and talked incessantly, addressing herself alternately to every body in the coach. As the sun declined the zephyrs came down from the mountains and cooled the air, soothing my temper proportionately. I perceived that my good neighbor talked cheerily all the while, and had no idea that the country was going to destruction (a very common opinion in Maryland). On the contrary, she was intensely loyal. She liked my military buttons, and inquired where I had been serving. I told her I had been with Pope.

"Ah then," she quickly replied, "you doubtless knew my son Marcellus. He was enlisted in one of the Maryland regiments, and died of a camp-fever at Little Washington, in Virginia. He was a fine hearty boy, my only son, and he stood it more 'an a year." His death she seemed to think was all right, and a matter of course; but that her hearty boy should have succumbed so soon she thought required some little explanation and apology. Another passenger, who knew something of her family, made further inquiries about them, asking for her husband and daughter. Mary Ann, she said, was now a well-grown child of thirteen, but when Marcellus went to the wars she fell into a peaking way, and refused to eat. When they heard of the boy's death, her father, he went and 'listed too. They said he was too old, but nothing could stop him; he would go. Since then the girl had never smiled, but seemed to be pining away.

The woman talked in a calm and even cheerful manner, without a word of complaint or regret in regard to her own present and impending sorrows; but there was an almost imperceptible quaver in her voice and suffusion of her eyes as she praised the blue uniform and blessed the old flag, that touchingly revealed the sufferings and the heroism of the people.

Passing through Clear Spring after dark we came upon a body of national infantry bivouacked in the woods on either side of the highway, and all busy cooking their suppers. This was Cox's Division, *en route* for Western Virginia, and now commanded by General, late Colonel, Crook, whom I had met during Pope's campaign. The scene was wildly picturesque, and the smell of their rude cookery so appetizing that when we got to Fairview I called a halt and got some supper.

As I spoke to the landlord ordering my lunch, some one in the darkness exclaimed, "I know that voice!" and in a moment I was surrounded by several old friends—refugees from Martinsburg. From this hotel at Fairview (which I have noticed elsewhere) one may overlook the lower valley of Virginia from the Potomac to

the Fort Mountains, between Strasburg and Front Royal. Martinsburg and several adjoining towns are in full view, and hence it was a favorite resort of Union refugees when the rebels occupied that part of the valley. At my instance there had been a signal-station established here, and I found an additional acquaintance in the officer in charge. I was warmly urged to remain all night with them, and felt disposed to tarry, but anxiety about my family overruled and I continued my journey, arriving at Hancock at midnight.

October 10, *Friday.*—Cloudy and pleasant. Having been warned that the country opposite was infested with bushwhackers, who robbed and murdered in the name of God and the Confederacy, I concluded to send a citizen messenger with a light wagon to bring over my family. After I concluded my arrangements Captain Lapsler, commanding the post, called and offered me an escort. This I accepted, and hiring a horse crossed the river to Alpine Station, where the post head-quarters was established. My escort, consisting of a sergeant and ten infantry men, moved briskly up the road, throwing out four flankers to avoid an ambush. I followed on horseback, suiting my pace to theirs, until about three miles up, when I met a well-known loyal citizen from above, who assured me the road was free. Giving way to my impatience I then dashed forward, getting to the village a mile or more in advance of my men. I met my wife and daughter in the wagon I had sent forward, just starting on their way to Hancock. I determined to tarry behind them for an hour to see the rest of my family and friends at Berkeley. I had concluded the visit by the time the escort got up, so I ordered them back to Alpine, and rode in another direction to Sir John's Run to see some persons who had gone to the post at that place.

At Sir John's I met Mr. Bechtol, of Berkeley Springs, who told me he had information that the rebels meditated another movement into Maryland. He could give no facts, but said he inferred it from the tenor of several conversations he had had with rebel sympathizers. While we discussed the matter the officer in command came up and informed me officially that the enemy had crossed at M'Coy's Ferry, near Clear Spring, about sixteen thousand strong, had captured the signal-party at Fairview, and a portion of Crook's supply-train. At this information I took hasty leave of my friends, forded the river, and rode rapidly to Hancock by the tow-path of the canal. It commenced raining as I rode, and on nearing the town I saw some regiments of Crook's infantry wading the river into Virginia.

At Burton's Hotel I found my wife and daughter waiting and the town full of varied rumors. By comparing and sifting I came to the conclusion that it was only Stuart making a cavalry raid; and as the coaches did not come through from Hagerstown I determined not to move in that direction until further advices. A gentleman just from Harper's Ferry informs me that Stuart is over the river with two thousand cavalry and a battery moving on Chambersburg, and from the nature of the country he will probably attempt to return through the mountains, the road by Hancock being the most convenient. This is encouraging, and may be flattering, to the Hancock folks, but it doesn't agree with my judgment or my plans.

October 11, *Saturday.*—Cloudy and cool. Hired a horse and went over the river to offer my services to General Crook. It seems that the enemy has visited Fairview, capturing the signal-officer and the material of the station. They overtook and burned two straggling wagons of Crook's, which for some reason had lagged a mile or two behind his column. It appears that if Crook had commenced his march at the usual hour—between dawn and sunrise—his column would have stretched just across the path of the raiders, and the collision would have been a complete surprise to both parties, and Stuart would have had to deal with a fine division of infantry with two or three batteries, which would probably have turned him back.

As it was, Crook had moved promptly at four o'clock in the morning, passing Fairview an hour or two in advance of the enemy. On this occasion "the early bird lost the worm." Discussing the probabilities of the enemy's attempting to return by way of the mountains, I found General Crook fully posted and prepared for them. A portion of Franklin's Corps had moved up as far as Clear Spring, covering M'Coy's Ford, where they had crossed. Averill, with his cavalry, was at Old Town on the alert. Crook had his railroad trains packed with troops, and ready with steam up to move to any point indicated between North Mountain and Cumberland. Pleasonton's cavalry was following on their track. This is all satisfactory, and I hope we will make these fellows rue their rash adventure.

October 12, *Sunday.*—Cool and clear. Walked down to the river, where I saw a brigade of infantry with a battery returning to the Maryland side by the fords, which were deep and difficult. Some who did not desire to wet their clothes took boats and tried the ferry. One boat, overloaded and mismanaged, was upset in the deepest water, and fifteen or twenty men, loaded down with their arms and equipments, were thrown out. Their misadventure occasioned shouts of merriment and derision, although several narrowly escaped drowning. A portion of Averill's cavalry is up, and is ordered to move with Crook's infantry in pursuit of the enemy, who, we learn, has entered Chambersburg, robbing banks, stores, and stables, and burning the railroad buildings and other property, and is going somewhere else, no one knows. The General is quite disgusted with this order, which sends his infantry in pursuit of cavalry already two days' march distant. They might as well send him after a flight of

wild-geese. But the order is peremptory and worthy of Washington.

October 13, *Monday.*—Clouds and rain. We hear the enemy respected private property in Chambersburg, only destroying the railroad buildings and public stores, but where they have gone nobody knows. I crossed the river in a skiff, and at General Crook's head-quarters was informed that the raiders had repassed the Potomac at Noland's Ferry, near the mouth of Monocacy, having ridden entirely around McClellan's army, and escaping scot-free with whatever plunder they were able to carry. Whereat I am disgusted beyond measure, although the affair is more insulting than damaging. This contemptible flurry being over, I got a hack and started with my family for Hagerstown.

October 14, *Tuesday.*—Cloudy and mild. Finding some difficulty in procuring a vehicle to carry us to our destination I remained in Hagerstown all day, exchanging visits with old friends. I met numerous refugees from Martinsburg, who gave me all the personal news from the other side. They report that the rebel residents there are refitting their houses and going into business as if they anticipated a permanent occupation of the country by the Southern army.

Rosecrans and Ord have demolished the enemy in the Southwest, and I would not be surprised if, in the end, we would be obliged to call upon the Western armies to complete our work here.

October 15, *Wednesday.*—Cloudy and mild. I am informed that head-quarters have been removed into Pleasant Valley. Having got a rough one-horse carriage for my wife and daughter, I remounted my horse and took the road for that point, *via* Boonsboro. We made the journey agreeably, coming in sight of Brownsville about one o'clock. Meeting an orderly I inquired for head-quarters, and he pointed to a line of tents located on an eminence about half a mile beyond the village. A short distance in front was the charming cottage I had formerly visited with Colonel Key, and I dashed forward thrilled with pleasure at the bare possibility of realizing my romantic wish on that occasion. Seeing the hostess on the porch I asked if she could entertain an officer and his family for a short time. She replied, with some hesitation, that she must consult with her husband, and that it would depend upon who I was. I gave my name and military position, when the woman smiled frankly, and asked, "Are you Colonel S——, of Berkeley Springs?"

"Yes, the same."

"We are then well acquainted with you from hearsay, and will be glad to accommodate you."

By this time the carriage was up, and we were presently settled in our temporary home, made doubly pleasant by the friendly and cheerful welcome of our hosts. It seems that the proprietor had a brother residing at Berkeley who had been our family physician for many years, and through this relation he had become well acquainted with my name and estate.

Thus pleasantly domiciled within a mile of camp I reposed for an hour, and then rode down to report to General Marcy. I found him in consultation with several general officers in regard to a reconnoissance in force toward Winchester. Leaving my mare with John I walked back to the cottage, and passed a pleasant evening with the family.

October 16, *Thursday.*—Mild. Heard cannon while at breakfast, which is from Hancock, doubtless, moving toward Charlestown. I afterward walked down to camp, and was informed that before daybreak a telegraphic message had been received asking (it was supposed) for me to accompany the reconnoissance, but the name was so far misspelled that it was not recognized at first and I was not sent forward. I was glad that the mistake had occurred, as it enabled me to rest in peace my first night at the cottage.

Shortly after we were all called to horse to follow the General-in-Chief, who determined to visit Charlestown in person. After a ride of six miles through the beautiful valley, dotted with encampments and teeming with troops, we reached Harper's Ferry. Crossing the river by the pontoon-bridge and ascending the hill, we found the quarters of General Couch in the old Superintendent's house. After a halt of some minutes Couch and Staff joined us, and the whole cavalcade moved up to Bolivar Heights, from whence we could overlook the valley as far as Winchester.

Here we halted for a time, enjoying the beautiful prospect and considering the military topography of the country, then rode rapidly forward to Charlestown. Hancock occupied the town, having his artillery planted on the summits commanding the roads leading southward. There had been an artillery duel, which lasted for several hours during the morning, in which the contestants lost half a dozen men each, and respectively a gun dismounted and a caisson blown up. Hancock, however, had ten thousand men, while the enemy opposed him with only two regiments of cavalry and four guns. We captured about one hundred sick and wounded in the town, who were paroled and left undisturbed in their quarters. McClellan remained on the ground until late in the afternoon, and then with his Staff returned to Pleasant Valley, leaving me with orders to report to Hancock.

October 17, *Friday.*—Bright and pleasant. After breakfast I again reported to General Hancock, and found him just about to ride, the cannon sounding in the direction of Leetown. I gave him some information respecting the roads, the topography of the country, and what I had been enabled to glean in regard to the condition, intentions, and positions of the enemy. There was no large body of infantry nearer than Bunker Hill. There were several regiments of cavalry between us and Berryville; but Stuart had his head-quarters at the Bower—the seat of A. S. Dandridge, Esq., on the Ope-



CONFEDERATE STRAGGLERS.

quan, midway between Charlestown and Martinsburg. Lee had not been reinforced, except by the gathering up of stragglers and conscripts, and his army was by no means recovered from the disastrous campaign in Maryland. The reports of the almost complete disorganization of that army as it crossed into Virginia after Antietam sustains the opinion formed at the time, that McClellan on that occasion threw away the opportunity of his life.

Finding that our reconnoitring force would be withdrawn during the day, and that I could be of no further use, I obtained permission to return to Pleasant Valley. I rode the eight miles between Charlestown and Harper's Ferry alone, and not mindful of the fact that between Stuart's scouts on the one hand and the Blue Ridge bushwackers on the other I ran considerable risk of being picked up. A few hours later two officers of ours were actually captured on the same road.

On my return to camp I wrote out a report of my observations and handed it to General Marcy, who said it was all corroborative of other information received by the Chief.

Hancock's command, after advancing five miles beyond Charlestown on the Smithfield road, developing nothing of importance, returned to its position in front of Harper's Ferry. A force under General Humphreys had made a simultaneous movement through Shepherdstown, on the Smithfield road. Beyond Leetown he was opposed by troops of all arms, and retired to his position on the north bank of the Potomac, followed as far as Shepherdstown by the enemy's cavalry with a battery. This was doubtless Stuart's force from the Bower (which is only two and a half miles distant from Leetown), and the reported infantry only dismounted cavalry skirmishers.

October 18, *Saturday.* — Bright and cool. Yesterday was the third anniversary of the John Brown Raid, and the same echoes that were then awaked by the scattering reports of pistols and carbines now groan with the reverberations of artillery; and the contending gangs of ragged marauders and confused local militia have swelled into vast organized armies, representing the concentrated might of nations. "Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth!" I spent this day in the full enjoyment of cottage felicity—I working diligently at my maps and plans, while my wife sat beside the table as industriously engaged in refitting my camp wardrobe. In the afternoon we lounged upon the grass in the apple orchard, culling its choicest fruit at will, and then climbing the mountain-side to gather the chestnuts which lay thick as leaves upon the ground, all ready to be eaten.

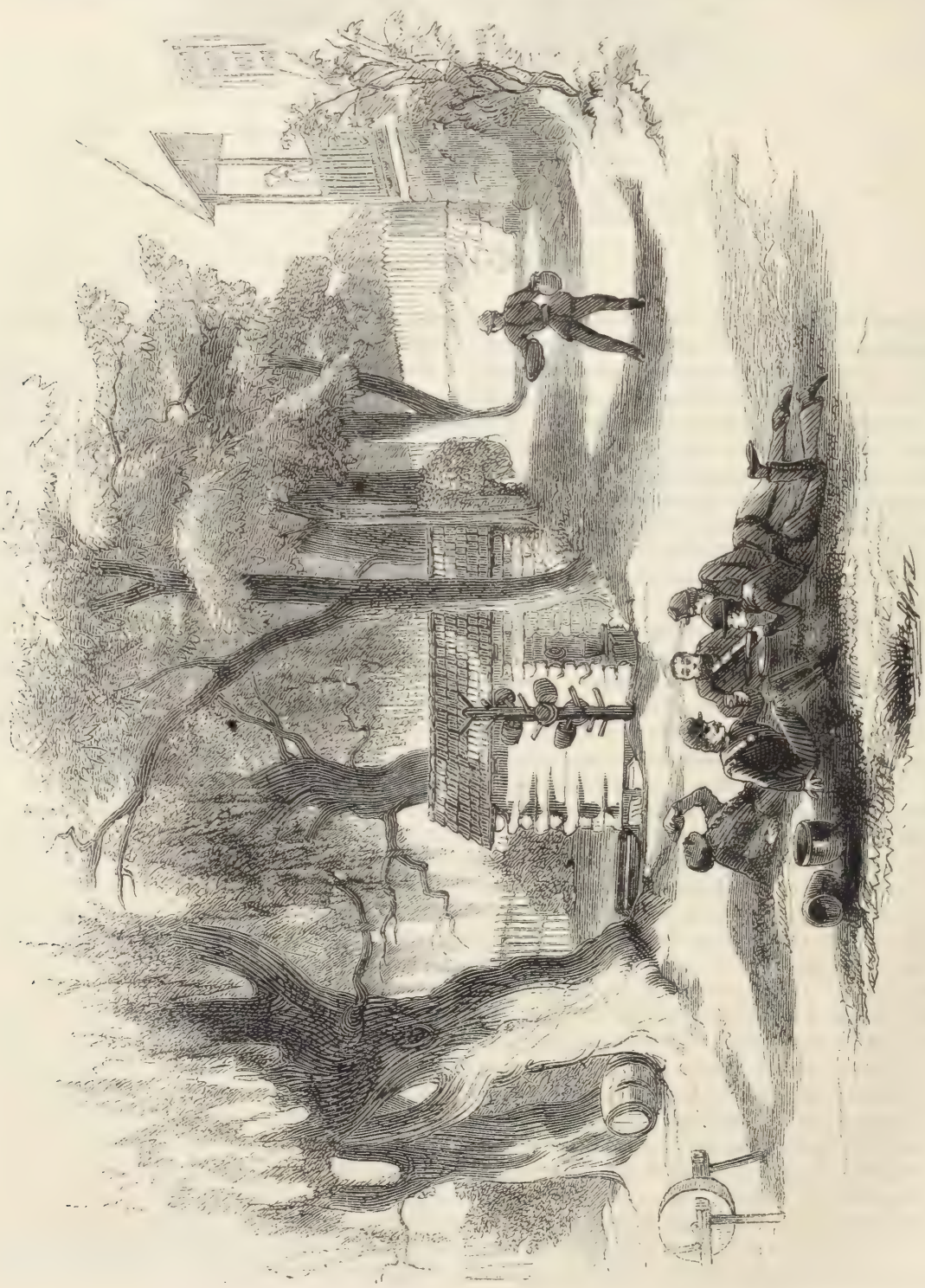
From this date until the 31st our lives passed quietly, without an incident worthy of record. Generals McClellan and Marcy, with many other officers, brought their families to the Pleasant Valley, and it seemed as if Peace had established her head-quarters in the midst of war.

I found the interior of my cottage corresponding in all respects with the agreeable character of its exterior. The table abounded with sweetmeats, milk and cider, soft biscuits and chicken stews—in brief, every thing to banish the memory of hard-tack and army rations. Instead of mud, stones, and fence-rails, the beds were deep with downy feathers, while our amiable and simple-mannered entertainers brought back the days when war to us was only

a glorious historic romance. Thus, in the accidental gratification of a fanciful wish, I had to the fullest extent realized the happiness it promised, and when the drum again beat to arms I felt like one awakened from a long and refreshing sleep. The deadly weariness of soul and body which had weighed upon me was forgotten, and even the sharp pang of leave-taking was soothed and shortened by the martial excitement attending the movement of the Grand Army.

Burnside's Corps had already crossed into Virginia by the pontoon-bridge thrown over the Potomac at Berlin. The Head-quarters camp had been moved over the ridge to a wooded bluff above the village. The weather was clear and bracing, while the general life and motion revived the high hopes of many that this would be the successful and closing campaign of the war.

About mid-day on the 31st I rode up to the signal-station on the summit of Maryland Heights, and from thence observed the enemy's positions in the valley as far as they were indicated by the smoke of their fires. Some of their trains parked, with tents and camp-fires, appeared on Long Marsh Run, at Clifton, the seat of the Allens, near Berryville. The other fires were along the turnpike-roads radiating from Winchester, as a centre, to Castleman's and Berry's Ferries and Front Royal. This disposition showed that they foresaw our in-



THE SPRING HOUSE.

tended movement, and were ready for us at a game of manœuvres. Besides its military interest the view in its picturesque aspect is one of the finest to be seen in the United States. I dined with the signal officers, and then rode back to Brown's to get my haversack, which I had forgotten.

Arrived at the cottage I found that my family had just started for Hagerstown. Then the good woman loaded my pockets, saddle-bags, and pistol-holsters with apples, besides an immense one, as big as a 32-pounder shell, to carry in my hand as a present from Mr. Brown to General McClellan.

Arrived in camp I lost no time in presenting the big apple, which was enjoyed by the Commander and his Chief of Staff, who pronounced it the finest they had ever eaten.

I was invited to join a circle of officers in a glass of toddy. With the canteen some pleasant anecdotes were also circulated. The other day one of our Staff officers, noted for his jovial habits, was threatened with headache, and determined to try the rare experiment of abstaining from alcoholic drink for a season. Late in the evening he met the Staff surgeon, who was a theoretical temperance man.

"Doctor," said he, "haven't I heard you say that by abstinence from stimulating drinks a man's days would be prolonged?"

"That is my opinion," said the doctor, emphatically.

"I agree with you fully," said our Colonel, with a lonesome yawn. "I resolved to drink nothing to-day, and it has been the longest day of my life."

November 1, *Saturday.*—Fair and warm. One of the most agreeable acquaintances I have made among the juniors of the Staff is Captain Custer, with whom I have been associated in the Topographical Office. He is rather a handsome youth, with light, curling hair and lithe figure, and has made a good impression by conducting a spirited reconnoissance under the eye of the Commander-in-Chief, somewhere down on the Chickahominy. His friends, it seems, are pushing him for a Brigadier's commission to serve in the cavalry, and his comrades frequently joke him on the subject. Custer takes their chaffing pleasantly, and replies, with a shake of his curly head, "Gentlemen, I don't know whether or not I am worthy of such promotion; but if they give it to me, I promise that you shall hear of me."

General Averill was at Head-quarters to-day suggesting a raid into Berkeley County. Hampton with his Legion was at Hibberd's Mill, and Fitzhugh Lee at Big Spring, both near Martinsburg, and he proposed to go in and stir them up; but the Commander was too intent on the grand movement in progress to hazard any side operations. To-morrow our head-quarters will be at Wheatland, in Loudon County. We have heard cannonading all day in the direction of Snicker's Gap, which is no doubt from Couch, who has orders to occupy it.

At night the band of a New York regiment came up to serenade the General. I fell into conversation with a young officer who accompanied it, and found him both intelligent and communicative. His company had been raised to fill a regiment to be called the British Volunteers; but the name was objectionable, and the companies were attached to the New York Thirty-fourth. We have German, Irish, Scotch, and French organizations in the service, but so strongly are our people impressed with the idea that Great Britain is our enemy in this quarrel that the name of "British Volunteers" could not be tolerated.

November 2, *Sunday.*—Fair and mild. Rose early, made a fire in front of my tent, and occupied the time until breakfast in writing up my notes. As the sun rose I was charmed with the superb picture presented by our camp. The tents of the chiefs were irregularly stretched along the grassy borders of a little rill, while the body of the camp covered the sloping face of the overlooking hill. The trees in the vale, of dark and shadowy green, with the blue, curling smokes from the fires, all relieved against the hill-side, gorgeously draped with red and golden brown masses of foliage, produced an effect of chiaro-scuro and color far surpassing the tame exhibitions of our art galleries.

Several worthy agriculturists of the vicinity called this morning to pay their respects—not to the General, but to his favorite horse, "Daniel Webster." Daniel received his visitors rather contemptuously, I thought, cocking his ears and snorting, as if surprised at the intrusion, then turning tail and kicking up his heels in their faces. I have always observed that the horses, niggers, and orderlies of the Commanding Generals appear more fully conscious of their high estate than the chiefs themselves.

We broke camp early, and the Staff, in full cavalcade, followed the General across the pontoon-bridge into Virginia. It was laid immediately above the piers of the old wooden bridge burnt by the enemy, and, according to my estimate by the eye, was a thousand and eighty feet in length.

At Lovattsville, an insignificant village, two miles from the river, we halted. I here met a former acquaintance and relative in Lieutenant Hutton, of New York, volunteer aid to General Burnside. I was pleased with the opportunity of half an hour's talk about old friends, and also to know that his family was represented in the army. While here some rebel prisoners were marched through, and as the gang passed a house a young woman ran out, sobbing and shrieking, and threw her arms around the neck of one of the captives. As she refused to be torn away, and time was precious, they passed out of sight together, and we never heard the dénouement of the romantic scene.

From here we dashed rapidly on to Wheatland, seven miles further; thence to Purcellville, five miles; and thence seven miles to the summit of the Blue Ridge, at Snicker's Gap—in all twenty miles, stopping a few minutes at each



HEAD-QUARTERS TRAIN.

named village to consult sub-commanders and direct the moving columns.

During this furious ride two troopers of the escort were overthrown and trampled, and several officers received lesser injuries. What with the blinding clouds of dust and reckless horsemanship of our suite, I rode for some time with drawn sabre, threatening right and left, to prevent our heavily-mounted orderlies from riding me down.

We reached Snicker's Gap about sunset with horses all in a foam, and during our stay there were obliged to keep them in continual motion lest the keen air which swept over the summit should stiffen them with rheumatism. Hancock occupied the Gap at ten this morning, ascending from the east. Fifteen minutes after he had taken his position the enemy's columns were seen moving up from the Shenandoah Valley. Our batteries opened on them, when they immediately broke and retired beyond the river. Every thing was quiet when we arrived; and the General remained until after the moon rose. Troops were moving up and down the road, regiments and brigades relieving each other; and about eight o'clock we rode down to Snickersville at the eastern foot of the ridge. Fitz John Porter had his head-quarters in the village; and General McClellan concluded to stay all night, ordering his Staff to their camp at Wheatland, twelve miles back.

I took the road in company with Colonel Key and Captain W. Abert, and our moonlight ride was quite pleasant. The panoramic view of the immense camps and bivouac fires that covered the plains of Loudon that night was magnificent. Arriving late at camp I found my faithful attendant with supper waiting, and my bed smoothly spread. Both were gratefully welcomed, for I had ridden between thirty and forty miles since the morning.

November 3, *Monday.*—Cold and windy. I was aroused by the orderlies striking tent over my head. In spite of my fatigue, hot supper, and all the clothes I could pile upon me, I was nearly frozen last night by a bitter, searching wind that pierced my quilts and blankets as if they had been made of illusion.

After breakfast we returned to Snickersville, and I rode up to the summit alone, hoping to discover something of the enemy's movements from a famous look-out which I knew of called the Bear's Den. I found it already occupied by some officers with their glasses in hand. I was enabled to verify the observations made from Maryland Heights on the 31st, and there had been no apparent change. Small parties of cavalry were visible moving on the road between Berryville and the Ferry; but we discovered nothing of importance. Returning to Snickersville I was informed the General had gone by the Aldie turnpike to Philemont.

As I rode I saw strong columns of our troops moving southward across the open country. Before reaching Philemont I overtook the General and Staff halted at General Wilcox's head-quarters.

Seeing a comfortable country house near at hand, Comstock of the Engineers proposed we should go down and fish for a dinner. We were hospitably received by Mrs. Nichols and her handsome daughters, who served us a satisfactory meal. In the course of conversation I found my name was not unknown to the family, and that we had many mutual friends in the Valley. Highly delighted with our entertainment we took leave with some reluctance, and resumed our march. Riding five or six miles further we at length found the head-quarters train halted and preparing to go into camp. Colonel Ruggles coming in during the night told me the Commander-in-Chief was stopping near Upperville.

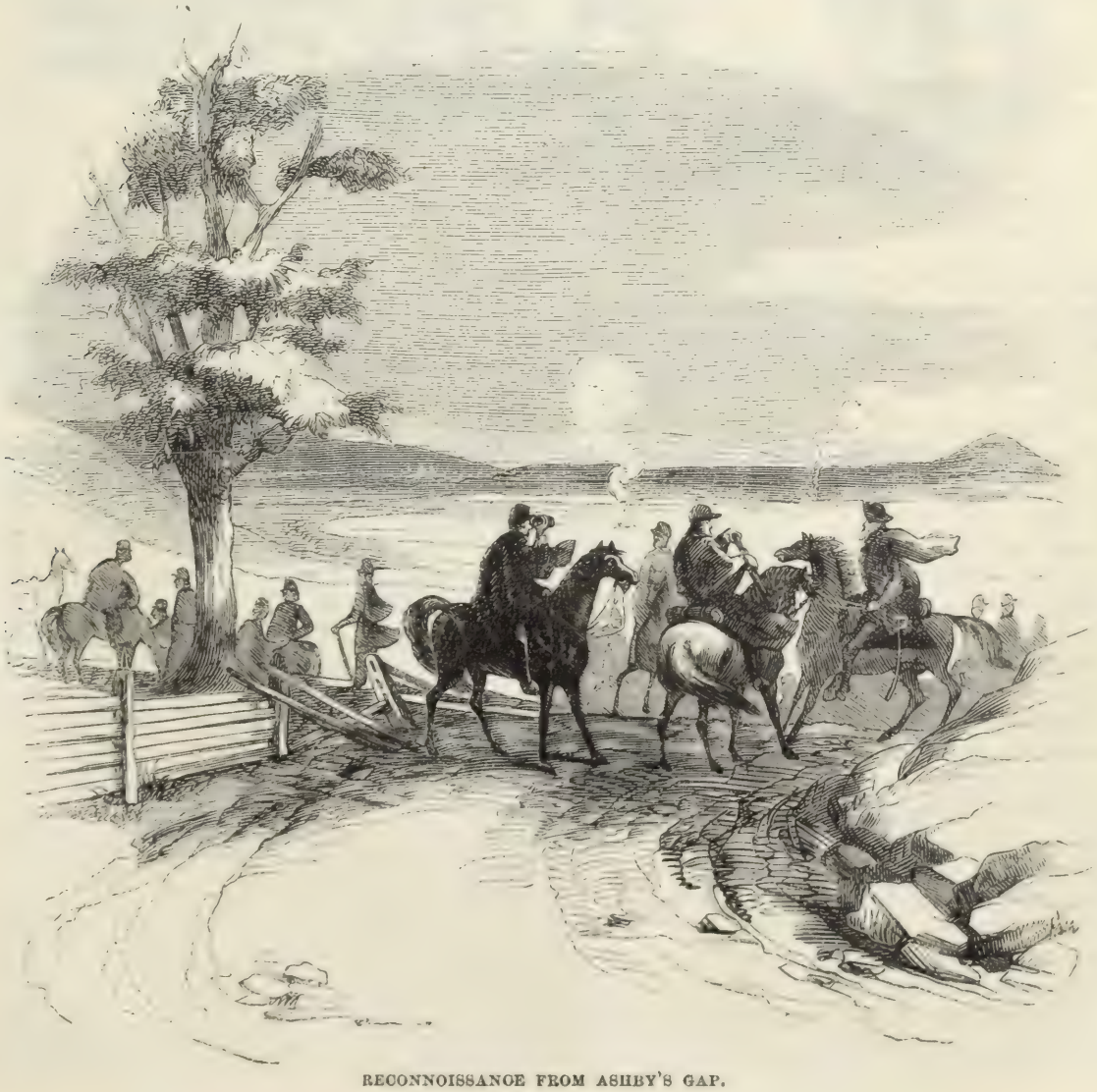
November 4, *Tuesday.*—Fair and mild. Rising early I perceived the fields white with frost, but the day promised to be pleasant. We rode toward Upperville, and *en route* overtook General Buford and suite, with whom we joined company. The country which we traversed was dotted with pleasant country residences, and altogether one of the most pleasing districts to be seen in Virginia. It had appar-

ently suffered very little from the war. Passing through Upperville we ascertained the Commander was there closeted with several Corps and Division Generals. We waited in our saddles until he should be ready to ride, stationing ourselves upon a bridge at the end of the village. From here we could see Ashby's Gap, and several of our grand columns sweeping southward by parallel roads.

Cannon were sounding in the distance, and we were presently in motion again, driving through the village of Paris and up the gentle slope to the summit of Ashby's Gap. From hence we had a bird's-eye view of all the valley district of which Winchester is the centre, and a closer inspection of the enemy's force lying below us. The smoke indicated their strongest position on the Milnwood road leading from Ashby's Gap to Winchester. Their foragers, with alternate empty and full wagons, could be seen coming and going. As if in mere bravado, they advanced a section of artillery and fired a shot across the river, which fell short. It ended there, and there was no further demonstration by either side.

While we were reconnoitring two men in citizen's dress came up from the direction of the river, and dashed past us at a gallop. The General ordered me to overhaul them immediately, and ascertain who they were. I found they were agents of the secret service, just from Berryville and Milnwood. They informed me that Longstreet's Corps was already at Culpepper Court House. A. P. Hill had marched this morning to join him by way of Front Royal and Chester Gap. Jackson's Corps still lay in the Valley, apparently as a blind to confuse us. This corroborated the information I had obtained from a negro this morning, all of which was duly reported. We remained on this summit for half a day, and after studying the military aspect to my satisfaction, I amused myself and others pointing out the different villages and farm-houses where I was acquainted, with an accompanying anecdote of the lives and fortunes of the occupants. The large American poplar under which we were grouped marks the corner of three counties—Loudon, Fauquier, and Clark, formerly part of Frederick—and is called Lord Fairfax's tree. On the banks of Cedar Creek, in full view, were located the first white settlers in the Valley of the Shenandoah.

In the afternoon we returned to the vicinity of Philemont and encamped for the night. I conversed by the way with a Captain Pell, of our service, who was a prisoner with Jackson



RECONNOISSANCE FROM ASHBY'S GAP.



A FIRE IN CAMP.

during Pope's battles of August 29 and 30. He had parole liberty about Jackson's head-quarters during the time, and his statements fully corroborate General Pope's theory of the battle.

November 5.—We advanced our camp to the vicinity of Rectortown to-day, and thus far I have observed nothing worthy of record. Some of our stampeders are considerably exercised about the smoke which we are leaving in the Valley. Jackson is certainly lying there with the intention of introducing his usual diversion at the decisive moment; but we ought to be used to that by this time, and be prepared for him. Meanwhile the very impetus of our strong columns should be sufficient to sweep out Lee's scattered, dispirited, and weakened army.

Pleasonton has had a combat in the neighborhood of Manassas Gap, probably with A. P. Hill's advance, but we have no particulars. Our camp being located in a field thickly carpeted with dried grass, we had a novel excitement this afternoon. A Sibley tent, occupied by several officers, took fire, and was consumed, they with difficulty saving their effects. The adjoining tents were thrown down to prevent the spread of the conflagration, but the fire seized upon the dried grass, and, driven by a high wind, swept across the parallelogram, threatening destruction to the whole camp. Officers, privates, and negroes, without regard to rank or color, joined to resist the advance of the enemy, and after a severe contest he was at length subdued.

November 6, *Thursday.*—Cloudy and cold. A blustering wind rocked our tents and made Æolians of the cords during the whole night. By late changes in the messing arrangements I am thrown out, and must ring in elsewhere or set up on my own hook. I consulted John on the subject, who informs me that neither pot, pan, nor tin cup can be found in this region. Near the line of the Manassas Gap Railroad the country has been thoroughly cleaned out, and though provisions are scarce, cooking utensils are still scarcer, even reputable private houses being ridiculously barren of the commonest culinary conveniences. I felt a good deal embarrassed, but, as I had just got a hearty meal, determined to refer my case to Providence.

While in this frame of mind Captain Duane of the Engineers came in and asked me if I would like to go to Washington? I saw at once the solution of my perplexity, and assented without hesitation. The Commander-in-Chief desired me to visit the Topographical

Bureau at Washington, and obtain all the geographical, topographical, and statistical information to be found relating to the country in our front as far as Gordonsville, Charlottesville, Lynchburg, and Richmond. I could travel by the Manassas Gap Railroad, and should return as soon as my mission had been satisfactorily accomplished. My horse was saddled immediately, but my written order was not made out until so late that it was thought better not to start until the following day.

November 7, *Friday.*—Cold and cloudy. Captain Rankin, of the Quarter-Master's Staff, goes to the station at Salem with an ambulance, and I am invited to take a seat with him. So I departed, leaving my horse and effects in charge of my man John. Our company consisted of Colonel Sweitzer, Major Hudson, and some others. Ere we reached Salem, five miles distant, the ground was covered with snow, which continued to fall rapidly. At the station we found cars and locomotives in charge of a Quarter-Master's assistant, but nothing ready to move. Tired of waiting here we retired into the village, hoping to find a comfortable sitting-room and a dinner.

The aspect of the place was God-forsaken, but the sitting-room at the tavern offered to us an improvement on the Quarter-Master's room at the dépôt. Dinner was vaguely promised; but ere it came a hoarse, choking scream from a rickety locomotive called us away. After another long delay we were huddled into a freight car without seats or doors, and started on our journey, the car clattering and bumping like a cart over a rough stone causeway. I was half frozen and weak with hunger, and considered myself lucky when I found a cake of hard-tack on the floor of the car. One advantage of this bread is that it does not catch dirt, so I ate my cake with a relish. Afterward Captain Rankin got out at a station, and returned with a salt-risen loaf fresh from the oven. A slice from this completed my meal in a very satisfactory manner. Night overtook us as we reached the White Plains, the snow falling without intermission. The wind howled bitterly through our desolate cage as we drove through the still more desolate region between Thoroughfare Gap and Alexandria, where we arrived about midnight. Glad to leave the cars on any terms we hurried through the frozen streets of the filthy, desolate town seeking shelter and food. Being refused at several houses, at the City Hotel we found beds, but not a mouthful to eat for favor or fortune, and a dollar in advance to be paid for lodging. My companions were indignant, and proposed to look further. I knew the place better, and resolved to take what I could get. They yielded, and we found four beds in an attic room, where we slept delightfully.

November 8, *Saturday.*—Clear and moderate. We made a savory meal from a sorry breakfast-table, and went our ways in better humor than we had been the evening before. Arrived in Washington I immediately repaired to the Topographical Office and got a portion of the required information. I here met Captain Paine, my comrade in the campaign with Pope, and now doing duty at this office. He had tracings of all the maps we had made and amended during that campaign, and will have every thing ready and sent to my hotel to-morrow.

November 9, *Sunday.*—Clear and cool. To complete my business fully I must remain in the city until to-morrow, and this, fortunately, suits my private views, and will give me time to get a mess outfit. Went down to breakfast, and in the saloon met an acquaintance, who informed me that McClellan had been relieved of command and Burnside appointed in his stead. The messenger carrying the order had passed the train in which I traveled at Manassas Junction. This news both shocked and confused me, and after hearing the matter discussed for an hour or more by Willard's Sunday-morning loafers, I retired to my own room to recover my equanimity and sum up the political and military situation.

McClellan undoubtedly possessed certain military capacities of a high order, but he seemed to lack the inflexible will and careering passion essential to make these capacities effective. He created an army which he failed to handle, and conceived plans which he failed to carry out. Yet it may be asked if, in the outset, we had any officer in commission capable of advantageously using an army of a hundred thousand men—a power acquired neither by study nor intuition, but by experience alone. McClellan was evidently gaining by experience, and in the campaign suddenly quenched by his removal displayed a degree of tact, energy, and self-confidence which he had not exhibited before. It is evident to me that he is removed from command not so much for military incapacity as because he no longer represents the dominant sentiment of the nation. The public safety, the opinion of the world, the dictates of a wiser humanity, all demand that the war shall henceforth be conducted with remorseless vigor, looking to a clearly defined purpose and crushing conclusion.

With the fullest acquiescence in these views it is to be lamented all the more that the time selected for making the change had not been more opportune. If it had come directly after McClellan's failure before Richmond, or even after Antietam, while he was waiting for shoe-strings in Pleasant Valley, the patriotic body of the nation would have accepted it with a sense of hopeful relief. But moving as he was in full career, with the finest army that has ever marched beneath the National banners, powerful in numbers, experience, and self-confidence, within gun-shot of an enemy weakened, dispirited, scattered, and evidently taken at fault, a glorious and decisive victory just within our grasp, the order comes suddenly blighting these high hopes, checking this irresistible career, and reducing for the time this magnificent power to

a mass of impotence. Surely, when we remember our good President's sagacious reply to those who inopportunely urged a change in his Cabinet, "I can't stop to swap horses while crossing a river," we must conclude that it was his weakness and not his judgment which induced him thus "to throw the engine off the track for the purpose of changing conductors."

As I had been among the most hopeful in regard to the extinguished campaign my disappointment was proportionally painful. Seeing no light in that direction I turned my thoughts upon my immediate personalty with the question, What shall I do next? It is dinner-time, and for the present let Fortune think for me. The Blind Goddess, although heretofore very frugal in her favors, has never entirely forgotten me. I have not been much in the habit of relying on dramatic accidents or special providences, but on divers notable occasions they have assisted me in solving the most troublesome questions of life.

As I entered the dining-room at Willard's and was about seating myself at table a familiar voice pronounced my name. It was that of General Banks, who called me to take a seat beside him. He said he was especially glad to see me, as he had been assigned to an important command and wished me to accompany him. The expedition would sail from New York in a few days, its destination being a profound secret, although in some way Texas was suggested. I was sufficiently disgusted with the condition of our political centre-piece to relish the idea of getting as far away from it as possible. In high health, and elate with unexpended military ardor, there was at the same time a savor of romance about this distant and mysterious enterprise. California, with its delicious climate, its fabulous fertility, its scenic grandeur, its fresh remoteness from our effete and ruined society, loomed up beyond as the promised refuge for myself and family.

I asked a day to consider the General's proposition, but before the expiration of the time I called on him and signified my acceptance formally. He said he had already obtained Halleck's consent for my transfer. Having made some arrangements to get my horse, servant, and baggage from the army of the Potomac, I started for New York with General Banks on the 11th of November.

At the Washington dépôt I found myself involved in an excited crowd, and on looking for the cause saw General McClellan standing on the platform of a car, attended by several members of his personal Staff, shaking hands and exchanging civilities with those who were eagerly pressing around him. We went together on the through train, and these ovations were repeated at every station on the road until he left us at Trenton.

This was the last time I ever saw "the organizer of the Army of the Potomac"—and thus close my military experiences for the memorable year of 1862.

DU CHAILLU, GORILLAS, AND CANNIBALS.*

MR. PAUL DU CHAILLU is no stranger to the readers of this Magazine. So long ago as June, 1861, we gave a brief abstract of the remarkable book in which he described his early adventures among the Gorillas and Cannibals of Equatorial Africa. His book was fallen upon, tooth and nail, by British critics, who tried to throw discredit upon the author's veracity. It is sufficient now to say that the cavilers came to signal grief, and that Mr. Du Chaillu has come to be recognized not only as one of the most adventurous of African explorers, but as one whose statements are to be received with most implicit reliance. Since the time of the issue of his first work he has revisited the region of his former explorations, and has now combined the general results of all his African experience into a Book for Young People, which we venture to say will be most acceptable not only to them but to children of a larger growth. The very Table of Contents reads like a romance. We give here about a half of this table, proposing to select from the book itself a few passages, which will give some general idea of the manner in which our friend Paul describes what he did and what he saw:

A king and his palace; Dancing and idol-worship; A week in the woods; A tornado; The leopards prowling about; I kill a cobra and a scorpion; Fight with a buffalo; Hunting for wild boars; Sick with the fever; What I found in the pouch of a pelican; How an old king is buried, and the new king crowned; An old man killed for witchcraft; My journey to the country of the cannibals; A rebellion in camp; Nothing to eat; I kill a big snake, and the others eat him; My first sight of gorillas; I arrive among the cannibals; They take me for a spirit; Their king shakes when he sees me; I give him a looking-glass; It astonishes him; An elephant hunt; Life among the cannibals; The terrible Bashikouay ants; Stirring up a big snake; King Bango and his three hundred wives; His five idols; The slave barracoons; A big snake under my bed; A slave-ship off the coast; Going into the interior; Sleeping with the king's rats; The hippopotamus; A Sunday talk; The black man's God and the white man's God; How King Njambai punished his wife; An unsuccessful hunt for elephants; A leopard in the grass; We shoot the leopard and her kitten; Who shall have the tail? A quarrel over the brains; A jolly excursion party; The Oroungou burial-ground; An African watering-place; Fishing; The sharks; Turning turtles; A night alarm; Prospect of a war; I build a village, and call it Washington; I start for the interior; My speech on leaving; The people applaud me vociferously, and promise to be honest; A royal ball in my honor; The superstitions of the natives; We capture a young gorilla; I call him "Fighting Joe;" His strength and bad

* *Stories of the Gorilla Country, narrated for Young People.* By PAUL DU CHAILLU, Author of "Discoveries in Equatorial Africa," etc., etc. With Numerous Illustrations. Harper and Brothers. $1 75.

temper; He proves untamable; Joe escapes; Recaptured; Escapes again; Death of Fighting Joe; Appearance and habits of the hippopotamus; King Damagondai and his troubles; I buy an Mbuiti, or idol; A visit to King Shimbouvenegani; His royal costume; Hunting crocodiles; The nshiego mbouvé; Bald-headed apes; Their houses in the trees; We kill a male; The shrieks of his mate; War threatened; Oshoria arms his men; We bluff them off, and fall sick with fever; I become viceroy at Washington; We catch another young gorilla; He starves to death; Going to unknown regions; Reception by the king; Stories about gorillas; We capture a young gorilla; Her untimely death; A trial by ordeal; The kooloo-kamba; The gouamba, or meat-hunger; Exploring the forest; Within eight yards of a large gorilla; He roars with rage and marches upon us; A severe attack of fever; A boy cut to pieces for witchcraft; A useful idol; The ebony-trees; Hunting for food; A young nshiego with a white face; He becomes my pet Tommy; His affection for me; His stealing pranks; Tommy gets drunk; His behavior at meals; His sudden death.

In his Preface, Mr. Du Chaillu says:

"I had passed several years on the African Coast before I began the explorations recorded in my first book. In those years I hunted, traded with the natives, and made collections in natural history. In such a wild country as Africa one does not go far without adventures. The traveler necessarily sees what is strange and wonderful, for every thing is strange. In this book I have attempted to relate some of the incidents of life in Africa for the reading of young folks. In doing this I have kept no chronological order, but have selected incidents and ad-



PAUL DU CHAILLU IN AFRICA.



FIGHT WITH A BUFFALO.

ventures here and there as they seem to be fitted for my purpose. I have noticed that most intelligent boys like to read about the habits of wild animals, and the manners and way of life of savage men; and of such matters this book is composed. In it I have entered into more minute details concerning the life of the native inhabitants than I could in my other books, and have shown how the people build their houses, what are their amusements, how they hunt, fish, eat, travel, and live. Whenever I am at a friend's house the children ask me to tell them something about Africa. I like children, and in this book have written especially for them. I hope to interest many who are yet too young to read my larger works."

Among the early adventures described by our friend Paul—for so we shall take the liberty to style him—is his first fight with a buffalo. Here, as in subsequent extracts, we abridge more or less the descriptions of our author:

"Not far from our camp was a beautiful little prairie. I had seen, during my rambles there, several footprints of wild buffaloes, so I immediately told Andèké we must go in chase of them. Andèké, the son of the king, was a very nice fellow, and was, besides, a good hunter—just the very man I wanted. So we went toward the little prairie, and lay hidden on the borders of it, among the trees. By-and-by I spied a huge bull, who was perfectly unaware of my presence, for the wind blew from him to me. As it was, he came slowly toward me. I raised my gun and fired. My bullet struck a creeper on its way, and glanced aside, so I only wounded the beast. Turning fiercely, he rushed at me in a furious manner, with his head down. I was scared; for I was, at that time, but a young hunter. I thought the infuriated bull was too powerful for me, he looked so big. Just as I was about to make my escape, I found my foot entangled and hopelessly caught in a tough and thorny creeper. The bull was dashing toward me with head down and eyes inflamed, tearing down brushwood and



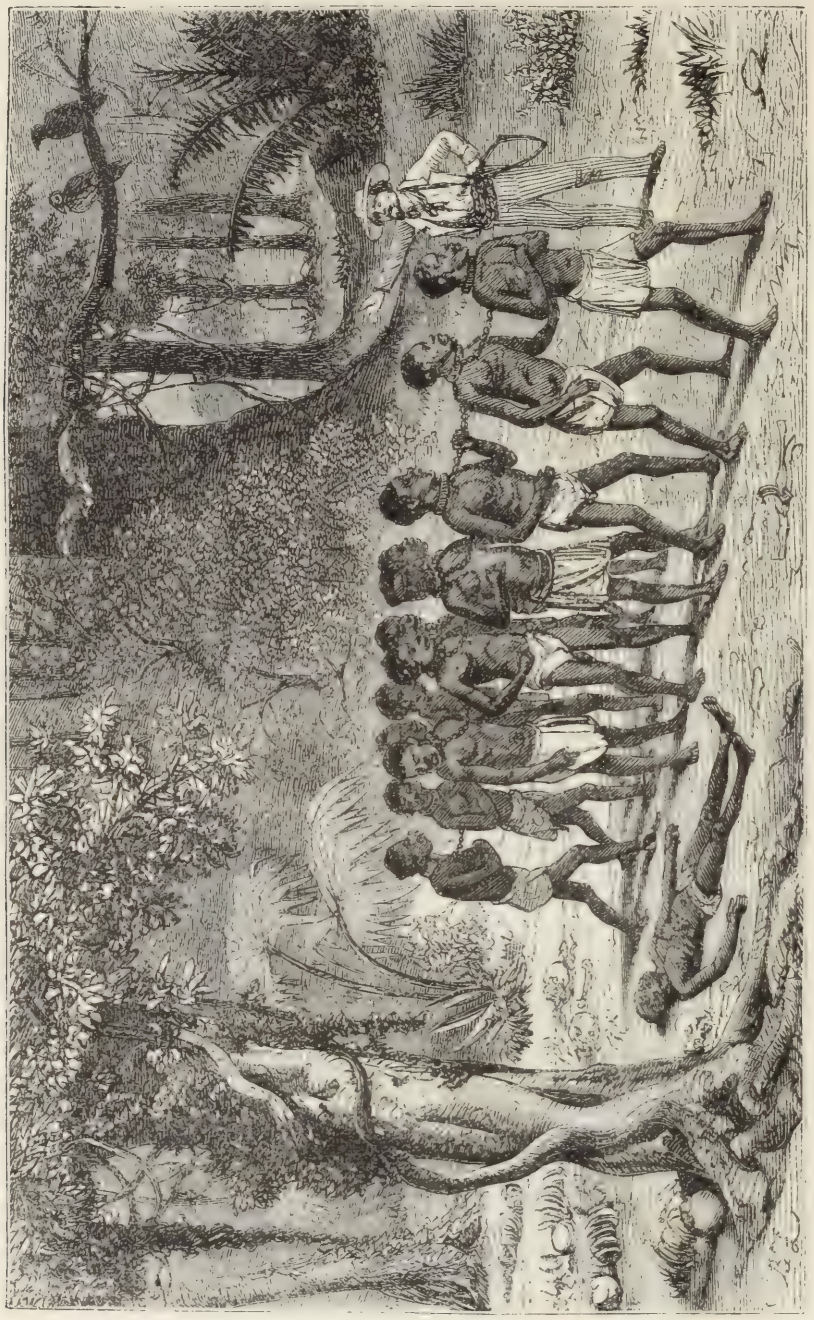
KILLING THE SNAKE.

creepers which barred his progress. Turning to meet the enemy, I felt my nerves suddenly grow firm as a rock. If I missed the bull, all would be over with me. He would gore me to death. I took time to aim carefully and then fired at his head. He gave one loud, hoarse bellow, and tumbled almost at my feet. In the mean time Andèké was coming to the rescue. I must say I felt very nervous after all was over. But, being but a lad, I thought I had done pretty well. It was the first direct attack a wild beast had ever made upon me. I found afterward that the bulls are generally very dangerous when wounded."

Here is a snake fight:

"After resting a little while, we continued our course till we reached the top of a very high mountain, whence I could see all the country round. I was sitting under a very large tree, when, suddenly looking up, I saw an immense serpent coiled upon the branch of a tree just above me. I rushed out, and, taking good aim with my gun, I shot my black friend in the head. He let go his hold, tumbled down with great force, and after writhing convulsively for a time, he lay before me dead. He measured thirteen feet in length, and his ugly fangs proved that he was venomous. My men cut off the head of the snake, and divided the body into as many pieces as there were people. Then they lighted a fire, and roasted and ate it on the spot. They offered me a piece; but, though very hungry, I declined. When the snake was eaten I was the only individual of the company that had an empty stomach."

Our friend Paul has been honored by interviews with more than one royal personage. He has, unless we mistake, talked with Louis Napoleon, Queen Victoria, and Prince Albert. Among his other royal friends he counts King Bango, whose dominions lie somewhere near Cape Lopez, about as near the equator as one



SLAVE BARRACOONS. BURIAL-GROUND.

can get. Here follows an account of the first meeting with his sable Majesty:

"I prepared myself for a visit to King Bango. The royal palace is set upon a tolerably high hill, and fronts the sea-shore. I found the royal palace surrounded by a little village of huts. As I entered the village I was met by the *mafouga*, or officer of the king, who conducted me to the palace. It was an ugly-looking house of two stories, resting on pillars. The lower story consisted of a dark hall, flanked on each side by rows of small dark rooms, which looked like little cells. At the end of the hall was a staircase, steep and dirty, up which the *mafouga* piloted me. When I had ascended the stairs I found myself in a large room, at the end of which was seated the great King Bango, who claims to be the greatest chief of this part of Africa. He was surrounded by about one hundred of his wives.

"King Bango was fat, and seemed not overclean. He wore a shirt and an old pair of pantaloons. On his head was a crown, which had been presented to him by some of his friends, the Portuguese slavers. Over his shoulders he wore a flaming yellow coat, with gilt embroidery, the cast-off garment of some rich man's lackey in Portugal or Brazil. The crown was shaped like those commonly worn by actors on the stage, and was probably worth, when new, about ten dollars. His Majesty had put round it a circlet of pure gold, made with the doubloons he got in exchange for slaves. He sat on a sofa, for he was paralyzed; and in his hand he held a cane, which also answered the purpose of a sceptre.

"Bango was the greatest slave king of that part of the coast. Though very proud, he received me kindly, for I had come recommended by his great friend, Rompochombo, a king of the Mpongwe tribe. He asked me how I liked his wives. I said, Very well. He then said there were a hundred present, and that there were twice as many more, three hundred in all. He also claimed to have more than six hundred children.

"The next night a great ball was given in my



ABOMO KILLS A ROGUE ELEPHANT.

honor by the king. The room where I had been received was the ball-room. I arrived there shortly after dark, and I found about one hundred and fifty of the king's wives, and I was told that the best dancers of the country were there. I wish you could have seen the room. It was ugly enough: there were several torches to light it; but, notwithstanding these, the room was by no means brilliantly illuminated. The king wanted only his wives to dance before me. During the whole of the evening not a single man took part in the performance; but two of his daughters were ordered to dance, and he wanted me to marry one of them."

Here is a little side scene near the court of his Majesty King Bango:

"During my stay in the village, as I was one day out shooting birds, I saw a procession of slaves coming from one of the barracoons toward the farther end of my grove. As they came nearer, I saw that two gangs of six slaves each, all chained about the neck, were carrying a burden between them, which I knew presently to be the corpse of another slave. They bore it to the edge of the grove, about three hundred yards from my house, and, throwing it down there on the bare ground, they returned to their prison, accompanied by the overseer, who, with his whip, had marched behind them.

"The grove, which was, in fact, but an African Aceldama, was beautiful to view from my house, and I had often resolved to explore it, or to rest in the shade of its dark-leaved trees. It seemed a ghastly place enough now, as I approached it more closely. As I walked toward the corpse I felt something crack under my feet. Looking down, I saw that I was already in the midst of a field of skulls and bones. I had inadvertently stepped upon the skeleton of some poor creature who had been lying here long enough for the birds and ants to pick his bones clean, and for the rains to bleach them. I think there must have been the relics of a thousand skeletons within sight. The place had been used for many years; and the mortality in the barracoons is

sometimes frightful, in spite of the care they seem to take of their slaves. Here their bodies were thrown, and here the vultures found their daily carrion. The grass had just been burnt, and the white bones scattered every where gave the ground a singular, and, when the cause was known, a frightful appearance. Penetrating farther into the bush, I found several great piles of bones. Such was the burial-ground of the poor slaves from the interior of Africa."

Elephant hunting does not figure very largely in Du Chaillu's narrative. Nevertheless there are several descriptions, of which here is one:

"The next day found us again exploring the woods in every direction. Elephants certainly were not plentiful; besides, they traveled much in search of their favorite food—a kind of fern, which was not very abundant. Again I got very tired; but at last, in the afternoon, we came across our quarry.

"Emerging from a thick part of the forest into a prairie which bordered it, we saw to our left, just upon the edge of the wood, a solitary bull elephant. The huge animal stood quietly by a tree, innocent of our presence; and now, for the first time in my life, I was struck with the vast size of this giant of the forests. Large trees seemed like small saplings when compared with the bulk of this immense beast which was standing placidly near them.

"What were we to do but to kill him? Though I felt a sense of pity at trying to destroy so noble an animal, yet I was very anxious to get the first shot myself; for it was a 'rogue elephant'—that is, an elephant unattached. It was an old one, as we could see by the great size of its tusks. I remembered that rogue elephants are said to be very ferocious. As soon as we had seen him, we lay down and hid ourselves in the forest in such a manner as not to lose sight of him. Then we held a grand council, and talked over what must be done to bag the beast.

"The grass was burnt in every direction to the leeward of him, and we dared not risk approaching him from the windward for fear he should smell us. What was to be done? I looked at the country, and saw that the grass was very short; and, after taking account of all the chances of approach, I was compelled to admit that I could not manage to get near the beast myself with any certainty. I could not crawl on the ground; my clothes were sure to be seen by the elephant; therefore, as a sensible hunter, I was reluctantly compelled to resign in favor of Aboko, who, I thought, was the best man for the difficult undertaking. His eyes glistened with pleasure as he thought that now he could show his skill.

"After cocking his musket, Aboko dropped down in the short grass, and began to creep up to the elephant slowly on his belly. The rest of us remained where we had held our council, and watched Aboko as he glided through the grass for all the world like a huge boa constrictor; for, from the slight glimpses we caught, his back, as he moved farther and farther away from us, resembled nothing so much as the folds of a great serpent winding his way along. Finally we could no longer distinguish any motion. Then all was silence.

"The elephant was standing still, when suddenly the sharp report of a gun rang through the woods and over the plain, and elicited screams of surprise from sundry scared monkeys who were on the branches of a tree close by us. I saw the huge beast helplessly tottering, till he finally threw up his trunk, and fell in a dead mass at the foot of a tree. Then the black body of Aboko rose: the snake-like creature had become a man again. A wild hurrah of joy escaped from us; I waved my old hat, and threw it into the air, and we all made a run for the elephant. When we arrived, there stood Aboko by the side of the huge beast, calm as if nothing had happened, except that his body was shining with sweat. He did not say a word, but looked at me, and then at the beast, and then at me again, as if to say, 'You see, Chaillu, you did right to send me. Have I not killed the elephant?'

"The men began to shout with excitement at such a good shot. 'Aboko is a man,' said they, as we looked again at the beast, whose flesh was still quivering with the death-agony. Aboko's bullet had entered his head a little below the ear, and, striking the brain, was at once fatal. Aboko began to make fetich marks on the ground around the body. After this was done, we took an axe, which Fasiko had carried with him, and broke the skull, in order to get out the two tusks, and very large tusks they were."

Paul, after a while, built for himself a village, which he named Washington, which he thus describes:

"I immediately began building a substantial settlement. I collected from a kind of palm-tree a great many leaves, with which to cover the roofs of the building I had to construct. I gathered also a great quantity of branches from the same palm-trees, and sticks, and poles, and all that was necessary to make a house; and finally I succeeded in building quite a village, which I called 'Washington.' My own house had five rooms; it was forty-five feet long by twenty-five feet wide, and cost me about fifty dollars. My kitchen, which stood by itself, cost four dollars. I had a fowl-house, containing a hundred chickens and a dozen ducks. My goat-house contained eighteen goats, and funny goats they were. You had to milk a dozen of them to get a pint of milk. I built a powder-house separate, for I do not like to sleep every day in a place where there is powder. I had a dozen huts for my men.

"At the back of my village was a wide extent of prairie. In front was the river Npoulounai winding along; and I could see miles out on the way which I was soon to explore. The river banks were lined with the mangrove-trees; and, looking up stream, I could at almost any time see schools of hippopotami tossing and tumbling on the flats or mud banks.

"I was now ready to explore the country, and go to Aniambia, where the big king of the country lived. I bought a splendid canoe, made of large trees, which I hoped would be serviceable to me in my up-river explorations. I was now anxious to be off."

From Washington Paul set out on an exploring expedition. His present design was to pay



AFRICAN BALL. KING OLENGA-YOMBI DANCING.

a visit to Aniambia, the capital of the dominions of King Olenga-Yombi. The monarch was greatly elated when he learned that a white man had come, and at once accorded to him a state reception. "His Majesty," says Paul, "was a drunken old wretch. He had on a thick overcoat, but no trowsers, and, early in the day as it was, he had taken a goodly quantity of palm wine, and was quite drunk. I was invited to sit at his right hand. King Olenga-Yombi was one of the ugliest fellows I ever met with He always carried with him a long stick, and when drunk he struck at his people right and left, shouting, 'I am a big king!'" His Majesty was disposed to do the utmost honor to his guest, and so, says Paul:

"The next day King Olenga-Yombi held a grand dance in my honor. All the king's wives, to the number of forty, and all the women in the town and neighborhood, were present. Fortunately the dance was held out in the street. The women were ranged on one side, the men opposite. At the end of the line sat the drummers, beating their huge tom-toms, which make an infernal din, enough to make one deaf; and, as if for this occasion the tom-toms were not entirely adequate, there was a series of old brass kettles, which also were furiously beaten. In addition, as if the noise was not yet enough, a number of boys sat near the drummers, and beat on hollow pieces of wood. What beauty they found in such music I can not tell. There was, of course, singing and shouting; and the more loudly and energetically the horrid drums were beaten, and the worse the noise on the brass kettles, the wilder were the jumps of the male Africans, and the more disgusting the contortions of the women. As may be imagined, to beat the tom-tom is not a labor of love; the stoutest negro is worn out in an hour, and for such a night's en-



MARABOUTS, STORKS, AND PELICANS.

tertainment as this a series of drummers was required.

"The people enjoyed it vastly; their only regret was that they had not a barrel of rum in the midst of the street with which to refresh themselves in the pauses of the dance; but they managed to get just as drunk on palm wine, of which a great quantity was served out.

"The excitement became the greatest when the king danced. His Majesty was pretty drunk, and his jumps were highly applauded. His wives bowed down to his feet while he capered about, and showed toward him the deepest veneration. The drums and kettles were belabored more furiously than ever, and the singing, or rather the shouting, became stentorian. Of course I did not think his Majesty's party pleasant enough to detain me all night. I retired, but could not sleep."

The superabundance of birds in some of the lonely marshes of equatorial Africa is something wonderful. One such scene Paul describes, and we abridge:

"Birds flocked in immense numbers on the prairies, whither they came to hatch their young; especially later in the season, when the ugly marabouts, from whose tails our ladies get the splendid feathers for their bonnets, were there in thousands. I believe the marabout is the ugliest bird I ever saw, and one would never dream that their beautiful feathers are found only under the tail, and can hardly be seen when the bird is alive.

"Pelicans waded on the river banks all day in prodigious swarms, and gulped down the luckless fish which came in their way. I loved to see them swimming about in grave silence, and every now and then grabbing up a poor fish with their enormous long and powerful bills. If not hungry, they left the fish in their huge pouches, till sometimes three or four pounds of reserved food awaited the coming of their appetite. This

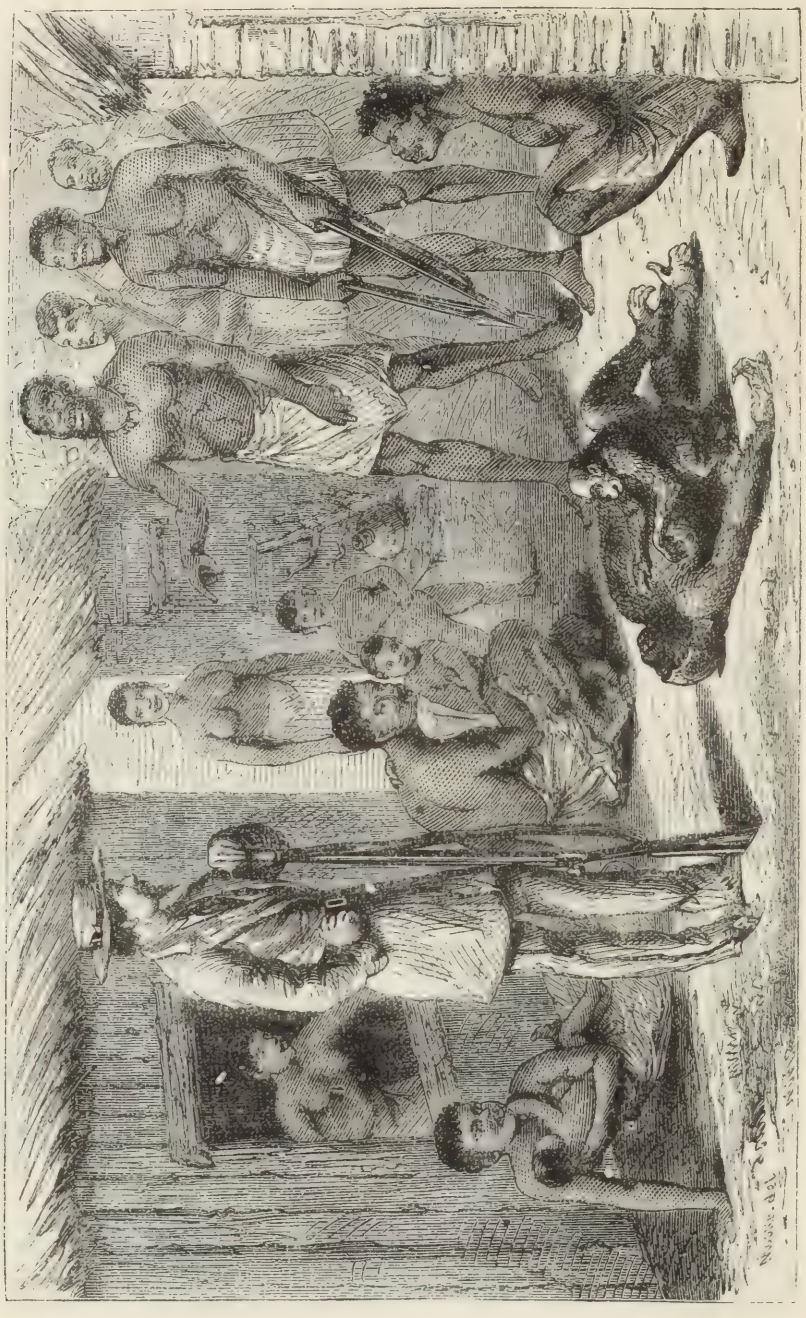


GORILLA HUNTING.

pouch, you see, performed the office of a pocket, where boys, when not hungry, keep their apples in reserve.

"On the sandy islands were seen now and then flocks of the sacred Ibis of the Egyptians. They looked exactly like those that are found mummified, and which have been preserved several thousand years. They are very curious-looking birds; the head and neck have no feathers. I have tried to find their nests, but never succeeded. Ducks of various kinds built their nests in every creek and on every new islet that appeared with the receding waters. Some of them were of beautiful plumage. Cranes, too, and numerous other water-fowls flocked in, and every day brought with it new birds. They came, by some strange instinct, from far-distant lands, to feed upon the vast shoals of fish which literally filled the river.

"Along the trees bordering the river, sometimes perched on their highest branches, sometimes hidden in the midst of them, I could see that most beautiful eagle, the *Gypohierax angolensis*, called *coungou* by the natives. This eagle is of a white and black color. He often watches over the water. How quickly his keen eyes can see through it! and with what rapidity he darts at his prey! Then, seizing it in his powerful talons, which sink deep into it, he rises into the air, and goes where he can devour it undisturbed. These eagles attack large fish. They generally make them blind, and then gradually succeed in getting them ashore, though it is hard work for them. They have a luxurious time on the Fernand-Vaz River during the dry season, and are very numerous. They build their nests on the tops of the highest trees, and come back to them every year. They keep very busy when their young begin to eat. The male and female are then continually fishing. They are very fond of the palm-oil nuts. In the season when these are ripe, they are continually seen among the palm-trees. No wonder these eagles grab fish so easily, they have such claws! One day, as one



A YOUNG NSHIEGO MBOUVE WITH A WHITE FACE.

passed over my head, I shot him, and, thinking that he was quite dead, I took him up, when suddenly, in the last struggle for life, his talons got into my hands. I could have dropped down from pain. Nothing could have taken the claws away; one of them went clear through my hand, and I shall probably keep the mark of it all my life."

Gorillas have a prominent place in Mr. Du Chaillu's book, but we have so far filled up our allotted space as to leave us room for only a few scenes. The natives have a great idea of the medicinal value of that great ape. "If we kill a gorilla," said one of them to Paul, "I should like to have a part of his brain for a *fetich*. Nothing makes a man so brave as to have a *fetich* of gorilla's brain. That gives a man a strong heart." Mr. Du Chaillu tells almost mournfully the story of one of his gorilla hunts:

"We had divided. Etia, Gambo, two other men, and I kept together, and we had hardly gone more than an hour when we heard the cry of a young gorilla after his mother. Etia heard it first, and at once pointed out the direction in which it was. Immediately we began to walk with greater caution than before. Presently Etia and Gambo crept ahead, as they were expert with the net, and were also the best woodsmen. I unwillingly remained behind, but dared not go with them, lest my clumsier movements should betray our presence. In a short time we heard two guns fired. Running up, we found the mother gorilla shot, but her little one had escaped; they had not been able to catch it.

"The poor mother lay there in her gore, but the little fellow was off in the woods; so we concealed ourselves hard by to wait for its return. Presently it came up, jumped on its mother, and began sucking at her breasts and fondling her. Then Etia, Gambo, and I rushed upon it. Though evidently less than two years old, it proved very strong, and escaped from us. But

we gave chase, and in a few minutes had it fast, not, however, before one of the men had his arm severely bitten by the savage little beast. It proved to be a young female. Unhappily, she lived but ten days after capture. She persistently refused to eat any cooked food, or any thing else except the nuts and berries which they eat in the forest."

But some of Du Chaillu's accounts of gorilla hunting are of quite a different cast. Those of us who a few years ago saw the stuffed skin of the big gorilla which Du Chaillu brought to this country, and which we believe is now in the British Museum, will not wonder that there is little of sentiment in the manner in which the fight with this great beast is narrated:

"Again the gorilla made an advance upon us. Now he was not twelve yards off. I could see plainly his ferocious face. It was distorted with rage; his huge teeth were ground against each other, so that we could hear the sound; the skin of the forehead was drawn forward and back rapidly, which made his hair move up and down, and gave a truly devilish expression to the hideous face. Once more he gave out a roar, which seemed to shake the woods like thunder; I could really feel the earth trembling under my feet. The gorilla, looking us in the eyes, and beating his breast, advanced again.

"'Don't fire too soon,' said Malaouen; 'if you do not kill him, he will kill you.'

"This time he came within eight yards of us before he stopped. I was breathing fast with excitement as I watched the huge beast. Malaouen said only 'Steady,' as the gorilla came up. When he stopped, Malaouen said 'Now!' And before he could utter the roar for which he was opening his mouth, three musket-balls were in his body. He fell dead almost without a struggle.

"He was a monstrous beast indeed, though not among the tallest. His height was five feet six inches. His arms had a spread of seven feet two inches. His broad brawny chest measured fifty inches round. The big toe of his foot measured five inches and three quarters in circumference. His arms seemed like immense bunches of muscle only; and his legs and claw-like feet were so well fitted for grabbing and holding, that I could see how easy it was for the negroes to believe that these animals, when they conceal themselves in trees and watch for prey, can seize and pull up with their feet any living thing, leopard, ox, or man, that passes beneath. The face of this gorilla was intensely black. The vast chest, which proved his great power, was bare, and covered with a parchment-like skin. His body was covered with gray hair. While the animal approached us in its fierce way, walking on its hind legs and facing us as few animals dare face man, it really seemed to me to be a horrid likeness of man."

One more notice of hunting, and we close. Paul and some of his men had started out upon a hunt, hoping to find a gorilla. After some hours they heard the cry of a young animal, which was recognized to be a *nshiego mbouvé*, a creature of the ape kind, but not so large or ferocious as the gorilla.

"We crawled through the bush as silently as possible, still hearing the baby-like cry. At last, coming out into a little place where there was very little undergrowth, we saw something running along the ground toward where we stood concealed. We hardly dared to breathe, for fear of awakening the animal's suspicions. When it came nearer we saw it was a female *nshiego mbouvé*, running on all-fours, with a young one clinging to her breast. She was eagerly eating some berries, while with one arm she supported her little one.

"Querlaouen, who had the fairest chance, fired, and brought her down. She dropped without a struggle. The poor little one cried 'Hew! hew! hew!' and clung to the dead body, sucking her breasts, and burying his head there in alarm at the report of the gun.

"We hurried up in great glee to secure our capture. I can not tell my surprise when I saw that the *nshiego* baby's face was as white as that of a white child. I looked at the mother, but found her black as soot in the face. What did it mean?—the mother black, the child white! The little one was about a foot in height. One of the men threw a cloth over its head, and secured it till we could make it fast with a rope; for, though it was quite young, it could walk. The old one was of the bald-headed kind, of which I had secured the first known specimen some months before.

"I immediately ordered a return to the camp, which we reached toward evening. The little *nshiego* had been all this time separated from its dead mother, and now, when it was put near her body, a most touching scene ensued. The little fellow ran instantly to her. Touching her on the face and breast, he saw evidently that some great change had happened. For a few minutes he caressed her, as though trying to coax her back to life. Then he seemed to lose all hope. His little eyes became very sad, and he broke out in a long, plaintive wail, 'Ooee! ooee! ooee!' which made my heart ache for him. He looked quite forlorn, and as though he really felt his forsaken lot. All in the camp were touched at his sorrows, and the women especially were much moved.

"While I stood there, up came two of my hunters and began to laugh at me. 'Look, Chaillie,' said they, calling me by the name I am known by among them, 'look at your friend. Every time we kill gorilla, you tell us look at your black friend, your first cousin. Now, you see, look at your white friend.' Then came a roar of laughter.

"'Look! he got straight hair, all same as you! See white face of your cousin from the bush! He is nearer to you than the gorilla is to us!'

"'Gorilla no got woolly hair like me. This one straight hair like you.'

"'Yes,' said I; 'but when he gets old his face is black; and do you not see his nose, how flat it is, like yours?'

"The mother was old, to judge by her teeth, which were much worn; but she was quite black in the face; in fact, her skin was black. Like all the *nshiego mbouvé*, she was bald-headed."

Here we close, without having touched upon a tithe of the things which Mr. Paul du Chaillu has told of what he saw in that strange "Gorilla Country," which not only was he the first white man to explore, but as yet we think the only one. We wish we could conscientiously say that the English artist who has illustrated his book had entered into the spirit of the author. Our friend Paul is, indeed, when in the domains of civilization, a light, alert man of hardly five feet four, looking marvelously like the pictures of Napoleon when young: almost the last man whom one at first sight would set down as a great explorer, an adventurous traveler, and a naturalist of no ordinary attainments. How he looked when equipped for an expedition, the portrait which we give faithfully shows. The artist, however, in some of the pictures which we have given, and in a score more in the book, has resolved to send him out upon his African adventures clad in such a fancy hunting garb as Cockneys who are bent on a day's shooting are wont to find ready made at the famous mart of Moses and Sons. We pray all the readers of Mr. Du Chaillu's stirring adventures to be assured that they were not performed in any such dandified attire.

SHEFFIELD—A BATTLE-FIELD OF ENGLISH LABOR.

IN TWO PARTS.--PART II.

THE first sign of the iron country I had seen was a flame shot up through "a dark, tremendous sea of cloud" from the New Foundry at Masbro', near Sheffield. At that New Foundry was born, eighty-seven years ago, Ebenezer Elliott, whose flame-like soul also burst up from the soot and smoke, and was a beacon for Great Britain from whose light the dragon feeding on the heart of the people could not hide, and under which it was slain. What Rousseau was to the French Revolution, what Paine was to the American, that was Elliott to the great revolution which gave the English people untaxed bread. In the list of the books that have been more potent than battles in affecting the destinies of the world, the "Corn-Law Rhymes" must have a place with "The Social Contract," "The Crisis," "Letters of Junius," and "Uncle Tom's Cabin." He was an anticipation of that Singer with the Iron Harp of whom our own fine-souled Dorgan wrote:

> "Sweet singers of the dreams of old,
> Idle are your harps of gold;
> And ye weep your lot that lies
> In the gloom of thunder skies.
>
> * * * * * *
>
> Who would our iron age compel
> Must strike loudly to be heard;
> Loudly must he sing, and well,
> To iron harp with iron word."

Yet flame-flower out of the heart of Drudgery's realm, iron-rooted, grown by furnace-heat, though he was, it was the soul of Wordsworth that was in him. His story has never, to my knowledge, been told in America, and only since I visited his birth-place did I learn that in 1841 he had written a brief account of his early life. Also, twenty years ago, Mr. Watkins, his son-in-law, a liberal minister, a chartist, and a playwright, wrote some reminiscences of his latest years. So far as the Elliott pedigree can be traced it promises that Tubal-Cain would be discovered at the beginning. Out of a line of iron-forgers came, at last, the man of iron—Ebenezer Elliott, Sen. He is a stern dissenter, a "Berean," who baptizes his boy himself. In after-days he baptizes him rather roughly; for, having a superstitious reverence for the number 3, he would always (not without danger) duck his children three times when they bathed in the canal. But I must not deprive the reader of the poet's own vigorous portraits of his father and mother:

"The whole life of my mother was a disease—a tale of pain, terminated by death—one long sigh. Yet she suckled eleven children, and reared eight of them to adult age. From her I have derived my nervous irritability, my bashful awkwardness, my miserable proneness to anticipate evil, that make existence all catastrophe. I well remember her sending me to a dame's school kept by Nanny Sykes, the beautiful and brave wife of a drunken husband, where I learned my A B C. I was next sent to the Hollis School, then presided over by Joseph Ramsbotham, who taught me to write, and little more.....About this time my poor mother, who was a first-rate dreamer, and a true believer in dreams, related to me one of her visions. 'I had placed under my pillow,' she said, 'a shank-bone of mutton, to dream upon; and I dreamed that I saw a little broad-set, dark, ill-favored man, with black hair, black eyes, thick stub nose, and tup-shins: it was thy father.' And a special original my father was—a man of great virtue, not without faults.....I never knew a man who possessed the tithe of my father's satiric and humorous powers. He would have made a great comic actor. He also possessed uncommon political sagacity, which afterward earned for him the title of 'Devil Elliott'—a title which is still applied to him, I am told, by the descendants of persons who then hated the poor and honored the king. He left the Messrs. Walker to serve Clay and Co., of the New Foundry, Masbro', for a salary of sixty or seventy pounds a year, with home, candle, and coal! Well do I remember some of those days of affluence and pit-coal fires; for glorious fires we had—no fear of coal bills in those days. There at the New Foundry, under the room where I was born, in a little parlor like the cabin of a ship, yearly painted green, and blessed with a thoroughfare of light—for there was no window-tax in those days—he used to preach every fourth Sunday to per-

sons who came from distances of twelve and fourteen miles to hear his tremendous doctrines of ultra Calvinism, and hell hung round with span-long children. On other days, pointing to the aquatint pictures on the walls, he delighted to declaim on the virtues of slandered Cromwell and of Washington the rebel; or, shaking his sides with laughter, explained the glories of 'the glorious victory of his majesty's forces over the rebels at Bunker Hill!' Here the reader has a key which will unlock all my future politics." If ever there was a man who knew not fear, that man was the father of the Corn-Law Rhymer. From his birth to his last gasp I doubt whether he knew what it was to be afraid, except of poverty, about which he had sad forebodings, ultimately realized.

Under these auspices little Ebenezer was reared. He was naturally nervous and bashful; at six he had an attack of small-pox which left him sadly disfigured; he was believed by all, and believed himself, to be dull; and in all these respects he was in contrast with his handsome and quick brother Giles. At twelve he is madly in love with a young woman to whom he had never spoken, and never did speak to the day of his death. He wanders alone—moping—but already begins to gaze on Nature. He fills a frying-pan with water, and gazes long on the flying clouds reflected in it. But while he is thus, as it were, in the stem, the iron fibre of his father predominates in him; he has a taste for the horrible, and can not resist the fascination of the drowned or hanged, who however torture his sleep. He is restless, and the rebel is strong in him. His Utopia at sixteen is America; he had so fully associated it with Crusoe-notions of self-dependence and isolation that he fears he would not have been scrupulous as to the means of obtaining funds to emigrate. "Is it not strange," he exclaims, "that a man who from his childhood has dreamed of visiting foreign countries, and yet, at the age of sixty, believes that he shall see the Falls of Niagara, has never been twenty miles out of England, and has yet to see, for the first time, the beautiful scenery of Cumberland, Wales, and Scotland!" Nevertheless he did emigrate; he hid himself in an enormous pan which his father had cast for his uncle at Thurlestone. His uncle took charge of him and sent him to school; but he gazes back in the direction of the poor home where his mother is, "and ever," he says, "when the sun went down, I felt as if some great wrong had been done me." After a year and a half his father takes him home and sends him to school; but he gets friendly John Ross to do his sums for him, and plays truant with the idle birds and flowers. He is esteemed a dunce; he is inclined to drink and be a vagabond; his father sets him to hard work in the foundry as a punishment. "But working in the foundry, so far from being a punishment to me, relieved me from the sense of inferiority which had so long depressed me; for I was not found to be less clever than other beginners." He can play his part at the ale-house too. But now he makes a discovery. An old aunt of his shows him how flowers may be traced through thin paper. "On finding that I could so draw them correctly, I was lifted above the inmates of the ale-house at least a foot in mental stature." Then followed the gathering and pressing of flowers, to which, to the parson's scandal, his Sundays are devoted. He did not know that he was studying the art of poetry, but he had made the terrible discovery that he had gifts beyond the many about him; and as often as the people stopped him with his plants and asked him what diseases he meant to cure with them, he felt the mystery growing around him. He has begun to heed the nightingales, and has struck up a friendship with a green snake, a yard long, which seemed to expect him Sunday mornings at the top of Primrose Lane. "It became so familiar that it ceased to uncurl at my approach. I have sat on the stile beside it till it seemed unconscious of my presence; and when I rose to go it would only lift the scales behind its head, or the skin beneath them—and they shone in the sun like fire. I know not how often this beautiful and harmless child of God may have sat for his picture in my writings—a dozen at least." Then came the days of scribbling. His brother Giles—a fluent reader—read to him the first book of Thomson's Seasons. Afterward he takes the description in the book of Polyanthus and Auricula into the garden to compare them with the living flowers. Then he writes an imitation of Thomson's thunder-storm, which he reads to a more learned cousin of his—"from whom I received infliction of the first merciless criticism. God forgive him!—I never could." Nevertheless he feels that he must study like his critical cousin, and buys a grammar—a single rule of which he confesses he does not know at the age of sixty. But now an era arrived; a poor clergyman bequeathed his little library to the elder Elliott. Hitherto his only books have been the Bible and Paradise Lost, which he can almost repeat by heart; but now he has access to Young, Hervey, Barrow, Ray, Shenstone, and many others; above all, he voyages as in a dream with Father Henepin from Niagara to the Mississippi. In the *Royal Magazine* he finds a narrative of a shipwreck on a South-Sea island, on which he writes a romance in blank-verse twenty years before Scott printed his "Lay of the Last Minstrel." From his sixteenth to his twenty-third year he works for his father most laboriously and without wages, except an occasional shilling or two for pocket-money; but during this time he is succeeding with a task which all his teachers had given up in despair—the education of himself. He managed by thrift to lay up a little money, and his intellectual capital increases. The winged thing in his breast at length makes its first efforts to fly: "The Vernal Walk," "Second Nuptials" (an imitation of Scott's "Metrical Tales"), suc-

cessively come through magazines before an unregarding public. "Night, or the Legend of Wharncliffe," draws the first notice—that is, the "*Monthly Review* pronounces it the *ne plus ultra* of German horror and bombast." It is clear that the "old Elliott" is strong in him, and has been made stronger by the reading of Burger's "Leonore," and the like. Striga, having murdered her own husband, demands of her paramour that he shall murder his wife, her sister. He shrinking from this task, Striga invokes the fiends to shed a pestilence; to it she is the first victim. Crude as this poem is there is great power in it. He then wrote "Tales of the Night." Southey now recognized him, and wrote: "Thirty years ago they (the 'Tales') would have made your reputation; thirty years hence the world will wonder that they did not do so." Bulwer, it seems, had also perceived that Elliott had power; for one of the tales, "The Exile," is dedicated to him as one "who helped me when I was helpless and unknown." In the story of the Exile the maternal tints begin to appear—horrors begin to soften into sorrows, and the weird hells of the Berean are shut away by the agonies of human life. A young woman with her illegitimate child is spurned from her parents' door; her lover was faithful, but is an exile under the Commonwealth. At first she tries to support herself by needlework; but failing this she is driven to the worst means. She prefers stealing, presently, to this, and is transported to the very country to which her lover was exiled. She meets him, tells him her dreary tale, and dies. A passage, relating the death of her child at sea, is very pathetic—

"No mournful flowers by weeping fondness laid,
Nor pink nor rose drooped on his breast displayed,
Nor half-blown daisy in his little hand."

Here, then, is a formidable man to be let loose on England in the days of the heavy wrong, when, as Robert Browning described it, Parliament was discussing whether the sirocco had best leave the sky or not! A great heart with a strong hand, and in the hand a winged and sighted thunder-bolt! The great education is that of which we are unconscious. He never misses any thing nor forgets. An apprentice in Sheffield, when the Corn-Law Rhymer was doing a fair business, instigated by his master, stole a fowl. The justice in sentencing him gave him the choice of transportation or the army. He chose the former. Down, black as thunder, came the frown of authority. "No; you shall be flogged!" And he was flogged. "Why?" notes Elliott; "for stealing a fowl, or for refusing to enter the army?" He meets Lord Byron in a bank at Sheffield, and the noble poet—whose complexion he likened to a marble bust—gave him, poet of the people, a sneer. In early days he tried to publish by subscription. One man said, "D—n you, why don't you write something a gentleman can read?" But more tremendous events than these were destined to call back this man's imagination from the far-off days and regions of the Bothwells and Wharncliffes to the day and the task at hand. The reaction against all popular rights which set in after the French Revolution in England had, fifty years ago, blackened the whole heavens, and was beginning to flash its forked bolts through all the manufacturing regions. Overissues, inconvertible paper-money arbitrarily made, arbitrarily withdrawn, derangement of all kinds, were falling like plagues upon the land.

"The bad
Throve, while the righteous begged from door to door.
None smiled save knaves; but loudly laughed the mad,
Even at their prayers, and then they kicked the sad;
And still men fought with shadows, and were slain;
For ruin smote, nor warning gave at all,
Unseen, like pestilence, and feared in vain."

The blight fell on his father first, who was ruined, and his own affairs were involved. He saw his painfully-earned means melt away—one snow-flake among thousands fallen into the angry flood of the time. His mother died under this shock; his father soon followed her; his own health gave way. But he was not to be suffered to think only of his own bark when navies were perishing. The evil swing of the pendulum was to have its climax.

It came at PETERLOO.

Not quite four years after the battle of Waterloo came that event which grim English humor has named Peterloo, a kind of travesty of the other. It has proved a far more important affair to England than Waterloo, that royal riot of King George. Every cause that is now triumphing—every banner that is now floating—was baptized for victory in the blood shed at Peterloo. It was on August 16, 1819, that the bodies of the reformers went into the ground called St. Peter's Field, near Manchester—a vast, totally unarmed multitude, gathered from all the country around. Each village and town bore a banner, some with the dreaded liberty-caps, bearing such inscriptions as "No Corn-Laws," "Ballot," "Annual Parliaments," "Liberty or Death," "Unity and Strength," "Universal Suffrage," "Liberty and Fraternity." Two clubs of women, numbering nearly three hundred, came marching up with white banner and music. There were over fifty thousand people gathered, and perfect order reigned. The great leader of Reform in those days was Hunt, whose earlier career, I have heard it said, suggested to George Eliot the character of Felix Holt. On this occasion Mr. Hunt took the chair, and was expressing his admiration for the good order which prevailed, when the surprise of the company was excited by seeing in the distance a troop of cavalry. Approaching nearer the soldiers drew into a line, brandished their swords, and charged straight through the crowd of men and women up to the platform, where Hunt and others were seized. The people offered no resistance. More than four hundred of them—men, women, and children—were trampled down, killed, or seriously wounded. A

body of magistrates, with a clergyman at their head, witnessed the prearranged spectacle from a neighboring window. Having trampled down the people the order to the military was, "Down with their flags!" Then the flags were all struck down, and were baptized, as I said, in the blood of those who bore them.*

The blood shed by tyrants is never so little utilized as when it is avenged. Had those who committed this outrage been punished England would have Corn-Laws and no Reform Bill to-day. That which would have vented itself in vengeance was shut down deep into the heart of the north country—nay, of all England. All the bills asked against the soldiery were thrown out; true bills for conspiracy against the government were found against Hunt and two other reformers. Lord Sidmouth communicated to the Manchester magistrates and to Major Trafford and his military the thanks of the Prince Regent for their "prompt, decisive, and efficient measures for the preservation of the public tranquillity." At that time poor old George III., with his long white hair falling on his shoulders, and his beard upon his breast, was sitting in his room at Windsor, crooning over the hymns of Handel, with his harpsichord, serenely awaiting death. "The finest gentleman in Europe" was Prince Regent, and Peterloo was one of his replies to a stone which, on his way from opening Parliament, with sneers for the people, had broken the window of his carriage and grazed his ornamental nose. Well, the flags were cut down, and the working-men that bore them; but every one of them rose again, and this time to be borne in the hands of other than working-men. "Annual Parliaments," "No Corn-Laws," "Suffrage," one by one they floated out triumphantly amidst the cheers of England.

One of these banners, red with English blood, was taken up from the field of Peterloo by Ebenezer Elliott, and thenceforth to its inscription, "No Corn-Laws," his genius and life were consecrated. No more German legends for him henceforth, no more of any horrors but those of the haggard men and women around him. The Corn-Law Rhymer is now born, and the superior power of the man who makes the ballads of a nation over him who makes its laws is again to be demonstrated. For a time the Reform Bill of 1830 diverted him from his main purpose. In common with others he hoped that the enlargement of the franchise would at once be followed by the repeal of the Corn-Laws; but this hope was frustrated by the clause introduced by the Marquis of Chandos, giving especial power to tenant farmers. Then there followed the financial crisis of 1837, when Elliott lost two-thirds of his little fortune. He attributed all these things, no doubt justly, to the Corn-Laws. He escaped with about six thousand pounds. He began writing his songs for the *Sheffield Political Union*. The world has never witnessed greater power of invective, scorn, and human wrath than is to be found in these outbursts. Southey sympathized with his radicalism, but the laureate could hardly be ex-

* In a little book published in London in 1844, entitled "Passages in the Life of a Radical," written by Samuel Bamford, who was imprisoned for participation in this meeting, I have found some valuable notes relating to the attack. He says: "A noise and strange murmur arose toward the church. Some persons said it was the Blackburn people coming; and I stood up on tip-toe and looked in the direction whence the noise proceeded, and saw a party of cavalry in blue and white uniform come trotting, sword in hand, round the corner of the garden-wall and to the front of a row of new houses, where they reined up in a line. On the cavalry coming up they were received with a shout, of good-will as I understood it. They shouted again, waving their sabres over their heads, and then, slackening rein, they dashed forward, and began cutting the people. 'Stand fast,' I said, 'they are riding upon us; stand fast.' And there was a general cry in our quarter of 'Stand fast.' The cavalry were in confusion; they evidently could not, with all the weight of man and horse, penetrate that compact mass of human beings; and their sabres were plied to hew a way through naked held-up hands and defenseless heads; and then clipped limbs and wound-gaping skulls were seen, and groans and cries were mingled with the din of that horrid confusion. 'Ah! Ah!' 'For shame, for shame!' was shouted. Then, 'Break! break! they are killing them in front, and they can not get away;' and there was a general cry of 'Break! break!' For a moment the crowd held back as in a pause; then was a rush, heavy and resistless as a headlong sea, and a sound like low thunder, with screams, prayers, and imprecations from the crowd-moiled and sabre-doomed who could not escape."

From the same book I quote a description of Hunt, to whom, however, Bamford was not friendly: "He was gentlemanly in his manner and attire, six feet and better in height, and extremely well formed. He was dressed in a blue lapelled coat, light waistcoat, and kerseys, and topped boots; his leg and foot were about the firmest and neatest I ever saw. He wore his own hair; it was in moderate quantity, and a little gray. His features were regular, and there was a kind of youthful blandness about them which, in amicable discussion, gave his face a most agreeable expression. His lips were delicately thin and receding, but there was a dumb utterance about them which, in all the portraits I have seen of him, was never truly copied. His eyes were blue or light gray—not very clear nor quick, but rather heavy, except when he was excited in speaking, when they seemed to distend and protrude; and if he worked himself furious, as he sometimes would, they became blood-streaked, and almost started from their sockets. Then it was that the expression of his lip was to be observed; the kind smile was exchanged for the curl of scorn or the curse of indignation. His voice was bellowing; his face swollen and flushed; his griped hand beat as if it were to pulverize; and his whole manner gave token of a painful energy, struggling for utterance."

Peterloo probably was, as a name, suggested by the recollection of an expression used a year before it occurred by "Orator Hunt," as he was popularly called: "The authorities only wish a pretext to let the bloody butchers of Waterloo loose on the people." After the occurrence he was tried, and defended himself with skill; but his conviction being a foregone conclusion he was sentenced to several years' imprisonment. On his release, however, he became a popular hero, and was put forward for the House of Commons at Preston, where he defeated Lord Stanley, the present Earl Derby and Prime Minister. Having reached Parliament, however, "Orator Hunt" sank like an eagle in an exhausted receiver: he was nothing without the stimulus of an indignant crowd and a great emergency. He was in Parliament for one term only, after which he lived an obscure life. But Privilege in England has never recovered from his tremendous blows.

pected to prophesy other than smooth things. Wordsworth also was, as we have seen, at one time radical; nay, when some one had spoken of his having changed his views to conservatism, the old poet rose and thundered out, "Tell him he LIES!" Nevertheless it was no lie. Of the poetic fraternity only he who was of the working-class remained true to the task that plaintively appealed for help to all noble minds. But his intensity and power made him an army in himself; he gave no quarter; he forged all the elements into thunder-bolts; it was all the iron, anvils, furnaces, hammers, that had been his godfathers, gathered and concentrated into fatal shells, whistling music on their rhythmic curves. It was all fearfully real. "He wept as he wrote," says his son. "Here is a voice," said Carlyle, "coming from the deep Cyclopean forges, whose Labor, in real soot and sweat, beats with his thousand hammers the 'red son of the furnace;' doing personal battle with Necessity and her dark brute Powers, to make them reasonable and serviceable; an intelligible voice from the hitherto Mute and Irrational, to tell us at first hand how it is with him, what in very deed is the theorem of the world and of himself, which he, in those dim depths of his, in that wearied head of his, has put together. To which voice, in several respects significant enough, let good ear be given." The Lamb in Revelations that had seven horns, against whose wrath the kings sought cover under rocks and mountains, suggests the strange blending of gentle feeling with smiting force in Elliott's verses. As for instance, in the "Jacobin's Prayer:"

"Avenge the plundered poor, O Lord!
But not with fire, but not with sword—
Not as at Peterloo they died,
Beneath the hoofs of coward pride.
Avenge our rags, our chains, our sighs,
The famine in our children's eyes!
But not with sword, no, not with fire,
Chastise thou Britain's locustry!
Lord, let them feel thy heavier ire;
Whip them, O Lord, with poverty!
Then cold in soul as coffined dust,
Their hearts as tearless, dead, and dry,
Let them in outraged mercy trust,
And find that mercy they deny!"

Amidst his utmost, divinest rage Elliott was always an artist; he knew, that is, the surest path to his point. In the heart of his blackest cloud there is a prismatic flush; as Carlyle called them, "hues of joy and harmony, painted out of troublous tears." But he makes these hues intensify the blackness. A poor woman is compelled by want to sell her linnet, once loved by her brother, though it costs but a groat a year; the children begging

"Till the stones of every street
Knew their little naked feet:"

these and other humble pictures are not easily dismissed from the mind. What can surpass the tenderness and simplicity of this little thought of women singing at work:

"Hark! music still is here! How wildly sweet,
Like flute-notes in a storm, the psalm ascends
From yonder pile in traffic's dirtiest street!
There hapless woman at her labor bends,
While with the rattling fly her shrill voice blends;
And ever as she cuts the headless nail
She sings, 'I waited long and sought the Lord,
And patiently did bear.' A deeper wail
Of sister voices joins in sad accord—
'He set my feet upon his rock adored;'
And then, perchance, 'O God, on man look down!'"

Let the reader observe the suggestiveness of the blending of the *rattling* fly and the woman's *shrill* voice, for it is a fair specimen of the Corn-Law Rhymer's almost preternatural subtlety in hardening the points of his feathered arrows. The most impressive trait of the Corn-Law Rhymes is the constant under-tone of pain, as of a soul in travail for humanity. He is a man born for bright fields, and the companionship of birds; he is not himself poor, and may now easily, with his little family, realize his dream of America; but his calling is in Sheffield, and there also shall be the answering! Here are lines—and there are many in the same strain—which show that this turbulent Sheffield sea may also have its rock and Prometheus Vinctus:

"Oh, that my poesy were like the child
That gathers daisies from the lap of May,
With prattle sweeter than the bloomy wild!
It then might teach poor wisdom to be gay
As flowers, and birds, and rivers, all at play,
And winds that make the voiceless clouds of morn
Harmonious. But, distempered, if not mad,
I feed on Nature's bane and mess with Scorn.
* * * * * *
My heart, once soft as woman's tear, is gnarled
With gloating on the ills I can not cure."

There is good reason why but few should know any thing of Elliott's poems; for never before have works with so much genius in them passed out of print and out of mind so swiftly. It was because of their perfection for the work of twenty-five years ago that they have but little adaptation to the present time. It is the bomb that is itself shattered that does the work. The abolition of the Corn-Laws abolished the best of Ebenezer Elliott's poetry. But there are throughout his works felicities of thought and expression which will amply repay the bearers of poetic divining-rods.

"How beauteous are the dyes
That grove and hedgerow from their plumage shake!
And can not the loud hammer, which supplies
Food for the blacksmith's rosy children, make
Sweet music to thy heart?"

"Thy life is lawless, and thy law a lie,
Or Nature is a dream unnatural:
Look on the clouds, the streams, the earth and sky;
Lo, all is interchange and harmony!
Where is the gorgeous pomp which, yester morn,
Curtained yon Orb with amber, fold on fold?
Behold it in the blue of Rivelin, borne
To feed the all-feeding sea! The molten gold
Is flowing pale in Loxley's waters cold,
To kindle into beauty tree and flower,
And wake to verdant life hill, vale, and plain;
Cloud trades with river, and exchange is power."

"Mind is mightiest, then,
When turning evil into good,
And monsters into men."

"On his face
Sorrow had written kindness with a tear."

"Father of all! hear thou our cry,
And England shall be free!
Methinks thy nation-wedding waves
Upbraid us as they flow;
Thy winds, disdaining fettered slaves,
Reproach us as they blow."

It is a remarkable fact that, with all his fiery radicalism, Elliott never passed into that general disbelief of all religions which was then, and is now, very characteristic of the working-men who begin to think. Profoundly alienated from the Church he was on account of its apathy to the great wrongs that were afflicting the people. "It is a horrible fact," he once said, "that not one petition for peace emanated from the great body of religionists in England during twenty-five years of war against the laws of God and the rights of man." But he never doubted the substantial truths of Christianity. He abandoned at an early age the hard dogmas of the Berean, but had framed over his mantle-piece an extract from Channing on "the reasonableness of Christianity." His son-in-law describes him at fifty-seven as "a man rather under the middle size, slightly formed, with features marked by the small-pox, a light-blue eye, eyebrows very shaggy, thick gray hair, and long upper lip.....His general look expressed a kind of severe benignity. His head was not what the phrenologists would term a good one; it was small, of an oval shape; but his forehead was neither high nor broad. He said his wife was his critic." He was remarkable for his ability to read eloquently. When his fellow-townsman, the poet Montgomery, received a pension, the same was offered to him, and refused. He had considerable humor under his sadness; and once, when some one quoted with too much admiration Byron's line, "Ye stars that are the poetry of heaven," Elliott paraphrased it with "Ye plums that are the poetry of pudding." At a meeting of radicals he took a card from his pocket with notes on it, and some man exclaimed, "He's going to read his speech!" Elliott said, "Do you think I am such a fool as you—to come here and not know what I am going to say?" He never permitted himself to be separated from the working-class, and denied those who would patronize him as exceptional. "Time has developed in me, not genius, but powers which exist in all men, and lie dormant in most." "I know that, unwilling to believe aught good of the poor, the rich, when a poor man's deed shames theirs, transform the individual into a marvel at the expense of his class; because, having wronged, they hate it." In later life he wrote: "I am sufficiently rewarded if my poetry has led one poor, despairing victim of misrule from the ale-house to the fields; if I have been chosen of God to show his desolated heart that, though his wrongs have been heavy and his fall deep, and though the Spoiler is yet abroad, still in the green lanes of England the primrose is blowing, and on the mountain-top the lonely fir, with her many fingers, pointing to our Father in Heaven."

It is a pleasure to know that after his hard, feverish life the poet passed his declining days in a beautiful country home near Great Houghton, with every comfort, and with the ministry of his wife and children, in whom he was fortunate. In the autumn of 1849 it was evident that his days were drawing to a close, and he was anxious before he died to see his daughter married to Mr. John Watkins, to whom she had been for some time betrothed. In this he was satisfied. The old man was lifted to the window where he could see them depart for church. He loves to lie and listen while his lovely daughter plays and sings his own songs to him. He heard his favorite, the robin, sing, perched upon the window, and dictated these lines:

"Thy notes, sweet Robin, soft as dew,
Heard soon or late are dear to me;
To music I could bid adieu,
But not to thee.
When from my eyes earth's lifeful throng
Has passed away, no more to be,
Then autumn's primrose, robin's song,
Return to me."

This song was the last thing he ever wrote, and the last he ever heard, for his daughter sang it to him just before he died. On December 1, 1849, closed in peace one of the bravest lives ever consecrated to the cause of mankind.*

Thomas Hughes has declared that economic society in Great Britain is in a state of war. It is certainly true; and no moral or other estimates of the proceedings of masters or men are of any importance which does not regard them as belligerents. Moreover, it requires that the struggle now going on between labor and capital shall be traced up from Castle Hill, from Peterloo; that it shall bear the gloom and death-dust of the saw-grinder's dungeon; that it shall be interpreted under the flame of Elliott's heart; in order that the parties to the conflict and the conditions under which it is being fought may be estimated.

And, first of all, it is necessary that the distant reader should understand that the artisans in the great cities of England are generally men

* Of Elliott's family only one son, I believe, Francis, lives in Sheffield. He is thought of by the citizens as a "character." He is a chemist and apothecary. At ten o'clock each day the shutters of his modest establishment are taken down, the doors opened, and the large company of the poor nearly always waiting there are welcomed in. He listens carefully to the rehearsal of their complaints and prescribes for each gratuitously. His advice is chiefly that of common-sense, and few have done so much to disseminate among the poor and ignorant a rudimentary knowledge of the laws of health. The eldest son of the poet, Benjamin, who in December last was found dead in his house at Shire Green, near Sheffield, was eccentric to the verge of derangement. For many years he had lived the life of a recluse, his only companion being a dog. One morning he was found dead in his room, which was filled with curious old crockery, dilapidated furniture, an old printing-press with type, a sword, musket, and pistol. Curious old papers and memoranda relating to the Greeks, etc., were found written by him, and a well-worn copy of Mrs. Shelley's "Frankenstein." He was sixty years of age at his death. He was a man of intellect, and his life needs a Hawthorne for an interpreter.

of far more ability than may be supposed, and can by no means be compared with the agricultural laborers, or the Irish, or with such people as the poor whites of the Southern States. I myself had no idea whatever of the intellectual power of the working-men in the north of England (particularly) until I went among them; I then found that they have a terse vitality and vigor of mind, and a hunger for knowledge, which raise them above any other working-class in Europe, except it be that of Germany. The artisan is much more of a thinker than the small shop-keeper. While the latter generally has an effeminate character and a mind rarely rising above the level of the vulgarest sectarianism, the artisan is strong-headed — which, indeed, does not preclude the possibility of his being also wrong-headed, as he sometimes is. He is apt to be an atheist; he is almost never orthodox; and woe be to the parson or schoolman who is tempted by his bad grammar, or his peculiar views about the letter H, to think that he can be easily vanquished on a point of religious controversy. I saw an Oxonian lately utterly floored, smitten dumb by an artisan whose atheism he attempted, without sufficient preparation, to encounter. He is no blind follower of Paine, but believes in the Darwinian theory, and is sometimes an unconscious Comtist. Deep in his heart he has an Utopia, but it is not represented by any nation now existing. America has some distance to journey before she will catch up with the English artisan's dream.

Without agreeing, therefore, that Ebenezer Elliott had not a mind superior to that of his class, those best acquainted with that class will recognize in him its representative man. It must also be remembered that the present Trades Union conflict comes after a series of events which have for a half century been alienating the lower from the ruling classes in England. Since the French Revolution there have been many struggles between them, in which the aristocracy has had the misfortune to succeed, purchasing, however, each immediate success by some never-to-be-forgotten outrage, to be expiated afterward by concessions never willingly made, and consequently calculated to show the people their power to obtain by union every reform they desire. The rulers of England today, therefore, have received from the Georges the fearful heritage of "triumphant," as Palmerston called it. At Peterloo the last link of amity between them and the people was snapped, and the spirit of hostility now reigns. The working-classes have no faith whatever in those above them, and are convinced that every capitalist would cut their wages down by half tomorrow if they dared. The denunciations they hear against Trades Unions, and the refusal of Parliament to legalize them, are so many testimonies to them of the efficacy of those organizations.

The first Trades Union was established in the neighborhood of Sheffield in the time of Elizabeth, not by working-men for their own ends, but by masters for theirs; and so long as it was for their advantage the rules, which limited the number of apprentices and enforced other restraints, were enforced by the class which now denounces them. The laborers know this, and they also know that in the learned professions rules similar to their own are still maintained, so that no doctor or lawyer dares charge a less fee than his profession has established. When it was asked lately whether duly qualified medical men would be authorized to commit acts of violence against quack doctors, as saw-grinders claim the right to commit against those termed "knobsticks," a Sheffield man answered that the law punished quack doctors but not quack saw-grinders; the former was prohibited by law from getting his fee, not so the latter; and he challenged the law to put the saw-grinder, who had legitimately gained his indentures by apprenticeship, on the same level before it as the doctor who had gained his diploma.

The principle of the Trades Unions is very simple. When there is a question of the proper value of labor the working-people without such Unions are at the mercy of the capitalists, because they depend upon work for daily bread. The master can close his works and live on his capital, while the men, if they have refused to sell their labor for the price named by the capitalist, have no such recourse. But, by all the workmen uniting to contribute a few pennies from their earnings, they can gradually heap up a capital on which they also can live while the trial of endurance goes on. The Trades Union has thus enabled working-men to strike against a diminution of wages, or for their increase. Now, if the situation between capital and labor when engaged in a struggle be examined, it will be seen that in the long-run—if the conflict should be carried to the extreme—the working-men must win; for if the strike goes on the capitalist must come to the end of his capital, in which case he is at the end of his power *as a capitalist*. But if the laborers devour their accumulated capital they are just where they were before; that is, they are still laborers with sinews to fall back upon, while the capitalist is no longer a capitalist. Therefore the capitalist endeavors to bring into the battle another power, namely, the large number of men who need work and have nothing to do. Originally a strike could be easily settled in favor of the masters by calling in the unemployed. By the laws of a normal political economy it would be only fair that they should do so; for the question being simply whether labor was really in the English market worth this price or that, it could only be considered fairly settled in favor of the working-men if the masters could not find men to do the work on their terms.

But just here enters the first of the elements which complicate the whole question in England. The smallness of the area of Great Britain as compared with its population gave an abnormal value to land. At an early date the possession of land conferred political and

class privileges, besides wealth, the effect of which has been to make the accumulation of large estates the great object of ambition. The land-owner is also a magistrate; the owner of twenty farms has twenty votes; the Lord of the Manor is a little king. The wealthy have thus had other than pecuniary reasons for accumulating large estates, and thus the ownership of all the land in Great Britain has gradually come into the hands of a few families, who use it in great part merely for parks and game-preserves. If this land were unconnected from political ambition, if it conferred no abnormal privilege or power, it must be thrown into the ordinary conditions of trade, under which it would be cut up into farms, or at any rate all utilized. It would thus employ a far greater number of laborers than it does now. The unnaturally small number of the population of this country employed in agriculture thus throws an unnaturally large number on the other labor markets.

The artisans thus see on one side a vast throng of idle hands, on the other a vast area of untilled lands, while this divorce between sinews and soil enables the manufacturers to have a perpetual hungry crowd from which to call in laborers. It is primarily against this false weight cast into the scales of demand and supply that the artisans really wage war. They will not have men who should be tilling the land thrown on their fields of employment; and their weapons of resistance are the limitation of the number of apprentices permitted in each trade, their refusal to work with "rats," "knobsticks," and the like, including under such metaphorical names workmen who have not gone through apprenticeships, those who work when their comrades are on a strike, non-unionists, etc. Such a course on their part must be judged as martial law. It is not free trade in labor; but then it is the reflection of the denial of free trade in land. It is the war between the people and the privileged few. War tears up railways and puts out lighthouses.

So far the Unionists have not only shown the efficacy of their defense, but have carried with them the common-sense of England. Nearly all of the young liberal scholars and thinkers of the country, too—Hughes, Harrison, Morley, Beasley, Congreve, and others—have strongly stood by them. But beyond this point they have had to stand in an attitude of hostility to all other classes. Having found it necessary to order a conscription of all working-people into their ranks, the question became very pressing how they could enforce their conscription. Large numbers of their class are ignorant of the laws under which the contest is going on, are easily tempted to work by a slight addition to their wages when their fellows are on strike, or are unwilling to put up with the smaller sum which at present most trades can supply to those out of work. The whole battle might be lost if such desertions or betrayals were permitted; but how could they be prevented? The laws gave no rights or powers whatever to the Unions; they did not even protect their common funds, and a Trades Treasurer might with impunity spend them all for his own advantage. The Unionists appealed to Parliament to give them the protection of law; but every man in Parliament is a capitalist, and that body refused. And here is complication number two: the Legislature is monopolized by one of the parties to the contest. Necessity knows no law, or, rather, it makes its own laws. The consequence was that the Unionists, being without representation, first established a regular Constitution and a set of laws of their own, and next resolved to add a government to the same; and they are now engaged in practically punishing and coercing their members as systematically as if they were officers of the Queen.

The fact can not be disguised that there are now two rival governments in England. The capital punishments (as they conceive them) inflicted by the officers of the Saw-grinders' Union at Sheffield, and the utter inability of the Queen to execute those officers, reveal the entire situation. The Trades Unions can not be crushed; nothing could have more completely proved this than the fact that the outrages at Sheffield and Manchester have had no more injurious effect upon them than the outrages by Governor Eyre in Jamaica had upon the Queen's Government.

The following figures will show something of their material strength. The society of Amalgamated Engineers, established in 1851, has already 308 branches—in England, Scotland, Ireland, France, and the United States—and 43,000 members, 2000 or 3000 being added annually. The Miners have 54,000 members; the Carpenters (two societies) have 18,261; the Masons, 17,702; the Iron Founders, 11,150; the Boiler-Makers, 9000; the Bricklayers (two societies), 11,242; and the averages of other trades may be taken at about 10,000. In 1865 the Engineers had an income equal to $434,225, and disbursed $245,000. They have at present a capital of $700,000. All the rest have a proportionately large financial strength. Of late the Unions have begun to combine among themselves, and to form an International Association. There is a congress which sits regularly in London, holding communications with associations in France, Germany, Switzerland, and Italy, and when the last great "iron lockout" took place money came from those foreign countries to support the workmen. Referring to those who denounce Unionism as inherently wicked, Mr. W. T. Thornton writes:

"Thinking as they do, the future must needs offer to them a dismal prospect; if what they think were true, there would be but a sorry lookout for any of us. For, whatever else Unionism may be, we may rest assured that it is, at any rate, full of vitality. If it be all evil, it is destined to be a very long-lived evil, and to do a vast deal more mischief yet than it has hitherto done, or is doing. So significant a phenomenon did not arise, so powerful an agency was not called into being, without adequate cause; and as long as the widely-spread and deeply-seated disorder, for whose relief it has been devised, remains unhealed, so long

will it likewise continue to exist, acquiring fresh strength continually. Its past growth may be but an earnest of its future stature. For the organization of Trades Unions has a visible tendency to consolidate, and it is apparently susceptible of indefinite extension. From local association to national federation is but a single stage, and from thence to alliance with foreign federations is but another. Already preparations for both movements are being made, and every step taken in either direction will plainly be so much ground gained."

Burke declared he could not indict a nation; and similarly England finds it impossible to indict this new working nation that has arisen within her borders. I have before me a correspondence which will show that the *animus* of the new nation is quite as distinctly patriotic as that which animates Garibaldi and his comrades in deciding that they, and not Victor Emanuel, are the real Italian Government. It is between Thomas Hughes, M.P., and Isaac Ironside, a famous champion of the Sheffield "ratteners."

Isaac Ironside is one of those men who are produced by the social condition of a neighborhood, as long wading legs are given to birds in wet regions. The son of a Methodist preacher, and for some time a local preacher himself, he gained thence a strong power of extemporaneous and popular address; a "skulker" from his stove-grate work in order that he might study —to such purpose that he once overwhelmed his employer by answering his rebuke in good French; one of the first members of Robert Owen's community at Harmony, to which he brought a thousand pounds, and lost them; a Grahamite, vegetarian, Rowbottomite; believer in the gospels of beards, of shoelessness, of hatlessness; passing through these — not without narrow escapes from lunatic asylums — he is Chartist, Urquhartist, Freethinker; and now, with fibres so tried and exercised, with senses so whetted, with every popular movement of a half-century inscribed in some scar, or strung into some sinew about him, Isaac Ironside stands on a platform of universal honor—trusted personally by political foes as well as by friends — a Working King of Sheffield. No animal was ever more completely fashioned for its *habitat* than he. A halo of white, silky hair falls in gentle waves around a face pale, blonde, clear; the brow spreads white and peaceful over fine gray eyes—eyes capable, too, of emitting steel-sparks; a Greek nose; a mouth kind but thin, and quivering with intensity of feeling while he is speaking; and these, sustained by a frame which is healthy, manly, and unbent by his sixty or more years, make up the picturesque local prophet of Trades Unionism in Sheffield. He speaks with authority, and every word, as it comes forth—with some music, too, as of a ringing anvil—suggests that the speaker stands there because England has called for him. Of course I would not suggest, in what I have said of northern working-men, that they have abilities equal to those of Ironside; but men, if not able to speak and act for themselves, must be credited with their representatives. Ironside is a plant which reports the stratum beneath it.

Mr. Hughes had made a speech in Sheffield, after which Mr. Ironside wrote to him as follows:

"I take the ground of justifying the enforcement of the rules of the Unions. What is their ultimate object? Self-preservation. This is not a *right*, but a *duty;* a *law* higher than any Act-of-Parliament law. Who manufacture Acts of Parliament? Not unionists, but the ten-poundry. Who administer the Parliament laws? Not unionists, but judges dependent on Parliament, and juries whose qualification is a much higher one than unionists can pay. Hence the Parliament-law is invariably against Unions. Hence the impossibility of an accused unionist being fairly tried. Hence the atrocious and cruel severity of nearly all sentences upon convicted unionists. Hence the Unions are compelled by the duty of self-preservation to obey the higher law, to enforce obedience to the laws which they enact, in order to discharge this duty, and take the consequences of disobeying the Parliament-law, when the enforcement of their own laws renders that necessary. Were I an artisan, it would be my duty to obey the laws of the trade which I followed. If that obedience involved a breach of the Parliament-law, I would not be guilty of that breach, and it would be, therefore, my duty to leave the trade and get my living in some other way.

"There are Trades Unions in diplomacy, government, the law, church, medicine, at Oxford and Cambridge. Those engaged in these trades elect the Parliament which enacts that their Unions are legal. Let Parliament do the same with the Unions of the artisans, or else let them have a part in selecting the Parliament.

"As perfection is impossible, I do not expect it in the management of Unions. No doubt they make mistakes; so do we all. Mine are manifold. Therefore I refrain from meddling with the management of them; it is not my business. I heartily wish every Union could be managed with a clear eye and a pure mind; but my meddling would not bring that about.

"Were the golden rule to be the *practice* instead of the profession, Trades Unions and strikes would never be heard of. There are manufactories in Sheffield where there has been neither outrage nor strike for generations. Why? Because the masters *practice* this golden rule.

"Your obedient servant,

"Thomas Hughes, M.P." "Isaac Ironside.

"113 Park Street, W., *Oct.* 15, 1865.

"Sir,—I am obliged by your letter. You are mistaken if you think (as some remarks in your letter seem to indicate) that I am opposed to Trades Unions. On the contrary, for the last sixteen years I have been fighting their battles as well as I could, and trying to do away with some of the absurd prejudices and fears so common in other ranks as to the objects and action of the Unions. At the same time I can't go to the length you seem to do, and therefore I could not pass in silence the subject of trades outrages when speaking to a Sheffield working-men's meeting. The subject was uppermost in the minds of half the members of the association who attended the congress, and it would have been a great mistake if it had been passed over in silence. As it is, the men have had the opportunity of protesting against the popular belief concerning them and their town.

"I agree with most of your letter, but on one point must distinctly clear myself. You say you *justify the enforcement of the rules* by the Unions. So do I, the enforcement of rules by fines, or by expulsion if necessary, *against their own members.* But if, as the context would seem to imply, you mean to justify personal violence directed either against members or non-members by unionists, for neglect or infringement of trades rules, I must protest most emphatically against such a doctrine, which I most sincerely hope you don't teach the men. If you do, the guilt of such doings as the Acorn Street outrage is yours far more than theirs.

"I am, very truly yours,

"Thos. Hughes."

To which Ironside (the name is genuine) made the following rejoinder:

"*October* 20, 1865.

"SIR,—My letter was clear. I said, 'The unionists are compelled by the duty of self-preservation to obey the higher law—to enforce obedience to the laws which they enact—in order to discharge that duty.'

"As Parliament-law will not give the unionists a constable, they have to appoint him themselves, and see that he discharges the duty of carrying into effect their decisions. You say you are favorable to the Unions enforcing their laws 'by fines or by expulsion, *if necessary*, against their own members.' This is nothing. Were you unfavorable, what would it matter? Any voluntary association can do that. I maintain that all who get their living by a trade are bound to obey the laws of the Union of the trade. After entering a trade it is not a voluntary act of theirs to become members of that Trades Union. The rebel States wanted to secede—to be expelled from the Union—but the United States thrashed them into obedience. So with Trades Unions. It is their duty to thrash all into submission who get their living by the trade, and who will not obey the laws of the Union without thrashing. If in so doing they become obnoxious to Parliament-law, they take the consequences.

"Never in the history of the world have any men allowed a smaller number of men to do as they liked. No man can do so unless with the consent of those around him. There is either an eye to convey determined indignation, or a hand to strike down the offender.

"The Irish are brought down to sea-weed, saw-dust, and Fenianism. Thank God, Trades Unions will prevent the English from being reduced to that condition.

"You hope I don't teach my doctrine to the men. There is no necessity. Their own instinct teaches them. I have not to teach them that the sun rises in the east, and sets in the west. Would an 'emphatic protest' from you cause the sun to rise in the west? You have to show that the instinct of self-preservation does not exist—that no duty springs therefrom—and that a powerful body of men will submit to be coerced, and see their families starved, at the instance of a smaller body who have obtained possession of the law-making power. You may enact the laws; the natural law will beat you in the long-run. Nature rebels and laughs at your impotence.

"Your obedient servant,

"ISAAC IRONSIDE."

Our American sage has written—

"Out of the heart of Nature rolled
The burthens of the Bible old."

He who has examined the great epochs of change and studied the agitations which preceded each will have surely observed that the reformers have invariably risen to the authentic and poetical tones of the Hebrew prophets. Indeed it is a sign that the wrong is shaking, the hour of transformation at hand, when the champions of the new idea pass into this phase of prophetic expression. The Psalms of David became the familiar speech of Luther; Milton and Cromwell uttered again the burdens of Isaiah and Jeremiah; and Garrison's speeches were reproductions of all the Law and the Prophets. Something of the same kind has been noted of late among the defenders of Labor in England. Thus far, however, they have not got beyond the law, and show that they are still contending with Egyptian taskmasters, and that their highest gospel as yet is "an eye for an eye."

Some of the discourses and speeches one hears at Sheffield in these days are very remarkable; and as the *Times* and other denouncers of the men and their Unions have already given the world their side, it may be interesting to my readers to know what the other side are saying for themselves in addresses never reported.

Twenty years ago a great mill-wheel, called the Tower Wheel, was blown up by Trades Unionists in Sheffield, and at a meeting held on the subject in Cutler's Hall a man rose up and with considerable eloquence sought to prove that it was a necessary violence, analogous to a thunder-storm, and no more to be complained of than if a bolt of lightning had struck the wheel. This year that same man, Isaac Ironside, made a speech after the exposure of the rattening plots, in which he began thus:

"It was a saying of Talleyrand that society was divided into two classes—the Shearers and the Sheared; and his advice to the Sheared was to get among the Shearers as soon as they could, inasmuch as they were always the better off. Sheep are dumb when before the Shearers. Even when clipped so closely that the skin is cut, a feeble bleat is all the remonstrance. Men are different: they spoil the sheats and damage the Shearers when the clipping is too close. A remarkable instance of this is recorded in Exodus, beginning chapter i., verse 11, 'The Egyptians did set taskmasters to afflict them with their burdens. And the Egyptians made the children of Israel to serve with rigor; and they made their lives bitter with hard bondage in mortar, and in brick, and in all manner of service in the field: all their service, wherein they made them serve, was with rigor.' In the second chapter, verse 11, it is said, 'And it came to pass in those days, when Moses was grown, that he went out unto his brethren, and looked on their burdens, and he spied an Egyptian smiting a Hebrew, one of his brethren. And he looked this way and that way, and when he saw that there was no man, he slew the Egyptian, and hid him in the sand. Now when Pharaoh heard this thing he sought to slay Moses. But Moses fled from the face of Pharaoh, and dwelt in the land of Midian.' In a subsequent portion of the account it is stated that the angel of the Lord appeared to Moses, and the Lord said—'I have surely seen the affliction of my people which are in Egypt, and have heard their cry by reason of their taskmasters; I have also seen the oppression wherewith the Egyptians oppress them. Come now, therefore, and I will send thee unto Pharaoh, that thou mayest bring my people, the children of Israel, out of Egypt.' Moses went, and afterward became a great and mighty lawgiver, a man after God's own heart. In this case Moses had no malice against the Egyptian whom he slew, nor had he any lawful authority for slaying him. No doubt there would be a great outcry: the Egyptians—the *taskmasters* of the children of Israel—would call Moses a murderer, and Pharaoh would have put him to death unless he had escaped. The Israelites, however, would not consider it a murder. Moses acted on the law of necessity, which was contrary to the law of the Egyptians, and he was afterward fully justified. Mr. Cardwell, M.P. for Oxford, made this statement in the House of Commons on July 2, 1867: 'There was the law of the land and the law of necessity; and any person acting under the law of necessity was responsible for his acts, and was liable to the established law of the country. Persons who took such a responsibility upon themselves were placed in a position of great difficulty.' In *Macmillan's Magazine* for August Mr. Thomas Carlyle said: 'Unwritten, if you will, but real and fundamental, anterior to all written laws, and first making written laws possible, there must have been, and is, and will be, coeval with

human society from its first beginning to its ultimate end, an actual martial law of more validity than any other law whatever.' These statements are merely declaratory of what is universally known: there is nothing new about them. This law of necessity rests on the instinct of self-preservation."

Referring to the man Lindley who had been killed, the speaker denied that it was murder. "Murder was the deliberate taking away of life which one did not deserve to lose. Lindley deserved to lose his; the children starved to death during the past ten years did not deserve to lose theirs." He made a bitter retort upon those in high places who had been so shocked at the Sheffield outrages. They had apologized for the saturnalia of crime which had occurred in Jamaica under Eyre; for the bombardment of Canton and of Kagosima without any declaration of war; for the blowing of Sepoys out of guns: did they not all feel the hypocrisy of their exclamations of horror at the death of Lindley?

I am not moralizing upon these facts; my object is simply to state the facts of the situation and the conditions under which the battle is being fought. Undoubtedly the assumption of the English working-men to carry on a practical government of their own were a frightful and intolerable one in any free and impartial government; but those who make it in England have at least the right to be judged under the fact that they are entirely excluded from all participation in framing the ordinary laws of the land; that these laws are made exclusively by the very class of men with whom they are carrying on a legitimate contest—the capitalists; that these law-makers have steadily refused to concede them the legal protection enjoyed by all other societies and every club in the kingdom; and that only by some kind of threat and force can they keep their labor market from being glutted by the selfish exclusion from the land of many thousands whom that land is appointed to feed and clothe.

These facts assuredly remove the contest out of the ordinary moral rules; how far each mind must decide for itself. It is certainly deplorable that the *ἀτιμία* of the Greeks—the public *dishonor* of the offender—in which all codes have germinated, should run into the severities of Californian Vigilance Committees and Sheffield rattenings. But these things, bad as they are, can only occur where the ordinary laws are unjust or inadequate. Injustice framed into law is the breaking of the social contract, and those who suffer most by it will always feel that such law is without authenticity—that society is by it remitted to its original elements, where each must protect himself as well as he can. And if the weapons of self-protection used be brutal, that too is a reflection of the wrong that has been done. In England no squire's self-interest would allow him to shelter his cattle no better than human laborers are sheltered; and within a few years it was shown in Parliament that more money was voted for the royal stables than for the education of the masses of Great Britain!

Things are better now, though still wretchedly inadequate; but it is the next generation who alone will reap good from the reluctant reforms that have been adopted. What is there in the saw-grinder's lot or his compulsory habits to impress him with the sacredness of human life? He values his own so little that he insists on abridging it. What softness can be shed upon his heart by a life passed to its welcome and premature end in a dark vault which we can see daily contracting to the only a little closer and darker one in which he soon finds his first repose? But love for his child lives in him; for the child he strikes. "Our labor," said a workman, "our skill, our profits, our hopes, our lives, our children's souls, are taxed." Talus, nephew of Dædalus, invented the saw, it is said, copying in iron the jawbone of a serpent; under the touch of wrong the honest implement slides back again into serpents' fangs. It is a life-and-death struggle with the laborer; and when he kills the Lindleys it is because he sees them belted with the fleshless faces of the women and children he has been the means of starving.

At Sheffield I found Henry Clifton Sorby—a young and rising man of science—presiding at the dawn of a new science. He has combined the microscope and the spectroscope, and is finding out from each essence in nature its special spectrum, whereby it may be classified. Many sad impressions I bore away from Sheffield, but from that lovely home where this man sat winning from nature beautiful secrets I received the promises of Utopia. Each thing has its special rainbow. A drop of the coloring matter of every flower and plant in his glass yields its varied character, expressed in one, two, or three bars, with transposed prismatic colors behind them. Thus I saw the rainbows of the violet, the rose, the night-shade rainbow, and those of other poisons, which had as much beauty as the rest. At length there was adjusted in the glass a little drop of liquid which I examined long and carefully. It was the rainbow of a drop of human blood that I now saw. Two dark, slender bars; the spectrum sombre toward its lower, bright at its upper hues. These, then, are the invisible traits, this the attendant radiance, of every drop of that unfathomable, endless, crimson stream forever flowing through time and the earth! The skillful chemist then put before me, one after another, the bloods of all the plants that most resembled human blood—elder-berry, logwood, beet-root—but distinguishable from all these were the glory and gloom surrounding that sacred drop from a man's heart. Lately a single drop soaked out of a murderer's clothing revealed itself to this new eye, and the murderer confessed his crime and was executed. It seemed to me as I gazed upon the rainbow of this globule that perhaps some farther science might read us the meaning of those slender

bars—the lower one thickest—and of the sombre hues beneath and the bright above. Do they correspond to the lower and the higher natures, to the parallel bars of divinity and animalism in man? Is the whole progress of humanity recorded between those dark and those bright colors? Will the political and economic sciences one day learn from the spectrum of blood that they have forgotten one of the bars in the heart of man, and the upper auroral lights of it—thinking of him as one an hungered for, and able to live by, bread alone?

Mr. John Ruskin has put forth the theory that the proper wage for a workman should be measured by the expenditure of vital force he has put forth on that work. A commission of physicians should decide what amount of food is needed to repair the expenditure, and what sleep and covering are needed to protect the laborer comfortably while he is doing the work of his contract; such repair and comfort should be his wages, expressed if he prefer it in money. If man were only a locomotive such a plan would be the right one. But as it is, what commission can estimate the waste of affection in the man who has no time to know his own children? Who can measure the waste of intellect that goes on in the dungeon of drudgery, or decide that brains and hearts that might be soaring at the gates of heaven may not be beating at the bars of a saw-grinder's prison? What physician can gauge heart-hunger and brain-hunger? The best gauge at present of these is the readiness with which the artisan will risk his life, or slowly breathe poison, that he may win money to buy more than his food—a book or education for his child. Nay, since all shadows point to the sun, those very rattening crimes attest that the laboring-man in England has caught gleams that no longer permit him, as his ancestors did, to drink beer and think beer merely, but impel him to strike for gold, which he sees plainly means, in England, a warm fireside, a book, and leisure to read it.

I can not, in justice, close this paper without admonishing the reader that the war going on between capital and labor in England is not to be attributed to the selfishness of the masters. They are men of personal generosity as much as others; and it is both their inclination and their interest to have their employments healthy and their employés contented. It is the workmen, never the masters, who (for fearfully strong reasons) resist the introduction of machinery which might relieve them of nearly all the more dangerous forms of labor, and the sanitary reforms. The fault is far back of any man or class; a few false principles adopted as rules of government in feudal ages, and never eradicated, have, under the light of civilization, developed, along with higher social wants, this "blood-red flower of war." Things, said Lord Bacon, move calmly in their places, violently out of them. As a storm in the atmosphere proceeds from a loss of elemental balance, so the heaping up of wealth here and of want there; the starving of thousands at the gates of utterly useless palaces; the stripping of the hard-working many that the idle few may wear purple and gold, have piled up such threatening clouds as that hanging over Sheffield.

But I am glad to say a rainbow has lately shone out upon the black cloud. The revelations at Sheffield have set both masters and men to thinking; and both seem to be gaining the conviction that they are becoming victims of a horrible misunderstanding as to their true relations to each other. The great fact that labor and capital are mutually dependent on each other for their productiveness promises to be the corner-stone of a more harmonious fabric in the future. Lately the workmen of Nottingham proposed a Court of Arbitration between themselves and the masters on the subject of wages; and the result has been so satisfactory that, as I write, I see before me the account of an enthusiastic meeting held at Sheffield to establish a perpetual tribunal of this kind, to be composed of workmen and employers. And beyond these are the builders of the fairer future, the brave reformers who are leading on that which shall be to other social plans what the human form is to the animals that preceded it—CO-OPERATION.

MISS FOLJAMBE'S LAST.

MISS FOLJAMBE was eccentric. Every one knew it, and every one said it, very commonly adding, with an envious sigh:

"Well, she can afford it!"

For one of Miss Foljambe's eccentric habits was inheriting fortunes, and she had accumulated quite a pretty assortment. Her father left her one, her grandmother left her one, her maiden aunt, her only sister, her cousin in India, and finally the grocer round the corner, an old bachelor who had supplied the Foljambes with bread-stuffs and butter for a generation, and who also affected eccentricity after his degree. All these had in dying bequeathed their possessions to their beloved daughter, granddaughter, niece, sister, cousin, or patron, Miss Winifred Foljambe, in token of—various sentiments, not so important in themselves as in their results.

So Miss Winifred lived in the great old-fashioned family mansion, where she had been born some seven-and-twenty years before the date of this story, and was protected by a middle-aged aunt-in-law, who had rather less to do with her movements than the President of the United States, and was waited upon by a troop of servants, who one and all considered themselves re-discoverers of the terrestrial Paradise, and kept several pairs of horses in her stables, who were duly exercised by their grooms, while Miss Foljambe, in thick boots, water-proof cloak, and sensible bonnet, laughed in the face of the maddest storm that ever blew or the blackest frost that ever chilled the poor man's heart or his rich brother's purse-hand.

Sometimes, of course, Miss Foljambe had to return the calls and invitations people were forever showering upon her, and then she dressed and comported herself with becoming deference to the prejudices of her companions; but this was mere duty-visiting, as any one might plainly perceive; the water-proof or the heavy shag cloak, the stout boots, and the sensible bonnet went with Miss Foljambe upon the visits or the errands in which her soul delighted, and from which, in great measure, she derived her title of eccentric. Plenty of people who never heard Miss Foljambe's name knew the gray suit and the handsome, shrewd face of the wearer, and came to look upon it as a sure herald of relief in their direst distresses; came to know also that, although both will and power for such relief seemed almost unlimited, any attempt at imposition, or bullying, or laziness, was sure to bring down not only detection and reproof, but a withdrawal of favor and supplies—in fact, that honesty was decidedly the best policy in dealing with "the water-proof lady," as some of her pensioners had taken to call her.

Besides these two eccentricities of inheriting other people's money and giving her own money to other people, Miss Foljambe indulged an eccentric taste for *rococo*, and had crammed her house with all sorts of odd furniture, ornaments, and objects neither useful or ornamental, but simply ugly. But again, "she could afford it," and when the house got too full, as it did about once in three months, Miss Foljambe knew plenty of people very glad to accept the overflow.

Reubens was all the better for this taste, and so was Bruce the cabinet-maker, who was employed about three-fourths of his time in repairing, making over, and utilizing Miss Foljambe's purchases; for although that young lady for her own use might prefer a century-old chair, secretary, or bedstead in the purity of its original inconvenience, she never expected her pensioners to accommodate their practical needs to her whims, and Bruce had no need to look for other work so long as he could count upon Miss Foljambe's.

As for Reubens's, don't you know what that is? Why, it is the vortex where all the oddities spinning around the world's maelstrom finally bring up; it is the universal destiny, the finality of all things. How Reubens found them out in the first place, how he acquired them, whence he recruited his stock, are questions often asked, but never answered with even a show of plausibility, so that at last the popular opinion decided that Reubens himself manufactured them in some remote and subterraneous laboratory, applying rust, and moth, and wear, and gangrene to his finished work as other men apply paint and varnish and gloss. However this may have been, and it is as well to state at once that it was not in the least, there was no abode of Art or Fashion one-half, nay one-hundredth part, as attractive to Miss Foljambe as Reubens's dark, musty old rooms, dismal cellar, and broken-roofed garret. In one or the other of these rosy bowers Miss Foljambe was pretty certain at every visit to find some new treasure hidden from all her former explorations, and yet bearing moral evidence upon its dusty face of never having stirred from its standing in the course of ages.

"Why, where did this come from? I was in this room only last week, and I am sure it was not here then!" she would exclaim, dragging a corner of the suspected treasure to the light.

"Not here! Ah, dear lady, how can you think that? It ish always here, like me," old Reubens would reply, raising his white eyebrows and wagging his patriarchal beard.

"That means you won't tell. Well, pull this out into the light, and give me the price."

And here would go another piece of invaluable rubbish for Bruce to render presentable. At last we come to the story.

It was a stormy day in December. Miss Foljambe had compelled herself to attend a wedding reception the previous evening, and felt herself entitled to a little extra recreation by way of reward. So putting on the shag coat and the heaviest of boots, topped by knickerbockers, she took her way down town, visited three families of strangers, each of whom she found ready to perish, and all of whom she left thanking God and their unknown benefactor, and then she looked in at Reubens's.

"Good-morning, lady. I vash hoping to see you this day," remarked the Jew, creeping out of his den like a wary old spider.

"Why, Mr. Reubens? Have you any thing new, or is it only something strangely overlooked in all my researches here?" asked Miss Foljambe, smiling.

"New! Ah, dear lady, there ish nothing new here. Like their master, they are all old, very old and worn."

"All the better. But what is it?"

"It ish a table that the good lady may like to shee—ah, the poor old bones—ah!"

But for all his groaning and panting the cunning old fellow continued to mount to the very garret almost as nimbly as Miss Foljambe could follow, and began to rummage among a heap of old carpets which she remembered lying in the same corner at her first visit. From beneath them, however, Reubens presently extricated a small table, and, lifting it with difficulty, set it before Miss Foljambe, and dusted it with the skirt of his ragged dressing-gown.

"Oh, the little beauty! What a love of a table!" exclaimed the young lady, going upon her knees to examine the feet. It was a card-table, covered with the traditional green baize, and carved in all the affluent absurdities of a century ago. The wood was ebony, and the inlaying sandal-wood. Around the edge a carved moulding quaintly represented drapery looped away from the sides where the players were to sit. The legs terminated in eagles' claws, clutching each a lamb, the heads of the unfortunate victims projecting between the talons.

"There never was any thing so lovely," repeated Miss Foljambe, after a scrutiny of half an hour. "What is the price, Mr. Reubens?"

"A mere trifle, lady; a trifle to you, at any rate, who are rich—as Jews are not," said the old Hebrew, naming a sum I am ashamed to repeat.

"That is absurd, Mr. Reubens," said Miss Foljambe, tranquilly. "Such a sum would make half a dozen families happy for a week."

"God of Abraham! and my own poor family are crying for bread," exclaimed Reubens, ready to roll in the dust. "But the good lady is my honored patron. We will say something less for the table—the handsome, rare, old table. Will she give me ten dollars less?"

"I will give you just half what you asked in the first place, and you know, as well as I, it is four times what any one else would give," said Miss Foljambe, positively. Reubens did know it; and, with many protestations of the sacrifice he was making, accepted the diminished price with sufficient eagerness, and promised that the table should arrive at home nearly as soon as Miss Foljambe herself.

The next morning that lady sent for Bruce, who, presenting himself without delay, was shown into presence of the table and Miss Foljambe.

Bruce was a manly-looking fellow of thirty years old or thereabouts, and his eccentric employer had more than once wished to suddenly petrify or bronzify him, as an addition to her collection, but had never mentioned the idea to him—a somewhat singular reticence considering that frankness *à l'outrance* was one of Miss Foljambe's most noted eccentricities.

Upon the present occasion she said:

"Mr. Bruce, you see this table. I want a new baize put upon the top, and the carvings cleansed and oiled. Some of the inlaid work is starting out, and this leg is splitting off."

"A good shake would send the whole thing in pieces," said Bruce, meditatively.

"Then don't shake it," replied Miss Foljambe, with some asperity. "Do whatever you can to strengthen it, but nothing to alter it."

Bruce nodded and pursed up his lips, as if he would like to whistle, as he stooped to take a reverse view of the frame of the table.

"I wish you to work here, if you please. I dare not trust it to be moved a great deal."

"It wouldn't be very safe before it is fixed, without I brought a boy to hold on to each leg all the way to the shop," said Bruce, gravely.

"Very well," briefly replied Miss Foljambe, quick at detecting any slight upon her new treasure.

"Have you your tools with you?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Bring them up, then, and go about it. I will send to your shop for some baize to re-cover the top. I suppose you have it."

"Yes, ma'am;" and Bruce, thrusting the blade of a thin knife beneath the old baize, began to tear it off. Miss Foljambe stopped him to give directions for the new cover, and went to send a man after it—persons with several fortunes at their command seldom liking to wait for what they wish to have.

When she came back the cover was off, and the top of the table also. Miss Foljambe screamed,

"Why, Bruce! Is it broken?"

"No, ma'am. I took off the top so as to get at the frame inside better. There's no harm done yet."

"I am glad of that." And Miss Foljambe seated herself to watch Bruce, who was minutely examining the top of the table, which he had placed across two chairs.

"There's a drawer," said he, presently, looking up with rather an excited face.

"A drawer? Where, pray?" asked Miss Foljambe, staring at the two boards hinged together into which the table-top was now resolved.

"In the thickness of the board. I don't see how to get it open, but I can see the end of it. I suppose there is a spring somewhere. Oh, here it is!"

And as Bruce pressed his finger upon the under side of the board a little click was heard, and he carefully drew out a small drawer, perhaps half an inch in depth, and six or seven inches in length and width.

"Just room to hide a few cards, and know where to get them again," said the cabinet-maker, with a shrewd smile.

"But those are not cards," said Miss Foljambe, extending her hand for the little packet Bruce was curiously turning over and over.

"No; they seem to be papers. Some one hid them, and now, most likely, the hider is hid underground." replied Bruce, examining the mechanism of the drawer, and paying very little attention to the papers, which Miss Foljambe was eagerly examining.

Presently she got up and left the room without a word. Bruce went on with his work very contentedly, for now he might whistle to his heart's content, and did so.

Winifred, meantime, went to shut herself up in a little den called her dressing-room, probably because she did every thing but dress there. At present she wished to consider, undisturbed and unwatched, the significance of her discovery.

The packet, tied with a faded bit of red tape—for even red tape decays with time—consisted of two papers, and a miniature upon ivory representing a very handsome young woman, rather in the Amazonian style; but the picture bore no name, date, or other inscription, and if it had a story could not tell it.

The papers consisted of a certificate of marriage between Jonas Bascombe and Fanny Bellows, dated two-and-thirty years back, and a Will carefully drawn and formally executed, by which Jonas Bascombe, in the same year, bequeathed his entire property of every descrip-

tion to Fanny his beloved wife, and after her to her children by him, or, failing issue to their marriage, to her unconditionally. This Will, duly signed and sealed, was witnessed by one Philip Waters and Betsey Andrews, neither of whom, to judge by their cramped and illegible autographs, were so much in the habit of penmanship as of handicraft.

Miss Foljambe read the whole of both these documents with the most precise attention, took another good look at the handsome young woman, who might or might not have been Fanny Bascombe *née* Bellows, and then laying them all upon her lap, leaned back in the old brocade easy-chair, put her foot upon the castellated fender—both relics of Reubens's—and applied herself to thought.

They must have been hidden from Fanny as well as from the rest of the world, for no woman would be so careless of her marriage certificate as to sell it in an old table without remembering it. And the Will? Miss Foljambe pursued and captured a floating idea that a Will to be good for any thing had to be proved, and after that was kept—somewhere, not in the secret drawer of a card-table, at any rate.

Yes, Jonas was clearly a crafty old fellow who chose to keep the reins in his own hands, and even while bequeathing his entire property to his handsome young wife concealed the instrument by which he did so, and very likely never informed her of its existence. The marriage certificate had been hidden also, as a choice rod in pickle, should Fanny prove unruly—perhaps even Jonas had denied the marriage, or at any rate kept it private. But if he had died without revealing his secret what then? How had Fanny managed to prove her marriage, and how had she secured her inheritance? Miss Foljambe wove romances innumerable, and imagined as many terminations to the whole affair as there were days in the year, but yet without coming within a hundred miles of the true one. At last she started up and clapped her hands together.

"I have it! Varens!" exclaimed she, and rushing to her secretary wrote a peremptory note summoning Varens to attend her at the earliest possible moment.

This proved to be late in the evening, and Varens himself proved to be a little, dry, withered old man, with eager gray eyes, thin lips, shutting upon each other like the lips of a steel trap, and more wrinkles upon his face than hairs upon his head.

Varens called himself a lawyer, but if he had made it police detective, unattached, he would have come nearer the mark. Miss Foljambe had employed him upon a former occasion to ferret out the whereabout of a missing husband, who, when found and brought home to his weeping and loving wife, revenged himself by knocking her down and kicking her; but then that was no fault either of Varens or Miss Foljambe, and only resulted in the latter's employing the former at a round price to get the disappointing husband shut up in the penitentiary for five years—a convenient device by which the wife was protected, and the husband retained within easy reach should she desire to visit him.

"Ah, good-evening, Mr. Varens!" exclaimed Miss Foljambe, as the lawyer entered her presence in the stealthy and apologetic manner peculiar to him. "You are the very person I most wish to see."

Varens rubbed his dry hands together, with a little crackling noise as if they had been covered with parchment, and smiled discreetly.

"A great many persons would be glad to have Miss Foljambe give them that assurance," said he.

"A great many persons are not as useful to me as you, Mr. Varens," replied the lady, briefly, and then proceeded at once to the business of the occasion, telling her story clearly and concisely, and finishing by laying the Will, the Certificate, and the picture before the lawyer.

He examined all with the utmost attention, paced a few times up and down the room, with the restless, feline motion of a cat suspecting the near vicinity of a mouse, then sat down again to say:

"It can be done, Miss Foljambe. There is very little doubt that it can be done; but how soon or how satisfactorily I can not yet say. Shall I take these proofs away with me? and will you be so good as to wait patiently until you hear from me before attempting any action on your own part?"

"You mean that I made a mess of it by advertising for Bunker, and nearly allowing him to escape before you could catch him?" said Miss Foljambe, coolly. "Well, I won't do so this time. Take your own way about it, only succeed."

To this injunction Mr. Varens only replied by a bow that might mean any thing, every thing, or nothing, and remarked that it was a very cold night.

Miss Foljambe rang the bell for refreshments, including some of a spirituous nature, and for the *chaperon*. She liked persons who did much and talked little, and treated her detective all the better that he made no promises.

Ten days passed away. Bruce had finished repairing the card-table; and Miss Foljambe was still vainly racking her mind for something to hide in the secret drawer—something which should startle and interest some future explorer as much as her discovery had her, when Mr. Varens wrote a vague little note to say that he should present himself at Miss Foljambe's that evening.

"Well!" exclaimed that young lady as the little dry old man entered her drawing-room. Mr. Varens's look of mild astonishment gently rebuked this impatience, and he replied:

"Very well, I thank you, Miss Foljambe. I hope you are well."

"I meant to inquire what have you to tell!" persisted Miss Foljambe, sturdily.

But not until his own time, and only in his own fashion, did Mr. Varens impart his intelligence. Then it was to this effect:

Jonas Bascombe, an eccentric old bachelor, reputed to be extremely wealthy, had, in the latter portion of his life, retired to a country house near the city where he had for many years carried on an immense and profitable business. Here he lived so retired a life that, had he chosen to indulge in the wildest or the most varied eccentricities, the probability was that no one outside his own house would have been the wiser; and as for those inside, whatever they knew they were very unlikely to impart, as, besides a natural taciturnity, amounting almost to want of speech, Philip Waters, the man-servant, was nearly stone-deaf; and Betsey Andrews, the cook and housekeeper, never stirred out of her own domains, or admitted any visitor therein.

Besides these, rumor and tradition spoke of a young woman variously known as the Chamber-maid, the Housekeeper, the Seamstress, or the Guest of the establishment. Whatever her position, it did not appear that she had been a constant resident in the house, but had visited it at intervals.

Matters stood in this position when, one fine day, the quiet and the privacy of this demure household were invaded by a guest who would not be denied admittance, and who in leaving carried with him all that was worth mentioning of Jonas Bascombe and Betsey Andrews, his handmaid. This fact was at last made known by Philip Waters, who, opening the door of the doctor's office in the village, thrust in his head and remarked:

"Bascombe's dead. Fit. Betsey's dead. Broke her neck tumbling down cellar. Yesterday."

Before the doctor, a slow and pompous man, could collect his ideas or his words, the grizzly apparition withdrew, and was seen no more, then or ever. Whether the crabbed old man feared to be questioned as to the catastrophe so briefly described, whether perhaps he dreaded to be accused as the agent of one or both of these mysterious deaths, or whether he had acquired possessions before or since his master's demise of somewhat doubtful title, no one ever discovered. All that could be said was that from the moment he closed the door of the doctor's office Philip Waters disappeared as wholly from the face of the earth as if, mole-like, he had burrowed beneath it.

Jonas Bascombe was laid in his grave, and hardly was decently composed there when two rival claimants appeared beside it, each demanding what the dead man had left behind.

The younger, prettier, and more demonstrative of these was Miss Fanny Bellows, or, as she declared herself entitled to be called, Mrs. Fanny Bascombe, lawful widow of the late Jonas, and mother of an interesting infant claiming that gentleman as his father. The other would-be heir was Mrs. Mehitable Foljambe.

"My grandmother!" exclaimed Miss Winifred Foljambe at this point.

"The same, and also half-sister of Jonas Bascombe," replied Mr. Varens, briefly, and then went on with his story.

Fanny Bellows, claiming to be Fanny Bascombe, averred not only that her marriage and the birth of her child was undeniably lawful, but also that her late husband had, at her earnest and oft-repeated request, drawn up a will bequeathing his whole property to herself and her possible heirs; that it had been witnessed by Mr. Bascombe's two servants; and that he had then taken possession of it, as well as of her marriage certificate, and had assured her that both would be forthcoming whenever they should be wanted.

To this statement and this claim, made with much unnecessary vehemence and angry menace upon the part of Mrs. or Miss Fanny, Mrs. Foljambe quietly replied through her lawyers, "Prove it;" and this was precisely what the unfortunate Fanny found herself unable to do, the marriage certificate, the will, and the witnesses thereto having all and sundry disappeared from the face of the earth.

So Mrs. Foljambe took possession of Jonas Bascombe's estates, sold the old house and the furniture, offered Fanny a very moderate sum as compensation for her losses in the lawsuit, and, when it was indignantly refused, quietly sent it as an offering to the Magdalen Fund, saying that perhaps that was as good a way to help the misguided girl as any other. After this Fanny disappeared, and Mrs. Foljambe, living out her respectable life, finally departed, leaving her fortune to her descendants.

Here Mr. Varens paused and looked at Winifred, who was gazing intently at him.

"Well," said she, "what is to be done?"

"That depends upon yourself, Miss Foljambe. The law gave this property to your grandmother. At her decease a portion came to you, afterward another through your aunt, another through your sister, and another through your cousin. In fact, this property has become identified with that of your family in such manner it would be impossible to separate it equitably."

"But yet none of it belongs to us. This marriage certificate and this will give it all to Jonas Bascombe's widow and children."

"If you choose to make the fact known," said the lawyer, quietly, as he tied up his papers.

Miss Foljambe looked him steadily in the face for a moment, then said:

"I was not bred to your profession, Mr. Varens, and do not understand what you can mean. My unprofessional conviction is, that the sooner this property is restored to its rightful proprietors the better, and I shall next employ you to find them out."

"I have already done so," said the lawyer, not in the least discomposed by his client's scorn.

"What! found these people?"

"This person. Yes."

"Explain, pray!" exclaimed Winifred, breathlessly.

"Mrs. Jonas Bascombe," began the lawyer, a little more deliberately than usual, "after losing her lawsuit, retired to a small cottage presented to her by Mr. Bascombe some time before their marriage. Here she lived quietly for a few years, and then died, leaving some debts and a little boy. The sale of the cottage paid the debts and apprenticed the boy to a cabinet-maker, who treated him well, and, in dying, left him a little property and his own name. The young man is now called David Bruce, and is, I believe, occasionally employed by yourself."

And Mr. Varens looked stealthily into his client's face, feeling that he could now afford to forgive the rebuke she had lately administered. Miss Foljambe met the look serenely.

"That is singular, is it not?" said she, quietly. "I believe I need not detain you any longer, Mr. Varens. Will you take any refreshment?"

"No, I thank you. Miss Foljambe, if I may be allowed to say it, you are an honor to the sex."

"Which?" asked Miss Foljambe, bowing him out of the room.

Five minutes later she was sending an imperative message for Bruce.

"Another old table, or a tumble-down sideboard, I suppose," said the young man, preparing to obey.

He was shown into the work-room as usual, and found Miss Foljambe awaiting him. She put the picture discovered in the secret drawer into his hand.

"Do you know that?" asked she.

David Bruce flushed scarlet, then turned white as death even to his lips.

"It is my mother," said he.

"You remember her, then?"

"I was ten years old when she died."

"See here, too," and Miss Foljambe handed him the marriage certificate. He read it, and sat suddenly down in the nearest chair.

"Thank God!" muttered he, covering his face with his trembling fingers.

"And see here," pursued the lady, holding out the will, and then snatching it back. "No, don't stop to read it; I will tell you. Your father left all his property to his wife, your mother, and after her to you. My grandmother, his half-sister, did not know that he was married, and so she claimed the property, and got it. In dying she left it to her children, and it has finally all come to me. I never knew until five minutes before I sent for you. You understand that clearly, I hope?"

"I knew that it was your grandmother who had the lawsuit with my mother, but I thought she was in the right," said Bruce, behind his hands.

"You knew, and still you could come and work for me, and receive your own money as wages!" exclaimed Miss Foljambe.

"I liked it, and I hoped you would never know," replied the young man.

"Liked it!" gasped Winifred. "Why should you?"

"Because it made me feel myself on an equality with you—at least it was a link between us—and it pleased me," said Bruce, looking her in the face at last, with eyes full of meaning.

"Man, what are you talking about?" inquired Miss Foljambe, impatiently.

"Shall I tell you?" asked Bruce, deliberately.

"Yes," said Winifred, looking at him steadily.

"Well then, Miss Foljambe, I have been in love with you for years. I never thought to tell it, and I never should but for this. Can you forgive me?"

Miss Foljambe considered the matter, and said,

"Yes, I can forgive you."

"But that is not enough. Can you—oh, Miss Foljambe! it is your own kindness that makes me so presumptuous—but can you, will you give me the faintest hope? Is it possible that you could ever endure to accept me as a husband?"

Again Miss Foljambe considered, and at last said, with a queer little smile,

"I have often thought if you were a bronze or a marble I would buy you at any cost."

"I am not to be bought; and if you were still rich and I poor I would not marry you even if you asked me," said David Bruce, proudly. "But now—"

"But now," interrupted Winifred, "you think to buy me. People—no, I do not care for people—*you* will think I marry you to save my fortune."

"When I cherish an unworthy thought of you, Miss Foljambe, it will be when I forget all the goodness, and the kindness, and the nobleness I have so long admired in you," said Bruce.

So it was all settled in the end, and, as Mr. Varens remarked, it was a very comfortable arrangement all round, for goodness only knew how the property could have been divided.

Mrs. Bascombe still loves rococo, and the other day Reubens sold her a wonderful inlaid cradle, said to be the very one in which Marie Antoinette rocked the unfortunate little Dauphin.

May the Bascombe Dauphin prove more fortunate, as indeed he is likely to with such a father and such a mother.

COTTON FOR DRESSES.

IN the statistics of mortality published by the United States in 1866, containing full particulars to and including the year 1860, we find these statements:

"Burns and scalds destroyed 2052 of both sexes in 1850, or 0.73 per cent. of all who died from known causes in that year. In 1860 they were fatal to 1797 males, and 2469 females—4266 of both sexes. The deaths of females from this cause exceeded those of the males 37 per cent. in number, and 53 per cent. in the ratio to total mortality. The female costume exposes them to dangers of fires from which males are comparatively free. Their cotton and linen dresses easily take fire, and this is not easily extinguished. Scalds are more among children who are in kitchens or other places where hot water is found.—Lightning destroyed 94 in 1850, and 191 in 1860; of the last, 133 cases were males and 58 were females."

When it is recollected that during a severe thunder-storm the fear of being struck with lightning is very general among women, so much so that many recline on feathers or some other bad-conducting or non-conducting substance, and that, on the contrary, they have no fears at any time of the cotton clothing in which they are enveloped, though constantly exposed to danger, it will appear from the facts collected in the census returns that their fears in the one case, and their sense of security in the other, are very much misplaced. The greater use since 1860 than before of oils capable of explosion from careless use, and perhaps of matches, will probably, in the statistics of mortality for 1870, show a considerable increase in the number burned.

When the dress, composed of cotton, catches fire, we are told by the Commissioner in charge of the census "that it is not easily extinguished." The material is very inflammable; so much so, that cotton purified forms "gun cotton," after immersion in nitric and sulphuric acid in equal parts, and after being washed and dried. The danger when the clothes take fire is very much increased from having any burning fluid scattered over them, such as occurs from the explosion of any vessel in which the fluid is contained.

In the latter part of January one of these accidents occurred at Chattanooga, Tennessee, an account of which we abridge from the Chattanooga *Union*. It was one of the most terrible of the immense number which annually occur:

"On Saturday night, about 11.30 o'clock, a fatal accident occurred at the house of Thomas Daily, Esq., which resulted in the death of two young ladies, Miss Daily and Miss Harrington. They had been spending the afternoon at Miss Daily's residence. They had gone out about 8 P.M. to Miss Harrington's house, about two hundred yards distant, returning about 11 o'clock. The fire in the sitting-room had apparently died out, and the weather being very cold, the ladies concluded to burn a little wood in the stove to warm themselves. The wood was procured and placed in the stove over the dead coals, and to make it burn better they concluded to pour some oil on the wood before it was lighted. Miss Daily went into the kitchen and came back with a large can of 'Aurora oil.' The can had no spout, the means of pouring it being a hole in the top of the can. She took the cork out of the can and held it over the top of the stove and commenced pouring the oil. Unfortunately the apparently dead coals were merely blackened on the surface. In a moment of time the stream of flame reached the can of oil, and the latter exploded, dashing the fiery liquid all over the room, enveloping the ladies in flames, and setting fire to the carpets, tapestry, and every thing in the room. The ladies, frightened and amazed, rushed into each other's arms, then broke away for safety. Miss Daily rushed into an adjoining bedroom, and threw herself on the bed in a vain attempt to put out the flames, but only succeeded in setting fire to the bed-clothes. She then rushed out again into the blazing room, was suffocated with the flames and smoke, and fell on the floor, from which she was rescued by the negro man attached to the house, who, alarmed by the explosion, had four successive times vainly attempted to enter the room, but was each time driven back by the smoke and fire. He finally succeeded in dashing in, and stumbling over the now insensible girl, raised her up, and in one desperate leap was out of the apartment. Miss Harrington, on breaking away from her companion, had blindly endeavored to escape from the room, and after several ineffectual attempts at madly groping for the door, had run out into the street all ablaze. A negro man, attracted to the scene by the noise, arrived at this moment, and succeeded in tearing the clothes from the poor girl. Miss Daily was immediately carried to the house of a neighbor, and Miss Harrington taken to her father's residence. But their fate was sealed; the dread inhalation of the flames had numbered their days. Between 6 and 7 o'clock their spirits passed from earth to their heavenly home. The fire in the house was extinguished with but little difficulty, excepting the many ineffectual attempts to enter the room. A dozen buckets of water thrown in from the door extinguished what little fire remained after the oil had burned itself out."

It is most probable that these unfortunate women were clothed in dresses made from the chief product of their section of country, and that the outer covering of the bed and the tapestry of the room were made from cotton. On referring to this matter in conversation, each of the three persons present related his experience of accidents from such fires. One stated that his sister, who wore a low-necked dress of cotton, was standing before a wood-fire, when a spark flew from the fire and fell inside of her dress. She did not know that it had lodged in the bosom of her dress until the heat was felt, when suddenly she was in flames, which extended to her throat and hair. Her mother with great presence of mind threw over her a bucket of water and extinguished the fire, but the marks of a severe burn are borne to this day. Another, having a match in his pocket, was, for the benefit of exercise, sawing wood, when, by means of the friction which his action occasioned, the match was ignited. A sulphurous smell announced to him that something was wrong, and presently an intense heat was felt about the ribs. The cotton lining of his pocket was on fire, which was communicated to another inner garment of cotton, and he threw off his clothing with a rapidity never, he thinks, equaled. The third stated that a maid, on a cold and windy morning, had moved the wash-basin to a chair on the hearth for the purpose of washing him, when suddenly, on the door being opened, her dress, which was all of cotton, was drawn into the fire,

and immediately she was in flames. She ran over the house, uttering the most piercing screams, when at last she fell exhausted, her clothes burned off, and her body so injured that she died in the greatest agony on the next day. These cases, which are stated by the most reliable gentlemen, show from what slight causes such accidents proceed. The number who by presence of mind save themselves from death is probably much more numerous than are the victims from such accidents.

The most frequent cases are those of children, who, unaware of the danger, expose themselves most fearlessly in cotton dresses to fire. But although we have long been in the habit of noticing these cases, we were not prepared, and we suppose that very few are prepared, to look without surprise on the vast number of deaths which occurred in 1860—less, probably, than the annual average since—of this sudden and heart-rending character.

The question arises, what is the remedy for this danger? We all know that woolen fabrics instead of blazing when set on fire only smoulder—that is, burn and smoke without flame or vent. Linen articles of clothing, not excepting those of the lightest make, do not burn with the violence of cotton, and constitute a pleasant article for wear, except next to the skin, and much more durable ones than cotton of like weight. It might, perhaps, be safer in the long-run to wear cotton rather than linen next to the skin, notwithstanding the great difference against cotton on the score of inflammability, inasmuch as the health of delicate persons might suffer constantly from linen thus worn; but all experience shows that with woolen worn next to the skin, linen over it is perfectly healthy and sufficiently safe on the score of fire.

The remedy, therefore, lies in the joint use in the manner indicated, of both wool and linen, to the exclusion of cotton as far as it can be done with convenience. The lower first price of cotton fabrics compared with that of linen constitutes a recommendation in favor of cotton that the bulk of mankind, living as it does from hand to mouth, can hardly overlook, although the greater strength and durability of linen makes it in the end cheaper for wear than cotton—the weight being equal—and hence also a corresponding advantage in favor of linen in the cost of making up an article for wear. But to people above necessity the use of linen and wool is highly recommended in the place of cotton alone, or what is better than the cotton, the combination of articles made from cotton with those made from wool.

We all know the inestimable advantage of wool for winter, both next to the skin and for outer garments. Its use contributes not only to warmth, but also to a uniform condition of the system and to health. In summer, also, no article of clothing can be more useful for undergarments than the well-known gauze fabrics which are knit or woven from wool. We need not give the names of the many slight, delicate, and elegant fabrics which are made for ladies' dresses, in warm weather, from this article, combined with some other substance. They equal in beauty those made from any other material, and have the precious advantage of being safe from fire, provided the under-clothing be of a proper character. They ought to be generally worn by ladies, and when made into garments care should be taken to select lining material equally free from capability to blaze; for it is from inhaling the blaze in the act of breathing that much of the danger consists, and this may be occasioned from a very slight article of clothing. Linen fabrics are made for the purpose of linings, and should be more generally used than they are. The fact that, when the dress catches fire, it so frequently terminates fatally to the wearer, is due to the universal use of cotton for under-clothing. The mode of wearing it, exposed to the air by means of an ample skirt, contributes to the rapidity with which combustion effects its dreadful work. When, in addition to this exposure, the outer dress is also of cotton—the material very light—a more certain means of destruction in case of catching fire could scarcely be devised; and yet such is the common habit.

We have not referred to silk because it is well known to be of such slow combustion when accompanied with other proper articles of dress as to be sufficiently safe; but it is on wool that most reliance can be placed, and it is commended more particularly to use, inasmuch as our country is capable of producing it in sufficient quantities for the consumption of the whole people, and the generality of its use would be the means of enabling our farmers to furnish in the mutton of the animal an article of food which has no superior for the million, and when well-chosen no superior for the epicure. Our manufactories are now mixing cotton and wool in a fabric, which is produced at a low rate, called domet flannel; and if urged to it by any sufficient demand would doubtless manufacture articles of a mixed character, containing wool alone—of the nature of the barége de laines so much in demand a few years ago—or cotton and wool, or linen and wool, or silk and wool, that would have the recommendation of entire safety; but we fear that, from the joint effects of cupidity in the manufacturer and indifference in the wearer, our habits will remain unchanged and these startling accidents will continue. Mothers, in the mean time, will huddle their children together on feather-beds during a grand storm, and create a fear that becomes hereditary as it is foolish, while they bestow no instruction and take no care with respect to a danger which is never absent; for a single spark may occasion it—this we learn from the case of a smoker at Winsted, whose cotton under-dress was set on fire from a spark which fell in his bosom from a cigar—and we shall go on with increased statements of mortality with each recurring census.

SWEET SALOME.

"WHITHER away?" asked Alston, strolling into M'Gregor's apartment, where he found that gentleman engaged in packing.

"I'm going down to Thorpe's; he sent an invitation last week."

"Down to Thorpe's? There's precious little shooting there, let me tell you."

"One can do otherwise than shoot, for variety. I am going down to marry Sweet Salome," he said, laughing, and tossing the end of his cigar into the grate, as if he thus dismissed all difficulties in the way of his will.

"Have a care! She has proved bitter-sweet to as brave as you."

"My name's M'Gregor!" with mock emphasis.

"But you're not on your native heath down there. Just remember young Latimer when she throws you over, and don't throw yourself into the mill-pond."

"Latimer was a fool."

"Don't decide till you have been ensnared."

"However, you know he didn't drown. The *idea* of a man in his sober senses becoming so intoxicated with love as that. Pshaw!"

"That was just it. He wasn't in his sober senses. But I must be off. Good luck to you both;" and M'Gregor returned to his packing; for Thorpe had written:

"DEAR MAC,—Come down and see us straightway. We are all alone but for one or two heavy guests and Sweet Salome, who scatters the susceptibles at such a fearful rate as to keep me in utter desolation. I shouldn't think of asking you, but I know that you are one of the invincibles, and therefore as secure as your considerate THORPE."

"One of the invincibles!" muttered M'Gregor. "I hope so—the burned child dreads the fire, they say. At least 'nothing venture, nothing have.' I dare say I shall be disappointed in her;" with which discouraging remark he proceeded to answer Thorpe's letter in person.

It was almost twilight when he reached the Lodge, where he found a part of the household on the piazza, enjoying the soft radiance of sunset fringing the violet heavens, into which, at breathing spaces, great stars stole and shone tremulously, as if just pluming their wings for further flight. They had taken tea *al fresco*, and one or two belated ones were yet lingering over their coffee and chocolate, as if the hour itself added a flavor. As M'Gregor passed on his way to the house the presiding genius lifted her eyes to his, casually.

"What a plain girl!" he commented. "I wonder Thorpe doesn't enliven his home with more brilliancy; but there's Sweet Salome, I suppose she is illumination enough for a county; I wonder which is she; imagined I should know her at first sight," and instinctively, by a sort of fascination, his eyes wandered back to the "plain girl" at the urn.

"Who is that stranger?" asked one of her companions.

"I haven't the most remote idea," she replied.

"Haven't? Why, he looked at you as though you constrained him to do so, and he was angry at it."

"Nonsense, Kitty, your tea has gone to your head; I merely glanced at him, and thought him a very ugly man."

"Yes; and you merely glanced at Victor, and extinguished him; at Jean, and he became a myth; at—"

"You give me credit for the Evil Eye."

"Only credit for eyes that seize their victim unaware. One looks, and thinks one is done with you; but it is surprising to find that the gaze always returns to you, willy-nilly."

"You must have been dabbling in hasheesh. Sha'n't I give you a cup of chocolate for an antidote?"

"Salome—Miss Tresham," broke in Thorpe at her elbow, "behold a new candidate for your cates and coffee—my friend, Mr. August M'Gregor."

"Mr. August M'Gregor, I shall be happy to serve you;" and M'Gregor felt on the instant that the voice belonged to a worker in charms.

"Thank you," he answered, "you will have ample opportunity;" then, after drinking his tea and giving Thorpe the last political items, he turned again to Salome.

"Miss Tresham," said he, "I have heard of you."

"Indeed? I am flattered."

"Why don't you ask *what* I have heard, then?"

"You have just told me. You have heard of me, myself."

"That's a quibble. You don't care, perhaps. However, I shall tell you: I have heard that you are—dangerous."

"It doesn't signify. At least, *you* are secure."

"I? In what way, pray?"

"Forewarned, forearmed."

"But supposing I refuse to take up arms, and cast myself on your mercy?"

"*La dame sans merci!*" put in Thorpe.

"I thought you were my champion, Thorpe," said Salome, reproachfully.

"So I am; but I was afraid M'Gregor had grown fool-hardy. You will agree, however, that it has grown dark and dewy. Shall we return to the parlors?"

Before entering they paused to listen to a rider, who, loitering along the highway that skirted the garden, gave voice to the night in strains of exquisite richness:

"In the dark and the dew
I am smiling back at you;
But you can not see the smile,
And you're thinking all the while
How I turn my face from you."

"Some one airing a fine tenor," interrupted Thorpe.

'In the dark, in the dew,
All my love goes out to you;

Flutters like a bird in pain,
Dies and comes to life again,
While you whisper, 'Sweetest, hark!
Some one's sighing in the dark—'
Never guessing 'tis for you,
In the dark, in the dew!"

"Do you hear the echo?" said Salome. "One would fancy there were two voices, one very faint and sweet, the other—there!"

"In the dark, in the dew,
All my heart cries out to you,
As I cast it at your feet,
Sweet, indeed, but not too sweet;
Wondering, will you hear it beat?
Beat for you and bleed for you,
In the dark and in the dew,"

proclaimed the singer, while the words swelled upon the breeze and died into a whisper.

"'A dark night's work,'" said Thorpe, laughing. "I think we will have lights directly to dispel this awful melancholy. What do you say, cousin mine?"

"I say," returned Salome, "that I like the dusk better, just broken as it is with what beams the hall flame pleases to throw our way. It provokes imagination. There are all manner of beautiful possibilities in this half-light."

"Oh, Salome! do you want me to imagine 'that you have a Roman nose, and your cheeks are like the rose?' or do you wish to persuade Miss Kitty here that M'Gregor is a highwayman, with his eyes on my strong-box?"

"Salome is not Mr. Thorpe's strong-box, is she?" asked Miss Kitty, demurely.

"Who knows?" said M'Gregor. "There's another beautiful possibility that hasn't occurred to Thorpe."

Just then the moon, which had been growing a ghostly vision in the darkened sky, looked in and transfigured Salome in a sudden splendor. It was no longer the dull, dark girl M'Gregor had seen in the garden, but a glimpse of eyes that gave new meaning to the whole face, and drew the gaze, as if for an instant one had opened a window in a fair and clear soul. So it seemed to M'Gregor; but perhaps he was dazzled.

"Shall I drop the curtain?" said he.

"Thank you, no; we Treshams have a leaning toward the goddess. There's a rune in our family which declares:

'In the light of the moon
Tresham comes to his own.'

Very doubtful rhyme, but very comfortable measure."

"It only means, Salome, that sooner or later they are all moon-struck," laughed Thorpe.

"A pleasant prospect. May I ask if you have survived it?"

"My Tresham blood is so much diluted, you know, that it is hardly likely to have been a serious case."

"You acknowledge somewhat. Mr. M'Gregor," she said, "won't you change the subject? Tell me about the glaciers, and the Alps, and the little Cerise whose life you saved at Boulogne."

"What do you know about the little Cerise?" he asked, coming to take his seat beside her in the white moonlight.

"Nothing; absolutely nothing. I wish to learn. Was she bright? Was she handsome? Was she captivating? Was she grateful?"

"Shall I answer alphabetically? She was like glancing water; she captivated an Austrian count. Handsome? I don't know *your* ideas of beauty; but as for me, I have seen but one woman whose face outshone hers!"

"But you did not answer me: was she grateful—*cette charmante* Cerise?"

"What do you mean by that word, Miss Tresham? It hardly applies to the case. Is the fly which I rescue from the spider's toils grateful? He smooths his wrinkled front, adjusts his corselet, and betakes himself to life and enjoyment without so much as looking over his shoulder at me. Very well; if I have given him a new lease of life, is it not gratitude enough that he bends himself to use it, to make the most of it, from his point of view?"

"But we were not speaking of soulless existences."

"True; but my simile holds good all the same. I only meant to convince you that I was merely the instrument of preservation—not the preserver; that to be grateful was to enjoy."

In the mean while Salome perceived that he had entirely waived the question, and had been trying to convince himself as well as her.

"You will allow, at least, that it was a highly romantic story," she continued. "Thorpe gave me the headings. I wonder that you didn't fall in love with her yourself, Mr. M'Gregor."

"Perhaps I did. Perhaps I resemble that man in our town who jumped into the brier-bush and scratched out both his eyes, and am in great danger of following the sequel:

'When he found his eyes were out,
With all his might and main,
He jumped into another bush
And scratched them in again.'

You see, Mother Goose was a far-sighted old lady; she very well understood that the sons of earth are always getting entangled."

"It seems to me that you are returning to the old theme," broke in Thorpe, who had overheard the last; "and a fine compliment you are paying the sex—comparing them to a bramble-bush!"

"Know that I am comparing the situation, not the sex, thus, before you break a lance in their behalf."

"Don't be alarmed; Thorpe has nothing but a heart to break in the cause; lances are old style," said Salome; and at that moment lights and ices were introduced. "An equalization of bounty," Kitty remarked, but which gave Salome an opportunity for retiring to finish the novel she had left in the midst of a chapter purporting to explain "Why he didn't propose," a state of affairs with which she was quite unfamiliar.

Before M'Gregor had been in the house a

week he could not refuse to confess that Sweet Salome had justified herself in the matter of adjectives. In what the charm consisted he would have been at a loss to define, but that it did in fact exist, and was not some mere conjuration of the fancy, was daily becoming more and more a matter of personal experience to him. Beauty, according to the letter of the law, had nothing to do with the impression she created, for in truth, in her actual presence, one paid her the high compliment of forgetting that she lacked any thing; of being sensible only to an influence that transcended mere symmetry of form and feature, an influence that was magnetic in its effect and mysterious as to its cause. M'Gregor found himself somewhat displeased at this result, however; he was of the persuasion that he came down to Thorpe Lodge to conquer and to be conquered; but perhaps he had not been quite honest with himself, and had intended simply to conquer; whereas it was not so very plain but that the tables were being turned.

"Strange," said he, "that she should hit on that Cerise *vs.* M'Gregor affair by way of a greeting. I wonder how much Thorpe knows about it; not much I fancy. On the whole, I ought to congratulate myself at my coolness under fire, which, doubtless, did credit to all concerned, and fairly routed my sweet tormentor."

He needn't have troubled himself; Cerise had been summarily dismissed from the mind of Salome, and unless some future mention should revive the romance concerning Mademoiselle it was possible that the thought of her might never again occur to one who had her hands already too full in attending to her own affairs, in transforming lovers into friends by virtue of her fairy prerogative.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said Thorpe at the breakfast-table one morning, "I don't know how you are going to dispose of yourselves this glorious day; as for me, I am obliged to take a run into the next county on business purposes. What do each of *you* propose?"

"I'm going to catch trout to feed the fair," said Hildreth; "and Kitty—"

"Is going to write to her guardian," concluded that damsel.

"On the question of finances, of course," said Thorpe. "What is your design, Salome?"

"My design? I thought I would perhaps try to look up the Indians who are illustrating squatter sovereignty somewhere in the neighborhood."

"Do *you* want some wampum too?" asked M'Gregor.

"I want a basket braided in an intricate fashion of hedge-work, and lined with more pockets than you ever saw."

"Pickpockets included?" said he, returning a memorandum she had dropped in taking out her handkerchief, and on which he was unable to forbear reading a schedule of her day's employment, and playing the commentator something in this wise: "'*Mem.* To find the Indians.'—'Let me go, let me go to my wild forest home.' 'To finish my butterfly.'—'I'd be a butterfly.' 'To mend my honiton.'—'Never too late to mend.' 'To give Jean his *quietus*.'—'I give it up!'"

"And high time too," said Salome.

"Do you intend to accomplish all that to-day?"

"Doubtless; that, and more besides, if nothing prevents."

"Appalling! In that case it is possible that Jean may not be alone in the receipt of a *quietus*."

"I don't suppose any other is likely to need it."

"Jean has a vertigo, I presume. Well, we must all take care of ourselves. If the wind turns east you will not follow the trail, I take it?"

"Indeed I shall. I have promised the basket to a little creature who is anxious to prove that the Indians make it, and it does not, in fact, grow in the shops."

"And may I aspire to bear witness to that effect?"

"It wouldn't be worth while, Mr. M'Gregor. Besides, I heard you say you must call at the Mallorys'."

"Thank you for reminding me," he said, coldly, opening the door for her to pass.

After mending her laces, putting the finishing touches, in the shape of a pair of long and feathered antennæ, to a butterfly in worsted, designed for a pen-wiper, giving Jean his *quietus*, for the third time, with the stroke of her pen—after completing these trifles she took down her hat and proceeded in search of the basket-makers. In the garden she passed M'Gregor idly smoking and pacing back and forth.

"And you found the Mallorys—" she began.

"I have no need to trouble the Mallorys, Miss Tresham," he returned, a little haughtily, "I am better employed."

"'My mind to me a kingdom is?'" she quoted, in passing on her way. He did not so much as glance after her, he went on with his walk and his cigar, thinking his thoughts and calling himself a hundred times a fool; but always returning fondly to the smile, a day old, which had been given to him alone, to the gracious word that had fallen to his share, returning and lingering over these delicious instants in spite of himself, with a dreamy sense of their insufficiency, with longing for unlimited *Da Capos*.

Meanwhile Salome had left him and his moods far behind in traversing green meadows, crazy bridges, and perilous stiles; watching a viper flash like a jewel in the cranny of some old wall, casting the light from its sides in a thousand atoms of color; pausing to observe the slope of the distant hills, with blue mists circling forever about their crests, the dip of the lowlands, a mass of shifting hues braided in with the silver strands of all its sighing streams

and murmuring waterfalls, that lost themselves at length in the shadow of solemn woods. It was somewhere in these woods that the "swarthy servitors" had made themselves at home; and from time to time she came upon some spot where they had gathered their basket-wood, where they had cooked the day's meal or abandoned a broken arrow for the benefit of future archæologists perhaps; but of themselves, in blanket, and bead-work, and glittering breast-plate, sitting like Hiawatha in the doorway of their tents, with the smoke curling in fantastic ribbons above them—of this tableau, for which she had prepared herself, there was absolutely nothing to be seen. But still she pursued her way, careless of the waning daylight, of the good-nights the birds were already piping to each other from twig to twig on every hand, as if each leaf had found voice, intent only on her own thoughts and perplexities.

The sun had long since reddened in the west, had suspended the gilt serpent that followed the wind from Thorpe's tower in a sea of molten color, had smitten all the western windows into sudden jewels, and played a thousand pranks in the silver tea-service. But all this was at an end; twilight now held the vantage-ground, and had turned out a whole corps of bats and moths and fire-flies, to wander at their own sweet wills through garden alley and dewy lawn. Tea had been some time over; that is, Kitty and Hildreth had partaken of that genial beverage, Kitty drawing the tea for Hildreth, and he accepting it from her pretty hands and thinking of the time when it should be always thus; each inwardly congratulating themselves on propitious fate, which left them half an hour by themselves, altogether ignoring the fact that an entire day had been devoted to such blisses. But every thing has an end, to be sure: Kitty was just thinking as much when Thorpe looked in at the door.

"Just home," said he; "dusty as a drayman. Where's Salome?"

"Salome!" they both cried. "Indeed, I don't know, Mr. Thorpe. I'm afraid something has happened to her." They had managed to preserve extraordinary calmness under the overwhelming conviction, however.

"I heard M'Gregor inquiring for her some time ago," said Hildreth, "and as he has not appeared since, I think he must have some clew."

"Then it's all right," said Thorpe.

M'Gregor had hung about the gardens for three long hours, sketching the view from the southern exposure quite indifferently, composing five lines of a sonnet very badly, growing angry with himself and all concerned, concluding to make his good-bys at next sunrise, and directly reconsidering, framing numerous and weighty resolutions, and after all was said and done—or rather, neither said nor done—looking over his shoulder and longing for Salome, for whom his companionship had not been "worth while." Then he went to his room and undertook to finish a letter, but falling asleep in his arm-chair instead, dreamed that he saw Salome crushed by a glacier, to which Cerise gave impulse and direction, and woke with a start and tremor to find the room dark and the house silent. To make one bound down stairs and ring up a servant was the work of an instant.

"Has Miss Tresham come in?" he asked.

After all, supposing she had, wouldn't she think him wanting in proper spirit, after the morning's rebuff? No matter.

"No," the maid said. "Miss Tresham had not come in. Miss Tresham had left word they were not to be alarmed about her, she should probably take tea at Mrs. Mallory's."

So. If he had taken her suggestion and acted upon it, instead of being provoked thereat! Did one ever see straight with the sun in his eyes? Perhaps she had intended to make amends for her ungraciousness of the morning. But was it "*worth while*" to be so easily conciliated? Yet how could he help it? There was the walk home through wet and fragrant lanes, with the little arm resting in his, the little hand—perhaps—who could tell? Well, it were as wise not to dream too much. At least, it would be merely civil to step over and see if she were safe. Consequently he stepped over, a matter of a country mile or more, and found that she was not there—had not been there. Not there! He thought no longer whether or no it were worth while, he thought only of her, lost in the dismal woods, assailed by fear, fainting and footsore. All his anger had vanished, if indeed it had been any thing but a mockery at the worst; his only impulse was to give the alarm, and go in search with torch and lantern. If she were lost—if any thing had happened to her! He did not stay to define his fears; he went with the stride of a centaur, you might have said, calling her name till all the leafy spaces echoed and re-echoed it, and blended it into a deep and sonorous harmony; starting the birds from sweet dreams of sunrise, shaking the dew in showers from brake and bough, treading out perfume, and scattering a plume of sparks from his flambeau as he swept along. He cared for none of these, nor for the beauty of the night, for Orion, who as eager as himself seemed breaking through the tangled growth above; he cared only for *her*—only to save and hold her one blessed instant, if no longer through all the years of earth. But no answer came to his wild appealing; nothing but the wind whispered through the lonely night, and sped past him like some disembodied spirit, nothing but the scented dew dropping like slow tears between the leaves.

He had pursued his search for some hours, when, returning again to his starting-point, he there encountered one of Thorpe's men come to meet him.

"Miss Tresham is safe at home, Sir," said he. M'Gregor drew a long breath of relief; but after all he would like to have been the one to find her; he was already envious of the lucky wight.

"Thank you, Oakes," he returned; "you were very good to come and let me know."

"Faith, Sir," said the man, in utter simplicity, "I knew you'd be after spending the night here all for naught;" and after that they went on in silence.

Salome, waiting in the window-seat, saw M'Gregor come up the garden-walk and quench his torch at the fountain, but not till it had showed her his face, white and still and pain-stricken. She left the window and went out to meet him.

"You have no idea what a picture you made, coming up under the lindens with that swinging torch," she said; "you looked like the Knight of the Rueful Countenance."

"And no wonder," he answered, holding her hand as if he never meant to let it go; then, bending nearer till his lips almost touched her cheek, "If I were indeed he of the Rueful Countenance, would you be more compassionate, Salome?" he whispered.

"How can I tell?" she answered, laughing and withdrawing her hand; "the probability is too remote for consideration. Come," moving away, "after your tramp you want your tea. I have been waiting for you."

They went into the dining-room and sat down together under the flaring chandelier. Kitty and Hildreth had long since vacated for more sequestered haunts. "The dear old dining-hall at Thorpe Lodge," Kitty used to say years after, when she was happy Mrs. Hildreth without a care in the world, "how many love-makings it has witnessed!"

So there was only the Tresham ancestors leaning out of their heavy frames, in wide Elizabethan ruffs, to catch whatever tender words and glances might pass between the two.

"Now tell me how you came here," said M'Gregor, taking the offered cup.

"By a very natural process. When I found that my basket-makers had 'folded their tents like the Arabs,' I 'as silently stole away;' but coming round by the mill, I met old Guinness, and nothing would do but I must listen to all the ins and outs of a lawsuit about the mill-privilege, of which I understood just nothing."

"My heart was in my mouth when I found you had not been at Mrs. Mallory's."

"A comfortable place for a gentleman to carry his heart."

"As well there as on his sleeve. Salome—"

"You have called me Salome once before to-night. If I were not too tired I should give you a piece of my mind."

"I should like a piece of any thing that belongs to you; but it would be only a sop to Cerberus. I should surely ask for something else."

"Well," drawing a long breath, "I ought to be very grateful to you."

"I'm glad you think so."

"Oh, that's not at all the way to do; you should put in a disclaimer."

"Not I. Your gratitude, little as I deserve it, is much too precious."

"Little as you deserve it! I like that. It sounds modest. You don't eat any thing: let me ring for the hot waffles; you certainly deserve some supper."

"I am well served, thank you."

"And will have nothing more at my hands?"

"I didn't say *that*, remember. By-the-way, Jean has not had his *quietus* yet?"

"What is that to you?"

"A great deal, perhaps. I am anxious to have it well out of the house; I confess to standing a little in awe of any thing so mysterious. How do I know but it's some infernal machine?"

"Oh, well, if you suspect me of such atrocities, how do you know but I have drugged your coffee?"

"I haven't a doubt of it. I feel myself already in your power, your victim. It was some Arabian potion, was it not, that made one believe himself in Paradise?" He had left his seat and was standing just beside her now, with one hand resting on her chair.

"I am going away to-morrow," he said, in a different key.

"Away!" with a start she would have given something to suppress.

"Yes. Do you care?"

"We shall miss you exceedingly." She was beginning already to feel *how* much.

"I hope so. You have a happy way of evading questions, I see."

"But you will be back again?"

"Shortly. In the mean while, if I were to write you a letter I wonder would you burn it or read it?"

"I think—I should read it."

"Good-night, then;" and he bent to her hand, while she stood looking up at him, till their eyes met in one long, sweet glance. What beautiful apparition did he see in those luminous depths that sent him away with a fond smile on his lips and a thrill at his heart?

He was absent an entire week, and Salome had the chance of realizing for the first time how long a week may be, in spite of three delightful letters that woke all the slumbering pulses of her heart, but to which she replied not a word. Why? He had not asked her, forsooth; he had only asked, Would she burn those he might choose to write? Burn them! She would quite as soon put her own hand to the flame; they were a part of him, the picture of his thoughts, the vital expression of his being.

It was a sad cross that the very day he had fixed for his return she must attend a dinner-party at the house of a friend some miles away. It seemed to her, in the first place, that the dinner would never have a beginning, and secondly, that it would never have an end; and then, was the way home ever so long before? With Kitty and Hildreth cooing in one corner of the coach, and wishing it would creep on forever. But vexation was all forgotten when, spurring up the drive, she could plainly descry M'Gregor and Thorpe sitting on the piazza, enveloped in

a drifting cloud of incense like two Norse gods.

M'Gregor threw his cigar away as they drew up, and came down to meet her.

"Salome," said he, lifting her from the carriage, "I have lived a whole week without a word from your lips."

"It was not the first experiment of the kind, I fancy," she answered, lightly. "If I'm not mistaken, you lived and throve some thirty years or more without it."

"True. But what a miserable existence! Did you receive my letters?" looking into her eyes.

"Yes," the color mounting.

"Did you devote them to the flames?"

"And what if I did?"

"It was very proper, no doubt; they held 'words that burn,' did they not?"

"I'm sure I don't know, Mr. M'Gregor. Won't you tell me what you've been seeing and enjoying?"

"I've been constantly seeing this moment, in my mind's eye, and enjoying the prospect."

"It's impossible for you to talk reasonably, I believe. If you aren't going to be entertaining I shall say good-night."

They had reached the foot of the staircase in their talk, and stood there delaying in the dimly-lighted hall, as if something were yet to be uttered.

"Won't you say good-night to me?" asked Salome, giving him her hand. "Those people were so tiresome that I'm already half asleep."

"This is my good-night," said he, and before she could have spoken he had stooped and left a kiss on her lips. For an instant the spirit of the Treshams stirred angrily within her; then she turned and went up to her room, sobbing beneath her breath, "If he loved me he would never have stolen what I would not give;" but in her dreams that long, lingering touch still burned upon her lips and made the heart beat double measure.

The next morning she did not go down to breakfast at the usual hour, for, as much as the kiss was sweet—which fact conscience would not allow her to evade—so much she meant to deny herself the equal sweetness of his presence; besides, she argued, it was well to show disapproval of his conduct. But all this was to no purpose; M'Gregor waylaid her the moment her foot was on the stair; and whether it was owing to his sudden appearance, or to a treacherous carpet-rod, she tripped, and would have fallen headlong but that he put out an arm and saved her.

"When the heavens fall we catch larks," said he. "You were offended with me last night?" he questioned, still holding her fast. "I confess that I did wrongly—may perhaps be tempted again—will you forgive me?" With his strong arm detaining her, his daring eyes devouring her, his lips only separated from hers by ever so little, it was possible that he *might* be tempted again.

"If you will let me go, Mr. M'Gregor," refusing to meet his glance.

"Go where? Is not this your place, Salome? Philosophers have said in vain that whatever we love is ours, if you are not mine. Salome, dear child, do not turn your face away. *I love you!*"

Her eyes were drawn to his now, those beautiful clear orbs, swimming in a lustre half way between smiles and tears, as if such happiness were too big for belief, too dear for doubt; then the lids dropped under a rain of tender kisses, and Sweet Salome was indeed won.

What swift, delightful days were those that followed, whether they walked abroad in the holiday fields, or mounted horse and rode to catch the odor of pine woods; whether they sang or kept a sacred silence. To Salome these few weeks were the poem of the year, and had she died on that last day she might have deemed it only the sublimation of an existence that had already exhausted earth and its pleasures. It was a fresh page she had opened at, by chance as it seemed, a page illuminated as no monk ever dreamed in spite of scourge and fasting through which his brain might soar to dazzling heights of fantasy. She had had lovers before, it is true, had speculated and spoken upon the marvelous influence, but never before for her had love "filled all the stops of life with tuneful breath."

In the mean time, if it was a sensation less novel to M'Gregor, it was none the less absorbing, none the less strong and enduring. To-day they loved and enjoyed to the uttermost; to-morrow might come storms, or clouds, or disaffection, but to-day was their own, with all its bright entanglements.

They were sitting together one morning as usual, Salome crocheting some delicate mystery in brilliant wool, while M'Gregor read from the last new poem, when the letters from the mail were brought in.

"I must run up to town at once," said M'Gregor, hastily scanning a business scrawl.

"And Aunt Parry," returned Salome, "has sent for me; she has a foreign minister in tow, 'whom I shall find it to my advantage to know.'"

"We have *parried* that stroke," said M'Gregor.

"Yes. But I shall humor her to the point of making a flying visit there while you are off. In the mean time I shall say nothing of other views I entertain concerning the disposal of my precious self, and it will be exceedingly amusing to watch her manœuvres."

"It may be fun to you, but death to me."

Salome made no reply. She had torn open another envelope, and was growing by turns hot and cold over a paragraph contained therein. It was only a word or so that followed in the current of gossip, a straw as it were, it may be giving signs of a tornado:

"I hear that Thorpe is entertaining the fascinating August M'Gregor, who, by-the-way, was so kind as to

inform Colonel Alston that he meant to marry *you! Prenez garde.* Don't be caught in such a snare."

"He was so sure as that," she thought, still keeping silence; "so very sure."

"What disturbs you, Salome?" asked M'Gregor, who had been regarding her. "There is something in that letter about me, is there not?"

"I ought to congratulate you on the success of your plans," she said, meeting his eye as coldly as it was possible for her to do; "but the old proverb warns us that there's many a slip between the cup and the lip," and she gave him the letter.

"Colonel Alston," he replied. "Pshaw! You don't let such trifles annoy you, Salome, dear? I dare say I may have made some such remark on the impulse. Ay, I recollect now that he was so good as to warn me; friends are so officious, love," coming to kiss her forehead and burning cheek. "If I meant to marry you, it could have been only that I meant to love you. You wanted me to love you without meaning it, in defiance of an opposite resolve—wasn't that it?"

"Perhaps so. I see it was nothing," she returned, smiling graciously. "After all one knows what one can and can not do;" and thus the subject dropped, and next night they were miles apart.

"A month without you, love," he had said in parting; "but what if it were to be a lifetime! What if I should die, or you should change?" But she only hid her tears, shuddering at the thought, without words for replying.

It was a ride to gladden a sadder heart than that of Salome—a ride through country just touched with the beauty of the declining year, where the ripened leaves fluttered like a rain of gold and scarlet wings through all the silent air, and the afternoon sunshine lay in solid drifts along the furrows of brown fields, tangling itself among wild vines and ragged mosses, and dusting the nodding ashberries and sumach plumes; and when she reached her destination in the chill twilight there was something genial in the bright wood-fire, with all its ruby and violet flames, flickering and falling only to soar again and vanish in a whirl of smoke into the lonely night outside; something cheerful to find Aunt Parry in her silver silks and jewels sitting before it in light *tête-à-tête* with her foreign minister. The Baron proved to be an amiable elderly gentleman, full of romance and sentimentality, who took a sudden and fatherly interest in Salome, which Aunt Parry interpreted quite otherwise; but as he had lived for many years a bachelor, and indulged in the further consolation of taking snuff, from an exquisitely jeweled box, Salome felt no compunctions, and it was out of pure good-nature that she flattered Aunt Parry's ambitious heart by going out with him wherever he wished to go, whether at reception or opera—it mattered little to herself, so long as she was separated from M'Gregor, whether her companion were a garrulous baron or a quiet blockhead.

Thus it happened that she found herself at the opera one night listening to the fluting of some Prima Donna. "A pretty little bird," said the Baron, between the parts—who spoke excellent English—while Salome fluttered her rose-leaf fan dreaming of M'Gregor, and the violins' appealing *adagio* swept into passionate ecstasy and rose in tense *staccato* far above the clavier of the other instruments, till the dancing-girls of the frescoed ceiling seemed to swim indolently on this billow of harmony. When the sweet tumult had given place to silence the Baron was still found to be speaking; Salome did not know how long he had been thus employed, but she now caught the words:

"She was a perfect humming-bird, a 'Will-o'-the-wisp.'"

"I beg your pardon," said Salome, then; "the music was so exacting that I lost the thread of your remarks. Of whom were you speaking?"

"Our Prima Donna. She recalls to me a little French girl, Cerise, who broke the heart of her good American husband."

"Cerise! Her husband!" faltered Salome, dropping the look of merely civil interest, and blanching at the lips. "Cerise!"

"Yes, Cerise. You never heard the name perhaps, my dear child; but it suited her," he was so good as to explain; "she looked like a cherry; she was such a little atom of beauty, without much soul, or perhaps, to carry out the comparison, she had a stone at the core. Quite a romance, quite a romance—I'll tell you about it; but first turn your lorgnette to the right and tell me who is in the box opposite, your eyes are younger than mine."

"I do not see any one, Baron Lanstadt."

"No matter, no matter; perhaps he has withdrawn. It was a trifling coincidence merely, a—what is it you call it?—an hallucination. It was because I had the story in my mind, perhaps, that the face presented itself to me in the flesh, as it were. Do you know, Mademoiselle, I am such a dotard that because I spoke of Cerise I must needs see her husband, poor fellow, in the opposite box. She has not lost all influence over him yet, if her mere name can conjure him," added the Baron, who was the least bit superstitious, withal.

Salome trembled, and drew her cape about her shoulders. It seemed to her that something troubled the lights, that some great pain was falling like a cloud about her, fold upon fold, shutting out the sweet words, the beaming faces, enveloping her in blackest ruin.

"The story," she said, as the Baron paused—"the story; I am listening."

"Oh yes—the story. I was looking at the haunted box again; I thought I saw the appearance. I knew his face well at Boulogne, though I never exchanged a syllable with him. Hers too; no one could help observing such a lovely sprite, even among a crowd of pretty grisettes."

"How did you come to know about the story?" she found voice to ask. After all, she was disturbing herself for naught, perhaps. It had probably nothing whatever to do with her interests.

"How? Oh, my dear, it was in every body's mouth, the ingratitude was so—so *de*testable. Listen then. This Cerise, it appears, was a beggar in the streets of Boulogne, living on crusts in squalor. All day long she entreated from door to door, sometimes singing for a mouthful, and at night-time she crept into some heap of straw and slept the sleep of the innocent. But one morning, in the damp season, she awoke with sharp pain, her tongue was parched, her face on fire, her limbs cramped and useless. She had not tasted of food for the twenty-four hours, and a pestilent fever had seized her. So she lay in her den till night came on, when she drew herself out on her hands and knees, and begged for pity of the passers. There were thousands, you know, some of whom paid her no heed, while others threatened her with the police; only one man, quite young, who was at that time at Boulogne in charge of the French branch of an American mercantile house—this young man paused and questioned her, took her home with him in his carriage, sent for doctors and nurses, and never left her himself through all the dangers of her disease. Then when health returned he hid her in a convent, where she blossomed into this beautiful piece of witchcraft, which made to him the agreeable return of stealing his heart. After that they were married, it seems, and lived happily till a dashing Austrian count crossed her path—"

"An Austrian count!"

"Yes; an Austrian count—a bold, bad fellow—handsome as Lucifer, and about as wicked. And there the trouble was. Her husband forbade her to see him; but she was *entêté*, the fire-fly; met him by moonlight, by sunlight, by gas-light; and the old story—one morning she was at home with her husband, the next she was off with the Austrian count. *Parblieu!* Is it not that one is best single?"

"And her—the other gentleman? You did not catch his name?"

"Yes, yes; I have of the ambition to remember names"—with one finger at his ear as if listening for it. "Patience, Mademoiselle, it is coming. Ha! your good Walter Scott had one hero—M'Gregor! August M'Gregor! See, the curtain rises; behold Cerise *en fantôme!*"

Salome made no sound or disturbance, only an unquiet lover, watching from an opposite box, saw her face suddenly grow old, as if the wear and tear of a dozen years had fallen on her at one swing of the pendulum. Then she sat back in her place, covering her face with her fan, and saw and heard and thought absolutely nothing. The solid earth had opened beneath her feet. How or when the opera came to an end she never knew. She only knew that she was at home at last, where, if nothing else of comfort, there was at least quiet, since Aunt Parry slept in peace, under the agreeable conviction that, before long, she should be able to speak of "my niece, the Baroness."

Once in her room Salome turned up the gas and, opening a private drawer of her desk, took out a package of much-read letters—those letters, how dear they were to her, how important to her happiness; but yet she must part with every one! Was it not a hard fate thus to be suddenly bereft of what made life a dream, a revel? If they had never come to her she might perhaps have enjoyed existence with only a passing hint of its incompleteness; but now that they had been once her own, she felt as if it was like parting with some sweet superior sense which had put her *en rapport* with the delights of being, because, forsooth, by this act she renounced both the love and the lover. She unfastened the ribbon that tied the precious bundle, and read each separate letter as if for the first time; for, indeed, they were always new to her; she was continually discovering fresh sentiments and ideas therein, as the astronomers are constantly discovering new planets in the heavens; but just now she hung over each word in anguish, as if she would commit the whole to memory, the very shape of the letters, the punctuations, whatever his hand had wrought or his thought enriched. How tender they had seemed to her, how she had waited and watched for them, how they had fired her brain and drawn the tears from her eyes—and now to be given up! One can not cease to love in an hour; and this, be it remembered, was Salome's first passion, stronger a thousand times than if she had dissipated herself among a host of trivial affections; and it was with a feeling that she had been utterly stripped of all fortune and favor, of all the bloom of youth and hope, with which she put her name to the letter that promised to be the last she should ever have occasion to write to him, and prepared the package for the morning's mail; then she went to her pillow and slept soundly, for often after great effort of mind or body, of whatever painful character, sleep descends like an inspiration and wraps the patient in delicious calm; if it were not so, if a little oblivion did not intervene, who could endure the first keen throb of reawakening?

When Salome opened her eyes and met the early sunlight looking in upon her like the smile of some eternal and inalienable friend, it seemed to her that she never had had any other, that she must have been dreaming away all those happy summer days in imagining that one soul was more *élite* than another.

"Mercy!" cried Aunt Parry, when she opened the door of the breakfast-room; "what's the matter, Salome? You look as old as I do this very minute! It won't answer, you're losing your bloom through these late hours; we must turn over a new leaf. By-the-way," as an after-

thought seized her, "the Baron didn't propose, did he?"

"You think such a finale would give me a shock?" said Salome. "No, thank goodness, the Baron didn't propose. I want no more such annoyances!"

"If—I *ever*—heard a creature—in her senses talk so indiscreetly! When I was young—ahem!—that is, before I married—every offer counted one."

"Increasing from right to left in tenfold proportion? You know I was never good at figures."

"Except the German. What are you going to do with yourself to-day?"

"Any letters to go to mail, Madame?" said Jonas, looking in.

"Yes, Jonas," said Salome; "you will find a —one on the hall table."

"*One!*" repeated that dignitary, in hearing only of the pretty house-maid who was sweeping down the stairs. "Calls *that* 'one!'" he continued. "Now see here, Polly; if a girl I writ to wuz to go back on me like this 'ere, do you think I'd put up with it?"

"What 'ud you do?" asked the maid, tossing her head coquettishly.

"I'd take something, I would. Polly, can you make out this 'ere name?" returning to the letter.

"I guess it's French," said Polly, laughing in her sleeve.

"Dash me if I know—'tain't the Baron's, is it? I don't see no big B;" in which state of uncertainty he made an obeisance to the lovely Polly after the manner of said Baron, and departed.

How Salome wore away the few days that passed before M'Gregor's letter came to her it would be hard to tell; she could never remember any thing that happened during that period, neither any thing that was said or thought; not that she had expected a reply — she had judged that her own letter, without touching on the immediate cause of displeasure, was sufficiently clear and decisive to deter him from any attempt at "reconstruction"—but only because its arrival made a new starting-point; since, without giving it a reading, without disturbing the scarlet seal of all the M'Gregors, in a transport of unwonted anger, she inclosed and returned it without a word, and thought she had done with him.

It was a long winter that followed—a winter of piercing cold and blinding snows—a winter where no joy was. She would sit and watch the storm thicken, the frost creep up the pane, the wind lead the white drifts a phantom-dance through black fields of space, with no day-dreams to shut out the desolation, with no looking for the breaking cloud and bursting sun, but keeping her mind in one stern groove of renunciation—for what business had she to love another woman's husband? And yet all the while she loved him—could not help loving him—*him*—August M'Gregor.

"Such a moping creature!" said Aunt Parry, who believed her to be hurt by the Baron's departure. "Why, she's no more like my Salome than Polly is. She sits there day in and day out, looking like a wild Indian" (Mrs. Parry's idea of a wild Indian was purely imaginary, be it said), "and talks about as much as a statue. I shall take her abroad in the spring, if she doesn't improve."

They went to Europe in the spring, as she had predicted, and Thorpe went with them; they visited not only Paris and its wonders but Switzerland and Italy; they saw the glaciers and the snow-capped Alps; they traversed the Venetian highway beneath the shadow of crumbling palaces, and stemmed the tide of the Adriatic flashing like a dolphin beneath the solar rays.

It was somewhere in the south of France, where they made a longer sojourn than at most points, that they came into contact with Madame Vanckenstein, who, having followed the operatic stage for some years, was now resting and recruiting her voice for future need. She was a little, willful creature, with great velvet eyes, yet fiery at times as a panther's, and hair with which the floss of milk-weed could only vie in lustre and texture, making her to appear as if looking out of an aureole.

One morning Salome sent her a bunch of flowers; before evening Madame had returned the compliment with a slender vial of most ravishing perfume, as if the mere passing through her hands had condensed the nosegay into a dozen drops of precious oil; thus, by degrees, by pleasant attentions and graceful civilities, such an acquaintance arose between them as is occasionally unavoidable in a foreign land among people living under the same roof. She would invite Salome into her room, at times, to partake her famous cup of chocolate, and invite herself into Mrs. Parry's apartments to taste the Japan tea, under the influence of which she would relate the experiences of her "career," in her animated way, with such a charm of accent and broken English as it would be impossible to reproduce.

Salome had remarked, one evening when they were alone together, on the beauty of a locket that hung from her *châtelaine*, on the reverse of which was embedded an exquisitely engraved emerald.

"Oh, that *babiole!*" said Madame, giving it a little fling with her careless fingers; "it was a birthday gift, so long ago I have almost forgotten when; so *drôle*, I told him, when no one knew my birthday, not even myself; but then he would make the answer, 'The day you came to me, the day I took you in these arms was your birthday,' and I let him have his way."

"He was very fond of you—your husband," said Salome, compassionately.

"Oh, *merci*—yes—my husband, for a little moment: how you are *drôle*, Mademoiselle! I was not speak of Monsieur, my husband; I did speak of one who was much more fond—one I

did much wrong—much wrong!" and the little creature paused and looked sentimentally out the window.

Salome moved uneasily in her seat; perhaps this brilliant little woman had had a lover as well as a husband; what then? was it any business of hers? No; but she liked her well enough to wish to clear her, even in imagination, from any such reproach. So,

"I do not understand you," said Salome. "Was it your husband—your father?"

"*Mon père!*" she cried, laughing, with a tear in her eye. "Did one ever hear of him? You Americans have of the fathers, no doubt; but such as me, myself, we know how to do without that respectable monsieur. Non, non, I was ingrate, but not to him, *mon père.*"

Salome felt herself growing excited.

"And your husband?" she persisted.

Madame put up her hands as if she would ward him off. "You make my flesh creep," said she, rising in eloquent wrath and passing into her native tongue; "I *detest* that reptile! But for him I might have been rolling in my carriage—one of you—a person of the *beau monde*, an adored wife, if I had kept my vow, if I had not deceived my dear guardian! But what do I say? I have only myself to blame. Dolt!" making rapid detours of the room.

"Do you mean," hazarded Salome—"do you mean that your guardian loved you?"

"Loved me? Think of it! Me, a beggar, picked up in the streets—the gutters; why, it reads like a romance, does it not? Mademoiselle, I was not so high as that when he took me, burning with fever, dying for want of nourishment. Yes, when the others passed by on the other side, he, the Good Samaritan, took me in his arms, nursed me, fed me, mind and body, became my good angel! And I, perfidious wretch, wanted the courage to say I did not love him, vowed he was all the world to me, and eloped with Count Vanckenstein within the month! Count Vanckenstein," she went on, losing her tragic air, "who was no more a count than you are, with three strong, healthy brothers between him and the title! *Pfui!* it was contemptible, it was disgraceful; but what does a chit of eighteen know of love? To every one arrives their opportunity once in a lifetime—ah, Mademoiselle, you have a pain?"

"No, no," reiterated Salome, who, with hands held tightly over her bursting heart, leaned eagerly forward, so as not to lose a syllable. "Tell me all. See how interested I am. You have not finished, surely? Tell me more—the place, the name, any thing: it will be certain to hold me—"

"There is no more to say, Mademoiselle. Monsieur Vanckenstein took me to Austria. We lived unhappily—Monsieur's temper was atrocious, despicable; I soon left him to follow the stage; I am here. *Voila tout!*"

"But your guardian, Madame?"

"I have never seen him since; he left Boulogne shortly; he was not French, you see; he belonged to your country, Mademoiselle, with good blood in his veins. Behold, this is his face," and opening the locket, she gave to Salome's gaze the features of August M'Gregor.

"Hark! eleven already?" she questioned. "You think it one of my foreign ways to make easy confidants; but I have a fancy for you, Mademoiselle; and it is so many years since I spoke of these things, it is like confession; it relieves one to think out. There, good-night, *chère mees;* how your eyes shine! Good-night, and remember Cerise Vanckenstein for a little. I leave for Paris to-morrow. Adieu."

Salome went to the window and looked out on the great quiet sky, brimmed with stars, and smiling down upon her. It was just such a night as that on which M'Gregor had gone to seek her in the woods two years before. What had he been doing those weary years? How had he healed the wound? Oh, that she should have distrusted him for an instant—that she should have given one stab more to that dear, faithful heart. Two years—two miserable, cruel years, that might have been the crown of happiness! What had she not lost in that time? What tender care and steadfast affection! But who spoke of loss? Oh, she had only lost him a little while, to find him to-day a hundredfold dearer and more to be reverenced. Her heart beat up great pulses of joy; snatches of old tunes sung at the Lodge on that dead summer rose to her lips and swelled upon the night. She could not sleep; she was full of a wild delight that delivered her only to the sway of precious memories, that spread before her pictures of a gracious future, that sent her soul out to him in infinite longing and appeal, till it seemed that, wherever he might be, however far removed from her, wrapped in whatever calm of death or tumult of life, he must needs be moved and respond to such earnest pleading.

The night wore on and the silver dawn; and sunrise, floating up the measureless heavenly reaches, found her eyes undimmed and her heart undoubting. Yes, she would write to him at once, that very day; she would confess all, every thing, taking all blame to herself, where it did in truth belong; and he would come to her, she should see him, should hear his voice, should touch his hand, should *be* his for ever and ever! Oh, indeed she was not worthy of such fortune, but it was to be hers all the same; she needed it; without it she shuddered to think of herself. In another week, in a month at farthest, she should meet him, be folded in his arms, be forgiven.

She sat down to her letter: "Dear August;" and there paused to gaze at the name with tender eyes—it was so natural to be writing to him once more, so like the Salome he had loved. How had she existed so long without ever speaking or writing these words? It was impossible to answer; she only knew it had been one unbroken anguish. Then she wrote to him what

was in her heart, wrote as the bird sings, and waited without fear.

"The climate is certainly improving Salome," Aunt Parry was heard to say.

They had been out one balmy evening, some weeks later, watching the priests in long procession, with torch and chanting, wind up the steep path to bless the vineyards. They had just come in and were speaking about the weird effect of lights that trembled in the breeze and half defined the spectral host, of tinkling bell and slow-voiced intoning that smote the solitude of night till it thronged with echoes, calling and replying to each other from height and hollow. The moon was rising in a fleece of shining clouds into a dark sky, while Salome, looking out upon it, shivered in a warm wind from the garden and asked for the mail. "Letters," repeated Thorpe, thrusting his hands into his pocket and producing a handful; "ay, this is the precious document, is it not? I had quite forgotten its existence."

"And you had it all this while?" she said, as, turning to catch the light from the window, she tore it open hungrily, and read:

"Dear Salome,—I thank you with all my heart that at this hour your eyes are opened, and you render me such sweet, if tardy justice. Whatever unconscious wrong you once did to me I freely forgive—nay, think unworthy to weigh in the balance with this great reparation, knowing your nature that sets down naught in malice. Why I say no more, why I return your letter which has made my heart ache anew, you will readily understand when I tell you that I have been, since three months, married—but always your friend,

"August M'Gregor."

As Salome slowly perused these last lines the moonlight, piercing the thin mists, fell about her and wrapped her in its white magnificence. What was it brought that old halting distich to sing through her brain—the old distich she remembered to have repeated to August the first night they met—

"In the light of the moon
Tresham comes to his own!"

Only her friend! What a distance there was between August M'Gregor her lover and August M'Gregor her friend!

It was no longer Sweet Salome who stood there, embosomed in the crystalline beam, but a woman old and hard beyond her years—a bitter-hearted woman, who took up her sceptre and went out into the world to conquer her kingdom over whatever bleeding hearts, and found at last that it was but an unsubstantial shadow of that which she had once grasped and failed to hold.

You would never have dreamed of this when Miss Tresham bowed and gave her hand to that tall, dark gentleman at the Paris Exhibition last summer; nor when you heard her say in her clear, bubbling treble, with that freedom of speech which was characteristic of her:

"I regret to hear that you are a widower, Mr. M'Gregor."

"For the second time," he answered her; "for the second time, Salome."

MISS SUE AND MR. WILLIAM.

"One's my love;
Two's my dove;
Three's my heart's desire;
Four—I'll take and ne'er forsake;
Five—I'll heave in the fire;
Six—*he* loves;
Seven—*she* loves;
Eight—they both love;
Nine—he comes; Ten—he tarries!
Eleven—he courts; and Twelve—he marries!"

"NONSENSE!" said Miss Sue, and she blushed "rosy red" as she tossed away the apple-seeds she had been counting on her white palm, and walked quickly down the steps of the back porch into the tiny garden to cut flowers for the house, thinking, nevertheless, in spite of her, as she went, of the difference there was between casting away and loving alway, and more annoyed by the difficult question she had undertaken to solve than by the poor rhyme. As she went along the walk, which was bordered by low, glossy walls of fragrant box, her name was pronounced, and, looking up, she saw who stood by the picket fence, saying, "I wish I had a dewy fresh flower to take to town with me."

"Here are some which must have opened for you, I think," she answered, and right and left she clipped with no sparing hand roses, heliotrope, jasmine, mignonnette, ivy.

"How glad the city will be to see these! Thank you!" said the bright-faced, handsome young gentleman. It might have been suspected that he had adorned himself that morning with the special hope of attracting her eye, but for the fact that he never went forth from his chamber except as a bridegroom might go, adorned for his bride. He spoke gratefully, and then hurried on to the station and the train, which never was known to linger for the talk of young man and maiden over a picket.

Three minutes after he had said "good-morning" to Miss Widdington the train came thundering along. It was the express train, and stopped but a minute at any one of the twenty stations between Greenland and town. At that hour people were hurrying toward the great metropolis from every direction—east, west, north, and south. Greenland was about an hour from the ferry, and hundreds of persons escaped from the city every night to sleep there, or in adjacent lands as green.

Young Mr. Carpenter was not the only bearer of beautiful bloom this morning. There were portly, middle-aged men who could not be expected to *burden* themselves with any thing, dozens of these, who complacently carried a pink, or a sprig of southern-wood, or a rose, mayhap, in vest or button-hole; baskets of fresh moss hung from the hooks above the car windows; pink marsh-mallows and crimson cardinal-flowers asserted their right to the place they occupied in the huge bouquets of rushes, wild grasses, and ferns, grouped together by some bold, beauty-loving sense—

woods, fields, and fens had been placed under tribute, as well as orderly gardens, that morning. But no mortal could feel greater satisfaction in floral trophy than did William Carpenter.

He would not go into the smoking-car—not with those flowers—any sooner than he would have sought for a seat for Miss Widdington in that den. So he stood on the platform while he smoked his cigar; and as it was against the regulations that he should do so, he secured a seat inside, and stepped out occasionally as the car stopped at a station, for a whiff. So it chanced that when the swift-moving, little, middle-aged woman, whose gray hair had surely grown out of sorrow rather than age, came up to the steps with a bundle two-thirds as large as herself, and a bunch of sweet-peas in her hand, he, fortunately for her, stood where he could easily assist her. "Can I help you, Madam?" "Thank you, Sir." She was just in time for the train, and only in time. The school-boys on board, who went to town for daily discipline, were in the habit of calling out to each other, as the train passed round the curve, whether they saw her or not, "There she is—just in time!" Generally on Tuesdays, always on Fridays, they saw her walking at that quick pace from her house in the little garden near the station, and many a bet had been won by the knowing ones on her "catching the train."

There was nothing about this woman to attract attention; it was only on account of the nearness of her house to the track, and the frequency with which she went to town, that the school-boys noticed her.

As she went out this morning from the gate a young girl ran after her with a bunch of sweet-peas gathered from the pretty garden which surrounded the house. "There," said the kind girl; "you won't notice how hot and dusty it is if you look at these and smell 'em once in a while. Will you have some sweet-william too?" The girl smiled as she said this, and looked pleased when the little woman answered so kindly, "No, child; I won't rob you of that." "No sweet-william for me—that's uprooted," she continued to herself, as she walked on. The young girl going back into the house put the flower she had plucked in her hair, and sat down to her work, determined that her industry should surprise her employer and friend on her return.

And so, coming to the car, the woman was helped up the steps with her big bundle by handsome Mr. Carpenter. She knew that his name was Carpenter, and so almost felt that she was acquainted with him—there's so much in a name. She knew that was his name, she had heard him answer to it once, for this same gentleman had given her a seat in the ferry-boat one day when she was ready to drop with fatigue. He was not the only man that was sitting though, nor was she the only woman standing at that moment in the cabin, where gentlemen are notified that the seats are for ladies. He offered his seat to her in preference to giving it to any other woman, and she gratefully remembered it. He had forgotten it, of course. She was but one among hundreds. Who she was, and whither she went, all that was nothing to him.

But now he picked up one of the sweet-peas she had dropped and inhaled its simple fragrance. Then he went on smoking; but after a while, and unconsciously, of course, he placed this sweet-pea, with the bloom Miss Widdington had given him, in the bouquet-holder he had made out of an envelope.

Perhaps every man, woman, and child who crossed the rivers that morning, carrying with them bloom of field or garden, might have told some pretty story concerning the treasure, and have owned that it was the one thread that would draw them back out of the hot and dusty city when duty was done.

Mr. Carpenter hurried at his usual rapid pace down to the insurance office in which he was employed, and having procured a glass of fresh water for the flowers, sweet-pea among them still, he took his stand before his desk, opened his books, and as he did so bestowed a moment's grave thought on the proposal recently made by his friend Scratchly, that they should form a partnership in business, and take the chances of securing an independence in a year.

He had already dropped that thought, or rather it was crowded out of mind by the immediate necessity upon him, when Mr. Widdington, who came down always by the second train, entered the office, and walked at the majestic pace which so well comported with his dignified figure to the room devoted to his special use as Treasurer of the Company.

For an instant after Mr. Widdington had passed through, Mr. Carpenter was engaged again on the question which occupied him when he opened the books; and he found that it would be impossible for him to give young Scratchly a decided answer yet: he was not prepared to give up certainty for even the most promising uncertainty.

And a year from that date he was revolving the same question, and another still more seriously—even his chances with Miss Widdington.

Miss Widdington, for her part, at the end of the year had given up counting apple-seeds, and was more seriously considering the claim which William Carpenter seemed to make on her thoughts — and why she should like him so much and love him so little. It would have puzzled her to tell when she began to like him —still more to have told whether she had yet even begun to love him.

There was a test which she might have applied. Why, when calamity overtook them, was she willing to look every way that her own thought could suggest except toward him for assistance? What was it that led her to prefer self-help to his help? Did ever man stand more ready to serve woman than William to serve her? Was it because she saw in his

manifestations of devotion signs of something different from self-forgetfulness in behalf of another, to which another than herself might be exposed who looked to him for help?

It is only a year since we saw Mr. Widdington in all the glory of his temporal prosperity. There had been since then a stir in the Widdington nest—that soft, warm nest, so deftly sheltered from the sun and the rain, and the rampant influences of the world.

Maria, the younger of the birdlings, was constantly chirping "how terrible!" but in that same voice she could have said "how charming!" "how delightful!" and nobody would have been surprised. When Miss Sue said also "how terrible!" she said it to herself, and to herself kept the conviction.

What was terrible? Mr. James Widdington, who a few months ago had been reduced to a state of partial helplessness by paralysis, was now in danger of losing his sight—a growing cataract was by degrees shutting him out from the light of day, shutting him up in a sepulchre.

Young Mr. Carpenter talked with Miss Maria, who it was clear would never die of grief, about this cataract, on the evening of that very day on which Miss Susannah had privately to herself acknowledged that the condition of things *was* terrible, with an earnestness of emphasis that showed her clear and deep appreciation of the facts concerning them in all their dreadful bearings.

Mr. Carpenter came to the house with the evening paper and a letter, which he had brought the Treasurer, with Mr. Parsons's compliments. Mr. Parsons was the President of the Insurance Company of which Mr. Widdington had been Treasurer so many years. All summer, since Mr. Widdington was disabled, young Carpenter had brought him, night by night, the evening paper—had left it at the door in passing, or made it the occasion of a call. People who had nothing better to do than observe what was going on in the neighborhood began to say, "It must be one of the Widdingtons. Which?" The majority thought Miss Maria.

The train was in a little behind time this evening, and the day had been unusually warm, reasons good why Mr. Carpenter should be later than usual in making his appearance. Sue read to her father the paragraphs wisely reserved for such emergency from the last night's paper, and said, for the twentieth time, "Yes, I am sure he must come now, in a few minutes," and then listened as Maria opened the front door and went down the steps to look for the laggard, and set the neighbors to talking. "Pshaw!" said Miss Sue; but it would have done Mr. Will Carpenter good to hear his arrival predicted with such confidence as it was predicted by Miss Widdington.

But why did Miss Maria run out, and down to the gate? Because her father's impatience had became intolerable to her. She could not meet him at every turn with Sue's readiness, and soothe him as Sue could; this she freely acknowledged; but she did not add, in her confession, that she was good for nothing in this business of nursing—that, however, would have been a plain statement of fact. Maria was like her father—she was incapable of doing things she did not like to do; at least she supposed so, and with a surprising number of persons the practical result of such supposition is effective as a fact.

Mr. Carpenter, though he had taken his time, came at last, and apologized to Maria as he walked up the steps. When she invited him in he thanked her, and accepted the invitation. The invitation was what he wanted, as he showed by the quick pace at which he advanced to the door of the dark, warm little parlor. And there, in that stifling room, he was content to sit talking with Miss Maria for an hour, because he caught now and then the sound of Miss Sue's voice reading the paper, and secretly he hoped that he should by-and-by be invited into the back porch, whence the sound of the voice proceeded. But Miss Maria had no thought of inviting him; so they sat and talked, off and on, a good many blank spaces occurring between the paragraphs of their speech.

At last the reader's voice was heard no longer—twilight was lost in moonlight—reading in the porch became impossible. Miss Sue had gone conscientiously through the columns of foreign and domestic news, however—through the city items and the gossip of the hour—even until she came to the market prices. Down these, too, she had valiantly advanced (wondering why mutton should be 6 and 8 in the market and 28 per pound out of their butcher's cart), and thence to the shipping list and the report of the dry-goods trade, closing all with an item which made a deeper impression than any other she had found presented.

Sue had fairly read her father to sleep, and now she sat in a corner of the porch, her arm resting against the baluster—the newspaper still in her hand—perfectly aware that William Carpenter was in the parlor, and that he was talking with Maria, and that he was about to go away. In her hand she held the letter which William had brought up from the Company's President. She had not read this to her father—it was still unopened. She knew how important it was that he should have a good night's sleep, and how little would sometimes make him wakeful at night, and so secure to all of them a wretched next day.

Presently she heard voices in the entry. William was going. She started up as if about to go into the house; but then she sat down again; the hall door closed; and why did she then feel that the whole world of joy was shut out from her?

Her father did not waken; Maria did not come. These facts were alike satisfactory, and she sat with her face bent on her hand, not turned toward the starlit sky.

Down the road William Carpenter was walking to the great boarding-house in which he

made his home—free to go where he would and when—strong, untrammeled. She envied him. "Some day he will go off altogether. He can't be kept running forever between New York and Greenland. He must not stay for me. My place is here. He shall not come into this house and take up my load. I never can consent to that. Farewell, William!" She waved her hand after him, and arose at the same moment with her back still turned on the stars, looking at her father.

Her last word was not the expression of a freak. Miss Sue had for a long time been preparing herself for this decision, and she accepted the decree when she had pronounced it as if not responsible therefor. William had last week given up his situation in the insurance office, and gone into business with young Scratchly, the gold-broker, who had been so successful during the past six months. If success perched on the banners of the partnership such a burden as Miss Sue was thinking of would easily be borne. Then there must have been some reason behind this, another which made her say with composure "Farewell to William." What was it? She could not have explained, for it was not among her imaginations that she had not perfect confidence in him.

While she was thinking of many unutterable things Maria appeared at the door of the porch, and said, in a low voice:

"Sue, come here." She had evidently something to tell which she considered important.

"What do you think Will says? Have you read the letter?"

"Not yet." Maria was glad.

"They are going to continue father's salary this year, just the same!"

"For the year?" repeated Sue.

"Yes; so that thing is settled."

"For a year," said Sue again.

"And by that time," continued Maria, "we shall know how it will be with him. He may be able by then to go back to the office."

"Yes, and he may not be. But it is a great gain to us. We shall know by that time, Maria, what we are good for."

With these words Miss Sue went back to the porch, and when her father wakened from his evening nap she led him to his bedroom, to which her mother had preceded them. It was a sad sight to see him as he came shuffling along, leaning on his daughter's arm, and half-supported by his cane. Whenever Mrs. Widdington saw him approaching in that way she began to tremble and shiver. How sudden and fearful was the calamity which had overtaken them!

Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we may die, had been the rule of action prescribed by the head of the house; and so they had eaten and drank, but they failed to die when death would so easily have consoled the diseased family pride. Mr. Widdington had presented an exceedingly respectable figure in the world—he was a fine show-man. He looked well, exceedingly well, among the officers of the Insurance Company. He was perfectly honest, and commanded confidence; by every body except himself, which included his household, he dealt justly. Great was the surprise, accordingly, when he tumbled into ruin. Even his wife Annie, that dear, good, patient, sympathizing, inefficient soul, even she was surprised. It would seem inexcusable, perhaps, that in thirty years she had not discovered that the staff on which she leaned was not a strong staff, but merely a feeble rod; but she had failed to discover it, and but for paralysis and cataract might have lived seventy years with her James without changing her opinion concerning him. Her ignorance was bliss. It is said that a rolling stone gathers no moss. This stone, James Widdington, had not failed of moss because of a rolling tendency. He had merely lived without the wise forethought of the bee and the beaver. And now he was going to end life in the service which he entered, even as William Carpenter did, a mere lad.

A weak, dependent mother, a vain, selfish father, what was to be expected of the Widdington girls? Selfishness and weakness—selfishness and vanity. Cowardly flight in a storm to the first covert that presented itself. We are told that deviltry is always weakness of some sort. To the great sum of deviltries how many items were to be added by these girls?

When Miss Sue *understood*, with that stroke of paralysis, that she and Maria at the ages of eighteen and twenty were thrown upon their own resources, she said to her mother,

"I am the oldest. I had better set Maria a good example and teach something."

"What can you teach, child?" And that *was* a question for a New England mother to ask of her New England daugher. Miss Susannah had not been really instructed in any thing. But in the face of necessity this feeling was paramount that something must be done, and by her, and finding that her mother was not likely to suggest any thing, she took the case in her own hands and meditated on it so severely that in less than a week she was sitting before the church organ and practicing, some days sixteen hours out of the twenty-four. This not because she had any remarkable love for music, or skill in developing that love, but the Greenland organ was available, and the salary of an organist a sure thing. Mr. Jones gave her a lesson now and then, and assured her that she would soon be able to secure a church in town or out of it.

Well started in this work the elder sister ventured to ask the younger what *she* intended to do. The question greatly surprised Maria. Do? She had not thought of doing any thing. Why should she? It was a pity if the world, which owed her a living, could not afford to pay it! She was considerably surprised, and not a little indignant, that Sue should ask the question.

"We can't afford to sit still, I should think

you would see. We have father and mother to take care of. We may as well look that fact in the face, for there it is."

Maria burst into tears. It was as if she had been rudely pricked with a pin. There would be some satisfaction in recording this if it could be added that after a reasonable length of time she dried her eyes and began to consider the case which Sue had brought before her, even on her knees, as Sue had already considered it, waiting in that humble posture until some light should rise and shine, and reveal to her a way out of the darkness, as on the mind of Sue the vision of the organist had risen.

On the occasion of that momentous conversation, after the tears, Maria asked, "Is it really true that you think we are beggars?"

"Beggars! I should hope not," was the spirited answer. "If we are, who will you beg of, I should like to know?"

"Oh, don't speak so! How dreadful it is! How can you talk that way about it?"

"There are many things I don't intend to die of, if I can help it," said Sue. "One is lethargy—the other's hunger. Somebody says if a man will not work, neither let him eat. I suppose he would have said the same thing about women. I am going in for work, because I'm constructed on principles which seem to make eating necessary."

But to talk about work to Maria was to talk about the chief of horrors. When Susannah urged that she should learn to play the organ, so that they might work together for good when the church choir was secured, she answered,

"You know that I've always considered it a perfect waste of time, and an imposition, to study music and play for folks unless one has a genius for it. I haven't any more than a bat."

"Quite as much as I have."

"Then you've less conscience than I, for I won't make myself a nuisance as an organ grinder."

"I know perfectly well," said Sue, "that I can't keep at a thing sixteen hours out of the twenty-four without succeeding finally. Neither can you. Suppose you begin on the four-hour system and try that till you get up to eight. If you don't improve by that time I'll let you off."

"No."

"What *will* you do then?"

"Do? Get married I suppose." And Miss Maria laughed.

"To whom, if you please, if you have such a retreat at pleasure?" Sue was determined to get at the bottom of her sister's thinking, it seemed.

"There are always plenty, if one looks. There's William Carpenter, for instance," answered Maria, coldly enough. "He promises to do very well."

"To whom does he promise? You?"

"Every body."

"Then you are going to make use of him to stuff up a gap, because the cold wind blows on you. If Providence has determined that the wind shall come in, you had better not try to keep it out that way. It would be colder when it crept in through a breach stopped so than if it came in full blast, unobstructed, I should think."

"If you only knew how tiresome it was to hear you talk that way, Sue, you'd stop it," said Maria. "Old maiding all the time."

That talk was in the early spring, while the cold March winds were blowing. As if she had gained a clear perception of the tiresomeness and uselessness of the talk, Sue did not then continue, or at any future time deliberately repeat, it. But by the time the trouble began with her father's eyes, suspending the work for the Company which he had performed at home, she had succeeded in securing the control of a church organ in one of the villages which bordered the railroad between Greenland and New York, and for one hundred dollars per annum she engaged to perform on it in aid of Sunday worshipers. Maria thought it highly creditable of Sue, when she saw her setting off, Sunday after Sunday, fair weather and foul, in fulfillment of her contract, and sighing, wished that she had Sue's energy and ability to do something in the helpful way.

The morning that followed Miss Sue's "farewell to William" saw her rising at an earlier hour than usual. She was going to town on the first train; had lain awake half the night, in fact, that she might be in season, for the second train would be crowded with gentlemen, and she wished for a quiet half hour to herself by daylight for the uninterrupted consideration of her plans. No place so favorable as on board the flying train.

But as she went toward the ticket-office William Carpenter came out, and it was quite evident that this sudden meeting startled both of them, and pleased one still more than it surprised.

"Are you going to town?" said William, with a satisfaction which appeared in his cheerful voice.

"Yes." There was no getting rid of him then. He waited till she had bought her ticket, and then followed her into the car.

"It's a lucky chance that I took this train," said he. "I made up my mind yesterday that I would do it. Walking to the office after the city has been heated up three hours is a thing I don't intend to do again this season. I hoped to see you last evening. Are you always with your father now?"

"We try not to leave him alone; he gets so terribly down if he is left to himself."

"How sad—in his prime, too! They miss him in the insurance office more than they would any other officer."

How many times had William said this to the various members of the afflicted family! Did he really believe that any place that was ever filled by man can not as well be filled by

man again? What he said pleased Miss Sue as if she had never heard it before.

"I shall tell him," she answered. "He is often thinking that he would not be missed any where; that is so sad for a man like him to believe."

"Has he heard the note I left for him last night?"

"I did not dare excite him so much as to read it to him. Mother will read it this morning."

"That ought to convince him that he isn't forgotten, and that he never will be while the Company exists," said William, with much earnestness. "I have no doubt that this expression of esteem will be continued as long as he lives. And it ought to be."

"Perhaps so. I intend to be prepared for the worst, at all events. I am going to town this morning on business, William. I saw the advertisement of a dealer in fancy goods last night; he wants new hands. I am going to see what he will give me to do. Be pleased to say that you do not think me crazy."

"I really can not say that I see any evidence of craziness," said William, elated that Miss Widdington had taken him into her confidence, and building forthwith on that foundation a tower, from the turrets of which he looked into heaven.

"Thank you," she said, so composedly that any other builder would have felt the foundations of the tower tremble.

The conductor stopped for Miss Widdington's ticket on his way down the train, and Mr. Carpenter's eyes wandered round the car. When the conductor went on again he turned toward his companion and saw that she was looking out of the window, but with eyes that saw not even the gray fog which enveloped hills and valleys.

In fifteen minutes they would arrive at the ferry. The important thing he decided to say the instant when emerging from the ticket-office door he saw Miss Widdington on the platform, he now was about to say.

"Miss Widdington," he began, somewhat hurriedly, "I am very glad I happened to meet you this morning. But I wish you had a little more confidence in me, and would ask my advice, or at least would let me give it."

Miss Susannah reflected on that.

"Are you so satisfied that you would counsel wisely?"

"Yes; about this business I could, I do believe."

"Say on."

"I have no doubt whatever that you could do any thing that you set out to do, Miss Widdington. But if you must go into business let me be your partner."

"For the sake of having a companion in disgrace, in case of failure?"

"You don't intend to fail."

"Indeed not. But the intention isn't always necessary in order to secure the failure. People do fail without it sometimes."

"You must not begin, though, with acknowledging that this is possible."

"True, I shouldn't; but you would not be content with a silent partnership; you would always be having something to say. And we had better not begin with a firm if it is likely to be dissolved."

"Death is the only one who could break the partnership I mean," said William, "and even Death couldn't. Won't you understand me, Miss Widdington? Won't your heart explain my meaning?"

Sue sat still and thought. Was it by providential arrangement that she had met William Carpenter at the station that morning? Was it ordained that he should find these moments in which to say this thing to her? Perhaps so. But perhaps the providence was but a test. This that he had said she knew he had long desired to say. He had indeed attempted to say it before. And "love feels no burden." It was evident to Miss Sue that he was waiting as if destiny hung on her word. Her heart did explain to her his meaning, and he saw that it did; but she said, "I am bent on business. I am so ambitious that I haven't a thought for any thing except how I shall succeed. No, William, *I must* succeed, for my father's and mother's sake."

The engine was shrieking to the Jersey City people that the train it brought was on time; there seemed to be a general revolution of forces; but William's voice, though he spoke in a low tone, was distinctly heard by Miss Sue.

"If I have been made to see in you, Miss Widdington, all that my heart can love, I consider that no mistake has been made any where. I shall hope that I too may show that I honor your father and mother—that I should esteem it an honor to—to—" he strove to finish that sentence, but, failing, passed his hand over his face as if its muscles were suddenly working beyond his control. "I shall hope that it is only business that stands between us. Unless you say that I must not think so, and that there is a greater obstacle."

Miss Sue rose quickly from her seat. Three or four school-boys, who sat at the extreme end of the car, had already rushed to the door and thrown it open, and now waited the instant when the train should stop ere they leaped from the steps. Business people usually lost no time on the train or ferry, and she was a business woman this morning assuredly. William arose also. He, too, never lost time by reading a final newspaper paragraph after the train had stopped.

"Have you your satchel?" he asked.

"I came with empty hands, and only one thought in my head," she answered; and the steady light of her eye seemed to assure William that she had but one thought now. It was better to think that than that she had other thoughts.

They crossed the river together, while the fog-bells rang, and they counted the river craft

discernible through the haze, and saw some of the things which our great poet, who sings his songs in color, saw when he painted the Hudson off Haverstraw in the morning gray.

"The idea of our consenting to put ourselves on him, a burden four strong," said Miss Sue to herself, as she saw William Carpenter striding toward Trinity, while she went her way up the street. "That kind of business is done often enough. But I can't do it, and I'm glad. I am sure I have not made a mistake. If the worst should come I could not endure to see him wearying of his load. If he took it up he must bear it like a god. Could he? I'll not subject him to that test. He is getting gray already, and not thirty yet."

Why she, who alone of the family would be likely to show so much consideration for another, should have the service of another proffered, was a wonder. Miss Sue actually blushed as she walked on, thinking of what Maria had said about William.

Meanwhile, whereabout between heaven and earth did Mr. Carpenter see Miss Widdington suspended? Hardly within his reach. Yet it might be. He would not let go the possibility. But when he looked at the clock in the spire of Trinity he was not thinking of Miss Widdington so much as of other persons, and of scenes suggested by her, and of the impossibility of getting through with the prayer he would have made, that her parents might be to him as his own!

The past—what did he see in it? He saw a pale, sad-faced woman, whom misfortune overtook as unexpectedly as it had overtaken this house of Widdington; and two young girls going helplessly about a house which suddenly had lost its head. He saw in the midst of that troubled circle a lad, who, gazing on the burden Providence had laid before him, refused to take it up. He saw him creep away from it, and leave it there unlifted. The woman and the girls whom he left behind him must get on as best they could with debt and poverty. He heard a clock strike—not that of old Trinity in the spire so near. It was thousands of miles away, but he heard it tick and strike.

As he turned the corner of the street he said to himself, "It is now seventeen years, and here I am, to be shamed by the woman I love. She scorns to escape; and I—chose to escape. I ran from the sinking ship; she stands by it, and prefers to go down if she can not bring it into port, rather than use my life-preserver."

He could not long endure the contempt of himself which her words and her conduct inspired. He began first to attempt justification, but before the day ended he had addressed a letter to his mother across the sea.

Miss Widdington's business led her to the great shop of Mr. Adriance, and as that dealer's advertisement had really expressed a want, she was able to make an engagement with him. Of the scores of women who called on him that day not one made an impression so favorable as that made by Miss Widdington. He took her references, but he trusted her on the spot, and she went home on the afternoon train well satisfied with her success. She was now in the shawl business—breakfast shawls, carriage shawls, street shawls, any kind of shawl that could be made of Berlin wool she had engaged to produce, Mr. Adriance supplying the material.

Imagine the emotions with which she inquired for the ten-pound package of wools which was to be left for her at the office of Dodd's Express, the feelings with which she paid the five cents demanded for its delivery, the satisfaction with which she took her seat in the car on the other side of the river.

William Carpenter saw her as she passed along the platform to a forward car, and smiled that she declined the offers of acquaintances as they hurried along to carry her bundle. It happened that at the Greenland station he was on the steps before her. She dropped the package at his feet, as if it had been a gauntlet; he picked it up, and instead of looking about for a boy, as most assuredly he would have done had the package been his own, he carried it himself up the street, walking by the side of Miss Widdington, experiencing as he did so a singular satisfaction.

"Courage!" said Miss Sue to herself, as she entered the house alone. "I haven't fought out half my battle yet. I must take every thing for granted." And so she walked into the kitchen, and found her mother alone there, getting tea. Maria was asleep up stairs, or else seeking out for herself some comfortable shady nook in the garden.

"Business secured!" she exclaimed, laying her bundle on the table, and stepping back quickly she advanced upon her mother and embraced her. "We're safe, mother," said she. "I have entered into bonds. We are in the shawl trade! Now you'll understand why you liked to draw so well—patterns, you know, will be wanted, beautiful vines for shawl-borders, designs for centres, and so forth! All furnished by Madame Widdington!"

Of course, all this needed explanation. When it was explained Mrs. Widdington sat down and wept. Sue thereupon took up the discontinued tea-getting. Perceiving those tears she seemed not to see them. She knew that ere long, just so soon as her pride could be pacified, her mother would heartily enter into this business—the bright wools would charm and console her, she would like the work for its own sake. Before her mother had regained her composure, and could begin to see difficulties and impossibilities in the way of her project, Sue said, wisely timing her words:

"And there's Mrs. Grimm, you know, mother, and her two daughters, neat as pins, and for ever and ever knitting; Annie Grassmyer, and Ann Pilcher. Why, there's a dozen of them ready and waiting for work. We furnish the patterns and wools, they do the knitting;

we put on the fringe and other finishing touches. I have it all in my mind. So Mr. Adriance gets his goods, do you see, and all of us have a fair living. And that's what hands are good for, my own mother."

"My own girl." The battle with her mother ended in victory.

Maria was brought into the business, however reluctantly; but do not suppose that it would not have been a thousand times easier to dispense with her service—only there she was. The organ music went on. The cataracts, alas! also went on. For the paralysis was no retrieval. Sue Widdington had a family on her hands. Well, and she could support it. Mr. Adriance was astonished and pleased. Burdens were not lessened, but ability to bear them was increased. Providence has many answers to the cry, "Spare us, good Lord!" Some will have it that His answers are ours. Are they then less His own?

To his letter, written under a scourge, William Carpenter in time received an answer. Not from his mother. Was she dead? Hoping, fearing, he knew not what, he hurried through the brief letter. It was from an old man who had known William's father, and the words that he had written smote as swords. First, there was wonder that the son should ever have lost sight of his mother, and next, more than wonder that, having lost sight of her, he should also have lost knowledge. The two girls were dead. They died not a great while after the boy, their brother, ran away. The year after his mother had followed her son across the ocean, against the counsel of her friends, who would have dissuaded her from incurring the risks which she did incur seeking in a strange land the son who had deserted her. That was all. Was it not enough? The poor satisfaction of seeking to repair the injury he had wrought, to heal the wound he had made, was denied him! The letter was received in the midst of great business successes, and William felt, in the midst of his prosperity, as if he had been cursed. But what could he *do?*

He went and told Miss Widdington of the unexpected extent to which he had been prospered. But he said that two things conspired to make him feel that he was passing through the trial of adversity instead. First, that she should be more indifferent to his success than any gold-buyer on the street; and second, that the friends who would have benefited by the turn his affairs had taken were not benefited by it, and, he supposed, never would be.

The first reason Miss Sue passed over without notice; but what did he mean by the second? Now, was it wise for a man voluntarily to abase himself in the estimation of the woman whose good opinion seemed to him the most desirable thing in the world? Was it likely that he would win her confidence at last by confessing unfaithfulness to trusts? That was not his aim. He regarded her as his best friend, and he confessed his great sorrow to her. And when she said, in the fullness of her amazement, "Is it possible!" he did not flinch, neither did he attempt to make the words mean less than at their fullest they might mean.

But what could be done? That was of course Miss Widdington's second thought—the "how terrible!" was always attended by "how shall we meet it?" "Carpenter," she said, in a slow, musing way, as if seeking among all the faces she had seen for one that would respond to that name, and prove the mother of William.

The young man's face flushed—it crimsoned. He had supposed that all was told; and so much had been told at a cost which Miss Sue at least would find no difficulty in estimating rightly. But now he flinched. He could not add that he had changed his name since he came to the country. It was a common thing for his countrymen to give an English rendering to the name by which they had hitherto been known; and often they did it feeling that thereby they had become naturalized, and so would the more readily be received into the family of citizens. But would *she* not at once suppose that he had made the change so the more effectually to sever the bonds which connected him with her he had forsaken? And if she suspected that, would she not do it justly? He left this deeper depth, he must leave it, unsounded; and when she said "Carpenter," musing, he was silent. Soon he said, "I have looked through all the city registers, and made every inquiry possible. No. A man can not have given him twice what I threw away."

"You were but a child," she said.

"That made it all the more monstrous."

"But the burden was too heavy for you. I know when you left them you must have thought you would be able to serve them better in this country. And you went secretly because you would not have been allowed to come. It was an error of judgment—the judgment of a child who was compelled to see the things which are generally hidden from the eyes of children."

Indeed it seemed that in this brave young spirit of fidelity had risen up a defender of poor William Carpenter, when he arraigned himself and pleaded guilty.

But he looked crushed.

"You will find her yet, I know you will, for you will always be looking," she continued; "and have you forgotten it is they that seek who find?"

When she was thinking these things over in the solitude of her own spirit, thinking of these and of William as he had lived in her sight these many years, the doubt of him which she had never understood, the doubt which had stood as a sentinel at her heart's door, as if to guard her against him, passed suddenly out of sight. But not forever away. It only retired into shadow—it was there still on guard. Why had he told her this discreditable thing? Perhaps, she thought, that so he might put a term-

ination to his own hope. Perhaps the thought of her troubled him, distracted him in his business, and he had determined to excite in her contempt for himself, or aversion even, that in the light of the evidence such feeling would be sure to give of itself he might bury his hope, dispel his dream, banish his vision, and thus devote himself more entirely to the business which but for her would absorb him.

If this was his purpose, was he successful in it? He began to look for the consequences of that narration. Not at once. At first he felt the ease one may be supposed to feel after amputation of a gangrened limb. She knew the worst. But as time passed on could he fail to notice how cordially Miss Widdington spoke when they met? Was she taking his part? Certainly her words, look, manner, were not those of a person against him. She did not lose her interest in his affairs. Was it that of a missionary, merely? He thought not. A hope stirred again. If he could win her yet, in spite of all; but then came the recollection that there was something still concealed. The time had passed for continuing that story, he sternly said to himself. Toward that dark chasm which lay between him and his childhood he never would direct her eyes again.

But "the thing that I would not, that I do."

One afternoon the Greenland train ran off the track. It was an almost unheard-of thing that an accident should happen on that well-conducted railroad. This was not attended with very disastrous results. It was an accommodation train, and only one woman received any injury.

Miss Widdington and Mrs. Zimmerman in fact were the only passengers on board.

Mrs. Zimmerman left the train at the Roebuck station, and at parting shook hands cordially with Miss Widdington, who, two minutes before, preparatory to parting, had addressed to her these very remarkable words:

"I will see you again, then, about this business. We may conclude that it is wiser in us to reap the first fruits of a field than to glean after another person's harvest. I am very glad that we have had an opportunity to talk this over." Who could doubt it that saw her animated face — not poor little pale-faced Mrs. Zimmerman, who was a good business woman too in her way. "We know well enough what the market is, and what it is likely to be; we can supply the demand we have wit enough to create. And it would be an easy thing for you to import the wools directly from Berlin."

The face of the Importer of Wools to be — it was the face of the woman whom Mr. Carpenter had assisted to a seat on the ferry-boat, and up the steps of the car that day when she came to the Roebuck station with a bundle two-thirds her own size and the sweet, sweet peas—her face I say, as she left the car, had a very different expression from that habitual to it. It was hopeful, almost bright.

Our passenger from Greenland had taken the early train because she met Mrs. Zimmerman in Mr. Adriance's shop, and wished to speak with her on this business scheme which she had for some time busily contemplated. When the train left Roebuck station she settled herself in the car of which she was the solitary occupant, congratulating herself that she was alone; for she intended now to make clear to herself every feature of this enterprise—thoroughly to study it that she might meet every objection with an answer. But her meditation was of short duration. As the train passed round the curve, that curve which revealed in its fold the pretty little cottage in the midst of its bright garden, a loose rail was ripped up and the cars thrown off the track.

Within five minutes Roebuck understood what had happened; within ten minutes Miss Widdington, opening her eyes, saw Mrs. Zimmerman looking at her with a scared but resolute face. But she did not hear the directions in obedience to which she was carried down to the white cottage; and all that night she lay insensible.

So the partnership between these two women began.

Sunday morning saw William Carpenter out in search of Miss Widdington.

When he called at her father's house on Saturday evening, as was not rarely his custom, he found that she had gone to town; and Miss Maria was beginning to be disturbed, for her sister's place at the organ must be supplied in case she did not return. Miss Jones would go, she supposed; but first she must be notified that she was wanted. It would cost Sue five dollars, besides the car fare, if Miss Jones should go. What did William think?

William thought that in order to prevent disappointment any where he had better stop and secure Miss Jones's services. Perhaps Miss Sue had been unexpectedly detained; she might even have missed the train, and perhaps would not be able to get home in time to go to Southfield.

"What an obliging man you are, William!" said Maria; and do not think it once occurred to her that she might have saved herself the necessity of asking Mr. Carpenter to serve her had she accepted any of Sue's invitations to enter into business partnership with her. Do not suppose, either, that it troubled her that she should need to ask Mr. Carpenter, or any other man or any woman, to serve her. Did she bring herself into the world? Didn't the world owe her a living?

William had not spoken out his whole thought when he so decidedly pronounced in favor of Miss Jones's earning five dollars next day. He had heard on his way up of the accident on the afternoon train, and he put this fact into connection with the other that Miss Sue had gone to town and had not returned, and concluded that she was the woman who had met with some slight injury.

"Slight injury!" Report said that sometimes of passengers who had limbs broken, who were wounded even unto death! No sleep for him that night. On the midnight train he went down to Southfield, and by daybreak Sunday morning he had hired a horse and was on his way to Roebuck station.

There he learned that the young lady who met with the injury had been taken to Mrs. Zimmerman's house—the cottage over there surrounded by the garden. Did he see the one toward which his informant pointed? Why yes, there was but one; though it stood in a row, he should be able to find the one in which lived the little woman who dressed in black and went down to town so often. Her name, then, was Zimmerman?

Into the faces of how many women bearing that same name had he looked, and with what eager eyes, during the past year! What dens had he searched through, looking for the mother who bore him! How many times, as his eyes ran down the newspaper columns of death, had his heart paused at that name! And here again he had met it—and now by chance when he would have chosen not to meet it!

But he hurried toward the cottage in the garden of flowers. The front door of the house stood half open, as if those within had no fear of intruders. He stepped across the threshold, and advanced a step toward the small room at the right hand, moving gently that he might not disturb any slumbering patient within those walls.

His step, light though it was, caught the ear of the watcher within the room, and the door opened.

"Oh, Sir, I am glad you have come! Will you walk in?"

Did she expect him? It was the little woman in black. For the first time he saw her uncovered face. The little woman in black, Mrs. Zimmerman, whose punctuality was a standard bet with school-boys; but who besides?

The impulse of the young gentleman whom she had addressed so respectfully, and with so much relief, was to fall at her feet, but he stood upright and asked, awkwardly:

"Were you looking—for me? Did you expect—me?" and he stepped past her into the room; for he saw a cot-bed between the windows, and Miss Widdington was there. But, strange to say, it was not anxiety for her that drove him toward the cot.

"You are the doctor, Sir?"

"No, no; but you are the woman who has taken Miss Widdington—" he stopped, he knew not what he was saying, felt that he was talking at random and wildly. With a stride he was now quite across the room, and looking on the face of Miss Sue.

Mrs. Zimmerman followed him; she had recognized him now as the fair-haired, bright-faced young man who had once or twice treated her with polite attention. But was she not beginning to recognize in him more than this? He turned toward her and looked at her so strangely when he asked,

"How long has Miss Widdington been in this state? Hasn't she spoken? Hasn't any thing been done for her?"

And the woman saw that a tear was on his cheek.

"She has slept almost all the time. I gave her an anodyne to make her sleep, for the doctor was away and wouldn't be back till morning. There was nothing more I could do." Her voice faltered. If the stranger had proved to be a doctor she would have wept for joy, supposing, too, that she understood her own agitation!

"What time is it? We must not wait any longer." William looked at his watch, but at the same moment the clock on the wall struck the hour. These business people kept railroad time; the clock and the watch agreed to the moment.

In the stroke of the clock as it told the hour there was a sound of warning which was peculiar to it. William looked up at the wall, above the head of the cot, while the eyes of the robber whose head peered over the rock in which the dial seemed to be inserted, while those eyes moved and the head wagged, he stood gazing at the time-piece, and while he gazed the woman who watched him, as one who on perilous darkness sees a star arise, went up nearer to him and said,

"Sir, that clock struck the hour when my son was born."

He bowed down; he knelt at her feet.

"William, have you found her? What blessed, blessed accident brought you here?"

But if Miss Widdington had not seen him at his mother's feet, and the glad face of forgiving love bending above him, she might have closed her eyes again, as she had done so many times during the night, opened only to close them again. But now the night had passed away. The morning had come. Dreaming uncertainty was over.

Many weeks passed before Miss Widdington was able to undertake the short journey to her own home. Happy weeks of pain they were! Joyful weeks of imprisonment!

William, the son, was a man against whom no doubt now could linger among the shadows. The shadows themselves had disappeared.

But it was not until after his reverses with Scratchly, not till he had taken the headship of the firm of Widdington and Zimmerman, that Miss Sue bore the name which William had appropriated from the New World's language; without shame, with confidence, with pride even, with love she bore it; for the excellency of the grace which had been able to endure humiliation, manfully to bear the just penalty of sin, humbly to behold the oft-repeated miracle—curse transformed into blessing.

THE SPIRIT OF THE WATERFALL.

ELLA M'FLIMSEY was cousin to the world-renowned Flora, but she was a better girl. Fair, stylish, coquettish, with bewitching blue eyes and hair of the fashionable golden hue, she was the pride and glory of our set. I say *was*, because my Ella of to-day is in all respects so different from the Ella who then entranced me. I had gazed upon her, given her smile for smile, and more; had attended her through scores of "Germans," and gone to heaven with her on the wings of a Redowa. Her very fans and gloves were daguerreotyped on my soul. Yet, looking back, I can not remember that I had ever heard her seriously give an opinion, or utter even a sentiment to reveal of what manner of woman she was. As for her daily life, all that could be known to me was that she flourished in the "best circles," went every where with her cousin Flora, dressed like her, spoke with the same musical accent, and in every way comported herself as became an unmurmuring child of fashion. I, a busy bee all day and a butterfly at evening, found my flower under the gas-light, and, under the gas-light, I hovered about her, enchanted yet not quite satisfied. Some ruthless spell seemed to hang over her beauty. Face and form, as conscience had grimly suggested, were perfect. Her hair, too, ah, how lovely it was! and yet, even in its sunny meshes the demon of—shall I say it?—of ugliness seemed to lurk. "Sunny meshes" scarcely describes it—ah, sunny maze! Yes, a sunny maze over her temples; and beyond that—? But it was beautiful hair—*that* I said to myself a hundred times. What, then, was the mystery? Something within me recoiled even while I admired most ardently; and she, poor child! seeing my waywardness, wondered (I knew it in spite of her well-trained, beautiful eyes)—wondered and grew serious — between dances.

Alas! we knew not the direful spell that had been cast upon us! But the end came at last. Now that all is over I am vexed that I did not in some way take trouble by the forelock and grapple with it single-handed. But I have said I wooed Ella as a butterfly flits about a flower. Do butterflies think? When an ugly blight threatens a peerless blossom can her Papilio do more than hover wretchedly overhead?

One stormy December night (she has told me all about it since) my poor girl, returning from a brilliant "reception," sought her chamber puzzled and unhappy. Almost in tears she flung jewel after jewel upon her dressing-table, jerked the drooping flowers from her hair, and loosed the glittering zone which, it had seemed to me, was all that kept the gauzy clouds trailing about her from floating away into the air. Then came more arduous toilet undoings: there were curls—two long, golden, beautiful curls—then braids—then a golden mass of wealth, and then the maze! But why speak of these? She was sad—she, my peerless flower, my pearl! Ah! if I could but have seen her then, seen her *earnest*, but an instant, perhaps—but no. The spell was not yet broken.

It had been a brilliant evening. Even cousin Flora had pronounced the affair "faultless." The Harrises, the Van Doodles, every body in town—that is, every body worth knowing—had been present, and Ella had stood acknowledged belle of the hour. But it had been the same, or nearly the same, every night for weeks and weeks. She was weary. It may be her soul was asking itself, "Is it well?" I had been hovering near her, as usual, fascinated, yet secretly dissatisfied, and she, in some strange way, had felt slighted and distressed, though she must have known that at least a dozen among those who looked upon her were longing to cast their fate and fortune at her feet. Ah, it is a cruel problem this of life. It should know better than to force itself upon the notice of a gay, sinless girl. With a sigh, Ella, after dimming the gas-light, put on a long, soft robe of wadded cashmere, and cast herself in a big arm-chair by the fire. Dear little blossom! Did the great senseless thing know what it held, I wonder?

How plainly I can see her sitting there, in the flickering fire-light, with that new sadness on her face. The lofty room, with its curtains, its frescoed panels, its carvings of dull, dark wood, its dainty work-stand rarely used, its costly rack of books never opened, its delicate traceries of gold, its soft, harmonious colors, its toilet-table (a marvel of lace with rosy draperies blushing through)—all these were quite familiar to me, for the apartment had sometimes done duty as "the gentlemen's dressing-room," and afterward that very arm-chair became— But I must not anticipate.

How long Ella's reverie continued she can not remember. It was broken at last by a sharp sense of dread. Her eyes had been fixed upon the toilet-table. Fascinated by its cloud-like canopy and curtain, where pink and white seemed floating together in airy softness, with here and there a bright gleam from the fire deepening its hue, she had wondered whether the effect might not be something like the "early dawn" that travelers talk about, when suddenly its curtain was stirred!

What could it mean? There was not room enough under there for a robber to stow himself. The pet spaniel she knew was already sound asleep in the housekeeper's room. Cats and kittens were forbidden in the house; but it might possibly be that some vagrant had stolen in during the day, and had made this his hiding-place.

Even this solution almost paralyzed her with fear. After all, it might be merely fancy.

With a half-smile at her weakness, she sat upright and looked steadily at the offending drapery. It stirred again—not feebly this time; but with a quick, resolute movement—stirred and parted!

A bouncing little figure stepped forth.

"Blaze up, Fire!" said the little figure, "and let the lady see me."

Instantly the fire sent out frisky jets of flame.

"That's right," said the figure, jauntily. "Now am I not a beauty?"

A beauty! It was the ugliest of all ugly gnomes, goblins, or whatever one might choose to call it. It was short, stumpy, of a dingy brown, and *made entirely of matted hair!* Even its arms were of the same material; and its eyes were formed of rings of white and black hair with the light of a golden curl shining through them.

"Who are you?" gasped my poor girl, ready to faint.

"Who am I?" pertly echoed the figure; "why, one of your friends to be sure. My name is Sheniona. I'm the Spirit of the Waterfall!"

"Oh, oh! Go away!" shrieked Ella.

"All in good time, my dear," said the visitor, coaxingly; "all in good time. Now *don't* be frightened in that foolish way. I'm sure I expected a different reception from *you.* But never mind that. Business is business, you know. If I hadn't had business I would have staid away — though, really, who would have dreamed that you could hate me so, seeing *that*—" and Sheniona nodded significantly toward the toilet-table.

Ella was gradually becoming less alarmed—there was a saucy, friendly air about the Spirit that was rather winning after all—so she ventured to ask, timidly,

"What business?"

"Well, my dear, business of rather an embarrassing nature, if you *must* know. (Brighten up, Fire!) The fact is, though I seem such a plucky, self-reliant Spirit, I am really somewhat dependent upon others. In short, if it were not for others, I couldn't be the beauty that I often am. (Now, Fire, don't be lazy!) I'm Queen of them all, and they know it. Every one bows to the Spirit of the Waterfall. But you see, my dear, sometimes those who have been forced unconsciously to help me get to be a little troublesome; they come again and again, pestering me and asking for 'their own,' as they call it. Even when I haven't used 'em a bit they keep whining out, 'It's all your fault—all your fault!' till I'm 'most dead. It's enough to put me all out of tangle—it really is," and the Spirit struck a despondent attitude.

"Well?" asked Ella, longing to make a rush for the door, and yet not quite daring enough to stir, "what's all this to me?"

The Spirit laughed a quick, fuzzy little laugh.

"What's it to you? Well, if that isn't *too* much! Why it's every thing to you (now, Fire, don't go to sleep, please)—every thing to you this time, I mean. The fact is, you've got something that don't belong to you, and the owners want it."

"I?" faltered Ella, "I?"

"Yes; you," answered Sheniona, with an encouraging nod. "Now don't be so nervous. Brush up; do! I've no idea of calling you a thief. Neither have they. Of course you haven't intended to do any thing wrong. But they want 'their own.' They've been at me for ever so long about it; and at last I thought I'd just lay the matter before you. What do you say?"

"What do I say? Oh yes, take it, good Sheniona, whatever it is, and go home."

"Home!" echoed Sheniona, scornfully, but in a smothered tone, "what do I want of a home? *My* object is to make headway in the world; but that's nothing here nor there. Besides, *I* can't take it. They must help themselves. What do you say—yes or no?"

"Oh dear, y-yes," answered Ella, closing her eyes.

"Very well. That's something like. Now, good people, you may come. Fire!"

This last ejaculation was not a military order to the "good people," but was addressed in a warning "aside" to the members from Liverpool. Accordingly the room grew light in a twinkling.

Ella tried to keep her eyes shut, but they opened in spite of her. In every corner of the apartment she saw women; not exactly ghostly women—though they could not have been mortal, since neither door nor window had opened to admit them—but women very different from those whom she was in the habit of seeing; and every one of them was looking reproachfully at her.

"Now," commanded Sheniona, in an injured tone, at the same time collecting something from the toilet-table and throwing her armful into Ella's lap, "now come and claim your own."

Ella trembled. As the women slowly approached, she noticed that they made no sound as they walked, and that the heads of nearly all of them were closely cropped. They gathered in silent groups about her, casting eager glances upon what she held on her lap. She tried to rise and throw the coveted things upon the floor, but her limbs were powerless.

Suddenly one of the women, a worn, dark-browed creature, came close to her, and, bending, snatched one of the articles. It was a curl (yes, one of the very curls that I had seen drooping upon Ella's bosom that evening!).

"This is mine!" she cried, fiercely.

"Yours!" sneered Sheniona, "what did you ever do with that, you old raven?"

"I'll tell you what I did with it. I held it to my heart a thousand times with the only thing I loved on earth. I kissed it night and day. I stroked it on my poor, toil-stiffened fingers until some of its gold seemed to light up my soul. It was like a chain leading me to heaven. But harder times came. I couldn't get any work. I sold clothes, furniture, every thing I had, to keep *her*, my little one, from starving—every thing went but my wedding-ring and her hair. The wedding-ring went first; then my beautiful curls—yes, I curled them even when we were crying with hunger—but it was all of no use. She died. But she's

not starving *now*—thank God for that! Not cold either; but I can't find her—I can't see her. She went where I can't go yet. But I know this is one of her curls, and I *must* have it. That other one isn't mine. Where are the rest?"—turning fiercely to Sheniona.

"Never mind now about the rest, my good woman. They're not here—that's plain. Begone!"

The woman, pressing the curl to her lips, moved away, and Ella saw her no more.

"Who does the other curl belong to?" cried Sheniona. "Move quickly now. Don't be all night about it."

At these words four young girls stepped forward. One of them lifted the curl; and, without a word, they began rapidly to untwist it. Each with busy fingers drew out strand after strand; and when it was all divided they vanished with their treasure.

"Humph!" exclaimed Sheniona, "if that's all, you'll be bothering me a good while before you can recover your headfuls. (A plague to these fellows with their 'sorting' and 'lengthing,' and so scattering one lot of hair to every corner of the earth!) Ah, you thief!"

Ella looked up quickly.

"No, not you. I'm speaking to that thing who just grabbed a braid. She's a thief and a murderer."

"I know it," sullenly retorted a woman who now stood pulling and shaking out the braid. "I was as bad as the worst. Why not? Who had any mercy for *me?* They cut off my hair in prison. Yes, a thief and a murderer. But who was any better? They murdered me on a scaffold; and they stole my hair. It was the only bright thing I ever had. It's mine—and I want it!"

"Well, well, not so much noise, old jailbird. Who says you can't have it?"

"*She's* said it!" retorted the woman, looking savagely at Ella. "She's claimed it for her own, and you wouldn't let me come. Haven't I seen her many a time, here in this very room, smooth it and braid it as if God had given it to her. Yes, and haven't I seen her carrying it about in gay ball-room, among splendid ladies and gentlemen with their flowers and jewels and scents—the very hair that I used to trail in the dust? Yes; and didn't she twine it with pearl, and didn't I see a man who danced with her put a white rose-bud in it once (ha! ha!), and—"

"Oh, oh! Stop her, Sheniona," cried Ella —"stop her, or I shall go mad!"

The woman, mockingly acknowledging a signal from the Spirit of the Waterfall, vanished with angry mutterings.

"Mad!" echoed a voice; "I *did* go mad, raving mad, and they cut off my locks—'sunny locks,' he used to call them. But that was when I lived on earth. I'm not mad now, and"—seizing another braid from Ella's lap—"I want my hair."

"Not mad now, eh?" said the Spirit of the Waterfall. "Any one would think from the way you act that you were stark, staring mad."

"It's the sight of the hair does it," returned the other, mournfully, and in a gentler tone. "The hair was what he always praised most."

"Who was *he?*" asked Sheniona, with some interest. "Was he a barber?"

"No, indeed," said the girl, scornfully; "he was a soldier, as handsome and brave a soldier as ever breathed—noble and good, too; but you can't understand any thing about that."

"That's because I'm all in a snarl, perhaps," assented Sheniona, ironically.

"But *you* can," turning to Ella. "He was so noble and good; and when the word came that he was lying dead on the field—lying all mangled and trodden—I couldn't stand it. I thought I should never, never see him again. I know better now. But this hair is his because he liked it. I couldn't rest while I knew it was being carried about by others in the bustling world. I died soon after they took it. Why couldn't they lay it in my grave where it belonged? Ah! if you knew all, my pretty lady, you would have perished sooner than have carried my poor hair into gay houses."

"Yes, yes," sobbed Ella. "Oh, Sheniona, I've been so wicked, so dreadfully wicked; but it's all your fault."

"Oh, certainly, of course," returned Sheniona. "You're just like all the rest. Now, ladies, if you'll be kind enough to divide the waterfall, and each take 'your own,' we can be gone. (Now, Fire, a little brighter!)"

The fire obeyed. Instantly the girl who had been a maniac vanished; the rest of the women seized the golden waterfall from Ella's unresisting hands, and with many struggles, exclamations, sighs, and sobs began to tear it to pieces, and pick out "their own," hair by hair.

What strange-looking creatures they were, and dressed in what motley variety of costume! Some of them had long, wavy tresses that had grown out since they had been shorn of their wealth; but most of them were closely cropped, and had a weird, restless look. There were pretty, blue-eyed Bohemian girls among them, dressed in picturesque attire; heavy Dutch lasses with great wooden shoes, that now made a strange, unearthly clatter; Swiss women with freckled faces and high caps; and two Swedish sisters, who stamped their ghostly feet indignantly to think how their bright locks had been boiled and twisted and baked.

Some seemed to have died, and others were the spirits of the living; but one and all were equally eager. During their rapid work they cast reproachful words or bits of personal history at Sheniona, and sometimes addressed themselves to Ella, who, with clasped hands and tearful eyes, sat wondering—a throng of new thoughts and resolutions rushing into her soul. Some told how their hair had been taken off in illness; some, how they had been forced to part with theirs through poverty; some told tales that brought a burning flush to Ella's cheek;

and others admitted that when they were working in the field or at household duties the hair-peddlers came along, shears in hand, and induced them to allow their tresses to be cut off in exchange for tawdry trinkets. Nearly all had something to say; and Ella vaguely wondered that their voices should seem so lifelike and natural. If she had but thought of the potent influence of Sheniona she would have wondered less. Under the spells of the Spirit of the Waterfall all things seem real.

One of the Dutch girls turned angrily toward Sheniona.

"What does this mean? I find only four hairs."

"It means that only four hairs of all your headful were fit to put with this lot," was the answer. "It was nearly all turned to flax. How did you fade yourself out so?"

"Ah!" said the jufvrouw, "my hair had a poor chance. I couldn't wear caps all the time; but I had one for Kermis-days. What with tending geese, and working on the polders, and taking father's dinner to him every day on the dykes, and picking hemp for Von Kopp's windmills, and being harnessed along with other women who towed barges up and down the canals, there wasn't much to save my good looks. Blazing sun, and high winds, and the heavy breath of the ditches don't go to make up fine ladies. Where's the rest of my hair?"

"Scattered about every where, if you want to know," said Sheniona; "it made about twenty different shades when they came to handle and assort it. Part of it is in a set of side-curls in London, part's in a lawyer's 'scratch' somewhere in Boston, part's in a mustache owned by a New Yorker who is always dodging the detectives, but most of it's on dolls."

"Dolls?"

"Yes, dolls—those tow-headed wax dolls. I shouldn't be surprised if you've fitted out a dozen of 'em."

"I'll find it all yet," hissed the Dutch lass between her teeth. "I'll find it all yet."

"Not unless you're civil you won't. Now, ladies, don't stand all night disputing over one hair!"

The scene was over at last. The "golden mass of wealth" had dwindled to nothing. One by one the women vanished. The fire flickered wildly, and Ella was once more alone with Sheniona.

"Don't cry," said the Spirit; "I've not deserted you yet. Tell me what I can do for you?"

"Nothing, nothing!" sobbed Ella. "Only leave me, and never, never come near me again."

"Never!" repeated Sheniona, in astonishment.

"Never."

"Why you will look like a fright!"

"No," said my brave little Ella, quite herself now. "I shall *not* look like a fright. I am not bald. But for your wicked spells I would never have slighted the adornment Nature had already given me."

"Nature!" sneered the Spirit, with intense scorn.

"It is you, Sheniona," continued Ella, "who all these months have made me look like a fright; you who have loaded my poor head till it ached; you who have made me almost a liar and a cheat; you who have made me wrong those poor women, and worry them in their graves; you who—"

"Hold!" cried Sheniona, now in a great passion. "You have said enough. From this hour I am done with you. Yes, I and my army shall withdraw from you forever!"

"Your army?"

"I have said it. Come forth my brave followers!" cried the Spirit of the Waterfall.

Instantly numerous boxes and drawers about the room flew open, and out hopped a regiment, it seemed, of crimpers and crinkling-pins. These were marshaled by a number of puffy officers brevetted "rats" and "coils;" while conspicuous among them stalked a stately pair of curling-tongs.

"This way!" commanded the Spirit of the Waterfall, turning savagely about.

She marched toward the fire-place; her army followed in rattling procession. At the hearth she stepped upon the pan. From the pan she hopped upon the bars. From the bars she sprang into the blaze. And in the blaze she vanished, army and all.

"Thank Heaven! She's gone!" cried Ella, starting up. "But what a dreadful odor of burning. And how hot it is! Oh!"

An instant and she was in the hall, screaming "Help! Fire!" with all her might.

The household were awake now. Men even were rushing in at the front door. Ella had time to look back into her room. She saw the toilet-table a blackened mass; saw her beautiful dress on the chair suddenly leap up in a fiery flash; saw the curtains near by curling and blazing, and realized how that star of gas-light had treacherously done its work, lighting the slow-burning damask, that in time had fired the "early dawn" of silk and lace. She would have ventured in to rescue a few precious notes that were locked in her work-table, but a gruff voice shouted through the smoke:

"Don't come in, miss! Here, Jim, down with them curtains the first thing!"

"Mercy on us! Oh my! Oh my!" shrieked the housekeeper, who at that instant burst upon the scene, an image of frantic despair in double-gown and night-cap. "Mercy on us! Come quick, Miss Ella, before the stairs goes!"

Thanks to prompt action and the good offices of Croton, the fire was soon arrested with scarcely more damage done than that which we have already seen. In a week or two carpenters, painters, gilders, upholsterers, and cabinet-makers had come and gone, leaving every thing as it was before.

Every thing? No, not quite. Ella was changed. No longer a victim to the spells of Sheniona, she became faultless in her beauty as

she was true and tender at heart. Left to itself her lovely hair, tossed lightly back from her temples, soon fell into a waving way of its own, beautiful to behold, and the golden net in which her looped-up tresses were imprisoned seemed to shine with gladness because it held only Ella's hair. What a pretty trick of thoughtfulness, too, came over my little girl! Why, in her girlish wisdom she could put a dozen pompous men to shame. She became an inspiration to me, waking into healthy activity the drowsy instinct that had been disgusted with shams, yet had not had strength to denounce them. She even asked me timidly one evening whether I didn't think we'd be happier if we were to spend more time quietly together, and less in the whirl of ball-rooms. Bless her heart! before long we actually read books together. Think of that! Read books—good sensible books, too. When the time came, as it did last winter, that we had a pretty house of our own to furnish, we went out together to see about pictures—my darling is really growing to have quite an eye for that sort of thing. We bought photographs, too, and a piano and a book-case; but the great treasure of all to me, in the furniture line, is that big arm-chair. If it hadn't been saved that night I really am not sure that I would have cared to go to housekeeping.

"You foolish boy!" exclaimed Ella, the other night, when, thinking aloud, I had uttered this sentiment in her presence. "You foolish, crazy boy! How can you talk such nonsense?"

I was grave in an instant.

"Ella, dear," I said, "in my opinion that chair (incidentally, of course) changed the whole current of our lives. You know we've neither of us had one clouded moment since the night of the fire, when you fell asl—"

"Now, Willie, stop!" cried Ella, blushing violently. "Don't you know we were *never* to speak of that night again. It was on this solemn condition that I told you the story—and a true story it is, too, every word of it."

"Why, Ella!" I exclaimed, maliciously, "you're talking about it yourself!"

She took up her embroidery and pretended to be quite vexed.

"Ella, dear."

No answer.

"Ella—just one word—now, really, aren't you glad things happened as they did that night?"

No answer.

"Ella" (coaxingly), "aren't you, dear?"

No answer.

"Ella" (very coaxingly), "aren't you glad, love, that things happened as— Why, Ella, my precious! my sunbeam! you're not crying!"

THE WOMAN'S KINGDOM:

A LOVE STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

CHAPTER X.

KENSINGTON twenty years ago was not like the Kensington of to-day. It seemed much quieter and farther from London. No great Exhibitions had beaten down the smooth grass of Hyde Park and stamped out the green lanes of Brompton, which then formed a barrier between "the old court suburb," as Leigh Hunt tenderly calls it, and the metropolitan vortex. Down the long, dusty miles of the Knightsbridge road crawled a few uncomfortable omnibuses—forming the chief communication with London—except for those fortunate people who had carriages of their own. Consequently, to middle-class respectability, Kensington was a rather retired place. Townified, certainly, but then its queer winding streets, its old-established shops, and old-fashioned houses, above all its palace and ancient church, gave it a dignified quaintness which half atoned for the want of the country. And but a little way beyond it were many ruralities: lanes and gardens, haunted by larks in the daytime and nightingales at eve; here and there a real field—not yet become a brick-field; and several "lovers' walks," where, between the tall hedge of May or wild roses, young people thus circumstanced might exchange a kiss safely and unobserved.

About half a mile from where the Misses Kenderdine lived was a canal, along the banks of which ran a slip of waste ground, where bloomed as if by stealth many a real country flower: bindweed—the little pink creeping sort and the large white one, that in late summer mounts the hedges and stars them with its dazzling, short-lived bells; abundance of those flowers which grow on commons and waste ground—bright yellow hawkweed, and the delicate primrose-tinted kind; with various tiny plants, pleasant enough to observant eyes, and of which there used to be plenty in these regions, till London, gradually growing, has forced them to give place to coarser weeds.

To this place Edna often came, between or after school-hours, to fancy herself in the country, and get a breath of air, for the sisters' house was somewhat small and close. Not that it was an ugly house; creepers, jasmin, and grape-vine half covered it, and it was open, front and back, to a view of market gardens. Nobody can find it now—it has been completely swept from the face of the earth; pulled down and built upon, with all its surroundings. Year by year genteel terraces and squares are growing

where the cabbages—acres of them—once grew. So if I say, with the lingering tenderness that its inhabitants also learned to speak of it—that it was not an ugly house—there is no one who can contradict me.

It boasted three stories, of two rooms each, the most important of which were the sitting-room, the drawing-room above, made into a school-room, and a large (or they called it large) bedroom overhead, where the two sisters slept. Thus, at a glance, may be seen their small establishment, of which the only other inmates besides themselves were one servant and a cat. A very microscopic, maidenly establishment, simple even to poverty, and yet it had its happiness—to Edna at least—for it was their own. Every atom of furniture had been bought with their own money—bought and paid for—which is more than can be said of many magnificent mansions. Every corner, from attic to basement, was theirs to do with as they liked. And to these governesses, who had lived for years in other people's houses, any nook they could call their own and do what they chose in, possessed a certain charm, of which the novelty was not even yet exhausted. In this nest of theirs, narrow as it was, the two sisters had not been unhappy—Edna especially had been the merriest little bird—till now.

It chanced that after the pleasant spring came a very hot summer; weeks of settled drought. By August the leaves were almost burnt off the trees, and the dusty, languid air that seemed to creep, or rather to stagnate, over the lanes and market gardens, and the line of road between Kensington town and Holland House, was almost stifling, even at twilight, when Edna insisted on their going out, just for health's sake.

"Oh, Edna," Letty would say, drearily, as she crawled along the heated pavement and looked up at the handsome houses, nearly all with closed windows—"every body is gone out of town. Why can't we go too? It's very hard for us to be teaching school here when all the world is away at the sea-side. I wish we were there also. Don't you?"

"No," replied Edna. "One holiday is enough for one year. No."

But she knew she was telling a falsehood; that in her heart of hearts she had a frantic longing for the sight of the sea, for the sound and smell of briny waters, lapping on shingle and sand, for even a handful of sea-weeds, damp, salt, and living—not like that poor dead mummy of a sea-weed that still hung up in a corner of the room, though Letty had begged her more than once to take it down, it looked so "nasty," for its meteorological powers had signally failed. Yet still she let it hang there—a thing that had missed its destiny, and was of no mortal use to any body—except as a memento of a very pleasant time.

That pleasant time had passed out of all memories. Even Letty scarcely mentioned it now—three months was far too long for Letty to remember any thing or any body. At first she had found home extremely dull, had talked incessantly of the Isle of Wight and of the two Stedmans, wondering whether they had come home—if when they did come they would make any effort to renew the acquaintance.

"It would be possible, nay, easy, to find out our address, for our boxes were marked 'Kensington,' and there is the post-office to inquire at. If I were they I would hunt us out, and call. In which case, Edna, you know, we must be polite to them. They might mean nothing."

"Probably not. What would you wish them to mean?"

"How sharp you are with me! Of course, if Dr. Stedman did call upon us two single ladies, he could have but one intention in doing so. Not that he ever gave me any reason to suppose any thing," added Letty, looking down with her half smile, that implied an expectation of being contradicted in her assertion. But no contradiction came.

"Of course, a man so poorly circumstanced couldn't be expected to come forward at once—but then you see—"

Edna would see nothing. Every time the conversation took this turn she resolutely avoided it: to speak her mind, or to open her heart to this her only sister, became every day more impossible. Not that there was less affection between them, but there was a clearer perception and a sadder acceptance of the great difference in thought and feeling, which sometimes happens—that alienation of nature which no nearness of blood can atone for, or prevent, or cure.

Sometimes, when in the long, bright June evenings Letty persisted in walking out regularly—not down the actual street where Dr. Stedman lived (Edna knew it well, and kept half a mile from it always), but up and down the long, green alleys of Kensington Gardens, looking round at every corner, and fancying every tall figure—or two figures, a taller and a shorter—must surely be the two Stedmans—the patient elder sister would grow excessively irritable, and then Letty, who was invariably good-tempered, would wonder at her, and fear she was not well, and pet her and caress her in a fashion harder to bear than the interminable talkativeness.

But when week after week crept by, and the Stedmans gave no sign, Letty's interest in her lost admirer or admirers died out. Besides, school-time began, and the small worries of the present completely extinguished the past. Then, when her sister seemed quite to have forgotten them, poor Edna's memory of those happy sea-side days woke up with a vividness quite horrible in its pain, and in its sharp consciousness of what that pain was, whence it arose, and to what it tended.

I will tell no untruth about my poor Edna, nor make any pretenses concerning her, which she herself would have been the first to scorn. I believe that no woman, gifted with common-

sense and common feeling, ever "falls in love," as the phrase is, without knowing it: at least not when the love comes suddenly, and for one who heretofore has been a stranger, so that no gradual previous relations of intimacy have disguised the true state of things for a while, as sometimes occurs. She may refuse to acknowledge the fact, even to herself; but she knows it—knows it at the very core of her heart—in all its sweetness, and in all its bitterness too.

Long before those three months had gone by, Edna Kenderdine, who had met so few men, and had never taken the smallest interest in any man, began to find out that she was never likely again to meet such a one as Dr. William Stedman—never likely, in all her future life, to have such a happy fortnight as that she spent in the Isle of Wight, when her anxiety for her sister was over, and she and Letty were roaming about the sweet country and pleasant seashore, and meeting the two Stedmans every day and all day long.

Only a fortnight — fourteen days — a short time on which to build—or to wreck—a life's happiness; yet many have done it before now, and will do it again. Fate sometimes compresses into a few days the events and experience of years. People love in divers ways, and marry under infinitely varied circumstances, concerning which no person can judge, or has a right to judge, any other; yet there is but one true love—leading to the one perfect marriage, or else leading through dark and thorny yet sacred ways to that perpetual virginity of heart and life which is only second to marriage in its holiness and happiness.

This love had come to Edna, and she knew it.

She did not fall into romantic ecstasies of joy or grief over it, though let not even these be condemned, they are natural in the time of passionate youth—the Juliet-time. But Edna was a woman—not a girl, though her heart was as fresh as if she were sixteen. She said nothing —she betrayed nothing; externally she was the schoolmistress only; but within she was conscious of the great change which only comes once in a lifetime, and after which no woman is ever quite the same again.

Of her lover—or her love, a tenderer and nobler name—she did not sit and think all day long—her days were too busy for that; but she thought of him in every idle or solitary minute, and often when neither idle nor alone; till day by day she learned to mingle him in all her doings and all her dreams. Him—the one "him" in the world to her now, whom by a magic sympathy she seemed already to understand, faults and all, better than any other human being she had ever met.

For she did not think Dr. Stedman faultless; she had seen in him a good many things she would have liked different, and had to apologize for — shortcomings of temper, roughness, and hardness, which seemed the result of circumstances. Still he was himself; drawn to her, or rather she to him, by a strange attraction, and, as a whole, very near her ideal of what a man should be.

But it is idle reasoning about such things, and soon Edna ceased to reason, and was content only to feel. All the stronger, because in her intense humility it never occurred to her that the feeling could be reciprocated. She accepted with a strong silent courage the lot which had befallen her—a great misfortune, some would say. But she did not call it so, though she recognized to the full its sadness, hopelessness, and—no, she was not so cowardly as to add, its humiliation.

She had done nothing wrong in loving, even though she loved a man who had never asked her to marry him, who had apparently no intention of asking her, whom, in all human probability, she would never meet again. Well; let it be so; she had met, for once in her life, the man who she felt could have satisfied her whole heart, reason, conscience—whom, had he asked her, she would have married, and whom otherwise she would remember tenderly to the day of her death. This is, next to a thoroughly happy marriage, the best lot which can befall any woman.

I linger over Edna Kenderdine because I like to linger over her, just here: the picture of a woman who is brave enough to love, unloved, the best and highest; embodied to her, as it was to her mother Eve, in a man. For Milton's celebrated line,

"He for God only, she for God in him,"

is so far true that no woman can love either lover or husband perfectly, unless—in a sense—she sees God in him, and sees in him, beyond herself, the desire for God only. And if so, her love is neither an unhappy nor an unfortunate love, however it may end.

One fact proved incidentally how utterly removed from the selfishness of all personal feeling was this ideal admiration, this self-existent, up-looking, and out-loving love which had taken such sudden and strong hold of Edna's heart, and after lurking there a while, sprung up, forced into being not by the sunshine of hope, but by the warm darkness of complete though quiet despair. The possibility—which Letty's vanity had taken for granted—of Dr. Stedman's attentions being to herself, awoke in her sister's mind no jealousy or dread—indeed, no sensation of any kind. In those early days—when she was so ignorantly happy—Edna had thought the matter over in all its bearings, and set it aside as a mistake. For had he really fallen in love, there was no reason why he should not have spoken, nor why afterward he should not have hunted Letty out and followed her to the world's end. Edna thought, if she were a man, she would have done so. She could imagine no hindrance strong enough to prevent a man who really loved a woman from seeking her out, wooing her, and carrying her off triumphant—like one of the old Paladins—in face of all the world.

Yet all these three months William Stedman had lived close by them, and given no sign of his existence. Therefore, of course, there was but one conclusion to be drawn. Letty, she supposed, had come to it likewise, or else had forgotten the whole matter—Letty could so easily forget!

Still, this summer was a dull time with poor Letty Kenderdine. After the fever, pupils were naturally slow of returning: the sisters were likely to be very poor this half-year. Edna did not care much for the fact; but she tried to make things as easy as she could to Letty, whom want of money always affected keenly with a hundred small wants and petty humiliations, which her sister, if unable to sympathize with, felt heartily sorry for. She taxed her ingenuity to lighten Letty's school duties, and out of school to invent inexpensive amusements for her; but still the dullness remained. Only dullness; certainly not disappointed love, for Letty spoke more than once of accepting her latest offer, from an Australian sheep-farmer, once the boy-brother of one of her pupils, whose ardent admiration had gone so far as to entreat her to come out to Geelong and marry him. And so Edna, who, in her simplicity, could not conceive the possibility of liking one man, and in the remotest degree contemplating marriage with another, became quite satisfied as to the state of her sister's affections.

Thus they went on, teaching school daily, and spending the time as well as they could after school-hours, generally in the arduous duty of making ends meet, until the leaves which had budded out in that happy, merry springtime in the Isle of Wight began to change color, wither, and fade.

"How fast the year slips by!" said Letty, drearily, one half-holiday when she sat at the window, with nothing to do but to look over the long flat of market gardens, and wish she was any where but where she was. "I declare, to-day is the last day of the band playing in Kensington Gardens, and we have never yet been to hear it. It is your fault, Edna. Why wouldn't you let us go?"

The question was not easy to answer. There was, of course, the obvious reason that Letty was too beautiful a person to promenade much in so public a place without father or brother; but Edna's conscience told her this was not the only reason why she had so persistently resisted such a very harmless amusement.

She knew quite well, that if by walking twenty miles she could, herself unseen, have caught one glimpse of William Stedman—resting her weary thirsting eyes on his brown face, which might not be handsome, yet was so manly, gentle, honest, and good—she would eagerly have done it. That even the dim remote possibility of seeing him—his tall, sturdy, erect figure, turning round some street corner—a common Kensington street—sanctified to her even those dusty pavements and ugly roads. Sometimes the craving only to know that he was alive—alive and well—pursuing his duties, which she knew were so close to his heart, working at his profession, and carrying out nobly his useful, beneficent life, without the remotest thought of herself, came upon poor Edna with a force that was almost maddening in its pain. But, at the same time, the chance of really seeing him, of meeting face to face, and being obliged to bow, or to shake hands and speak to him, in the visible flesh—him of whom she thought night and day—was to her an apprehension almost amounting to terror. The mere thought of it often, in her walks, made her heart stand still a minute, and then go on beating so violently that she scarcely knew where she was or what she was doing. Therefore, she had contrived always to avoid that band promenade, where Kensington young men might naturally take an afternoon lounge, and where Julius Stedman had once said he was rather fond of going.

But this day Letty was so persistent, that, with a kind of fear lest her secret reason should be betrayed, Edna ceased resistance, and they went.

Only, however, for one or two turns, during which she looked straight before her, and deported herself as grimly as possible toward the fops and fashionable idlers who never failed to stare at the tall beautiful woman and her unobtrusive companion. Only two turns; but even these were one too many. At the second, Fate came, dead front, to meet the sisters.

"There they are! Don't look, Edna; don't let them fancy we see them; but there are the two Stedmans."

Edna's heart gave a wild leap, every thing seemed turning round and round for a minute, then she gathered up her senses, and recovered her strong self-control, which had never failed her yet. Happily, her veil was down; but Letty's careless eyes roved every where rather than to her sister's face. Had it been different, still Edna would have been safe. Usually tears and blushes came readily to that sensitive little face, which changed its expression half a dozen times in a minute; but when any thing smote her hard, Edna neither blushed nor wept, but grew perfectly white, and as quiet as a stone. She did so now.

"The Stedmans, is it? You are right, Letty, we will not look. They are not likely to see us. They are passing on."

And they did pass on, their attention being caught by some acquaintance on the other side of the promenade, to whom they stood talking for some time.

That while, the eyes Dr. Stedman did not see—the sad, fond, lingering eyes—had seen him—vividly, distinctly; had noticed that he was a good deal thinner, paler, graver—very unlike his former self; until in talking he chanced to smile, and then Edna recognized it again fully—the face stamped indelibly upon her memory.

Perceiving he was fully occupied, and that there was no possibility of his noticing her, she

looked at him once again, with a quiet, sad feeling—"God bless him; no man is any the worse for a woman's loving him"—and turned away.

As soon as she could she lured Letty out of the crowd into one of those green alleys that abound in Kensington Gardens, in sight of the queer old red brick palace, with its Dutch garden, where, long ago, the courtiers of William and Mary, and the maids of honor of Queen Anne, and the first two Georges, may have strolled and coquetted and made love—the old, old story! In their long-effaced footsteps walked the lovely Letty Kenderdine, as fair as any of them, and talking, perhaps, not greater nonsense than they had talked.

"Well, I must say it was strange," said she. "It only shows how easily men forget. To pass me by within a few yards, and never even see me!"

"They were talking to some gentlemen."

"Oh, but people always see those they want to see. Perhaps I ought to have bowed. You know they could not come and speak to us unless we bowed first. And how nice and gentlemanly they both looked, especially Julius! Really Julius is a very handsome young fellow now he is quite well. I suppose he is quite well by this time."

"He looked so." And Edna felt glad, partly for his own sake, but more for his brother's. That anxiety at least was over. And then she let her imagination wander wildly as to what could be the secret trouble which showed plainly on Dr. Stedman's face, and had altered him so much. The desperate longing to comfort him, to take part of his burden, whatever it might be, came upon her, sad and sore.

So much so, that she never heard footsteps behind, nor guessed what was going to happen, until Letty called out in her loud whisper:

"Goodness me! There they are."

And at an angle of the path the two brothers and two sisters met, face to face, abruptly and unexpectedly, so as to make non-recognition, or the half-recognition of a formal bow, impossible. They were all evidently taken by surprise. Involuntarily they stopped and shook hands. Not without a certain awkwardness in the greeting, probably caused by the suddenness of their rencontre; but after the first minute it passed off. In spite of all the good resolutions on both sides, every body seemed unfeignedly glad to meet.

The two young men turned back with them in the old familiar way; Julius by Edna, Dr. Stedman by Letty, until with some slight excuse Julius crossed over to the latter, and his brother fell behind with Edna. Thus they went, walking slowly, the whole way up the broad walk to the Bayswater Gate. The younger brother and sister began laughing and talking immediately, Julius making himself agreeable in his old light way, as if it were but yesterday that he had carried on the same pleasant badinage on the Isle of Wight shore; but the two others were rather silent.

Dr. Stedman asked Edna a few questions as to her sister's health and her own; if they had had no return of scarlet-fever in the house, and if their pupils had come back; to all of which she replied quietly, briefly, and categorically; then he seemed to have nothing more to say. And, far in the distance, they heard the faint sound of the band playing, and one or two straggling groups of gayly-dressed people passed them, chattering and flirting—a great contrast to this quiet, silent pair.

Very silent, very quiet outside, but beneath that?

Many people might call it wrong for an unsought woman—a tender, sweet, reticent maiden—to feel as Edna felt, walking along beside him who, she now knew, was the lord of all her life. But there was no wrong in her heart. She had no hope of being wooed or married by Dr. Stedman; she only loved him. She only felt that it was heaven to be near him—to catch again the sound of his voice—to rest again in the protection of his honest goodness. Oh, that protection! the one thing a woman needs—even a woman so brave as Edna Kenderdine. As for herself, she thought if she could only serve him, tend him, do him good in any way; ay, in the pathetic way of some ballad-heroine she had read of—making the house ready for his bride, and helping to rear and cherish his children—it would have been not hard, but happy to have done it; for he seemed, now she saw him again, just as heretofore—unlike all others, simplest, noblest, best; truest man and most perfect gentleman—one worth living for—worth dying for.

She idealized him a little: women always do that; but William Stedman was a great deal that she believed; and for her idealizing, perhaps it did no harm. Men so loved not seldom grow to be as good as the fond women believe them.

At the Bayswater Gate Dr. Stedman paused.

"This is our best way home. Will you come, Julius?"

"Certainly not; I have not half talked out my talk. Do you turn? Then so shall we—with your permission, Miss Kenderdine."

Letty bowed a smiling assent. After her long fast from flirtation she was all graciousness, even to the "boy" Julius, as she persisted in considering him, though he was exactly her own age. So the two couples strolled back again to the Palace, and then across the grass to the little gate which led to Kensington High Street.

"Here we really must take our leave," said William Stedman, decisively. "I have an appointment; and besides, Julius—" he added half a dozen inaudible words, which his brother did not answer, but turned sharply away.

Then Edna came forward, very dignified. This little woman could be dignified when she chose, in spite of her few inches.



BEFORE THE MIRROR.

"Indeed, Mr. Stedman, we will not trouble you to accompany us any farther. We have a call to make in Kensington. Good-by."

She held out her hand—first to Julius, and then to his brother.

"Well, that is the coolest dismissal," said the former. "Must it be? Do you really agree to it, Miss Letty?"

But Miss Letty was making elaborate adieux to Dr. Stedman, and did not hear. Besides, she very rarely contradicted Edna. Her easy nature always yielded to the stronger will; it was least trouble. But when they had really parted from their cavaliers she was a little cross.

"Why on earth were you so peremptory, Edna? They wanted to see us home."

"Did they?"

"At least Julius did. And why not? It would have been rather amusing. If we ever meet them again, and perhaps we may, for Mr. Stedman says they always take their constitutional in Kensington Gardens—we ought to treat them a little more civilly, and let them see us home if they desire it."

Edna replied not, but the small mouth set itself closely together. No. Letty might say what she liked—fancy what she chose, but this should not be. Dr. Stedman should never think that either she or her sister were girls ready to meet the first advances of any idle youth. Love was no disgrace; it did nobody any harm; but the feeble pretense of it—flirtation or philandering—was a thing which this woman, pure and true, yet passionate-hearted, utterly scorned. If the Stedmans wanted to marry Letty—either of them—they must come and ask for her as a man should ask—and is a coward if he dare not ask under any circumstances.

Letty—always Letty. That the object of their admiration could be any other when Letty was by did not occur to Edna. And when Letty took her bonnet off, and shook back her bright fair hair, and looked into the glass with her eyes glittering with the novel excitement of the day, Edna thought the universal admiration her sister excited was not wonderful. If Dr. Stedman shared it—if that was the cause of his silence and evident preoccupation—well!

Edna stood a minute to face this thought. She was alone. Letty had gone down stairs, all smiles and excitement; at least, as much excitement as she was capable of—quite another woman after the afternoon's adventure, which was such a pleasant break in their dull life. Was it only that, or did she really care for one or other of the Stedmans? And if one of them really asked her, would Letty marry him?

Such a possibility might occur. The man Edna loved might marry another, and that other her own sister: a supposition maddening enough to many—nay, most women. Even to this gentle little woman it gave the same sudden "stound"—which had come to her several times lately. She closed her eyes, drew a long hard breath, tried to stifle the choking in her throat, and to view her position calmly.

Jealousy, in any of its ordinary forms, did not affect her; her nature was too single, too entirely free from both vanity and self-con-

sciousness. No wound could come to her through either of these points—nothing except simple sorrow, the agony of lost love. Besides, she was accustomed to view things in the plain daylight, without any of those distorted refractions to which egotistic people are subject. She saw that in such a case as hers there are but two ways open to any woman. If she loves a man and he does not love her, to give him up may be a horrible pang and loss, but it can not be termed a sacrifice—she resigns what she never had. But if he does love her and she knows it, she is bound to marry him, though twenty other women loved him, and broke their hearts in losing him. He is not theirs, but hers; and to have her for his wife is his right and her duty. And in this world are so many contradictory views of duty and exaggerated notions of rights, so many false sacrifices and renunciations weak even to wickedness, that it is but fair sometimes to uphold the *right* of love—love sole, absolute, and paramount, firmly holding its own, and submitting to nothing and no one—except the laws of God and righteousness.

"Yes," Edna whispered to herself as she sat down, feeling strangely weak and yet strong, and looked through the open window across the market gardens, and down Love Lane, where in the August evening more than one pair of figures—lovers of course—might be seen slowly strolling. "Yes, it is all clear enough, plain enough. Possibly we shall never meet him again—I hope not. But if we do, if he loves Letty, marries Letty—" she paused—"of course, I never say one word. He only does right, and she does right too—what I should have done myself. If he loved me, and I knew it, I would hold to him in spite of Letty, in spite of the whole world—hold to him till death!"

Involuntarily, her right hand closed over the other hand. Ay, small and fragile as it was, it was a hand that any one could see would hold, faithfully and firm, till death.

Oh that among us poor, wavering women, driven about by every wind of fancy, prejudice, weakness, or folly, there were more such hands! They would keep back many a man from sinking into the gulf of perdition.

CHAPTER XI.

"I've done it! I've tracked them as cleverly as if I were a bee-hunter on the American prairies. I've found their house—such a little one, in such a shabby neighborhood. No wonder they didn't like us to know it. I say, Will, don't you hear?"

"Yes," growled Will, who had just come in from a severe day's work, as his brother had done from a severe day's play. They were eating conjointly their final meal, half tea, half supper, roughly laid out and roughly served, in the dining-room, which was the one well-furnished apartment of the doctor's large, empty house—a good house in a good street, which, as a doctor, he was obliged to have, and had contrived to make externally comfortable for his patients—when they should come. But beyond this consulting-room all was dreariness—the dreariness of raw newness, which is much worse than that of ancient dilapidation.

William Stedman was wearied and dull, but Julius seemed in high spirits, insisting on talking and being listened to.

"I tell you I have found out where they live, though they were so confoundedly secret about it. It's a tiny house in one of the lanes beyond Kensington. They must be poor enough—poorer even than they seemed. But there they certainly live, and I vow I'll go and pay them a call to-morrow."

"Pshaw! don't make a fool of yourself."

"Make a fool of myself! You're uncommonly civil to-day! Pray, may I ask in what way would it be making a fool of myself? I like women's society, and these two are the very jolliest young women I ever—"

Will jumped up as if he had been shot. "Hold your tongue! you'd better!" cried he, violently; and then, catching his brother's look of utter amazement, he suddenly reined himself in, and, with a sort of laugh, begged Julius's pardon.

"Well you may! Why, what has come over you, Will? What on earth have I said or done amiss?"

"Nothing—decidedly nothing. Except that you might speak a little more respectfully of these friends of yours. And I do think, as I told you before you went, that it was hardly right, hardly gentlemanly, to hunt them out, when they so evidently wished to conceal from us where they lived. Just consider, we know nothing at all, in reality, concerning them, except their names."

"And themselves, which is a good deal. I flatter myself I know one of them, at least, pretty well. Miss Edna and I were capital friends, though I wasn't sweet upon her, as you thought I was. She's a very nice girl, but she's not to my taste exactly."

Will poured himself out his last cup of weak tea and answered nothing.

"Come now, be reasonable, old fellow.—You're my elder brother, and I don't like to go against you. Why are you so fierce at me for wishing to keep up our acquaintance—a perfectly harmless, indifferent acquaintance with the two Misses Kenderdine?"

"*They* evidently do not wish it."

"Oh, trust me for that," said Julius, with a laugh. "I know women's ways rather better than you. They only wanted to be followed—tracked down, like bee-hunting, as I said; and very amusing work it is, and rather cleverly I've done it. To-morrow I mean to knock boldly at their door—such a little door, only fit for a little fellow like me, so you needn't try it—send in my card, and request permission to pay my respects."



THE STEDMAN BROTHERS.

"And what is to come of it?"

"Nothing; at least nothing in particular. Just a little bit of harmless amusement."

"Amusement!"

"Why should I not have amusement? Nay, don't look as if you'd eat me up. Only consider what a dull life we lead, especially at this time of year. We're not bad enough, or rich enough, to do things jollily. I'd really like to be a good boy, if I could find out a house to visit at, a family house with nice girls in it, where I could go to tea sometimes. I'd do it, I assure you, as soberly and respectably as if I were my own great-grandmother."

"And that is your intention with regard to these ladies?"

"What other intention could I have? You may think of marrying, old boy, if you like. You have a profession, a house, and a settled income of two hundred a year; but as for me —bah!"

"We can neither of us think of marrying just yet," said the elder brother, gravely. "It would be an act of insanity—or worse, scoundrelism, to take a young girl and plunge her into a life of grinding poverty. But even that, I think, would be lesser scoundrelism than to intrude on the privacy of two young ladies who have neither parents nor brothers; to cultivate their acquaintance or friendship, as you choose to call it, but we couldn't be friends, it isn't in human nature. It would end in making them think, and other people say, we were their lovers; and then we must sheer off and leave them."

"Well, and if so? It would have been jolly fun while it lasted."

Dr. Stedman turned upon his brother with blazing eyes. "You're joking—you know you are. For me, I may be a very bad fellow—I don't think much of myself, any how; but I'm not such a scamp as that. And as long as I am your elder brother, and have the slightest influence over you, I'll hinder you from being one. You will seriously offend me, Julius, if you carry out your plan of visiting these two young ladies."

Will spoke quietly, the almost unnatural quietness of some smothered feeling or passion: with him a feeling was a passion, or it

was nothing. He was not a merely intellectual man, or a sentimental man: it needed but to look at him to perceive that in him the full human tide of life ran strongly and deeply—the more deeply because so completely held in restraint. His measured words, his steady step—for he had risen, and was walking up and down the room—indicated faintly what lay concealed below.

But Julius did not notice it. Either he was too preoccupied by his own concerns, or else this was a novel development of his brother which he did not understand. He only said, lightly:

"You are very kind, but I don't consider myself a scamp, not just yet; even though, in spite of my elder brother, I do certainly intend to call upon the Misses Kenderdine to-morrow."

It would have been a pity had Edna seen what Dr. Stedman next did—Dr. Stedman, her calm, gentle, wise hero—exalted by her foolish love into all that a man should be. Nothing could excuse it, though it might be accounted for by the long under-current of mental struggle that must have gone on within him, before that last touch caused it to burst its boundaries, and forced him completely beyond his self-control. It was a wrong thing, and a ridiculous thing to do, but he did it: he seized his brother by the collar and shook him, as a furious big dog shakes a little one, which he must punish, but will not injure; then let him go, and leaned breathless against the wall.

Julius rose up, not furious, but smouldering in the white heat of passion which he so seldom showed.

"You shall repent this," he said. "I don't know whether you're mad or drunk, or what, but you shall repent it. I'll leave you now: you're not fit for civil men's company; but to-morrow— Good-night."

Julius had the best of it, and knew he had. Sometimes, though not many times, during their lives, the two brothers had quarreled—most brothers do: and then generally the stronger and better-governed nature had won. But now they seemed to have changed characters, and the lighter and more superficial one carried the day.

"I have been a fool," muttered Will, as his brother deliberately lit a chamber candle, and passed him by, unobservant, or else regardless, of the hand which was half-extended—the old affectionate, brotherly hand. Will drew it back immediately.

"Good-night," said Julius again, very stiffly, and walked out of the room.

Bitterly humbled and shamed, with the bitterest, perhaps the only shame an honest man can ever feel—the reproaches of his own conscience—Will sat down, wrapping his arms on the table and laying his head upon them, in an attitude of complete dejection. There he remained, nearly motionless, for a long time. The last faint glimmering of an August sunset crept into the room and crept out again, leaving behind a dull twilight, almost darkness. Then the lamplighter's quick step was heard through the open window, as he went down the dreary emptiness of a London evening street, and flashed upon it gleam after gleam of lighted gas-lamps, till at last he reached the one opposite Dr. Stedman's window; it suddenly brightened up the room, throwing fantastic patterns through the window-curtains on the opposite wall.

Will Stedman sprung up as if he had been asleep, and the light had suddenly wakened him.

"What a fool I have been!" he said aloud. "What a—" Forgive him, gentle souls of gentle women, if he used stronger language than I care to record. He was only a man, and he was hard bestead. "I wonder what Julius thought of me! what any one would think! Who would believe I could have done such a contemptible thing? How she would despise me!"

She? So the man had succumbed at last. Passion had taken hold of him: that passion which, seizing one like William Stedman, completely masters him—turns his whole nature either to sweetness or bitterness. How had this come about, and for what woman? For that is the great test, the one fearful risk of a man's life. A woman will sometimes idealize a very inferior man, until her love for him, and her patience with him, exalt him into something better than he originally was, and her into little short of an angel; but a man almost invariably drops to the level of the woman he is in love with. He can not raise her, but she can almost unlimitedly deteriorate him. Why this should be, Heaven knows, but so it constantly is. We have but to look around us with ordinary observation in order to see that a man's destiny, more than even a woman's, depends far less upon the good or ill fortune of his wooing, than upon the sort of woman with whom he falls in love.

That William Stedman was a man to choose, strongly, firmly, and irrevocably, no one who knew him, if ever so little, could doubt. That, having chosen, his character would be modified to a momentous extent by the object of his love, and that, once gaining him, she would have almost unlimited influence over him—was a fact also patent, for it belonged to common human nature. Not that he was a weak man, or a sensualist, to be led by an iron chain hid under passion's roses—his thirty years of brave and virtuous life furnished a sufficient denial to both suppositions. But his affections were very strong, and hitherto had been wholly undivided. He had no intimate friend, and not one relative living, except the brother whom he had guarded and guided all his days, in a way less brotherly than fatherly. Still Julius had often been a great anxiety to him—more anxiety than pleasure; and besides, there comes a time in a man's life—in all lives—when ties, not only of instinct and duty, but of personal election, are necessary for happiness; when, in short, no tie satisfies, except *the* one which God Himself made to be the root of all.

Was it so with William Stedman—this good brother; this eager, active worker in the world, who, as yet, did more for it than it had ever done for him, though he lived in hopes that if he fought on steadily there was a good time coming? Had fate suddenly met him in his busy life, caught him round a corner, grappled with him and bound him, throwing him into the reckless bitterness, the angry, dissatisfied craving of a man who feels the key-note wanting in his existence—who misses the soft, sweet harmony that would resolve all its discords into peace—the quiet blessedness which nothing ever gives to a man's life except a woman's love?

William Stedman's good angel standing behind him that night might well have wept over him, so unlovely and unlovable he seemed. But angelic wisdom would have known also that it was only the upboiling of the chaos out of which was soon to arise a perfect world.

He paced his dining-room—his well-furnished but ugly and dreary dining-room—till he was thoroughly wearied; and he had had a long day of hospital work besides; yet still the restless spirit was not half taken out of him. Then he went and listened on the staircase, but from Julius's room came no sound.

"What do I want with him, or he with me? Probably he is fast asleep, and has forgotten it all. Nothing ever makes much impression on him for long. Why should I sacrifice myself? He will be just as happy in any other house as in mine; and, besides, he might come here often. He would, if this house were made pretty and pleasant—as a woman could make it. They are as poor as we are—thank God for that! Yet what a difference there used to be between their parlor and ours! How neat her work-basket was! and how she used to stick little bits of flowers here and there about the room!"

While he thought the man's hard features softened.

"*She* wouldn't let me be savage with Julius. She always had a kind word to say for him, poor fellow! She would be a good sister to him, I know. He liked her too, and I was such a fool as to think that— Almost as great a fool as I was for a day or two over the beauty of the other one. Pshaw! mere flesh and blood—bones and epidermis. But *my* darling; my little bright, active, loving darling! she is all spiritual: makes me believe in spirit without the flesh. No death could kill *her*, or the love that lives in her. Oh, my God, if I had it for mine!"

A great convulsion came over his face, and his thoughts (which were altogether silent—he was not a person to stamp about and soliloquize) came to an abrupt stop—then ran rampant in a wild riot. At last he gathered them up together, and formed them into a resolution—strong and clear.

"I *will* have her; at least I'll try my best to get her. I am driven to it, whether or no. As for prudence—hang prudence! And with regard to honor—well, perhaps it's as honorable to speak out at once as to hold my tongue for another year or two, and let Julius go philandering after them, vexing and fretting her, and setting people talking besides; while if she were engaged to me—openly and fairly mine—nobody could say one word. Only let any one dare, that's all!"

He clenched his fist and struck it with such force against the table that he actually hurt himself, and then laughed at his own exceeding silliness.

"I'll take a walk and think the matter over. I shall get quiet then. But I must send the household to bed. How late it is! She would not have been so forgetful of other people." And after shouting down the stairs to the old man and woman who formed his sole establishment—one to attend upon patients, and the other to see to the comfortless comforts of the two young bachelors—Dr. Stedman closed his hall door with a bang, and set off at a quick pace—any where.

His feet carried him to a place where he had very often walked this summer, but never in daylight; mostly, as now, taking it on his way home from night visits in that poor neighborhood which lay close by, whence, no doubt, the scarlet-fever came. Not a wholesome spot, especially in late summer and autumn, when the air was heavy with decaying vegetation. Yet to the end of his days William Stedman thought there was something pleasant in the faint moist odor, half perfume, of jasmine, clematis, and the like, and half composed of scents much less sweet, which came through the brilliant harvest moonlight, as he walked along under black shadowing trees and stirless hedges, past the Misses Kenderdine's door.

He knew it well enough—had discovered it long ago—though he had allowed his brother to take such a world of pains to find it: but he walked rapidly past it, and not till he was some distance off did he turn round to watch it, as men in love will stand and watch the casket that holds their jewel, to the end of time.

For he was in love—deeply, desperately—as rarely happens to a man twice in a lifetime. Perhaps all the deeper because, like Romeo with his Rosaline, there had previously appeared and vanished the phantom of a mock sun. It sometimes flashed upon him, this deep-hearted, high-minded, and somewhat exacting man, who in midst of all his passion never let his reason go—what a different kind of love his would have been had it been placed on mere outside beauty—like Letty Kenderdine's!

"My little darling! my bright, active, unselfish little darling! you are not plain to me. You are all sweet, all lovely!" and he opened his arms and closed them again over his breast as if he still felt her there, as on the stormy night when he carried her home insensible—that night when he vowed in his heart that no other woman but herself would he ever marry.

Let us look at him tenderly—this man who had no mother or sister, none of those holy influences which are often almost as blessed as that of a wife, if rightly and wisely and unselfishly used. But he had, as he said, nothing;

and he felt his nature hardening and corrupting, and a kind of hopeless cynicism stealing over him.

"Oh, save me!" he cried, almost aloud, for the corner where he stood was as desolate as if he had been in a wilderness. "Save me from myself! Make a man of me! You could if you only knew it—if you only knew how bad I am, and how I want you to make me good, my little darling!"

And then and there he took his resolve, leaning on a railing where many a lover must have leaned before, for it was all engraved with rough letters in twos and twos, encircled in rings or true lovers' knots. Ah, to think what has become of the owners of those initials now! How many broken troth-plights, and death-partings, and marriages more fatal than deaths! Yet still then and there William Stedman resigned himself to the common lot, and made up his mind that he would risk his all on a brief yes or no from a woman's lips.

The poor old railing has long been broken down, and there is a range of handsome houses in which you can pay morning calls and go to evening parties on the quiet spot where the lovers used to linger. But I think more than one person still living remembers it tenderly, and thanks God that William Stedman had strength and courage to take his destiny, and another's also, into his own hands, after the fashion of those four lines which every honest man would do well to repeat to himself when he goes a wooing:

"He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
Who dares not put it to the touch,
And win or lose it all."

After that decision the doctor walked home with steadier feet and a bolder heart. He let himself in at his own door with a feeling that, come what would, he was master there—master of himself, and, in measure, of his fortunes; as a man always is who has courage to look his difficulties in the face, and push his way through them with a firm, steadfast hand.

To that singleness of purpose—to the consciousness that, in acting as he had determined to act, there was in his heart no mean intent, no thought which a good man need wish to hide, or a good woman blush to look at—he trusted the success of his suit. And if it failed—why, he was not the first man to whom such a thing had happened.

Though when he imagined the possibility—nay, probability, for his humility made him think it very probable—of his love being rejected, he felt as a man would not willingly feel twice in a lifetime.

Dr. Stedman was no coward; and yet when he lit his lamp, took out his desk, and fairly sat down to it, his hand shook like a leaf.

The letter consisted only of a few lines—he *could* not write more. Some men take refuge in pen and paper, and revel therein; their thoughts and feelings flow out—and generally evaporate also—in the most charming sentences, which, even under the deepest emotion, it is a relief to them to write, and a pride in having written. But William Stedman was of another sort. To express his feelings at all was very difficult to him—to write them, and see them written, staring back at him in terrible black and white, was impossible. Therefore this letter, the first love-letter he ever wrote, was of the very briefest and most formal kind:

"Dear Madam,—Will you do me the honor to read this in private and alone?

"My brother has just told me he has discovered where you live, and means to call upon you. May I be allowed to do so first? I have but one reason for this, and one apology for the presumption of proposing it; that I consider neither my brother nor myself have any right to intrude upon you as mere acquaintances. And besides, a mere acquaintance I could never willingly be to you.

"You and I know one another pretty well: we shall never know one another any better unless I dare to ask you one question—Could you, after any amount of patient waiting on my part, and for the sake of a love of which I can not speak—consent to be my wife?

"To-morrow is Saturday. If, during the day, only one line comes to me by post, I will be with you on Sunday. If I may not come—but then I know you will answer me quickly; you would not keep in needless torture any creature living. Yours faithfully,

"William Stedman.

"Miss Edna Kenderdine."

Yes, that was the name—her name. He wrote it firmly enough. The die was cast, and now he must meet either fortune; and he thought he could. He did not even re-read his letter, or speculate upon whether or not it was a good letter, or the sort of letter to effect its end; for, even in the midst of his delirium of passion, he had sense enough to see that a woman who, in so momentous a crisis, could lay weight upon accidental forms of phrase or mistakes of expression, was not a woman to be much desired. One doubt alone he had—would she show her sister the letter? and if so, what would Letty say, and how might she influence Edna with regard to him?

But shortly he cast this perplexity also aside. A woman who, in such a case, could be influenced by sister or friend—or even parent—who could not ask herself the simple question, "Do I love him, or do I not love him?" and answer it herself, without referring the decision to any human being—such a woman might be good enough in her way, but she was not Edna Kenderdine—not the woman whom a man like William Stedman would ever care to marry.

Saying this to himself, and staying himself therewith a little—ay, even in the full tide and torrent of his passion—he closed and sealed his letter; then, with a vague dread of trusting himself with it till the morning, he went out again into the dark streets, and posted it with his own hand.



YANKO AND THE RAM.

THE GOLDEN FLEECE.

By Edouard Laboulaye. Translated by Mary L. Booth.

I LOVE the Servians; they are a brave people, that remind me of the heroes of Homer. Their war-songs are epic poems; and their tales have the freshness and grace of the marvelous stories of the East. The following is one of the most celebrated ones, lately told by an old spinning-woman of the banks of the Morawa to Vouk Stevanovitch.

There once lived a hunter at Kroujevatz by the name of Yanko Lazarevitch. He was the king of the mountain. Though his sole property was a little cottage, surrounded by a garden, he lived there in peace and plenty with his wife and child. His bees gave him honey, and his plum-trees the best brandy in the country; and, thanks to his carabine, game was never wanting on his table. The rich have fields, mines, and treasures, Yanko had the forest to himself. The hares, roebucks, and deer for ten miles round belonged to him; and when at Belgrade, Widni, Pesth, and even Constantinople, men desired a fine skin of the fox or the bear, they addressed themselves to none other than Yanko, the hunter of Kroujevatz.

Happiness is like the flower of the fields—it withers in a day. In a beautiful autumn night Yanko was on the watch when he spied a strange light in the distance. The trees of the forest were lighted up one by one as if from the flame of a furnace, and then fell again into the shadow as the light continued to advance. At the same time he heard the sound of a heavy tread and the crackling of the branches. To quit his cover and rush forward was the work of an instant. Suddenly there issued from the wood a huge ram, whose eyes shot fire, and whose fleece glittered like the rays of the sun. Yanko raised his carabine, but the animal rushed on him like lightning and dashed him to the ground.

The next morning at daybreak the wood-choppers on their way to work found the poor hunter stretched lifeless and already cold in death. His breast was pierced with two deep wounds, from which his blood and life had ebbed. The wood-choppers bore the body of their brave comrade back to the town, where he was buried and all was over. In the happy abode, which so lately had rung with Yanko's merry shouts, naught was to be heard but the moans of his widow and the sobs of his child.

Gay or sad the years pass by, bearing with them our pleasures and our pains. Stoian, the son of Yanko, grew to be a man, and his first desire was to become a hunter. He had his father's blood in his veins, and while still a child, his greatest delight had been to see and handle the carabine that was hanging on the wall. But when he entreated his mother to give him this fatal weapon and let him go into the forest the poor woman burst into tears.

"No, my child," she said, "for no money in the world would I give you this carabine. I have already lost my husband; do you want me to lose my son?"

Stoian held his peace and kissed his mother; but the next day he returned to the attack, and was so tender and caressing, and promised so strongly to be prudent, that he ended by having his way.

Early in the morning Stoian hastened to the mountain, intoxicated with delight. He hunted all day, and at evening sought a cover at the very place where his father had died.

The night was dark, and the young, tired hunter was giving way, despite himself, to sleep, when he was awakened by a loud noise. He spied a strange light; he saw the trees of the forest lighted up one after another as if from a flaming furnace, and he heard a heavy tread and the noise of crackling branches. Without quitting his cover Stoian aimed his carabine and commended himself to God. Suddenly there issued from the wood a huge ram, whose eyes shot fire, and whose fleece glittered like the rays of the sun.

"Stoian! Stoian!" it cried, "I have killed thy father, and I come to kill thee."

"Not so," answered the youth; "with God's help I shall kill thee instead."

And he took aim so well that the animal, struck between its eyes, fell back and rolled on the ground.

Stoïan threw himself on the animal, and stabbed it to the heart. He had just begun to strip off its fleece when a tall woman with raven tresses and sea-green eyes appeared at his side. It was the fairy of the forest, the Vila of the mountain.

"Stoian," said she, "thou hast delivered me from an enemy; take my hand; I am thy sister. Whenever thou needest aid think of me."

The young hunter thanked the lady and returned to Kroujevatz, happy and proud of his hunting expedition. The golden fleece, suspended on the wall, lighted up the whole room. Men flocked from all parts of the province to admire it. Stoian was proclaimed king of the mountain, like his father before him; and all the young girls smiled on him as he passed by.

At this time the Turk—whom God confound! —was master of Servia. Reschid, the pacha of Belgrade, was an ex-janizary, who perhaps had been brave in his day; but he was now nothing but a selfish and coarse old man, who passed his life in drinking, smoking, and sleeping. To aid him in governing a people whose language, religion, and customs he despised, he had by his side a renegade from none knew where, one of those miscreants without faith or law, who live by rapine alone. Yacoub—for such was the name of this honest man—had a low brow, weasel eyes, a nose hooked like the beak of an eagle, and ten fingers more hooked than his nose. Of all the words in the language the one that he knew best was *take;* which he conjugated at all times and in all ways. As to the word *restore*, he was ignorant of it. May Eblis teach it to him eternally in the infernal abodes!

There is a common proverb, that a Turk makes more havoc than ten wolves, and that in this respect a renegade is equal to ten Turks —Yacoub did not belie the proverb. One day when Reschid went to Kroujevatz on a hunting expedition, Yacoub, according to custom, set about collecting the taxes for his own profit. To do him justice, however, he did give some portion to his master, who gave none to the Sultan.

On entering Stoian's house the renegade's eyes were dazzled by the golden fleece. His eyes sparkled with greed, and his hands clenched convulsively.

"My son," said he to the hunter, "this is a beautiful thing. The pacha should know all the beasts of the forest; carry him the fleece of this ram. It belongs to him."

"The fleece is mine," answered Stoian; "I shall give it to no one."

"Who speaks to thee about giving?" rejoined the renegade. "With the great of the earth every gift is an exchange. The pacha, thy master and mine, is too generous to remain under obligations to a raya."

"I do not wish to sell my property, but to keep it," replied Stoian.

"Weigh thy words, young man," said the renegade, frowning. "Pride brings misfortune, and the pacha's arm is long. I wish this fleece; I must have it."

For his sole answer Stoian took down his carabine and showed the renegade the door.

"Restrain thy anger, my son," said Yacoub, making his way out as fast as possible. "The day may come when thou wilt regret not having followed my counsel."

On his return to the palace the renegade found Reschid draining glass after glass of the white wine of Semendria.

"Taste this wine," said he to Yacoub, "it is Tokay. Should the cadis try it they would exchange their whole Koran for a bottle."

"It is excellent," answered the renegade; "but it is not equal to the white wine that I drank at Smyrna. It is true that the pacha there possesses a vine that bears grapes which have no equal."

"He is a happy man," said Reschid, getting drunker every moment.

"What hinders you from being as happy as he?" asked Yacoub. "There is in this country a certain Stoian, a kind of sorcerer, who in a week could plant you a vine and give you grapes like his. But he might put on some airs about it."

"Airs!" said the Turk, shrugging his shoulders; "send him a janizary, and tell him that if in a week I do not have a vine and grapes as good as those of Smyrna I will cut off his head."

"That's an argument which admits of no answer," cried Yacoub, laughing heartily; and adding, between his teeth, "The golden fleece is mine."

On receiving this sad news Stoian burst into tears. "Alas, mother, we are lost!" he exclaimed.

"My son," answered his poor mother, "did I not tell thee that this carabine would cost thee thy life, as it did that of thy father?"

The young man rushed from the cottage in despair, and wandered hither and thither, without caring where. At the foot of the mountain a young girl passed him. "Brother, why dost thou weep?" said she.

"God help thee, thou canst do nothing to aid me in my trouble!" he answered.

"How canst thou tell?" said she; "we never know our friends till we have tried them!"

The hunter raised his head, and recognized the fairy. He threw himself weeping into her arms, and told her all the wickedness of Yacoub and folly of the pacha.

"Is that all?" said the fairy. "Courage, brother; I am with you. Go to the pacha, ask him where he wishes the vine planted, and tell him to dig the trenches. Then take a sprig of basil, plant it at the spot, and sleep quietly in the new garden. Within a week you will gather ripe grapes."

Stoian did all that the Vila commanded him. On the same day he planted the sprig of basil; but he had little confidence in the promises of the fairy, and went to sleep with a heavy heart. He rose before the sun, and ran to look in the trenches: the shoots were already beginning to appear above the ground. On the second day they were fully grown, on the third they unfolded their leaves, and on the fourth

they were in flower. On the sixth day, although it was spring, the grapes were golden. Stoian gathered and pressed them, and carried to his terrible master a flagon of sweet wine and a plate of ripe grapes.

At the sight of this marvelous vintage all were astonished save the pacha, who regarded it as quite natural, and did not even thank poor Stoian. Nothing is easier, says the proverb, than to catch serpents with others' hands.

"Well," said Reschid to Yacoub, "what do you think of my power? I am not a sorcerer; it is my boast. When you have the sword in hand you need know nothing nor have nothing; the money and wit of others—all is yours."

"I admire the genius of your highness," replied the renegade, bowing, "and hope, therefore, that he will not leave his work unfinished."



STOIAN'S GRAPES.

"Does my vineyard lack any thing?" asked Reschid, with a discontented air.

"It lacks the ivory tower which, at Smyrna, is the admiration of believers and the despair of infidels."

"Is that all?" said the pacha. "Come hither, young man. If in a month I do not have an ivory tower like that of Smyrna I will cut off thy head. Thou hast heard—obey!"

Stoian hastened to his mother, weeping. "Alas! mother, we are lost," he cried.

"Go, my son, run to the mountain, and perhaps you will find there our protector and friend."

The young man hastened to the mountain and called the fairy three times. She came to him, smiling, and listened with tenderness.

"Is that all?" said she. "Courage, brother, I am with you. Go to the pacha, ask him for a ship, three hundred tuns of wine, two hundred pipes of brandy, and twelve carpenters; then set sail and keep straight ahead. As soon as the ship is between two mountains, land, drain the pond which you will find, and fill it with the wine and brandy. When the elephants come at night to quench their thirst they will drink till they fall dead drunk; let the carpenters saw off their tusks, and you will have a full load. Return to the vineyard with your conquest, take with you a sprig of basil, and sleep quietly in the new garden; in a week the tower of ivory will be built."

Stoian did all that the fairy commanded him. The ship stopped between the two mountains, the pond was drained, and was then filled with wine and brandy.

At nightfall the elephants hastened hither in troops. The first that tasted the brandy appeared astonished, but he soon returned with pleasure, and all the rest followed his example. There was universal delight, noise, and tumult. All Elephant Land seemed keeping holiday. In contempt of etiquette the king of the elephants danced a pas seul, and the queen waltzed with a young chamberlain. Then the whole band fell into a heavy sleep, and the carpenters commenced their work. Blush not at thy discomfiture, good people of elephants; thou art not the first that have let their teeth be filed off during sleep or drunkenness, and thou wilt not be the last!

On his return Stoian caused this huge mass of ivory to be placed in the garden. Yacoub

hid behind the wall, and watched the young hunter, in hopes to learn his secret; but Stoian passed the whole day in singing plaintive songs, accompanying himself on the guzla. When night cast its veil on the earth nothing was done. Yacoub withdrew, rubbing his hands. "He is lost," thought he; "the golden fleece is mine!"

But the next morning the foundations of the ivory tower were laid; on the second day the first story was finished, and on the sixth it was complete, with its dome and minarets. For ten leagues around it shone in the sun whiter than the sea lighted by the silvery moon.

At the sight of this marvelous edifice all were astonished save the pacha, who thought it quite natural, and did not even thank poor Stoian.

"Well!" said he to Yacoub, stroking the hilt of his yataghan, "what do you think of my power?"

"I admire the genius of your Highness," answered the renegade, bowing, "and hope, therefore, that he will not leave his work unfinished."

"Does my ivory tower lack any thing?" asked Reschid, with a discontented air.

"It lacks the Princess of the Indies. What is the ivory tower if it does not contain the master-piece of creation?"

"Thou art right," returned the pacha, "it is the bird that gives value to the cage. Come hither, young man," said he to Stoian. "Go, bring me the Princess of the Indies. If thou returnest without this miracle of beauty I will cut off thy head. Thou hast heard—obey!"

Stoian hastened to his mother, weeping, "Alas! mother, we are lost; thou wilt never more behold thy child!"

"Go, my son, run to the mountain, and perhaps you will find there our protector and friend."

The young man hastened to the mountain and called the fairy three times. She came to him, smiling, and listened with tenderness.

"Is that all?" said she. "Courage, brother, I am with thee. Go to the pacha, and ask him for a large ship. In this ship build twelve fine shops, and fill them with more stuffs and jewels than are seen in all the bazars of Constantinople. Put in these shops the twelve handsomest young men of Servia, dressed like princes. Then set sail, and when the vessel stops between two mountains, land; thou wilt be in the kingdom of the Indies. Take thy guzla and sing with thy companions; and when the maidens of the country come to the fountain, invite them to view the riches of thy ship. Make them presents; they will be charmed with thy generosity, and will say on returning to the town, 'Never was there seen a finer ship, richer treasures, or more obliging shop-keepers.' A woman and a princess, the daughter of the King of the Indies, is doubly curious; amuse her all day, but as soon as night comes on weigh anchor and set sail. When the princess is on thy ship all will not be over; she is a magician, and may bring more than one danger on thy head. But follow my counsels, and thou wilt succeed."

Saying this, the fairy approached the brook which fell from the mountain, and called a salmon that was swimming up the stream. She detached a scale from his skin, which she gave to Stoian. "Take this talisman," said she. "If ever thou art in need of a service in the depths of the sea throw this scale into the water, and call my brother, the salmon, to thy aid."

Then, raising her eyes to heaven, the Vila spied a falcon pursuing a dove. She whistled, and the two birds perched upon her shoulder. She plucked a feather from the crest of the falcon, and another from the wing of the dove, and gave them to Stoian.



THE VILA AND STOIAN.

"Take these two talismans," said she. "If ever thou art in need of a service in the air, cast these feathers to the wind, and call my brother the falcon and my sister the dove to thy aid. And now farewell, my brother; I have exhausted all the secrets of my art in thy behalf, and thou wilt never see me more."

Stoian thanked his sister, the Vila, and did all that she had commanded him. The ship stopped between the two mountains; the maidens came to the fountain, listened to the songs of Stoian, went on board the ship, accepted the most beautiful presents without much urging, and repeated that night throughout the whole town, "Never was there seen a finer ship, richer treasures, or more obliging shop-keepers."

The next day the Princess of the Indies, followed by twelve companions, repaired to the shore in a magnificent palanquin, drawn by the

gentlest and most beautiful of elephants. She had on her shoulder a little green paroquet, which diverted her by its chattering. Stoian hastened to meet the lady, and did her the honors of his ship; in every shop were displayed the richest stuffs, and the rarest jewels flashed before her eyes—rings, bracelets, necklaces, and diadems. The princess and her maids were like larks before a mirror; the day passed without their being able to take their astonished and delighted eyes off all these wonders.

As soon as night fell on the sea Stoian weighed anchor and set sail. At the first motion of the vessel the princess was alarmed; she hastened on deck and, taking the paroquet on her finger, "Dear bird," said she, "fly to my father and tell him that strangers are carrying off his child."

The paroquet took flight, but Stoian instantly flung the falcon's feather in the air, crying, "My brother, the falcon, come to my aid!"

And lo! a black speck appeared afar off in the heavens. It was the falcon, which, cleaving the air, fell on the paroquet, and carried it to a rock to devour it.

The princess looked at Stoian with a disdainful air, and cast her ring into the sea. The ship instantly stopped as though it had stranded on a shoal. In vain the wind whistled through the sails—a hidden force held the vessel motionless.

Stoian flung to the wind the scale of the salmon, crying, "My brother, the salmon, come to my aid!"

He had not done speaking when the rich scales of a huge salmon were seen glistening on the top of the water. The fish dived and seized the ring; whereupon the vessel began to float, driven on by the most favorable of winds.

The princess uttered a cry, and ran to rejoin her women. But the next morning, at daybreak, she appeared again on deck, and said to Stoian:

"With one word I can turn this ship into stone, and thou wilt never more behold thy country; nevertheless, if thou wilt give me the water of immortality, I am ready to follow thee. Dost thou see the rock yonder, from which issues a thick smoke? There is the fountain, guarded by two dragons, that breathe fire from their nostrils. No one has ever been able to foil the vigilance of these monsters, which sleep neither day nor night. If thou canst succeed where all have failed, and canst fill this little flask, thou wilt have no more devoted friend or servant than I."

For his sole answer Stoian seized the flask, and flung to the wind the feather of the dove, crying, "My sister, the dove, come to my aid!"

Instantly a dove whiter than snow perched on Stoian's shoulder, and, seizing the flask in its beak, soared in the air and disappeared. At the end of an hour it returned, and Stoian was able to offer the princess the water of immortality.

"Thanks, my friend," said the princess, in the tenderest of accents. "Now thou hast nothing more to fear from me; speak, whither art thou conducting me?"

"To my master, the pacha," replied Stoian.

"Ah!" said she, and dropping her veil over her face walked away. During the rest of the voyage she did not speak a word to Stoian.

The news of Stoian's return filled Kroujevatz with rejoicing. Men hastened from the town and the country round about to witness the entry of the Princess of the Indies. It was a marvelous spectacle. First came the twelve maids of honor, mounted each on a black horse. Each horse was led by the bridle by one of the companions of Stoian. Nothing could be imagined more magnificent than these young men with their rich dresses, jeweled girdles, swords with silver scabbards, and inlaid carabines. But all was forgotten on perceiving Stoian and his conquest. Though enveloped in a long black veil, which disclosed nothing but a pair of magnificent black eyes, the princess eclipsed her companions as the moon eclipses the stars. Her white steed seemed proud of its burden. All the men admired her as she rode along, but the women gazed at Stoian. Handsome, proud, and melancholy, he won the gaze of all.

On entering the palace where the pacha was awaiting her the princess removed her veil. At the sight of this wonderful beauty Reschid, forgetting his age, ran to the princess with a trembling step and attempted to embrace her. But she repulsed him so roughly that, if the faithful Yacoub had not been there, the pacha, despite his power, would have fallen and broken his nose.

"Oh, beautiful savage!" he cried, "what has your slave done that you should treat him in this way?"

"You are an ill-bred fellow," answered the princess, haughtily. "You neither ask my name nor that of my father; you know neither who I am nor what I wish. Am I a hound or hawk to be taken thus by force? Know that he who marries me must possess a double youth—that of the soul and that of the body."

"My soul is very youthful," said the pacha; "as to the body, I ask nothing better than to rejuvenate it, were it only to marry and enjoy a long life with you. But where is the means?"

"I have found the means," replied the princess. "Here is a flask which contains the water of immortality. Order your head to be cut off; once dead, I will sprinkle you with this magic water, and render you as young and beautiful as you were at twenty."

The pacha made a grimace, then, looking round, his eye fell on Stoian, and he frowned.

"I do not doubt the power of this marvelous water," said he, "but I should not object to seeing it first tried. What if I make the experiment on this handsome fellow, whose face displeases me, I know not why. Come hither, raya; to rejuvenate you, I am about to cut off your head."

"I am young enough to dispense with the

trial," answered Stoian, looking at the beautiful Indian; "but should I die I will not shrink from danger. What matters life to me?"

At a sign from the pacha a janizary drew his sword, and with a single blow struck off the head of the young man. Every one uttered a cry of horror; but the princess instantly sprinkled the still palpitating body with her marvelous water, and Stoian arose, full of life and health, and so young and handsome withal that the pacha, mad with jealousy, cried,

"Make me young again, princess, without losing a moment."

He called the janizary and gave him his orders; then spying Yacoub, who was pretending to weep—

"Poor Yacoub, my faithful friend, my right hand," said he, "I can not leave thee old while I am young; we shall no longer understand each other. No, my friend, I am not selfish; I need thee, and we must both grow young together. We will both be beheaded at the same time."



DECAPITATION.

At this mark of friendship Yacoub turned as pale as death. He attempted to speak, and opened his lips; but the signal was given, and in an instant his head rolled on the ground by the side of that of the pacha.

"Take away these corpses," said the princess, coldly, "and throw to the dogs the body of this insolent fellow who dared insult me."

At these words every one looked at his neighbor, the Turks frowned, but the Servians drew their swords and said, "The princess is right; the insult has fallen on the head of him that offered it. Woe to him who does not respect a woman!"

And an old Turk rejoined, "What is done is done. None can escape his destiny."

Tranquillity re-established the princess said to Stoian, "Behold me widowed before being married, and thyself without a master. Art thou not going to take me back to my father?"

"No," said Stoian; "the noblest right of a Servian is to carry off his wife, and I have twelve companions ready to follow my example."

"Stoian," said the princess, smiling, "thou knowest that I do not like violence. What need is there of carrying me off? Is it not enough to take me to thy mother and make room for me at her fireside?"

No sooner said than done, and on the same day there were thirteen marriages at Koujevatz.

Reschid had more than one successor, and there was more than one Yacoub—for wherever there is a pacha like Reschid there is also a flatterer and traitor; but the wicked profit by experience and are reformed by fear. No one troubled Stoian — all respected the Princess of the Indies. The houses where the spouses dwelt may yet be seen; and the stranger is shown a stone placed above the door, with a carabine and a yataghan crossed thereon, which were sculptured, it is said, by Stoian himself. Below it is written the word that is the joy of the Servian and the terror of the Osmanli—*Svobodnost*—LIBERTY.

ENGLISH PHOTOGRAPHS BY AN AMERICAN.

I.—THE ENGLISH STEAMER.

IN an after-dinner speech one of the wittiest of the party with whom I came to England remarked, "We crossed the Atlantic in a yacht, we arrived at Cowes, and we landed on Christmas-day; and we should advise all our fellow-countrymen to cross in the same way, arrive at the same port, and land on the same day." My friend was perfectly right; this programme could not be improved upon in the least.

Landing, then, at Cowes, on Christmas-day, my first impressions of England were most cheerful. Dusk had fallen; the lamps of the little town were all alight; from every house came gleams of Christmas fires and sounds of Christmas merriment; and at the wharf and along the beach were groups of sturdy townsmen and watermen ready to give us a Christmas welcome. To the telegraph office, to send a message across the seas that we had arrived safe and well; then to the club-house of the Royal Yacht Squadron, where a solitary member, passing a lonely Christmas with his little boy, heartily dispensed the hospitalities of the club; and then we were all taken in charge by a genial citizen of Cowes, and driven off to his residence to join a Christmas party.

For all the outside world Dickens has created an imaginary England, in which the happy people dance around May-poles in the summer, and feast upon roast beef and plum-pudding in the winter, and in which, although there may be some poor folk, some wicked folk, and some suffering folk, still the large majority of the population are so rosy, so jovial, and so full of good beer and good-nature, that life is a constant succession of enjoyments. Seen by the light of Christmas fires, and through the aromatic steam of Christmas puddings and Christmas grog, as through a fairy fog, the island seemed to justify all the fine things that had been said of it; but it assumed rather a less romantic phase in the cold gray of a cheerless December morning, when I put off to catch the steamer for Southampton. The sun, having kept the previous holiday too well, sullenly refused to shine; the dull leaden light made every thing look disagreeable; the fairy fog was succeeded by a chilly, damp, morose mist, that soaked through coats and boots remorselessly; and behold! all the pleasing pictures of the night before were blurred in the mind of the shivering voyager, like photographs taken by an operator afflicted with the ague.

No matter; a short pull and we should be aboard the Southampton boat, and find warmth and refreshment in its comfortable saloons. Of course the boat was to be like an American North River steamer, with its separate cabins for ladies and gentlemen, its smoking-room, its bar-room, its refreshment-room, its soft carpets and luxurious furniture, its attentive waiters, and its warm ample breakfast. We neared her black hull; the unaccustomed cries of "Ease her!" "Stop her!" greeted our astonished ears; we climbed, were pushed, were dragged up her wet slippery sides, and instead of the cozy river steamer of America we found organized discomfort and systematic inconvenience. Groups of passengers, as benumbed and as disconsolate as ourselves, were huddled about the sloppy deck. They looked at us mournfully and pityingly, as if they were saying to themselves, "Another victim!" We looked at them and thought, "What horrors must be below if these experienced natives prefer to suffer on deck!" We anxiously inquired if this were the steamer for Southampton. Yes. The regular steamer? Yes. The only steamer to catch the London train? Yes. These inquiries, uttered in a plaintive tone, to which the cold added an involuntary stutter, were sympathetically answered by a gentleman who had a puddle for a cushion and a drop of rain for a nose-jewel. "Start her!" cried somebody, "Start her!" echoed somebody else, and off we went.

All the arrangements on board this steamer, as on most other English steamers, were admirably designed to give the utmost possible trouble and discomfort to every body. Walking up and down in the mist and watching the wet and moody passengers, I noticed that all orders had to be shouted by the pilot to a boy, and by the boy to the helmsman or the engineer. In America the pilot communicates with the engineer by simply pulling a bell once, twice, or thrice, according to the order he wishes to give. On this boat, as on most other English boats, the pilot or captain stalks about in the cold on a bridge between the paddle-boxes, and the helmsman stands shivering at the wheel, exposed to rain or snow or hail. In America both pilot and steersman are under cover, in a little glass room placed near the bow of the boat and commanding a clear view of the course. Such simple conveniences as a bell and a shelter from the weather have not yet suggested themselves to the managers of English steamers. The whole service is a quarter of a century behind the age. Every effort is made, apparently, to subject the sailors to unnecessary exposure and fatigue, and to render the passengers miserable. The cabins are small, close, uncomfortably furnished, and either insufferably hot or terribly cold. Unless the weather be so fine that pacing the deck is pleasant it is impossible to pass one agreeable moment on any of these craft. What we experienced on the Southampton steamer I have since endured on many other English vessels, and notably upon the line between Dover and Calais. The accommodations on the best of the English passenger-boats are not equal to those of a second-class American tug-boat. The system is a disgrace to a maritime nation.

In America, for a service like that between Cowes and Southampton, instead of these slow, black, dirty vessels, with their exposed decks,

their choky cabins, and their cumbrous machinery of a captain, pilot, helmsman, and intermediate boy, all shuffling about in every sort of weather, and sharing with the poor passengers the discomforts of an open-air voyage, we should have a trim, neat, fast steamer, the decks covered with awnings in summer, the cabins large, handsome, and elegantly furnished, the boys employed to wait upon the passengers instead of serving as human speaking-trumpets or animated bell-pulls, and all the arrangements so contrived as to lighten the labors of the crew, and make the trip a pleasure instead of a purgatory for the passengers. On the line between Folkestone and Boulogne some enterprising genius has discovered that it is not necessary for a pilot to face a hail-storm or a gale in order to direct the boat properly, and has erected a shield of a couple of planks, with a pane of glass in each plank, so that the pilot may shelter himself behind them and yet see his way into port. The erection of these planks is not a very revolutionary proceeding; the enterprising genius has never got beyond the planks, and suggested that, by extending the shield so as to form a room, and then covering it with a roof, the pilot would be more perfectly protected and could see just as well; but, such as it is, the invention is looked upon as a dangerous innovation, no other line has been weak enough to imitate it, and the pilot takes advantage of it clandestinely, if at all, evidently considering that a true British sailor ought to do his work better when he is benumbed with cold, drenched with rain, and blinded with hail-stones. The same wholly unnecessary exposure of the men prevails upon the English locomotives.

II.—THE ENGLISH RAILWAY.

If in some respects the English railways are inferior to the American, in many others they are unquestionably superior. In America the railway has built up most of the cities, towns, and villages; but, like a rich old curmudgeon who gives his children a fortune but insists upon coming to live with them when they are married and settled, it becomes a nuisance forever afterward. In England, having had nothing whatever to do with the origin of the places through which it passes, the railway conducts itself much more agreeably, ministering to the prosperity but not materially interfering with the comfort of its line of route, except in London, where it bullies every thing and every body, from St. Paul's Cathedral to the driver of a costermonger's cart, who curses as he sees the words "No thoroughfare" and the commencement of a railway viaduct.

This I noticed and pondered upon during my first trip from Southampton to London, and the idea has recurred in many subsequent railway experiences. To begin at the beginning, there are no such stations, or dépôts, as the Americans call them, in the United States as in England. I do not speak of those gorgeous structures, half hotels and one-fourth conservatories and the other fourth stations, which are erected in the principal cities here to ruin the railway companies and bewilder the admiring traveler, but of the ordinary dépôts throughout the kingdom. The worst of them have comfortable accommodations, a refreshment-saloon, and a news-stand, and are so arranged that the most determined suicide would find it difficult to cast himself under the wheels of the steam-juggernaut. In America the ordinary or average dépôt is as uncomfortable as possible; the refreshment-saloons are only open at hours when food and drink are least required by the travelers; instead of a news-stand they have a news-boy, who passes through the cars with the daily and weekly papers, and a few old novels, just at the time when you don't want to read and do want to sleep; and the facilities for accidents are so ample that the old custom of making your will before you start upon a journey bids fair to be revived.

At none of the American dépôts can you find those underground passages or those safety-bridges by which travelers can pass from one side of the station to the other without the risk of being run over while crossing the track. On the contrary, every body takes his chance, and a favorite amusement with impatient travelers is to walk upon the rails, tight-rope fashion, while awaiting the arrival of the train. On none of the American lines are the rails carried under or over the country roads, nor are gates provided, to be closed so as to stop the traffic upon such roads while trains are in sight. A sign-board, labeled "Look out for the locomotive," is stuck up at the crossing, and the rest is left to Providence, who interferes in such matters much less frequently than railway directors suppose. Country wagons with sleepy drivers crawl upon the tracks and are smashed. People driving for pleasure, with horses which they fondly imagine can beat any locomotive, try to cross the rails, an inch in advance of the approaching train, and are smashed. Cattle, left wandering about to pick up an existence on the road-side by economical owners, get upon the line and are smashed. In some localities the railway accidents supply the newspapers with their only local items, and regulate the price of beef.

It might be, and indeed is, popularly supposed that the American railway system could be adequately described by the words smash and dash; but, in point of fact, the English trains run much faster than the American; and, as the rails are more firmly laid and better ballasted, there is little of that tremendous jolting which, on some roads in America, makes the passengers resemble a troupe of acrobats, flying frantically toward the roof of the car, alighting upon their own seats or those of their neighbors, as it may happen, and shaking so violently that each one wonders how the others manage to keep themselves from falling to pieces. Double tracks, which are the rule in England, are the exception in America, and this, which has been

the cause of countless accidents, obliges the trains to travel more slowly. When you leave the main lines, or trunk lines, as the English call them, the slowness of the American trains is proverbial. There is a story current that a negro, walking along one of these country roads, overtook a train, and was invited by the good-natured conductor to "jump aboard and ride into town." "No, t'ank you, massa," replied the intelligent African; "I'se in a hurry, I is." The conductors, or guards, are of a very different class from the guards of English railways. They wear no uniform; they are universally popular; of course, in a republic, they are as much entitled to be regarded as gentlemen as any of the passengers; they are offered and would accept no bribes, and it is a remarkable circumstance that, although they are not very well paid, they nearly all manage to live well, dress well, and retire with moderate fortunes at the end of a few years of service. Let others explain this fact as they may; my own public belief is, that the conductors get rich by investing their hard-earned savings in judicious speculations!

Such matters occur to me by way of contrast; but to appreciate the English railways justly one must have come from a country where such contrasts are to be found. The substantially-built stations, instead of the flimsy wooden dépôts; the rapid and easy motion, instead of the rough, painful jolting; the care with which life and property are protected along the line, instead of the utter recklessness with which both life and property are imperiled; the precautions against accidents, instead of the certainty of accidents; the civility of the guard, which is none the less pleasant because it costs sixpence, instead of the independence of the conductor, who feels under no obligation to answer a question unless you are a personal acquaintance; the invariable double tracks, instead of the single tracks, which, like the broad road of Scripture, "lead to death;" the magnificent specimens of railway engineering across rivers and under mountains, instead of the frail bridges that crumble with the shock of the cars, or the ill-lighted tunnels where rival trains rush to collisions—these are some of the points of superiority which a newly-arrived American notices during his first journey upon an English railway. In America there are none of those splendid viaducts which enable the trains here to enter the hearts of great cities, the cars passing over the roofs of the houses, train crossing over train, passengers and freight brought to the centres of fashion or of business, and yet no lives endangered, no property destroyed, no time lost, nobody inconvenienced. The American railway either goes blustering through the main streets of the town, like a mechanical rowdy, running over children, frightening horses, and scattering fire and smoke; or else stops in the suburbs, like the same rowdy, overawed by municipal regulations or legal injunctions, and disgorges its cargo into cars drawn by horses, to be slowly dragged to the central dépôts. This is the case even in New York, where it requires an hour's journey to reach the station at which the locomotive is attached to the train. At Philadelphia, which is on the route between New York and Washington, the nuisance has become so great and the delay so annoying, that special trains are now dispatched to the national capital by a new road which passes around Philadelphia without stopping, and thus in a double sense circumvents the Quaker City.

But when the English have done so well, it is a marvel that they have not done better. An American in England misses the sleeping-cars, the smoking-cars, and one or two more traveling comforts to which he has been accustomed, which might be cheaply and advantageously introduced, and which are only withheld on account of the fine old British prejudice against novelties. In the United States a person who is obliged to travel all night pays a few shillings extra for a berth in a sleeping-car, and takes his seat there during the day, having a little extra room and comfort for his money. At night his berth is made up by the waiter, who takes charge of his ticket; he undresses; he puts out his boots; he goes to sleep; he rests undisturbed. In the morning he has arrived at his destination: his clothes are brushed and his boots are blacked; he makes his toilet at a dressing-table in a corner of the car; the waiter will shave him—few Americans shave themselves—if he choose; he has only to get his breakfast and go at once to his business. The traveler in England, under the same circumstances, pays a few shillings to the guard for the privilege of having two or three seats instead of one; stretches out his legs when night comes; covers himself as well as he can; goes to sleep if possible; is waked up a dozen times during the night; gets up in the morning frowsy, drowsy, and with a cold in his head, and is compelled to go to a hotel and spend a couple of hours in freshening himself up before he is fit even to think of the business which he is in no condition to transact that day. Why in the world can not the English railways have sleeping-cars? Railway corporations have no souls, of course; but in America independent companies seized the idea, built the cars, paid the railway companies for the right to attach them to the regular night-trains, and have realized fortunes from the enterprise. Transporters of furniture are able to secure special cars for their goods in England, and surely any one can obtain the right to run a sleeping-car, if he pay enough for it. That there is money to be made by such a speculation must be evident to those who have journeyed in England and observed the efforts which passengers make to pass the night without actual suffering, and the amount of extra fare which they vainly pay to guards, to refreshment-saloons, and for drinks and cigars, in order to achieve this result.

The smoking-car is another affair. The railway companies themselves should take that in

hand. It is no longer a crime in England to smoke; but to read the railway regulations one would suppose that a smoker was an outcast. Now, to at least five Englishmen out of every ten a cigar or a pipe, though upon other occasions it may be considered a luxury, is an actual necessary after a dinner and during a journey. Theoretically, the railway companies fine you forty shillings if you smoke a cigar; practically, you tip the guard and smoke as many cigars as you please. The companies are placed in this dilemma: they must either connive at the violation of their own rules, or arrest the majority of the male passengers in every train. Such a position is simply ridiculous. I remember that, when the authorities attempted to enforce an odious and unconstitutional excise-law in New York, a very able editor, Mr. George Wilkes, calculated the number of liquor-dealers and the capacity of the city prisons, and then advised the dealers to disobey the law simultaneously, since there were not prisons enough to hold so many thousand offenders. This shrewd advice was followed, and the law remains a dead letter. The British public have done precisely the same thing in regard to smoking in railway trains. There are not prisons enough in Great Britain to confine all the railway smokers. Some conspicuous transgressor, like Lord Ranelagh, may be arrested now and then, and forced to pay forty shillings; but doubtless, if the truth were known, the judges who enforce the fines have themselves broken the law; just as a certain justice acknowledged from the bench that he had been in the habit of using a railway key, although his duty compelled him to punish another gentleman for having one in his possession. On Spanish railways gentlemen smoke every where; on Italian and German railways they smoke in every car where there are no English ladies; on French and English railways they smoke in every car where there are no ladies; in America they have a car to themselves, more or less elegantly upholstered, and the remainder of the train is left to the non-smokers, with no odor of yesterday's fumigation to offend their nostrils, and no cigar-ashes to soil their dresses. Is not this the most sensible plan? Some American smoking-cars are fitted up with card-tables, chess-tables, and files of newspapers; all are sufficiently comfortable. Is there any reason, except the British reason that it has never been done, why almost every railway company should refuse to extend the convenience of a smoking-car to its patrons?

CONGRESS AND THE SUPREME COURT.

THE Articles of Confederation committed to the old Congress the duty of establishing Courts of partial Admiralty jurisdiction, and authorized the creation of special tribunals to decide questions between States concerning boundary, jurisdiction, or any other cause, or controversies concerning the private right of soil under different grants of two or more States; but no Court of common-law jurisdiction was authorized. The Judicial department partook of the general weakness of the Confederation, and a desire was manifested to establish it on a wider and firmer basis.

In the Convention for the formation of a new Constitution various plans for the organization of a Court were considered and defeated. Among them was the scheme, supported with earnestness by Madison, to give the new tribunal authority to revise Acts of Congress, before they took effect, to determine whether or not they conformed to the Constitution then about to be adopted; but this was voted down. The Court, subsequently to its organization, although requested by Washington to examine an Act passed by Congress, the constitutionality of which he doubted, returned it to him not having authority to consider the matter otherwise than in some pending litigation.

On the assembling of the first Congress in 1789 no Court was in existence, as it needed the moulding power of Congress to give it form and vitality, and to permit the nomination and appointment of judges. The occasion was one of extraordinary interest as the Constitution had been adopted by more than the requisite vote, and the Court was to be supplied with the requisite form and machinery and set in motion. A committee, consisting in part of members who had been in the Convention and distinguished for ability, was selected to report a plan for ordaining and establishing a Supreme and inferior Courts.

From a comparison of the Judiciary Act, adopted in September of that year, with the articles in the *Federalist* respecting the Court, and both with the early decisions made by the tribunal, it will be found that there is a remarkable conformity between them, due in great part to the commanding influence of Hamilton, whose Numbers in the *Federalist*, with those of Jay and Madison, are destined to live as long as any published work, the effort of human minds, of which to-day we have knowledge. It is thought by many that the Judiciary Act emanated from Hamilton; certainly its spirit if not its language came from him. To these several sources it is proper to turn for information on the important subject of the power of Congress over the modes of proceeding of that tribunal.

The United States has been most fortunate in the character of the men who have occupied the Judicial Department of the Government. John Jay was nominated by Washington as the first Chief Justice. What Mr. Webster so correctly said of Mr. Jay, "that when the ermine fell upon his shoulders it touched an object not less pure than itself," applied to other members

of the Court. John Marshall, who was nominated by Adams in 1801, met Washington after his Presidency at Mount Vernon, and was persuaded to stand for Congress, where he distinguished himself by a speech on Jay's Treaty, which secured his nomination as Chief Justice. He adorned the Court for about thirty-five years. The learning, wisdom, and experience of the tribunal, its freedom from the bias of party, and its lofty sense of integrity, morality, and patriotism have made it a temple of justice to which the American people look with high reverence.

The general outline only of this tribunal was delineated in the Constitution. Neither the number of judges, nor the mode of proceeding —whether according to the common-law or otherwise—was specified, and the Court itself, after it went into operation, held that in criminal cases it had no common-law powers. The Court, under the authority conferred on it by Congress to make certain rules for regulating the mode of proceeding in inferior Courts, prescribed that it should be after the common-law, "as it was known in the country from which our knowledge of it was derived." The Constitution fixed upon some few principles relating to the Court of great importance. It provided that the tenure of office should be during good behavior; that the compensation of judges should not be diminished during their continuance in office; that the trial of crimes, except in cases of impeachment, shall be by jury; that such trial shall be held in the State where such crime shall be committed, or where Congress shall direct when not committed in any State; and what constituted treason was declared, and the mode and extent of punishment.

With these exceptions the mode of exercising the jurisdiction of the Court, so far as it concerns most of the subjects of jurisdiction, was committed to Congress. "The distribution and appropriate exercise of the judicial power, must therefore (said Judge Baldwin) be made by laws passed by Congress, and can not be assumed by any other department." The outline of the Court in the Constitution, except as it has already been mentioned, is as follows:

§ 1. The Judicial power of the United States shall be vested in one Supreme Court, and in such inferior courts as the Congress may from time to time establish....

§ 2. The Judicial power shall extend to all cases in law and equity arising under this Constitution, the laws of the United States, and treaties made or which shall be made under their authority; to all cases affecting embassadors, other public ministers, and consuls; to all cases of admiralty and maritime jurisdiction; to controversies to which the United States shall be a party; to controversies between two or more States; between a State and citizens of another State; between citizens of different States; between citizens of the same State claiming lands under grants of different States, and between a State or a citizen thereof and foreign States, citizens or subjects.

"In all cases affecting embassadors, other public ministers and consuls, and those in which a State shall be a party, the Supreme Court shall have *original jurisdiction*. In all the other cases before-mentioned the Supreme Court shall have *appellate jurisdiction* both as to law and fact *with such* EXCEPTIONS *and under such* REGULATIONS as the Congress shall make."

By an amendment the Judicial power was not to extend to any suit at law or equity against one of the United States, commenced by citizens of another State or by foreign citizens or subjects.

Its original jurisdiction was confined to suits affecting embassadors, foreign ministers, and consuls, and those in which a State shall be a party. Its *appellate jurisdiction*, which embraced all the other cases enumerated, was to be exercised "with such *exceptions* and under such *regulations* as the Congress shall make."

Hamilton, in the 81st, 82d, and 83d Nos. of the *Federalist*, is very emphatic and clear as to the power in Congress to except out of the exercise of the appellate jurisdiction of the Court such of the subjects of it specified in the Constitution as it thought proper. "If some partial inconveniences should appear to be connected with the incorporation of any of them into the plan, it ought to be recollected that the National Legislature will have ample authority to make such *exceptions*, and to prescribe such regulations as will be calculated to obviate or remove these inconveniences."

"That the Supreme Court will exercise appellate jurisdiction both as to law and fact, in the cases referred to them, but subject to any *exceptions* and *regulations* which may be thought advisable." The italics are Hamilton's.

The Judiciary Act passed in September, 1789, fixed the number of Judges of the Supreme Court; declared how many should constitute a quorum; authorized the issuing of process in all the stages of a suit; conferred the power to make rules of proceeding, and enumerated the subjects on which it might exercise jurisdiction by appeal, omitting some of the subjects of it specified in the Constitution.

It also declared in terms that "the laws of the several States, except where the Constitution treaties or statutes of the United States shall otherwise require or provide, shall be regarded as *rules of decision*, in trials at common-law in the Courts of the United States, in cases where they apply."

In these two prominent instances—omitting in the Act of 1789 some of the subjects of jurisdiction conferred by the Constitution and attempting to *regulate* the exercise of its jurisdiction in another matter—Congress made the first assertion of its power over the Court, and made it in precise conformity with the expressed opinions of Hamilton. One of the first cases that arose before the Supreme Court, as to the effect of such omission in the Judiciary Act, is reported in 3d Cranch, p. 173: "In support of the jurisdiction in this case the Attorney-General insisted that it was conferred by the Constitution and that Congress had not excepted it in the Judiciary Act, and therefore jurisdiction was conferred."

Judge Marshall, delivering the unanimous opinion of the Court, said:

"This argument would be unanswerable, if the Supreme Court had been created by law, without describing its jurisdiction. The Constitution would then have been the only standard by which its powers could be tested, since there would be no Congressional regulation or exception on the subject. But as the jurisdiction of the Court has been described" (in the Judiciary Act meaning), "it has been regulated by Congress, and an affirmative description of its powers must be understood as a regulation, under the Constitution, prohibiting the exercise of other powers than those described."

This case settles clearly the point that Congress has power to except any of the subjects of appellate jurisdiction enumerated in the Constitution from being exercised by the Court. With respect to the act which prescribes certain "rules of decision," which the Court shall regard in cases where they apply, the Court has universally paid it the fullest obedience. Judge Taney, in one of his opinions, held that it was obligatory upon the Court in all respects.

It is very certain, therefore, on the authority of the case in 3d Cranch, 179, that Congress may, under the power to make "exceptions and regulations," except constitutional questions from those upon which the Court may adjudicate, in deciding cases on appeal; and the question arises on the facts presented whether, if Congress leave those questions to the Court for decision in such cases as arise, the power to regulate the manner of doing it may be exercised by Congress or the Court? It is claimed on the part of those who insist that the power is lodged with the Court, that a decision by a majority is necessarily inherent in its construction, that the power thus to hear and determine is what is called the "Judicial power" *vested* in that Court. It is further claimed that this feature of Courts of justice is derived from our English ancestors, and that the framers of the Constitution had no other knowledge of Courts than such as are known to the common-law of this character.

Hamilton, in the Numbers of the *Federalist* before quoted, in discussing the meaning of the word "appellate," as applied to the Judicial power, and the mode of exercising that jurisdiction, says: "The mode of doing it may depend on ancient custom or legislative provision: *in a new Government it must depend on the latter*," which would seem to imply that acts of Congress are to be appealed to instead of ancient custom to determine the mode of exercising that jurisdiction. Judge M'Lean, in 2d M'Lean, 516, observed that "Congress has unquestionably the right to *regulate* the exercise of that jurisdiction in any manner they shall see fit." The meaning and scope of the power to regulate is laid down in 9th Wheaton, p. 209, in the case of Gibbons *v.* Ogden, as follows:

"It seems that a power to regulate implies in its nature full power over the thing to be regulated, and excludes necessarily the action of all others that would perform the same operation in the same thing."

"A power to constitute courts (said Hamilton) is a power to prescribe the mode of trial; if nothing was said in the Constitution on the subject of juries the Legislature would be at liberty either to adopt that institution or to let it alone."

"The common-law has not been adopted (said Judge Thompson in 12 Peters, 620) as a system in the States generally, as has been done in this District," meaning the District of Columbia.

The bearing of these authorities, which have been presented without much comment, will readily appear to those familiar with the subject. They leave but little ground for the opinion that the Court had any particular feature impressed upon it from ancient custom. The common-law Courts of England are not invested with power to declare an act of Parliament void for want of authority to pass it, and hence it is not reasonable to infer that we, who conferred on our Courts much higher powers than theirs exercise, did not retain any legislative control over the mode of exercising the more important jurisdiction, that of deciding Constitutional questions. Besides, the House of Lords, a branch of the Legislative department, is invested with supreme appellate jurisdiction, and can consequently correct the decisions of the Judicial department, whereas no such appeal lies from the decisions of the Supreme Court to any branch of Congress, but they are final; and therefore the exercise of that jurisdiction is more properly the subject of legislative regulation in the discretion of Congress.

The framers of the Constitution, in constructing the Court for the impeachment of the President and other officials of the Government, provided in the third section of the first Article that judgment of impeachment shall not be given "without the concurrence of two-thirds of the members present." When this tribunal sits it calls itself the High Court of Impeachment, and its final action is called its judgment of impeachment. It is therefore a Court, but of special jurisdiction. Congress, in the exercise of its power to "ordain and establish" a Supreme Court of the United States, and to *regulate* the exercise of its jurisdiction in Constitutional questions, has thus been furnished in the Constitution itself with a precedent for requiring, in its acts regulating the jurisdiction of the Supreme Court, the same provident circumspection and care in decisions against the validity of acts of Congress that are required to impeach. In view of various provisions of the Constitution, of like character in some respects, the provision requiring two-thirds to annul an act of Congress is not unreasonable. It is very evident that the framers of the Constitution meant to guard that instrument against capricious constructions of it by any department of the Government; and hence the Constitution provides that, in case of the veto of any bill, it must be repassed by two-thirds of the Senate and by two-thirds of the House of Representa-

tives, taking the votes of those present, before it can become a law. The particular acts, passed since the death of President Lincoln, likely to come up for adjudication in the cases now pending in the Supreme Court, were vetoed by President Johnson, and passed over his veto by two-thirds of each House; and there would seem to be a special reason for requiring that they shall not be declared void by a mere majority of a Court which, in a time when the passions of the community are excited to their full height, and when the country is divided by strong party lines, must share to some extent in the general infirmity which belongs to our nature. When the Parliament of Great Britain confers upon its ordinary Courts the power to decide upon the constitutionality of the legislation of the realm, and also abandons the supreme appellate jurisdiction of the House of Lords to the same tribunals, it will undoubtedly fetter the new authority with safeguards that are now unnecessary, and such as our Congress may prescribe in imitation of what the framers of the Constitution did in the case of the only Court which the Constitution constructed fully—the High Court of Impeachment. The Constitution does not stop here with its two-third provisions. Two-thirds are required of both Houses to propose amendments to the Constitution, and also of the several States to call a convention, and in either case three-fourths of the States are required to ratify amendments. The Constitution itself was not to go into effect until nine out of thirteen States had ratified it; but notwithstanding all these guards thrown around the Constitution, it is contended that a *mere majority of the Supreme Court* have a right which Congress can not affect or regulate, to settle the construction of the Constitution in all cases; and this is affirmed of a tribunal which concedes the power of Congress to withdraw any subject of appellate jurisdiction from its grasp, and which concedes also the further power existing in Congress to prescribe in certain cases "rules of decision" for the Court, although its jurisdiction as to those cases is among those enumerated in the Constitution itself. The Court could not have drawn its first breath but for the exercise by Congress of the power to ordain and establish it, and being established it could do nothing without enabling acts for every step of a trial or hearing. In this sense it is as much the creature of the statute as of the Constitution, although the creation of the Court was imperative. The principle of the decision made by the Court as to the legal power of Congress to prescribe a rule of decision, in a case of which the Court had admitted jurisdiction, is this, that Congress may regulate the exercise of that jurisdiction at the very moment of forming the judgment which the Court is about to render. The Congress step in at that juncture and provide that certain State laws *shall* be regarded as rules of decision. This amounts to a control over the highest functions of the Court, more effective than does the provision requiring two-thirds of the Court to annul an act of Congress. There is no more difficulty in requiring two-thirds to reverse a judgment of an inferior Court, so far as its practical operation is concerned, than there is in requiring two-thirds to give judgment of impeachment. When the Supreme Court is equally divided, which it often is, the judgment below stands. Such also will be the case if Congress require the concurrence of two-thirds of the Court in a judgment of reversal, and two-thirds do not concur. The judgment is affirmed by operation of law.

Judge Baldwin, in referring to the three departments of the Government, speaks of Congress as the sun of the system. The Judicial department had not power to organize itself, but was to be ordained and established by Congress. Congress imparted light and heat and motion to the tribunal. The omnipotence which is claimed for such a creature of law does not comport with the circumstances of its origin, nor with the power of regulation in the exercise of its appellate functions, which in terms is conferred on Congress. This power of regulation "excludes necessarily the action of all others that would perform the same operation in the same thing," or, in other words, if *Congress* may *regulate*, and does *regulate*, the Court itself is excluded from regulating the mode of proceeding in deciding to annul an act of Congress.

The questions soon to come up for decision, on appeals from the various Circuit Courts, are of too great consequence in their relation to the prosperity of the country to be subjected to the possibility of such a judgment as would require the machinery to be reversed, to which the Government resorted in prosecuting the war.

Conspicuous among the acts which have been assailed for illegality is the one that makes the Treasury notes issued in 1862 and subsequently a legal tender for all private debts. Whatever view may be entertained of the constitutionality of that enactment, it must be admitted that the entire business and industry of the country, excepting of California, have been adjusted to the currency thus created, and that wide-spread and irretrievable confusion and injury would result from a decision that the act from the beginning was void. No man would know to what responsibilities it would subject him as to running or even as to past transactions. The debtors would be universally ruined, and property would change hands with a rapidity far from being desirable. Such a decision would create, indeed, a disastrous revolution.

The legislative power of the country perceives this danger, and seeks to guard, and is bound to guard against it by all legitimate means. As each emergency of the country has arisen and continues to arise, it is found that the framers of the Constitution have provided for every contingency with forethought unequaled in the preceding experience of nations, and such as fully commands the exposed situation. Congress can now *except* from the power

of the Court the right to decide on the constitutionality of the Legal-Tender Act, or it may *regulate* the exercise of the jurisdiction of the Court in that matter by requiring a concurrence of two-thirds to annul the Act. If, in 1789, such a regulation had been introduced into the Judiciary Law no question as to the power of Congress to make it would have been raised, and it is raised now for party purposes by those who have considered it necessary to have a "policy," even if it had led to opposition to every measure on which a successful prosecution of the war was based.

In claiming that it is lawful and expedient to save the country from the possibility of an adverse decision on this and kindred measures adopted in war, and what grows out of it, the making of peace—both of which stand on one platform—we do not mean to be understood as expressing the least doubt of the constitutionality of the Legal-Tender Act. On the contrary, we consider it wholly valid. In war the very life of the nation and the life, liberty, and property of every citizen are at stake; and it is idle to suppose that while other and the most powerful nations adopt, and are obliged to adopt, a legalized paper currency for war, we have no such power. Our Government is said to be one of limited powers, and such is unquestionably its principal feature; but the powers of Congress to regulate commerce on a war basis, and to declare and conduct war, are as unlimited as are those of a like character of any other civilized nation. The concentrated energies which war creates for offense, must be met for purposes of defense by an equal or a superior concentration. If we could limit the power of others to attack, we might submit to have limitations placed on our powers of defense. The Constitution itself supposes that the powers of Congress are enlarged by war to the full extent of whatever emergency may arise. The writ of *habeas corpus* may then be suspended; troops may be quartered in private houses, in a manner to be prescribed by law; and the right of trial by jury may be suspended as to those in the land and naval forces.

So ample are these powers to reach immediately and forcibly all in the way, that it has grown into an apophthegm that "in war the laws are silent," by which many have been misled. The true idea rather is, that the laws of war supplant those of peace.

Modern nations have been compelled to adopt Legal-Tender Acts, of more or less stringency, for the simple reason that during great conflicts the precious metals can not be obtained in amounts necessary for the wants of Commerce and the new and more urgent wants of Government. If debts were enforced in gold and silver during war, the debtor interest—always the most numerous—would be arrayed against the Government, however just the war might be considered. A powerful English writer says that Wellington could not have succeeded at Waterloo but for the ease in money-matters occasioned by the Legal-Tender policy of the British Government.

The Constitutional point raised by the suits now on their way to a decision by the Supreme Court, although thus clear to us, is far from being so to many, who knowing that such an Act as the Legal-Tender Act had not been resorted to in the former experience of the Government, and that it would be a great outrage to resort to it in peace, and be at such a time wholly illegal, can not persuade themselves that any emergency can make the Act lawful.

How far the occupants of the seats in the Supreme Court represent these conflicting views it is not for us to know. We seek not to penetrate into their privacy to learn what are their views. We take for granted that they are men exposed to the infirmities of men, and suppose if any of them belong to the "State Rights" school, that they may look with horror upon that system of measures which, springing from necessity, has made the General Government what it would not have been in peace—a power grand in its authority, and possessing, as to WAR, the omnipotence which, by a bold figure, is predicated of the British Parliament in legislative concerns. The War Power there is more Executive than Legislative, and here it is more Legislative than Executive—differences which involve important consequences, not sufficiently taken into view by the Administration and its friends.

The attempt of the President to settle the terms of peace with the Confederate States after the capitulation of General Lee, was doubtless to some extent attributable to what many elementary writers affirm on this subject—derived from the experience of those nations which make the war-power wholly *executive* to and including its termination by peace, and who do not consider that as the power to declare war is wholly *legislative* in this country, the right to make peace, when the war is a civil war, partakes of *that character* as a necessary consequence.

It is to this misapprehension that much of the present conflict between Congress and the President is due; but yet the misunderstanding has proceeded so far, and each side so firmly maintains its own ground—yielding nothing to argument, and claiming every thing for party—that it has become the duty of the Legislative power of the Union to consider whether or not others in authority possess the taint which the President's policy has developed. The Constitution arms Congress with full power to prevent a reverse action being given by the Supreme Court to its machinery set in motion to accomplish a peace, and it will fail in its duty to the country if it allow the interposition of such an obstacle in the way of speedy adjustment.

Since the death of Justice Wayne the Court has been thus composed:

First Circuit—Justice Nathan Clifford, Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, and Rhode Island.

Second Circuit—Justice Samuel Nelson, New York, Connecticut, and Vermont.
Third Circuit—Justice Robert C. Grier, Pennsylvania, Delaware, and New Jersey.
Fourth Circuit—Chief Justice Chase, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, and South Carolina.
Sixth Circuit—Justice Noah H. Swayne, Ohio, Michigan, Kentucky, and Tennessee.
Seventh Circuit—Justice David Davis, Indiana, Illinois, and Wisconsin.
Eighth Circuit—Justice Samuel F. Miller, Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri, Kansas, and Arkansas.
Ninth Circuit—Justice Stephen J. Field, California, Oregon, and Nevada.

Justice Wayne was assigned to the Fifth District, composed of Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, and Texas. To which circuits these States have been added it is not material to inquire.

Congress, by an act passed July 23, 1866, provided "that no vacancy in the office of Associate Justice of the Supreme Court shall be filled by appointment until the number of Associate Justices shall be reduced to six; and thereafter the said Supreme Court shall consist of a Chief Justice of the United States and six Associate Justices, any four of whom shall constitute a quorum; and the said Court shall hold one term annually at the seat of government, and such adjourned or special terms as it may find necessary for the dispatch of business."

At present, however, the Court consists of eight (including the Chief Justice), of whom five constitute a quorum, and it will readily appear from an inspection of the names that this quorum might consist of the five new Judges, of a majority of whom it may be said, that they have but little experience on the bench and are not widely known. It is competent for the Court, on the strength of this common-law theory, to change any rule which it may have adopted for the decision of important questions, and authorize a majority of a quorum to decide whatever case may come before them, and thus it might be that the three newest justices and the least experienced might render a decision which would affect the financial affairs of the country most disastrously — one, for instance, adjudging that there is no constitutional power to establish the national banking system.

The theory of those who insist that the Legislature may not provide safeguards against a danger so grave, is this—that the Court, by virtue of some inherent vigor derived from ancient custom, may arrange of itself its mode of determining every case. If such is the common-law rule and it is applicable to this Court—for both these positions must be maintained by those who support that pretension—then the power of Congress in that respect instantly terminated on the organization of the Court, and the latter might reject the Judiciary Act of 1789, so far as it prescribes an absolute "rule of decision," in certain cases. Indeed the position that the Court has common-law powers such as may refuse obedience to the statute of 1789 goes much farther. It is no Court, say they, except a majority decide. Neither is it a Court without process to bring parties before it and to execute its decrees, which power it derives solely from acts of Congress.

The Court of Appeals of this State, which consists of eight Judges, five of whom constitute a quorum, have adopted a rule for the hearing and decision of causes, which shows that they do not recognize this idea of a common-law rule inherent in the construction of Courts, for they provide that no case shall be heard and decided except the bench is at the time composed of six, and that it shall take five to decide; that is to say, five-sixths of a quorum. An examination into the arrangements made in this matter by the highest Courts of the thirty-six States will probably show many diversities, due perhaps in many cases to the sagacity of some Judge who perceives, in some of his associates, traits of mind and character that call for the care which our Court of Appeals for prudential reasons, connected it may be with an elective Judiciary, adopted, at variance wholly with this supposed fundamental feature of such Courts.

We wish not to be understood as suggesting any doubt of the integrity or ability of any one of the Supreme Court as now constituted, but the inadequate compensations provided by law —$6000 per annum for the Justices, and $6500 for the Chief Justice—no larger now than before the currency became depreciated—are too insignificant to command the services of those great lights of the profession whose large rewards enable them to maintain the highest social position, and whose commanding talents promise for them a career of wide and high distinction equal to any which public station affords. The effects of an elective Judiciary upon the culture and ability of the bar has been only partially felt; but the elective system in force now in nearly every State, can not be relied upon to furnish in the same generation such a bench as that which existed when John Marshall presided over the Court—eminent for learning, wisdom, prudence, virtue, and firmness, and free from the bane of the hour—aspirations for the Presidential office. The bench now falls short of this standard, and does not possess the confidence of the people as it did in its best days; and we repeat that the experience of the country has been so terrible since the war began, that it called for legislation as new emergencies presented themselves unknown to our former experience. Upon this basis has been reared the whole structure of interests so complicated and vast that no duty is higher upon the legislative power of the Union than to see that this structure is not tumbled upon our heads. This legislation has indeed become impressed on us in our entire social, political, and economical affairs so deeply, that it must stand in its entirety as the perfected, unchangeable action of the country.

Editor's Easy Chair.

THE sun is a terrible leveler. He withers the hedge of divinity that surrounds royalty, and seems to conspire with the Reformers. The sovereign in the British system, says Mr. Walter Bagshot, is a pageant; but the critic suggests that the show is as good as the substance until it is exposed. When the first card photographs of the good Queen of England began to be circulated, Mr. Walter Bagshot must have wondered whether the exposure were not perilously imminent. A king or a queen living in a palace, moving in stately carriages with pompous circumstance, sitting upon a throne crowned and holding a sceptre, may be a very respectable pageant and admirably fulfill the royal function to the apprehension of the ignorant. But there is no pageant in the photograph of a plain widow of forty-five or fifty clad in a black dress. That is a picture which urges home the simple truth that a queen is a woman merely, and when that idea is once rooted in an ignorant mind it may sprout into the most striking and unexpected consequences.

A British nobleman of the blue blood must, therefore, have looked with great dissatisfaction upon the photographs of the Queen. They were a disenchantment. They stripped royalty of its impressive mystery; they dispersed the cloud; they ruined the pageant. Doubtless Sir Thomas Lawrence's prodigious portrait of George the Fourth with his flowing velvet mantle, copied from the pictures of the Bourbon French kings, greatly impressed the imagination of the British population. Ermine and velvet, and knee-buckles and white satin shoes, with rosettes and a throne and a chain, John Bull could understand. They presented the king to his eye as he stood in his fancy—singular, splendid, separate. John knew that kings were men, of course; but they were men in such exalted positions and so marvelously surrounded, that he thought of them as kings, not as men merely. But with the photograph in his hand he can think of the Queen only as an ordinary woman, and the shock to his imagination may upset the throne.

It is certainly very doubtful whether Horace Walpole, fresh from his royal and noble authors, would have joined Mr. Arthur Helps in advising the Queen to publish her Highland diary.* Mr. Horace Walpole was a very entertaining letter-writer, because he was a shrewd observer, and he would have known instinctively that a book which did what the photograph did would excite immense and universal attention; but, while it gratified curiosity about the personality of the Queen, would play the very mischief with her part of pageant in the British system. On the other hand, when the Queen told Mr. Arthur Helps that she intended to print certain parts of her private diary, it was not injudicious for him to reply that, if it were printed, that fact would become known; that false extracts would probably be published; that much would be misquoted and misrepresented; and that, if the Queen went into print at all, it would be better to print for the public at once.

* *Queen Victoria's Journal. Leaves from the Journal of our Life in the Highlands, from* 1848 *to* 1861.

Her Majesty has followed his advice, and her Journal in the Highlands has been the most widely-read book of the season. Whatever may be thought of the book itself, there is no question that it has awakened the warmest feeling of attachment to her every where. In England the expression of this feeling is remarkable. The morning *Post*, for instance, exclaims with courtier-like gallantry: "We should all fall in love with the Queen, dared our love be so valiant"—a phrase which Sir Christopher Hatton might have ejaculated as Elizabeth swept by. It adds with delightful extravagance, that "in a mere literary point of view alone the Queen's book is one of the best ever printed." The liberal papers are not behind their Tory brethren. The *Star* hopes for a cheap edition to be circulated every where among the people as sure to be of the greatest service; and the *Daily News* declares that the book shows that "the simplest pleasures are dearer and higher than any that wealth can procure."

Meanwhile the book itself is the simplest narrative of unimportant domestic events, written in the most unpretending style and with the sincerest unconsciousness. It is one of the least affected of books. There is no posing or phrasing for the public, and the revelations of the little incidents of family life are exquisitely unconscious. It is the involuntary autobiography of the most devoted and affectionate wife. Her heart is fixed upon her husband. Every thing is interesting as it turns upon him. If he speaks or shoots or rides or drives or walks or fishes, she is anxious, pained, proud, and happy. And this constant and pervasive affection irradiates the commonplaces of Highland life. George III., her grandfather, used to walk upon the terrace at Windsor with his Queen Charlotte and the long train of children, full in the admiring view of John Bull, who piously considered his Majesty the very guardian genius of the family, and a pattern to the kingdom. But that spectacle had not the simplicity and the sweetness of the story of this Highland Journal. There is no procession here, no spectacle, no public patronage of propriety; but a pretty little idyl, to which the hearer listens with a kind of pitying fondness.

But the Gold Stick in waiting, and the Garter King-at-Arms, and the Knights of the Bath, and Carlyle's Bigwiggery in general, must read this work with preternatural alarm. Shall the Queen be regarded merely or generally as a tender-hearted, simple little body, and nothing more? Shall all her evident limitations be ruthlessly exposed? Or, indeed, is it exactly the other way, and is this overflow of loyal enthusiasm in the papers the involuntary expression of delight upon finding that royalty is so pure, domestic, and exemplary, and that the essential absurdity of the pageant is not made painful and intolerable by the folly or vice of the chief actor? Those who doubt the wisdom of a system from which they see no practicable escape, naturally praise with ardor whatever attractive blamelessness they find in it. It was in this spirit that in this country, a few years ago, many a man who felt the wrong, and

feared the inevitable tragedy of slavery, magnified its patriarchal character, and repeated the instances of kind treatment upon the part of masters. The English seem to seize upon this revelation of a stainless royal life with the eagerness of those who have found something good in it at least.

But the book, like the photograph, must relentlessly dispel illusions. All the time the reader feels how much happier this little woman would be if she could only have a quiet cottage in some soft shade, and there worship her spouse and darn her children's stockings in love and peace. To pay enormous sums of money for the maintenance of this doting little wife as a great political figure-head; and to settle the bills of an extravagant and dissipated youth who shows no especial interest in public affairs, or aptitude for them, but who is conspicuously fond of the Garden Mabille in Paris; and to do all this while poverty widens and deepens, and tremendous questions threaten from every side—how about that? She is only part of the pageant indeed, but she is its crown; and when any part is questioned, every part is in danger. Thus when the great mass of the people in England vote, they will have their representatives in the House of Commons. But the action of the Commons may be paralyzed in the House of Lords. Then who are the House of Lords? Hereditary legislators. Why on earth should a few Englishmen be hereditary legislators, while the rest, who elect to Parliament, are not? These questions are not now very remote. They are suppressed indeed by the feeling for an affectionate and faithful woman, whose great sorrow has made her very precious to the national heart. But they will not be suppressed if Prince Hal does not forswear Eastcheap and Jack Falstaff, and live very cleanly when he comes to the palace. They are the inevitable questions of an epoch of photographs and general suffrage and books by the Queen.

Indeed it seems hardly possible that the English system and form of political society can endure the changes of the time. They must yield or break; yet when did a great system ever yield? We believe in the mortality of every body else, but we do not quite acknowledge our own. So every vast and ancient political organization has been violently changed. The Queen's grandfather struggled for the old prerogative. It was a struggle to push Niagara up the precipice. When he failed the consequences were inevitable. Indeed his effort was but an event in the development of the British story from Runnymede. He failed as Charles and James failed. The pageant which Mr. Bagshot describes begins to fade. This innocent book is not the work of the Governor of England, nor of one who has any power, or who in the least influences the Government. It is not the circle at Balmoral, or at Osborne, or at Windsor, that Mr. Robert Lowe cries out must be educated. It is "our masters" whom he would have taught. And the first lesson they will learn is that the governing power and authority reside in "a Committee of the House of Commons," which is elected by the representatives of the people.

Such are the inevitable reflections as you turn the pleasant pages of this amiable book; reflections made pensive by the touching fidelity of the writer to her husband, and doubtful and almost painful by the thought of the future.

THERE has been a good deal of buzzing around the Easy Chair in relation to the trial of Mr. Tyng before an ecclesiastical court, and for an ecclesiastical offense. It can not by any courteous stretching be called a religious offense—for nobody contends that religion was in any manner involved. The Reverend Alfred Stubbs, D.D., and the Reverend Edward Boggs, D.D., who made the original complaint, are, we have no reason to doubt, pious and honest men; but they are surely not wise men. They have placed the whole subject of ecclesiastical discipline in an unpleasant light, and have therefore, probably very unwittingly, brought it into some contempt.

The Reverend Dr. Stubbs and the Reverend Dr. Boggs must see that there may be laws which it is not wise always to enforce, and if it had occurred to them that this was one of them, they would have spared themselves much trouble and disagreeable notoriety and their religious denomination a certain inevitable scandal. Our distant friends may not know the simple facts of the story, which are that Mr. Tyng is an Episcopal clergyman in New York, and that being one Sunday in New Jersey he preached in a Methodist meeting-house, and prayed as Methodists pray, and read such hymns as they sing. This is what Mr. Tyng did. Now nobody, not even the Reverend Alfred Stubbs, D.D., or the Reverend Edward Boggs, D.D., complain that Mr. Tyng preached, prayed, and sang. Their complaint is, that as an Episcopal clergyman he had agreed not to do certain things, and among them were preaching in other parishes except upon certain conditions, and that, consequently, he was technically guilty of a violation of the canon. The Easy Chair is not very familiar with ecclesiastical canons and usages, but this is probably true as stated. The general understanding was, that, as an Episcopal minister, he would not preach in the pulpits of dissenters.

But even if this were so, was it worth while to insist upon it? Is there not some pertinent phrase about the letter that killeth? Waiving, for a moment, the question of ecclesiastical canons, what is the great object of preaching? Every body would answer, in whatever form the reply might be uttered—to save souls; in other words, to make men better, and therefore happier. Beside this are not the other considerations unimportant? Granting, as we cheerfully do, that forms, and times, and methods have an undoubted value—yet, is it not of comparatively small importance, when you have settled that the great object of preaching is the moral and religious improvement of men, whether you preach from a platform, or from a pulpit, or from a cart, or from a barrel-head; whether you preach in a marvelous cathedral, in a highly-furnished and elaborate modern church, or in a barn, or in the open air; whether you stand facing the north or south, or east or west; whether you wear leather with George Fox, or lawn with an English Bishop, or plain black broadcloth with a dissenter; whether you wear a white cravat, or a black cravat, or an open collar or bands; and whether you preach with or without notes?

Now we are confident that the Reverend Alfred Stubbs, D.D., and the Reverend Edward

Boggs, D.D., would acknowledge with the utmost readiness that the important point was the sincerity or the effect of the preaching, and not the peculiar attitude or costume of the preacher. They would say that the place was comparatively unimportant, because they would remember that one of the prayers in the service-book of their church recalls the promise that where two or three are gathered together the Father is in the midst of them. But they would probably remind the Easy Chair that Mr. Tyng had chosen to make sundry promises, and that he had not kept them. Would they also think the Easy Chair jesuitical if he suggested that it is very easy to imagine Mr. Tyng as choosing to regard the intent rather than the literal form of his promise? He did not design to cast obloquy upon any church or to injure any person. There was an opportunity opened to him to call sinners to repentance; and believing that his supreme obligation to his Church and to its Head was to do that, he did not hesitate to improve the opportunity.

Suppose that he had found himself without any garment more clerical than a mixed morning coat and a colored cravat, should he refuse to preach because he had not gown and bands? In Swift's day and Sterne's a wig was part of the clerical costume, should Swift have been ecclesiastically arraigned because he had omitted the wig? The Reverend Alfred Stubbs, D.D., and the Reverend Edward Boggs, D.D., have made the same kind of mistake they would have made had they summoned the Reverend Dean to appear and answer for the absence of his wig. The world could only have done then what it is doing now, laughed quietly at the spectacle. Nobody complains that Mr. Tyng did not exhort eloquently, and pray fervently, and sing sweetly —but only that he did not do those things as the Reverend Alfred Stubbs, D.D., and the Reverend Edward Boggs, D.D., do them.

It is strange when we read such stories to think of the life and teachings of the Great Master. In the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem the young Easy Chair saw the peasants from the lower Danube prostrating themselves before what was called the spot upon Calvary where the cross was planted. They knelt and touched the ground with their foreheads, and rose and knelt, and rose again and knelt, with a kind of idiotic fervor and pertinacity which rivaled the dance of the dervishes of another faith or the tenacity of Stylites upon his column. Around them as they performed these genuflexions, and scattered all through the church to preserve order, were the soldiers of the Pacha, Turkish troops, the followers of Mohammed, who smiled superior at these curious movements — droll antics of the Christian dogs, as they supposed them to be. Not far away, beyond the city walls, rose the Mount of Olives, silvery sad with a few trees, and at its foot the Garden of Gethsemane. How hard it was again to associate the scene in the Church of the Sepulchre with the sublime life and words that hallowed the landscape!

Or again, in Rome, on the great feast of the year, when travelers from all the world are gathered in St. Peter's, the sound of the Papal choir is heard, softened by distance, chanting outside the great door, "Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates!" The Vatican choir within responds, and the exquisite and inspiring music rolls, and resounds, and reanswers, in strophe and anti-strophe. At length the great door swings open, and the most splendid pageant upon which modern eyes can gaze enters the magnificent temple. A scarlet cloud of cardinals and priests of every degree, clad in shining and various robes, from every quarter of the globe, moves slowly in. Perhaps the Greek Patriarch is there, with his flowing dark beard, arrayed in velvet, upon his head a golden crown. And high above the heads of all, borne in his throne upon men's shoulders, and the huge flabella carried beside him, sits the Pope, triply-crowned, with his jeweled fingers raising, imparting the benediction. In him and in the church the ages mingle, and every kind of association fascinates and bewilders as we gaze. Yet as he stands before the high altar of St. Peter's, and the vast throng kneels in silence as he elevates the host, there rises irresistibly in the imagination the figure of Him who had not where to lay his head, and whose kingdom is a spiritual kingdom.

Or, again, when we read that the Reverend Alfred Stubbs, D.D., and the Reverend Edward Boggs, D.D., have charged Mr. Tyng with preaching without a surplice and praying without a book, why is it that the impatient imagination recurs to the pageant in St. Peter's, and to the idolatry of Jerusalem, and beholds upon the shore of Galilee the teacher who banned the Scribes and Pharisees and declared his kingdom to be not of this world? Do Dr. Stubbs and Dr. Boggs really think that it is worth while to refine upon surplices and bands? Shall good men, devoted by profession, and, we will believe, by an intense vocation, to preaching the glad tidings, to raising the down-trodden, to comforting the broken-hearted, to binding up the wounds of the stricken and soothing the suffering and weary; shall good men, in a world where the good fight demands every energy of every soldier, where temptation is so alluring, where the way slopes so swiftly and so smoothly downward, where the one great necessity is constant warfare with real wrong and the encroaching kingdom of darkness—tell us, Alfred Stubbs, D.D., and the Rev. Dr. Boggs—shall good men fall to quarreling about their clothes, and to solemnly perorating about the offense of reading one good hymn instead of another?

The man who poisons a spring in the meadow from which flows the stream whose water is drunk by the dwellers upon the shore, is a villain so extraordinary and his guilt is so black that even the ferocity of war refuses to acknowledge him and forbids his practices. Yet his guilt is not greater than that of those who trade upon the moral ruin of men and women. The name of liberty was the excuse of many of the most fearful crimes in France, and the freedom of the press is prostituted here as the name was there. It is impossible to conceive of the heart of a man who will publish such papers as are issued in this city, the sole object of which is to pander to passions which need no excitement. There are wretched fellows who haunt the wharves, the railroad stations, and the ferry-landings, who steal up to you, and, at a convenient moment,

when they suppose nobody to be looking, whisper: "Have a book, Mister?" and lift a corner of a paper to reveal the character of the book they offer. There is no depth of degradation lower than that, and indignation is almost lost in wonder and pity.

But the evil has been growing of late much more truculent, and has excited very general attention. It is no longer the skulking vagabond who whispers and winks, but it is the paper openly exposed for sale upon otherwise respectable news-stands and at all the stations, which stares you boldly in the face and says, "Come, buy me!" All the skill of the wood-engraver is pressed into the service, and the vice is as flaunting as sometimes in its living forms upon the street. The father with his wife or daughter, the young man with his sweet-heart, the boy and his sister stopping to buy a paper are confronted with the pictures in these papers tacked up as advertisements. Have the newsmen no generous sense of honor? Have they no wives, daughters, sisters, or sweet-hearts? Have they no children whom they would train as steadily as possible? Is an honest man not ashamed to make money by pandering to pruriency? Suppose you do sell newspapers and magazines for a living. It is as honorable a business as managing the Hudson and Harlem and Central railroads. It is as useful as speculating in stocks and betting upon gold. There is no degradation in any business until the man himself degrades it, and when you sell a paper of the kind that every traveler has recently seen upon your stand, what are you but the fellow with the hang-dog air who waits to show the traveler upon the sly his abominable wares?

Public taste, you may say, demands it, and although you may deplore the taste you can not correct it. That is not true. You help to correct it by refusing to gratify its mean desires. There is a great sale of certain books, is there? There is an astonishing demand for a literature which would disgrace Sodom, is there? And you can not Pharisaically affect to be better than the public demand? Well, now, Mr. Newsman, are not the Appletons, and the Harpers, and Scribner, and Putnam tolerably fair merchants in their way? Is not the making and selling of books and periodicals their business? Do they not of necessity aim to gratify the public taste? If they do not can they hope to succeed? But do *they* make or sell these books of which there is such an astonishing sale? Do *they* manufacture this literature for which there is such a prodigious demand? And why not? Simply because their business is to gratify an innocent and noble public taste, not to prostitute themselves into rascals by degrading it and outraging public decency.

And why should you not do what they do in this matter? You are not a great publisher, indeed, and do not command great capital. You must sell an illustrated paper to one man and a daily to another, and a magazine to this one and a dime novel to that one. But look at it, as you stand by your own wares and glance your eyes through this new Number of *Harper*—your business is a good, clean business, as much as theirs, unless you defile it; and if you defile it you are just as guilty as they would be if they did the same thing. You are a man, and your own boyhood is not far behind you; or you are still a young man, just making your own way. Look at that boy coming. See the clear eye, the sensitive cheek, the frank look. You know him through and through, for you have been a boy. Young, inexperienced, in a sense at your mercy, what will you do with him? How can you go home without remorse, how can you look in your wife's face, how can you fall honestly asleep if you have sold that boy a paper or a book which can have but one effect, and is intended to have but one? If a traveler's heedless feet were unconsciously slipping down the fiery mouth of Etna and you pushed him on, you would be a murderer. But if you had pushed his soul downward, God have mercy upon yours!

Many trades succeed, but only honest trade prospers upon every side. The reform in this matter can be helped by regulations of companies at railroad and ferry stations, but the great reform will be achieved by the refusal of the newsmen to sell. There will still be an immense demand, you say. Very well, let a certain kind of merchant satisfy the demand. When you honest men sweep this stuff off your stands, those upon which it remains will be as odious and despised as the skulkers with the concealed package under their arms; and when you have confined the sale to a certain class of newsdealers, you will drive it back again into its old, miserable, sneaking ways, and have so diminished its baleful influence. Mr. Shear, the well-known news-agent upon some of the chief railroads out of New York, is understood to have forbidden the sale of this literature by all his subordinates. Those who do not should be presented by the Grand Jury as nuisances. But whatever Grand Juries or newsmen may do, let all parents form themselves into a vast Children's Aid Society; and remembering themselves save, if possible, the newer selves who succeed them.

It is pleasant to know that the Lyceum, as it is popularly called, or the lecture system, shows no sign of decline or failure. What seemed an experiment, a fashion, a freak, a lion-hunting, has become an institution. The Lyceum platform, according to Mr. Wendell Phillips, and he knows if any man, is the freest arena in the country. It is the least hampered by sectarian or other bonds, and yet no one familiar with the Lyceum will question in general its deep moral influence and elevating power. Its great service is in moulding public opinion, which finally governs the country; and it is heartily hated, denounced, and ridiculed by those who think ignorance is a very safe and useful thing for the people, and the minstrels an unobjectionable relaxation.

Nor will this Easy Chair, nor any lover of sweet sounds, deny the pleasure that may often be found in the banjo and the bones, while he must, in mere honesty, question the humor of the performance. A clown may be very funny in the ring, but after all it is not very funny fun. The Lyceum does not tend to banish the music of the minstrels, but only to wipe the burnt cork off their faces and relieve their tongues of the necessity of talking a lingo which means nothing, and the fun of which greatly resembles the clown's fun. The Lyceum, indeed, naturally follows the Common School. When every body reads a newspaper, and has a general interest in

the world beyond the village—when the popular mind is really active—the banjo and the bones are not wholly satisfactory, and when the end-man has joked his joke there still remains an ear and a mind for a different kind of attraction.

So far as an Easy Chair can learn the public is not fickle, and still clings to its first Lyceum loves. Moreover, its taste is singularly catholic, and does not demand that one favorite shall echo another, but that each shall be himself. The independence of the platform having been thoroughly secured—committees no longer waiting upon the lecturer at his hotel to beg him to omit any strong passages, "because we have a very miscellaneous audience, and as we depend upon the patronage of all, we must seek to gratify all"—this banjo and bones philosophy having ceased to be applied to the platform, and every man being welcomed to say what he thinks in his own way, the necessity of the protest has disappeared, and the lectures have been perhaps less purely political during the last season than for some years. Besides, as most of the speakers are liberals, and inclined to take the same general view of public topics, there was possibly a monotony in the strain which it was desirable to change.

The significant truth, however, is that the Lyceum has become a permanent institution. In every community those who are hostile to it are the same persons who are constantly opposed to all generous and elevating influences. Those who protest against the politics of the Lyceum are not satisfied if their own politics are represented, but insist that no political subjects shall be discussed upon the platform; while the Lyceum itself finds that it is very hard to find a generally attractive lecturer—which is, of course, an essential point—who is not also of the political views which the objectors denounce. This point, however, is now settled; and it is pleasant to reflect that the influence of an institution which is brought to bear every winter upon tens of thousands of the most intelligent people of the country is steadily liberal and humane.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

OUR Record closes on the 3d of March. The main points of interest are the correspondence between General Grant and the President; the attempted removal of Mr. Stanton, and appointment of General Lorenzo Thomas as Secretary of War; and the subsequent formal impeachment of President Johnson. On the 4th of February, in compliance with a resolution of the House, Mr. Stanton transmitted a copy of this correspondence, stating also that he himself had not had any correspondence with the President since the 12th of August, and that since his resumption of the duties of Secretary of War he had performed them without any personal or written communication with the President, had issued no orders in the name of the President, and had received no orders from him.

On the 24th of January General Grant wrote to the President for a repetition in writing of a verbal order given five days before, by which he was directed "to disregard the orders of the Hon. E. M. Stanton as Secretary of War until he knew from the President himself that they were his orders." To this request a message was at once returned which left General Grant in doubt as to the intentions of the President. Accordingly on the 28th he wrote to the President at some length, repeating the request for a written order and stating that he should suspend action upon the verbal order. "I am compelled," he wrote, "to ask these instructions in writing in consequence of the many gross misrepresentations affecting my personal honor circulated through the press for the last fortnight, purporting to come from the President, of conversations which occurred either with the President privately in his office or in Cabinet meeting." General Grant then goes on to give what he considers "the facts in the case," substantially as follows:

After he had assumed the duties of Secretary of War *ad interim*, the President desired his opinion as to the course which Mr. Stanton would have to pursue to regain possession of his office, in case the Senate should not concur in the suspension. Grant replied that he thought Mr. Stanton would have to appeal to the courts to reinstate him; adding, however, that should he change his view on this point he would inform the President. Subsequently, after closely examining the terms of the Tenure-of-Office Bill, he came to the conclusion that he could not, without violating the law, refuse to vacate the office of Secretary of War the moment Mr. Stanton was reinstated by the Senate, even though the President should, which he did not do, order him to remain. He therefore notified the President of the decision to which he had come on this point. The President urged in reply that as Mr. Stanton had been suspended, and General Grant appointed under authority granted by the Constitution, and not under any Act of Congress, Grant could not be governed by the Act. Grant rejoined that the law, whether constitutional or not, was binding upon him until set aside by the proper tribunal. So matters stood for some days, until Mr. Stanton, with whom General Grant had held no communication, reassumed the duties of his office, when Grant, who no longer considered himself to be Secretary of War, was requested by the President to attend a Cabinet meeting on the 14th of January. At this meeting the President declared that Grant had promised either to hold on to the office of Secretary of War until displaced by the courts, or to resign so as to leave the President free to fill the office. Grant did not then admit that he had made any such promise, and in this letter he positively denies having done so; but says that in order to soften the evident contradiction he said, "The President may have understood me the way he said: that I had promised to resign if I did not resist the reinstatement."

The President gives a very different account of what transpired on these occasions. Meanwhile on the 29th he returned the request of

Grant for a written order, with the following indorsement:

"As requested in this communication, General Grant is instructed, in writing, not to obey any order from the War Department, assumed to be issued by the direction of the President, unless such order is known by the General commanding the armies of the United States to have been authorized by the Executive."

To this General Grant on the following day replied:

"I am informed by the Secretary of War that he has not received from the Executive any order or instructions limiting or impairing his authority to issue orders to the army, as has heretofore been his practice under the law and customs of the Department. While his authority to the War Department is not countermanded, it will be satisfactory evidence to me that any orders issued from the War Department by direction of the President are authorized by the Executive."

To this, and to the letter of General Grant of the 28th, the President on the 31st of January replied at length. He states that the distinct understanding between himself and General Grant was, that in case the latter should not prefer to become a party in the controversy, or should come to the conclusion that it was his duty to surrender the Department to Mr. Stanton, should the Senate decide in his favor, he would, before the Senate acted, resign the Secretaryship so that the President might appoint a successor. Mr. Johnson avers that General Grant for days well knew that it was the purpose of the President to appoint some other person as Secretary of War *ad interim* unless this understanding had been reached. General Grant, the President says, was to have given his final decision on Monday January 13, but failed to do so; instead of which on the next day he sent in an official notification that in consequence of the action of the Senate his functions as Secretary had ceased. The President further avers that even had there been no positive promise General Grant must have known that it was his purpose, in case their views did not accord, to fill the place by another appointment.

The President then goes on to give his version of what took place at the Cabinet meeting of January 14: "My recollection," he says, "is diametrically the reverse of your narration." He avers that at this meeting General Grant admitted: (1.) That he had agreed either to hold on to the post until the Courts otherwise decided, or to resign before the Senate had taken action; (2.) That on the 11th he reaffirmed this decision; (3.) That on the same day he agreed to another conference to be held on the 13th, but did not appear, having been engaged in a conference with General Sherman, and "many little matters." The President says that he had read his own statement of what took place at this meeting to the members of the Cabinet who were present, and that they all agreed to its accuracy. He adds that on the next day (January 15) General Grant, calling upon him, declared that a report, published in the *National Intelligencer*, of what had taken place at this meeting had done him much injustice; the President replied that he had not then read this report; subsequently, as he wrote, he read this report, and "found that the statement of the understanding between us was substantially correct;" adding, moreover, that he had "caused it to be read to four of the five members of the Cabinet who were present at our conference of the 14th, and they concurred in the accuracy of the statements respecting our conversation upon that occasion."

To this General Grant replied on the 3d of February. He had, he said, read the President's letter, and compared it with this newspaper article and another one in another paper, purporting to be based upon the statements of the President and his Cabinet, and found the letter to be "only a reiteration, only somewhat more in detail, of the many and gross misrepresentations" contained in these newspaper articles, to rectify which was the design of his own letter of the 28th of January, "the correctness of which," he said, "I reassert, any thing of yours in reply to it to the contrary notwithstanding." He was greatly surprised that "the Cabinet officers should so greatly misunderstand the facts in the matter as to suffer their names to be made the basis of charges in the newspaper articles, or to agree to the accuracy, as you affirm they do, of your account of what occurred at that meeting. You know," continues General Grant, "that we parted on Saturday, the 11th ult., without any promise on my part, either express or implied, that I would hold on to the office of Secretary of War *ad interim* against the action of the Senate, or, declining to do so myself, would surrender it to you before such action was had; or that I would see you at any fixed time on the subject." General Grant goes on to say, in substance, that his performance of the promises alleged by the President to have been made, would have involved a violation of law; that the President must have known that his greatest objection to the removal of Mr. Stanton was the fear that some one would be appointed in his stead who would oppose the operation of the reconstruction laws; and that to prevent this he had accepted the office of Secretary of War *ad interim*. General Grant gives some further details, to the general purport that he, with General Sherman, had agreed to advise Mr. Stanton to put an end to the difficulty by resigning, in which case the President would be urged to nominate as Secretary of War Governor Cox, of Ohio; that an interview with Mr. Stanton had convinced him that such advice would be useless; and that after the interval of a fortnight he would not then advise Mr. Stanton to resign, "lest the same danger I apprehended from his first removal might follow." General Grant concludes this letter by affirming that the course which the President desired it to be understood that he had agreed to follow was "in violation of the law, and that without orders from you; while the course I did pursue, and which I never doubted you fully understood, was in accordance with law, and not in disobedience to any orders of my superior." He added that "when my honor as a soldier and integrity as a man have been so violently assailed, pardon me for saying that I can but regard this whole matter from beginning to end as an attempt to involve me in the resistance of law, for which you hesitated to assume the responsibility in orders, and thus to destroy my character before the country. I am in a measure confirmed in this conclusion by your recent orders directing me to disobey orders from the Secretary of War, my superior and your subordinate."

The foregoing comprises the substance of this correspondence as it existed at the time when its

production was called for by the House of Representatives, and produced on the 4th of February. On the 10th the President replied at some length. He said that the extraordinary character of the last letter of General Grant would seem to preclude any reply on his part, but the circumstances seemed to demand that he should give the statements of the members of the Cabinet who were present at the meeting of the 14th of January. When, continues the President, "a controversy upon matters of fact reaches the point to which this has been brought, further assertion or denial between the immediate parties should cease, especially when upon either side it loses the character of the respectful discussion which is required by the relation in which the parties stand to each other, and degenerates in tone and character." The President then reviews the correspondence which had passed between himself and General Grant; affirms that, upon Grant's own showing, in accepting the post of Secretary of War *ad interim* he "intended to circumvent the President," and to thwart his purpose of preventing Mr. Stanton from resuming the duties of that office. This of itself, the President affirms, "would have been a tacit deception. In the ethics of some persons such a crime is allowable; but you can not even stand upon that questionable ground." He then goes on to argue at length the question of General Grant's alleged change of views in respect to his duty in case the Senate should refuse to sanction the suspension of Mr. Stanton. Mr. Johnson charges that, upon General Grant's own showing, he not only concealed his design from the President, but induced him to suppose that he would hold on to the office so as to require Mr. Stanton to establish his right thereto by judicial decision; but that he actually held on to it to prevent the President from appointing some other person who would retain possession, and thus render legal proceedings necessary. "You may," writes the President, "have changed your views as to the law; but you certainly did not change your views as to the course you had marked out to yourself from the beginning." Mr. Johnson goes on to discuss the question of the relation between the President and the Secretary of War, and General Grant's expressed determination to obey the orders of the latter. "You refuse," says the President in conclusion, "obedience to the superior out of deference to the subordinate. Without further comment upon the insubordinate position which you have assumed, I am at a loss to know how you can relieve yourself from the orders of the President, who is made by the Constitution the Commander-in-chief of the army and navy, and is therefore the official superior as well of the General of the army as of the Secretary of War."

To this letter the President appends the statements of the members of the Cabinet who were present at the meeting on the 14th of January, given at his special request, of what then took place. Messrs. Wells, M'Culloch, and Randall reply briefly to the effect that the statement of the President accords in all important particulars with their recollections of the conversation then held. Mr. Browning gives at some length his recollections of the conversation at that meeting. The essential points are that the President expressed surprise at the course of General Grant in giving up the position of Secretary, and stated that the General had previously "agreed either to remain at the head of the War Department till a decision could be obtained from the courts, or resign the office into the hands of the President before the case was acted upon by the Senate;" that the President further stated that General Grant said that his conduct would be conformable to that understanding; but that he disliked to make himself a party to a judicial proceeding, for he would be exposed to fine and imprisonment should he continue to act as Secretary of War after the Senate had refused to concur in the suspension of Mr. Stanton; whereupon he, the President, said that he would pay any fine or submit to any imprisonment that might be adjudged against General Grant. The discussion, according to Mr. Browning, lasted for a considerable time, General Grant admitting that the previous conversation had occurred as affirmed by the President, but saying that in the mean time he had looked into the Tenure-of-Office Bill, and had come to the conclusion that he could not lawfully act as Secretary of War, and had so informed the President on the 11th. It seems, from Mr. Browning's report of this conversation on the 14th, that it was admitted both by the President and the General that the interview of the 11th had closed without any definite conclusion, but with the understanding that it should be renewed on Monday, the 13th; but that it did not then take place because General Grant on that day was occupied by a long interview with General Sherman and various other matters, Grant not supposing that the Senate would act so promptly as they had done, restoring Mr. Stanton on the 13th, and thus, as Grant held, precluding him from acting as Secretary. Mr. Seward's recollections were to the same general purport as those of Mr. Browning. He notes, however: "I did not understand General Grant as denying nor as admitting these statements [of the President as to what had previously passed between them] in the form and full extent to which the President made them. His admission was rather indirect and circumstantial, though I did not understand it to be an evasive one." Mr. Seward adds that General Grant, in relation to his failure of meeting the President on the 13th, made "another explanation—that he was engaged on Sunday, the 12th, with General Sherman, and I think also on Monday, in regard to the War Department matter, with a hope, though he did not say with an effort, to procure an amicable settlement of the affair of Mr. Stanton; and he still hoped that it would be brought about." This amicable settlement, as elsewhere appears, was to be effected by the resignation of Mr. Stanton, to be urged by Grant and Sherman; but General Grant, on hinting the matter to Mr. Stanton on the 19th, found that "any advice of this kind would be useless, and so informed General Sherman;" and in his letter of the 30th to the President, says, "I could not now advise his resignation, lest the same danger I apprehended from his first removal might follow."

To this letter of the President General Grant replied briefly on the 11th of February. He admitted nothing in the statements of the members of the Cabinet differing from any thing which he had stated. He emphatically denied the charge of insubordination made by the President. "In my letter of the 30th of January," he says, "I

did not propose to disobey any legal order of the President, distinctly given, but only gave an interpretation of what would be regarded as satisfactory evidence of the President's sanction to orders communicated by the Secretary of War;" adding that the President's letter of February 10 conveyed the first intimation that this interpretation was not satisfactory to the President. He showed that the authority of Mr. Stanton to issue orders as Secretary of War had also meanwhile been clearly recognized by the Secretary of the Treasury and the Postmaster-General—to all appearance, by the sanction of the President. General Grant closed this final letter of the correspondence by "disclaiming any intention, now or heretofore, of disobeying any legal order of the President, distinctly communicated."

On the 13th of February Mr. Stevens, in view of the foregoing correspondence, proposed to the House Committee upon Reconstruction a resolution to impeach the President of high crimes and misdemeanors. This was laid upon the table · Messrs. Bingham, Paine, Beaman, Brooks, and Beck, voting in the affirmative; Stevens, Boutwell, and Farnsworth, in the negative. Matters rested thus, Mr. Stanton exercising the functions of Secretary of War, until February 21, when the President issued an order to Mr. Stanton removing him from the office of Secretary of War, and another to General Lorenzo Thomas (to be distinguished from General George H. Thomas), Adjutant-General of the Army, appointing him Secretary of War *ad interim*, directing the one to surrender, and the other to receive, all the books, papers, and public property belonging to the War Department. We give in full the text of these orders, as they are embodied in eight of the nine articles of impeachment subsequently presented against the President.

The order to Mr. Stanton reads:

"By virtue of the power and authority vested in me as President by the Constitution and laws of the United States, you are hereby removed from office as Secretary for the Department of War, and your functions as such will terminate upon the receipt of this communication. You will transfer to Brevet Major-General Lorenzo Thomas, Adjutant-General of the Army, who has this day been authorized and empowered to act as Secretary of War *ad interim*, all records, books, papers, and other public property now in your custody and charge."

The order to General Thomas reads:

"The Hon. Edwin M. Stanton having been this day removed from office as Secretary for the Department of War, you are hereby authorized and empowered to act as Secretary of War *ad interim*, and will immediately enter upon the discharge of the duties pertaining to that office. Mr. Stanton has been instructed to transfer to you all the records, books, and other public property now in his custody and charge."

These orders having been officially communicated to the Senate, that body, after an earnest debate, passed the following resolution:

"Resolved by the Senate of the United States, That under the Constitution and laws of the United States the President has no power to remove the Secretary of War and designate any other officer to perform the duties of that office."

The President upon the 24th sent a message to the Senate, arguing at length that not only under the Constitution, but also under the laws as now existing, he had the right of removing Mr. Stanton and appointing another to fill his place. The point of his argument is: That by a special proviso in the Tenure-of-Office Bill the various Secretaries of Departments "shall hold their offices respectively for and during the term of the President by whom they may have been appointed, and for one month thereafter, subject to removal by and with the advice of the Senate." The President affirms that Mr. Stanton was appointed not by him, but by his predecessor, Mr. Lincoln, and held office only by the sufferance, not the appointment, of the present Executive; and that therefore his tenure is by the express reading of the law excepted from the general provision that every person duly appointed to office "by and with the advice and consent of the Senate," etc., shall be "entitled to hold office until a successor shall have been in like manner appointed and duly qualified, except as herein otherwise provided." The essential point of the President's argument therefore is that, as Mr. Stanton was not appointed by him, he had, under the Tenure-of-Office Bill, the right at any time to remove him; the same right which his own successor would have, no matter whether the incumbent had, by sufferance, not by appointment of the existing Executive, held the office for weeks or even years. "If," says the President, "my successor would have the power to remove Mr. Stanton, after permitting him to remain a period of two weeks, because he was not appointed by him, I who have tolerated Mr. Stanton for more than two years, certainly have the same right to remove him, and upon the same ground, namely, that he was not appointed by me but by my predecessor."

In the mean time General Thomas presented himself at the War Department and demanded to be placed in the position to which he had been assigned by the President. Mr. Stanton refused to surrender his post, and ordered General Thomas to proceed to the apartment which belonged to him as Adjutant-General. This order was not obeyed, and so the two claimants to the Secretaryship of War held their ground. A sort of legal by-play then ensued. Mr. Stanton entered a formal complaint before Judge Cartter, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, charging that General Thomas had illegally exercised and attempted to exercise the duties of Secretary of War; and had threatened to "forcibly remove the complainant from the buildings and apartments of the Secretary of War in the War Department, and forcibly take possession and control thereof under his pretended appointment by the President of the United States as Secretary of War *ad interim*;" and praying that he might be arrested and held to answer this charge. General Thomas was accordingly arrested, and held to bail in the sum of $15,000 to appear before the court on the 24th. Appearing on that day he was discharged from custody and bail; whereupon he entered an action against Mr. Stanton for false imprisonment, laying his damages at $150,000. As the case now stands, Mr. Stanton remains in actual possession of the War Department, and continues to discharge the functions of Secretary, while General Thomas is recognized as Secretary by the President, and in that capacity attends the meetings of the Cabinet.

On the 22d of February the House Committee on Reconstruction, through its Chairman, Mr. Stevens, presented a brief report, merely stating

the fact of the attempted removal by the President of Mr. Stanton, and closing as follows:

"Upon the evidence collected by the Committee, which is hereafter presented, and in virtue of the powers with which they have been invested by the House, they are of the opinion that Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, should be impeached of high crimes and misdemeanors. They, therefore, recommend to the House the adoption of the following resolution:

"*Resolved*, That Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, be impeached of high crimes and misdemeanors."

After earnest debate, closed by a speech written by Mr. Stevens, but read by the Clerk of the House, for the reason that Mr. Stevens was physically unable to deliver it, the question on the resolution was adopted on the 24th, by a vote of 126 to 47. The vote was almost strictly a party one. Of the Republicans only two Representatives, Messrs. Cary, of Ohio, and Stewart, of New York, voted in the negative, while all of the Democrats voted against it. Subsequently several Republicans, who were not present, recorded their votes in favor of the resolution of impeachment. A committee of two members, Stevens and Bingham, were to notify the Senate of the action of the House; and another committee of seven—Boutwell, Stevens, Bingham, Wilson, Logan, Julian, and Ward—to prepare the articles of impeachment. On the 25th Mr. Stevens thus announced to the Senate the action which had been taken by the House:

"In obedience to the order of the House of Representatives we have appeared before you, and in the name of the House of Representatives and of all the people of the United States, we do impeach Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, of high crimes and misdemeanors in office. And we further inform the Senate that the House of Representatives will in due time exhibit particular articles of impeachment against him, to make good the same; and in their name we demand that the Senate take due order for the appearance of the said Andrew Johnson to answer to the said impeachment."

The Senate thereupon, by a unanimous vote, resolved that this message from the House should be referred to a select Committee of Seven, to be appointed by the Chair, to consider the same and report thereon. This Committee subsequently made a report laying down the rules of procedure to be observed on the trial. These proposed rules are now under discussion in the Senate.

On the 29th of February the Committee of the House appointed for that purpose presented the articles of impeachment which they had drawn up. These, with slight modification, were accepted on the 2d of March. They comprise nine articles, eight of which are based upon the action of the President in ordering the removal of Mr. Stanton, and the appointment of General Thomas as Secretary of War. The general title to the impeachment is:

"Articles exhibited by the House of Representatives of the United States, in the name of themselves and all the people of the United States, against Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, as maintenance and support of their impeachment against him for high crimes and misdemeanors in office."

Each of the articles commences with a preamble to the effect that the President, "unmindful of the high duties of his office, of his oath of office, and of the requirements of the Constitution that he should take care that the laws be faithfully executed, did unlawfully and in violation of the laws and Constitution of the United States," perform the several acts specified in the articles respectively; closing with the declaration: "Whereby the said Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, did then and there commit and was guilty of a high misdemeanor in office." The phraseology is somewhat varied. In some cases the offense charged is designated as a "misdemeanor," in others as a "crime." The whole closes thus:

"And the House of Representatives, by protestation, saving to themselves the liberty of exhibiting at any time hereafter any further articles or other accusation or impeachment against the said Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, and also of replying to his answers which he shall make to the articles herein preferred against him, and of offering proof to the same and every part thereof, and to all and every other article, accusation, or impeachment which shall be exhibited by them as the case shall require, do demand that the said Andrew Johnson may be put to answer the high crimes and misdemeanors in office herein charged against him, and that such proceedings, examinations, trials, and judgments may be thereupon had and given as may be agreeable to law and justice."

The following is a summary in brief of the points in the articles of impeachment, legal and technical phraseology being omitted:

Article 1. Unlawfully ordering the removal of Mr. Stanton as Secretary of War, in violation of the provisions of the Tenure-of-Office Act.—*Article* 2. Unlawfully appointing General Lorenzo Thomas as Secretary of War *ad interim*.—*Article* 3 is substantially the same as Article 2, with the addition that there was at the time of the appointment of General Thomas no vacancy in the office of Secretary of War.—*Article* 4 charges the President with "conspiring with one Lorenzo Thomas and other persons, to the House of Representatives unknown," to prevent, by intimidation and threats, Mr. Stanton, the legally-appointed Secretary of War, from holding that office.—*Article* 5 charges the President with conspiring with General Thomas and others to hinder the execution of the Tenure-of-Office Act; and, in pursuance of this conspiracy, attempting to prevent Mr. Stanton from acting as Secretary of War.—*Article* 6 charges that the President conspired with General Thomas and others to take forcible possession of the property in the War Department.—*Article* 7 repeats the charge, in other terms, that the President conspired with General Thomas and others to hinder the execution of the Tenure-of-Office Act, and to prevent Mr. Stanton from executing the office of Secretary of War.—*Article* 8 again charges the President with conspiring with General Thomas and others to take possession of the property in the War Department.—*Article* 9 charges that the President called before him General Emory, who was in command of the forces in the Department of Washington, and declared to him that a law, passed on the 30th of June, 1867, directing that "all orders and instructions relating to military operations, issued by the President or Secretary of War, shall be issued through the General of the Army, and, in case of his inability, through the next in rank," was unconstitutional, and not binding upon General Emory; the intent being to induce General Emory to violate the law, and to obey orders issued directly from the President.

As presented originally there was another article charging the President with an intent, in appointing General Thomas as Secretary of War, to "unlawfully control the disbursement of the moneys appropriated for the military service and for the Department of War." This charge, which originally stood as Article 9, was left out of the articles as finally adopted. The closing article of the bill of impeachment is based upon the testimony of General Emory, which was to the effect that on the 22d of February the President sent for him, made inquiries as to the present disposition of the military forces in the Department, and any changes that had recently been made. To which General Emory

replied, in substance, that no material changes had been made with his knowledge, and he thought none could have been made without his knowledge, since by a recent order founded upon a law of Congress, approved by the President, no order could come to him except through General Grant, and none, as he supposed, to any subordinate officer except through him, and that had such an order been given to any subordinate officer it was his duty to notify him, General Emory, of the fact; and that this order, directing that all orders to the army should be issued through the General-in-Chief, being shown to the President, he affirmed that "it is not in accordance with the Constitution of the United States, which makes me Commander-in-Chief of the army and navy, or with the language of the commission which you hold." To which General Emory replied substantially, that the constitutionality of the order was not a subject for officers to determine; and in reply to the direct question of the President, "Am I to understand that the President of the United States can not give an order but through the General-in-Chief, or General Grant?" Emory replied that the order in question, approved by the President, had been issued for the government of the army; and that in his opinion, concurred in by other officers, and sanctioned by eminent legal advisers, Robert J. Walker and Reverdy Johnson being specially named, that order requiring all orders to the army to be issued through the General-in-Chief, was binding upon the officers of the army.

The foregoing articles of impeachment were adopted on the 2d of March, the votes upon each slightly varying, the average being 125 ayes to 40 nays. The question then came up of the appointment of managers on the part of the House to conduct the impeachment before the Senate. Upon this the Democratic members abstained from voting. The whole number of votes cast was 118, so that 60 were required for a choice. The following was the result, the number of votes cast for each elected manager being given: Stevens, of Pennsylvania, 105; Butler, of Massachusetts, 108; Bingham, of Ohio, 114; Boutwell, of Massachusetts, 113; Wilson, of Iowa, 112; Williams, of Pennsylvania, 107; Logan, of Illinois, 106. The foregoing seven Representatives were therefore duly chosen as Managers of the Bill of Impeachment.

The great body of the Democratic Members of the House entered a formal protest against the whole course of proceedings involved in the impeachment of the President. They claim to represent "directly or in principle more than one-half of the people of the United States." This protest was signed by 45 Representatives. The final disposition of it has not yet been decided.

On the 3d the Board of Managers presented two additional articles of impeachment, which were adopted by the House. The first charges, in substance, that

"The President, unmindful of the high duties of his office and of the harmony and courtesies which ought to be maintained between the executive and legislative branches of the Government of the United States, designing to set aside the rightful authority and powers of Congress, did attempt to bring into disgrace the Congress of the United States and the several branches thereof, to impair and destroy the regard and respect of all the good people of the United States for the Congress and legislative power thereof, and to excite the odium and resentment of all the good people of the United States against Congress and the laws by it enacted; and in pursuance of his said design openly and publicly, and before divers assemblages convened in divers parts thereof to meet and receive said Andrew Johnson as the Chief Magistrate of the United States, did on the 18th day of August, in the year of our Lord 1866, and on divers other days and times, as well before as afterward, make and deliver with a loud voice certain intemperate, inflammatory, and scandalous harangues, and did therein utter loud threats and bitter menaces as well against Congress as the laws of the United States duly enacted thereby."

To this article are appended copious extracts from speeches of Mr. Johnson. The second article is substantially as follows:

"The President did, on the 18th day of August, 1866, at the City of Washington, by public speech, declare and affirm in substance that the Thirty-ninth Congress of the United States was not a Congress of the United States, authorized by the Constitution to exercise legislative power under the same, but, on the contrary, was a Congress of only a part of the States, thereby denying and intending to deny that the legislation of said Congress was valid or obligatory upon him, except in so far as he saw fit to approve the same; and did devise and contrive means by which he might prevent Edwin M. Stanton from forthwith resuming the functions of the office of Secretary for the Department of War; and, also, by further unlawfully devising and contriving means to prevent the execution of an act entitled 'An act making appropriations for the support of the army for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1868, and for other purposes,' approved March 2, 1867; and also to prevent the execution of an act entitled 'An act to provide for the more efficient government of the rebel States,' passed March 2, 1867, did commit and was guilty of a high misdemeanor in office."

The proceedings bearing directly or indirectly upon the impeachment question have so wholly absorbed the space at our disposal as to leave little room for other matters. Interesting debates have arisen upon many subjects, but no important action has ensued upon any. The financial topics which at the date of our last Record seemed likely to be the foremost topics of the time remain in abeyance.

In the State of New York a Convention has been for many months engaged upon the formation of a new Constitution for that State. This Convention has completed its work, and submitted a new State Constitution to the acceptance of the citizens. We are not able at present to give an abstract of the provisions of this Constitution, most of which relate to matters of local interest. One provision, however, touches upon general politics. The general question as to negro suffrage is submitted in a separate article, which is to be voted upon apart from the others.

FOREIGN.

Beyond the boundaries of the United States there is little which calls for special mention. In Great Britain, Lord Derby has resigned his position as the head of the Cabinet, for the reason of advanced age and infirmity. He is succeeded by Mr. Disraeli.—There are reports of the progress of the English army in Abyssinia, but as yet too indeterminate to warrant a place upon permanent record.—It is announced through the telegraph that Mr. Bancroft, our Minister at Berlin, has concluded a treaty with Prussia, whereby emigrants from North Germany, after a certain term of residence in the United States, are relieved from the obligation to perform military service, which has heretofore been insisted upon. This treaty, in effect, resolves the mooted question of the rights abroad of those who have become by naturalization citizens of the United States.

Editor's Drawer.

THUS saith *Blackwood:* "Laughter is not a foolish thing; sometimes there is even wisdom in it. Solomon himself admits there is a time to laugh as well as a time to mourn. Man only laughs—man, the highest organized being; and hence the definition that has been proposed of him, a 'laughing animal.' Certainly it defines him as well as a 'cooking animal,' a 'tool-making animal,' a 'money-making animal,' a 'political animal,' or such like. Laughter very often shows the bright side of a man. It brings out his happier nature, and shows of what sort of stuff he is really made. Somehow we feel as if we never thoroughly know a man until we hear him laugh. The solemn, sober visage, like a Sunday's dress, tells nothing of the real man. He may be very silly, or very profound; very cross, or very jolly. Let us hear him laugh, and we can decipher him at once and tell how his heart beats. We are disposed to suspect the man who never laughs. At all events, there is a repulsion about him which we can not get over. Lavater says, 'Shun that man who never laughs, who dislikes music or the glad face of a child.' This is what every body feels, and none more than children, who are quick at reading characters, and their strong instinct rarely deceives them."

Good doctrine from a notable source. And right pleasant is the labor of culling, revising, and preparing for the Drawer the good things which good and genial pens are daily sending us from all parts of the country.

THE parsons are always getting off neat hits at each other. Last winter some gentlemen who were warmly interested in the temperance cause thought it would be productive of good to step outside the circle of those who are usually called upon to deliver addresses on that subject, and secure the services of a Roman Catholic. For that purpose a note was addressed to Father Hecker, of the Paulist Fathers, requesting him to speak *on that subject* in the pulpit of Plymouth Church. Father H. replied that he was perfectly willing to speak if allowed to choose his own text, and talk in his own way; "for," said he, "although I do not object to appear upon Mr. Beecher's *boards*, I can not stand upon his *platform!*"

ANOTHER clergyman was speaking of the forthcoming book by Rev. Dr. Bellows, made up mainly of letters written by Dr. B. during the past year to the *Liberal Christian*. On being asked its title, the answer was: "The Old World in its New Face." Whereupon our friend suggested that perhaps a more appropriate title would be, "A Fresh Blast from an Old Bellows!"

"WHEN *gratitude* o'erflows the swelling heart,
And breathes in free and uncorrupted praise
For benefits received, propitious Heaven
Takes such acknowledgment as fragrant incense,
And doubles all its blessings."

That is a poet's idea of gratitude. Politicians and military men sometimes give it more practical expression. It is reported that a distinguished military commander once said: "Bury me, and put on my humble monument the simple inscription: 'Here lies one who saved the lives of his soldiers at Fort Fisher.'" A Southern contemporary gives still another phrasing:

"Don't you know me?" said a soldier to his former commander.

"No, my friend, I don't."

"Why, Sir, you once saved my life."

"Ah! how was that?"

"Why, my dear Sir, I served under you at the battle of ——, and when you ran away in the beginning of the fight I ran after you—else I might have been killed. God bless you! *my preserver—my benefactor! God bless you!*"

THE great subject of alcoholic minglings is one that has occupied the mind of the American citizen in every walk of life. Alas! that this should have been thus! The peoples of other nationalities, however, are fast emulating us in this regard, and look with kindly as well as wondering eye on the bibulous triumphs of the Federal saloonist. The effect of these combinations on the British subject is thus described by George Augustus Sala in his "Sketches of the Paris Exposition." Thus of the American bar:

"At the bar, and from syphon tubes decorated with silvery figures of the American eagle, were dispensed the delicious 'cream soda' so highly recommended by the faculty; 'cobblers,' 'noggs,' 'smashes,' 'cocktails,' 'eye-openers,' 'mustache-twisters,' and 'corpse-revivers,' were also on hand; and I dare say you might have obtained the mystic 'tip and tie,' the exhilarating 'morning glory,' the mild but health-giving sarsaparilla punch, to say nothing of 'one of them things,' which is a recondite and almost inscrutable drink. I remember being treated to 'one of them things' at Boston, by a young gentleman who was a 'Sophomore' of Harvard College; indeed I think we took two of 'them things.' The effect produced on me was an impression that I had set fire to the Temple of Diana at Ephesus, combined with an ardent desire to slay Professor Agassiz and take refuge from justice at the top of Bunker Hill monument. In fact 'I felt bad.' The kindly Sophomore at once suggested a curative whose action was instantaneous and efficacious. I may not mention its components, but it is called 'one of them *other* things.'"

THERE are a few anecdotes still in circulation of the old lawyers and judges who flourished in this State half a century back. Notably among these was Ambrose Spencer, who adorned the bench as Chief Justice. He was holding court on Staten Island, where so many lawless men were engaged in villainous wrecking and other kindred pursuits that the standard of public morality had been perceptibly lowered. A man was on trial who had committed some gross and high crime. The evidence was clear, and the Judge charged strongly against him. The jury, however, brought in a verdict of not guilty. The commanding figure of the Judge rose and towered to its full height. "Prisoner," said he, in loud and severe tones, "I have to address you in two directions; firstly, you have had a most extraordinary escape from condign punishment, which you deserved; and, secondly, you may be

assured the time *will* come when you will be tried at *another* bar, where it is some satisfaction, *even now, to know there will be no Staten Island jury to acquit you!*"

Ohio contributes the following for the edification of the clergy:

At a small party a young theological student, not particularly noted for elegance of manner or talent or extraordinary piety, being urged by some young ladies to join in a quadrille, then forming, declined somewhat rudely; and, turning to a lady near by, asked, with rather an imposing air: "Do you think, Mrs. L——, that a man ought to dance who expects to fill a pulpit?" The lady replied: "I don't see why he should not, provided he have *grace* for both!"

And, speaking of ministers: As a class they are somewhat in the habit of expatiating, in public assemblages, upon the suddenness of death. At a prayer-meeting in a neighboring city, last autumn, a clergyman "improved" the occasion by saying: "My brethren, an esteemed and near friend last week went to the place appointed for that object, and registered his name for the purpose of exercising the highest privilege of an American citizen; but on Monday, ere he could deposit his ballot, he was taken to a place where politics do not concern men, *and where there is no excise law to be enforced!*"

Few men have during a not very long public career achieved greater personal popularity, or discharged their public duties with greater acceptance, than the Hon. Mr. Burlingame, the Minister from China. At the outset of his political life he was known as one of the cleverest of Massachusetts orators of the stump, and soon talked himself into the Lower House of the Legislature; but when he came to be promoted to the Senate he ceased talking, greatly to the chagrin of his friends. Finally, the liquor law came up for discussion, and the wife of a Judge, who was much interested in its passage, wrote to Mr. Burlingame this Scriptural epistle: "Do speak! Even Balaam's ass spoke *once!*" which brought the Senator to his feet, and elicited one of his best speeches.

Our anecdote of the Millerites, in the March Number of the Drawer, has elicited the following:

The late Theodore Parker, coming home some years ago from Concord, whither he had been to visit Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson and other literary celebrities, was accosted by a raving Millerite, who told him the world would be destroyed on a certain day, naming the day. Mr. Parker patiently heard him through, and quietly replied: "But, my good Sir, all this does not concern *me; I* live in *Boston!*"

The late Rev. Dr. Bethune, whether regarded as a preacher, a literary man, or a *raconteur*, has scarcely left his peer among the clergy of New York. Many of his repartees are preserved in a memoir of the Doctor, prepared by the Rev. Dr. Van Nest, from which we quote two or three:

A young friend who had joined the Baptists approached him timidly, lest the Doctor might censure his choice. After some hesitation he broached the subject with the remark: "Well, Doctor, yesterday I joined the Army of Zion." "Did you?" was the reply; "in which church?" "In the Pierrepont Street Baptist," came the faltering answer. "Oh! I understand," said the Doctor; "but I should call that joining the Navy." The young man was thus placed at his ease, and perfect fellowship was established.

A funny story is told of the grievous mistake of one of Dr. Bethune's old parishioners concerning the aim of the "Age of Pericles." When the lecture was to be repeated in Boston he met his former pastor, and said: "Well, Doctor, I have bought a ticket, and am coming to hear you to-night. When I told my wife about it, she asked, 'But who is this Perikels?'" The good man pronounced the last syllable as in "barnacles." "The fact was that I never had heard of the man, but I said, 'If you are such a fool as not to know that, it is high time for you to begin to study.' But now, Doctor, do tell me, what is the reason that you are going to give a whole lecture about how long the old fellow lived?"

Sometimes, however, his wit was fully matched by that of his subject. Thus, when Dr. Bethune was walking with a clergyman almost as full in person as himself, they spied another Brooklyn pastor who presented a perfect contrast to their rotundity, and who at the time was suffering from a horrible attack of dyspepsia. As he approached, Bethune said to his companion, within hearing of the third party, "See there! any body that looks so cadaverous as that can't have a good conscience." The thin parson was wide awake, and rejoined, "Brethren, I don't know about the conscience, but I'd rather have the gizzard of one of you than the brains of both." The good Doctor enjoyed the sharp reply, and, after a hearty laugh, said: "Let us go; we can't make any thing out of him to-day."

On another occasion, when introducing a lank clerical friend of the same denomination (Baptist) to another intimate companion, with a twinkle of the eye, and in tones which none could more amusingly employ, he added to the ceremonial announcement of his name and position: "But he's rather shrunk in the wetting."

Odd views of life and odd ways of expressing them are proverbial in newly-settled regions, but most odd when coming from one brought up to the refinements and luxuries of the sea-board. A gentleman of this sort, translated from the region of the opera to the home of the b'ar, gives a humorous summary of the way things are done at Minneapolis, Minnesota, in a letter to "Dear John" in New York, from which we quote a few passages:

"I'm a poor and lazy correspondent, except in the 'please remit' style. I practice that daily, but my appeals, instead of stamps, bring only the blues. That is the prevalent disease here; I've got it light. An individual case can be cured by looking through the bottom of a tumbler, but when the whole community have got it the tumbler remedy is not a sure thing. It is an excuse out here for every thing except murder. Business is dead and buried, and we are mourners. Can't sell any goods; can't collect for what have been

sold. Every concern owes every other concern, but no stamps to pay with. We all pray for the 'good time coming,' and hope it will come before there is a general balloon ascension. As the Dutchman says, 'In the midst of life we are in debt.' Let's change the subject. Yesterday we went to church, and occupied for the first time our new slip. It's not quite so high-priced as yours in H. W. B.'s tabernacle. Only $30. No velvet cushions; we don't go in for style. The *fattest* person has the softest seat. I'm not fat myself, and next Sunday shall wear extra drawers. Weather has been on a spree lately; thermometer went about 3000 miles below nothing—that is, if a degree is sixty miles. Whisky sold in cakes like maple sugar. Not only milk, but every thing else condensed. Colds were contracted. The distance from here to St. Paul lessened a mile. Letter H on all the signs made I's at you. I was thirty on the 15th, but my age contracted five years, and I now call myself twenty-five. A dollar became fifteen cents less each time in passing a refreshment-saloon. Mercury froze; boy froze to pair of buckskin gloves; policeman froze to him. I rather enjoyed the cold, and would willingly lose another five years from my age for a repetition. I noticed, however, that the weather had no effect upon thirty-day paper."

A LEARNED Professor in a New England college was accustomed to demand of students an excuse whenever they were dilatory at recitation. The excuse given, he invariably added: "Very well; but don't let it happen again." One morning a married student happening to be behind time, was promptly interrogated as to the cause. Slightly embarrassed, he replied: "The truth is, Sir, I had an addition to my family this morning, and it was not convenient to be here sooner." "Very well," replied the Professor, in his quick, nervous manner, "Very well; but *don't let it happen again!*" The Benthamite!

ACTORS have a *penchant* for anecdotes of the stage, and usually tell them with spirit—"suiting the action to the word, the word to the action," as Hamlet says. The following, told by Boucicault, is not bad:

Many years ago, when Macready was performing in Mobile, he was unfortunate enough to offend one of the actors, a native American of pure Western type. This person, who was cast for the part of Claudius in "Hamlet," resolved to pay off the star for many supposed offenses. So in the last scene, as Hamlet stabbed the usurper, that monarch reeled forward, and, after a most spasmodic finish, he stretched himself out precisely in the place Hamlet required for his own death. Macready, much annoyed, whispered freely, "Die further up the stage, Sir!" The monarch lay insensible. Upon which, in a still louder voice, Hamlet growled: "Die further up the stage, Sir!" Hereon Claudius, sitting up, observed: "I bleeve I'm king here, and I'll die where I please!"

How natural, in affliction, to draw consolation from the fountain of our own peculiar pleasures! Old Captain B——, of Owego, furnished a remarkable illustration of this idea. From his youth upward he had been a devoted disciple of Izaak Walton, and, next to a speckled trout, to his eyes the most beautiful creature in nature was a fox. He had an only son, brave and well-beloved, who inherited the sire's passion for exploring streams and forests for their animated treasures, and was justly famous for his glorious achievements with the rod and rifle. But, alas! in one of his sporting excursions into the bordering wilderness of Pennsylvania our young Nimrod met with some strange fatality which carried him to those blessed "hunting grounds" beyond the Jordan. The doting parent looked and labored and waited for weeks, cherishing a fond belief that his darling boy would soon come back, and yet he came not. One morning, after hope had well-nigh expired in the paternal breast, a few sympathizing neighbors gathered at the bereaved home to offer words of counsel and consolation, when the disconsolate old man declared a sudden determination to proceed at once, in person, to search the wild-woods for his missing son. Suiting action to the word, he retired to organize for the expedition, and very soon returned armed and equipped with rod, reel, basket, and all the accoutrements necessary for a regular fishing excursion. The kind friends viewed this strange outfit with undisguised astonishment, and one made bold to urge its manifest impropriety, when the following explanation silenced all further criticism: "You see," said the old sportsman, his countenance lighting up with youthful enthusiasm, "*I'm going prepared; and, if I can't find the boy, I'll bring home a good mess of trout!*"

STILL another expression of gratitude comes to the Drawer from Minnesota: A young physician in one of the thriving towns of that State—a good, kind-hearted man—wishing to cheer the hearts of a poor family on Christmas-day, sent them a fine fat turkey. After having partaken thereof the father of the family called on the doctor, and said: "Doctor, I thank you! God bless you! I did not think you had so large a heart. You like to see others happy as well as yourself, and you will be rewarded for it—if not in this world, you will in the next; for you know, doctor, the Good Book says, '*Charity covereth a multitude of sins!*'"

THE Hon. Mrs. Norton has recently given to the public a novel entitled, "Old Sir Douglas," in which she is pronounced by the British critics to have "attained her highest excellence as a writer of fiction." Here is a passage of the graver sort about *home*, which will be appreciated by the lady readers of the Drawer:

"Ah! what other rapture, what other fullness of joy, shall compare to the day when the woman who loves deeply and truly is borne to the home of the man she loves?

"Forever! The human 'forever'—the forever 'till death do us part'—how it stretches out its illimitable future of joy as we sit, hand linked in hand, sure of each other, of existence, of love, of all that makes a paradise of earth; and the hedges and boundaries that divide lands flee past before our dreaming eyes; and the morning sun glows into noon, and the noon burns and fades; and the day sinks again, with a crimson haze, into sunset—and perhaps the sweet and quiet light—the pale light of the moon—swims up into that sea of blue men call the sky; while still we are journeying on to the one spot on earth where

we have cast our anchor of hope; to the trees and lawns, and rocks and hills, and gardens of flowers, and paths of delight, which *were* till now all HIS, but since the morning are OURS!—the place we have loved without ever seeing it, perhaps—the place that saw his boyhood; where his people drew breath; where his dear ones have lived and died; where *we* hope to live and die—Home! The blessed word HOME!"

WE all know what coroners' juries are, and what their verdicts where railway accidents occur. In the following case, for example, could any thing be more clear to the public, or more consolatory to the friends of the deceased, than the finding of the "good men and true?" A man had been walking on the track at California, Missouri, when he was knocked headlong by the locomotive, and the entire train passed over his body. A jury was summoned, who, after drinking a gallon of whisky, rendered this verdict: "We, the jury, *believe* that the deceased came to his death by the *down* train!"

THE fact will scarcely be questioned that the prevailing style of American church architecture may properly be designated the "Pointed Ironic," though in many localities the "Open Cathartic" has its votaries. The dark, gloomy, cheerless appearance of the interior of most of our churches, where the two prominent objects of the contriver seem to have been to keep the light out and the heat in, are made the subject of criticism by a religious contemporary, who concludes a clever article with the following hit:

"The churches are dark and gloomy; or, if light, bare and barn-like. They are not constructed in a style calculated to bring the greatest number of people into closest relation and sympathy with each other and the preacher. All the associations of the place are more or less repulsive to the great mass of the people.....The church, to most of those who stay away from it, seems a cold, hollow, heartless, cheerless place—a sort of *ante-mortem* receiving-tomb, frescoed with symbols and insignias of mortality, and draped with threats of damnation, and *heated with the fire unquenchable!*"

A CALIFORNIAN, writing of the many peoples dwelling in that State, and of the intermarriages between Yankees and Digger Indians, Irish and Chinese, Mexicans and Malays, Portuguese and Sandwich Islanders, English-Canadians and negro French and Apaches, says it is producing the most extraordinary effect upon the language. To illustrate: The writer had entered a bootmaker's to have a little job done, and said to the shop-keeper, as a necessary preliminary, "You speak English?" His answer, delivered promptly and unhesitatingly, was, "Si, Señor; certainment; *you bet!*" There were three languages all in one sentence, and the good man straightened himself up, with a look of proud satisfaction at the thought that he could speak English like a native. He was an Italian.

THE anecdote of United States Marshal Barnes, published in the January Number of the Drawer, reminds a correspondent in Springfield, Illinois, of a little incident that occurred in Boston just after the enactment of the Fugitive Slave Law. Mr. Barnes was then Marshal, and, as such, charged with the execution of process against peripatetic slaves. A warrant had been issued against a fugitive, and Mr. B. was called upon to enforce it. Ascertaining where the party lived he forthwith proceeded thither, but did not find him; Mrs. Cudjo said he was away at work. "Well," said Mr. Barnes, "when he comes home you tell him to come right up to my office, for I have a warrant to arrest him and send him back into slavery." In relating this afterward to a friend, Mr. Barnes remarked, with perfect gravity: "Would you believe it, that cussed nigger never came near me at all, but ran away to Canada; the fact is, *you can't place any dependence on 'em, any how!*"

A CONNECTICUT correspondent writes:

Reading in the Easy Chair in the January Number of *Harper* an interesting article on the late Fitz-Greene Halleck, brings to mind an incident in his early life related to me by a lady of Guilford, now residing in the West. It was told her by her aunt, who said that, when a schoolgirl, a note was handed to a young lady sitting near her in school one winter day, which, after reading, she passed to her for perusal. It was from Halleck, who was then about seventeen, and clerk in a store in Guilford. The note ran as follows:

"Sarah, if it should be pleasant to-night,
And the moon and stars shine bright,
Will you take a sleigh-ride with me?
If you should say 'No,
I will not go!'
You can't think how vexed I shall be."

COMMODORE VANDERBILT'S thorough way of doing things is proverbial, especially with his employés. Not long since some of his laborers applied to have their time reduced to the eight-hours system. The Commodore ordered their time reduced to *seven* hours, and paid them *pro rata*. One of the Irishmen, who did not like this turn of affairs, said to his neighbor, "Well, Mike, I wish the Commodore was in ——." "Oh!" said Mike, "bedad and that wouldn't help you; for he'd have the control of the place inside of a week!"

DURING my boyhood [writes a Western contributor] there lived in Virginia a Baptist preacher, named B——. Though uneducated he was a sound thinker and eloquent speaker, and no minister had a more devoted flock. It was the custom during the inclement season to hold meetings at the residences of members, and once or twice during the winter at the house of the preacher. For many years it was observed that B—— neither preached nor conducted the meetings when held at his house, but secured the services of some neighboring minister. He was often pressed for an explanation without success; but finally, in response to the importunities of some of his flock, gave the following:

"When I was much younger than now—in fact, not long after the commencement of my ministrations—I held a meeting at my own house. It being customary for many of the congregation to remain for dinner, Mrs. B—— sent our negro boy, Tim, to neighbor Paul's for some butter. Tim returned and located himself, standing on one foot at a time, in the outskirts of the con-

gregation. Being well warmed up in my sermon, thinking neither of Tim nor his errand, but only of the most successful mode of pressing upon my hearers one of my strongest arguments, I demanded with all the energy in my power: '*And what did Paul say?*' Tim, at the top of his little, squeaking voice, exclaimed, as Tim only could have done: '*He thed you couldn't git any more butter till you paid up for what you'd got!*' This brought down the house, and cut short one of the finest efforts of my early ministry. Since then I have kept my preaching disconnected from my domestic affairs."

The desire for a comely, affectionate wife finds forms of expression various and original, especially with the gallant fellows whose business it is to protect the national emblem. We are favored with a copy of a letter written by a soldier of the Thirty-sixth Infantry, stationed at Camp Douglas, Utah, in which he describes, first, a lively little fight; and, second, what he especially desiderates in her who is to become, in the words of Mr. Micawber, the "partner of his affections and mother of his babes:" "Our Company," he writes, "was sot ontew by the tribe of Injins wich is called the Kiote tribe. It was midnite when we fust sot ize on the red raskals. Tha shot inter our windors and kiled about 40, and the rest of us retreted in most splendid order. We martched about 2 milds, when some brave man made the remark that if we went back we cood whip them; and that brave young man was yur own deer sun. Yur own sun and fore uthers were all that eskaped. Now, muther, I want you fur to pick out a gurl tew be my wife. She must hev dark ize, lite hare, purl teth, rozy cheeks, and a *roaming* noze; and I think Samanthy Jane Lummis fils the diskripshun." And so forth, and so forth.

A correspondent at Umatilla, Oregon, copies for the Drawer the following, found on the back of a letter attached to the way-bill of one of the stages of the Pioneer Line running to that town:

"Will the man what does up the mail at Salem, Ogn., give this pakidge to Mr. Waite, a man what prints newspapers there, who is rather old and white complected, and got married last Michaelmas to a woman, and who used to own *Old Marshal* and sold him for $600, part down and part on time, and greatly oblige the writer?"

If the other particulars fail there is small doubt but that hand-bills on barn-doors will enable him to discover where *Old Marshal's* circuit now is.

A neat anecdote of M. Thiers is circulating in the *salons* of Paris. He had delivered in the Chamber a speech on the Roman question which so much pleased Cardinal Bonnechose, the Archbishop of Rouen, that he wrote to congratulate M. Thiers for it. This led to a call of courtesy. Although it had so happened that it had suited the policy of both to uphold the policy of the Pope, there could be, at the bottom, but little real community of feeling between the Cardinal and the ex-minister of the constitutional monarchy. And so it very speedily turned out to be the case. For after conversing some time together, just as he was taking his leave, M. Theirs said to the Archbishop: "You know, Monseignor, I never pretended to have any Faith. Faith is a gift of Heaven; and it has never come to me. But I have always thought that the *organization catholique* was a powerful instrument in the hands of France. And, moreover, having studied history a good deal during my life, I have always observed that *any attempt to swallow the Pope was sure to be attended with a violent fit of indigestion!*" And so saying the two "politicians," lay and ecclesiastical, laughed heartily and shook hands at parting, separating no doubt with mutual respect and esteem, and perfectly understanding and appreciating each other's motives, and the principles which had thus brought them into accidental combination.

The Rev. L. D. Davis was a couple of years since the popular pastor of the Methodist Church in Newport, Rhode Island, and is one of the talented men of his Conference. He likes a good story; and, among others, tells of a Sabbath-evening prayer-meeting held during his pastorate of that church: A good brother feeling called upon to exercise his "gift," prayed the Lord to "bless the word which had been spoken to them in such great feebleness this day!" The "Amens" were hearty.

Whoever has been at Newport is familiar with "the Point." It is a section of the town inhabited largely by fishermen. A few philanthropic individuals have taken compassion on the benighted condition of many of that class, and opened a reading-room where they may spend their evenings with pleasure and profit, and where on Sabbath evenings religious meetings are sometimes held. The Rev. Mr. ——, a retired clergyman and an insurance-agent, residing in the city, was recently invited to preach there. The sermon was from the words: "The Spirit and the Bride say, Come," etc., and closed with an earnest exhortation to the audience to "come" to Jesus, which it was hoped would impress every mind. Hardly had the service closed when one of the mariners present fervently saluted the preacher, and astonished him by asking: "*What will it cost to insure a pilot-boat?*" It is proper to add that the agent delicately hinted that he did not do business on Sunday.

The enterprise of the Etna Insurance Company of Hartford is noticeable in the extent and variety of its modes of advertising. Soon after the close of the war one of its agents went through the State of Missouri, leaving at the prominent hotels and stores a "stunning" lithograph, gleaming with lurid flame, representing the burning of Colt's Armory at Hartford, the fore-ground filled with engines, hose-carts, men in firemen's uniform, and the whole depicting a wild scene of confusion and devastation. An opulent but uneducated citizen stood gazing at this wonderful specimen of art. He remembered the numerous graphic pictures of battles that had appeared during the war in *Harper's Weekly*, and supposing that this was intended to depict something of the same sort, remarked: "Well, I'll be darned if that ain't a *leetle the biggest fight* I ever *did* see! I shouldn't like to have been into *that* fight—no, *Sir!*"

During the war of the rebellion it is known that a strong secessionist spirit was prevalent in Baltimore, in which many of the news-boys sym-

pathized. One of these small itinerant peddlers, with a bundle of newspapers under his arm, entered a car at the Baltimore and Ohio dépôt in that city, a few minutes before the train started for Washington, and while passing through shouted, "Hurrah for Jeff Davis!" "Hurrah for the Devil!" replied a United States soldier, who, in his blue uniform, occupied a near seat. "That's right!" said the youngster. "*You* hurrah for *your side*, and *I'll* hurrah for *mine!*"

In a Western village a charming, well-preserved widow had been courted and won by a physician. She has children; among them a crippled boy, who had been petted, and, if not spoiled, certainly allowed very great "freedom in debate." The wedding-day was approaching, and it was time the children should know they were to have a new father. Calling the crippled boy, she said: "Georgie, I am going to do something before long that I would like to talk about with you."

"Well, ma, what is it?"

"I am intending to marry Dr. Jones in a few days, and—"

"Bully for you, ma! *Does Dr. Jones know it?*"

Ma caught her breath, but failed to articulate a response.

This is the way in which Charles Kingsley tells us to be cheerful and patient:

"The world goes up and the world goes down,
And the sunshine follows the rain;
And yesterday's sneer and yesterday's frown
Can never come over again,
Sweet wife,
No, never come over again.

"For woman is warm though man be cold,
And the night will hallow the day;
Till the heart which at even was weary and old
Can rise in the morning gay,
Sweet wife,
To its work in the morning gay."

A distinguished ex-Governor of Ohio, famous for story-telling, relates that on one occasion, while he was addressing a temperance meeting at Georgetown, District of Columbia, and depicting the miseries caused by too freely indulging in the flowing bowl, his attention was attracted by the sobs of a disconsolate and seedy-looking individual seated in the rear part of the room. On going to the person and interrogating him, the Governor was told the usual tale of woe; among other sad incidents, that during his career of vice he had buried three wives. The Governor having buried a few wives of his own sympathized deeply with the inebriate, and consoled him as much as was in his power. Said he: "The Lord has indeed deeply afflicted you." The mourner, sobbing, replied: "Y-yes, He has;" and, pausing a moment and wiping his nose, continued, "but I don't think the Lord got much ahead of me, for as fast as He took one *I* took another!"

Chief Justice ——, of New England, is not more respected for high legal attainments than appreciated for his love of the humorous. While holding court at B—— there came up before the full bench a case between two towns relating to a pauper of the name of Hecox. When in the progress of the argument one of the counsel came to the indigent person's name, Judge —— turned to one of his associate Judges, and said, repeating the name: "Hecox—Hecox—Ruel Hecox—why, he used to be a client of mine." "I dare say," replied his colleague; "*that* accounts for his being a pauper now!" The answer was given in a tone sufficiently audible to enable the bar and audience to comprehend the nature of the observation. Ruel's ultimate fate is not mentioned.

In a recent Number of the Drawer we gave an anecdote of a non-committal Quaker who was coming from the post-office in Philadelphia one morning, his hands full of letters and papers. Two acquaintances seeing him coming, and knowing his peculiarity, one of them said; "I'll bet you a dinner I will get a direct answer to a question from Friend ——." "Done!" was the reply. On coming up to Mr. Broadbrim, the better said, looking at his handful of letters: "Friend ——, is the post-office open?" To which, peering over his spectacles, our "Friend" replied: "*Why does thee ask?*" This brings to mind a story that used to be told of the late ex-President Van Buren, whose non-committal way of expressing himself used sometimes to be made the subject of remark. Coming down the river on an Albany steamer, many years ago, a party of gentlemen were discussing Mr. Van Buren's claims to popular support—some praising, others condemning him. On touching at Kinderhook, lo! Mr. Van Buren came on board. One of the party had been dwelling upon his non-committalism, and complaining that a "plain answer to a plain question was never yet elicited from him."

"I'll wager the Champagne for the company," added he, "that one of us shall go down to the cabin and ask Mr. Van Buren the simplest question which can be thought of, and he will evade a direct answer. Yes, and I'll give him leave, too, to tell Mr. Van Buren why he asks the question, and that there is a bet depending on his reply."

This seemed fair enough. One of the party was deputed to go down and try the experiment. He found Mr. Van Buren, whom he knew well, in the saloon, and said to him:

"Mr. Van Buren, some gentlemen on the upper-deck have been accusing you of non-committalism, and have just laid a wager that you would not give a plain answer to the simplest question, and they deputed me to test the fact. Now, Sir, allow me to ask you, Where does the sun rise?"

Mr. Van Buren's brow contracted; he hesitated, and then said: "The terms east and west, Sir, are conventional; but I—"

"That will do!" interrupted the interrogator; "we've lost the bet!"

Professor Charles Avery, of Hamilton College, is one of the ablest as well as most genial and witty of college professors. On one occasion a class in chemistry were deep in the analysis of poisons, various substances being given containing the poison to be tested. One of the class, inclining in his researches rather to that part of chemical science relating to liquids and their various combinations as beverages—a research oftener prosecuted in ——'s hotel than in the laboratory—asked the doctor if it would not be well, as a measure of safety, to "analyze some of ——'s whisky, and test it for strychnine?"

"No need of that," said the doctor, "if there was any in it you would have been dead long ago!"

Seeing the stalwart form of John G. Saxe stalking along Broadway not long ago reminded us of a scene that occurred some ten years since in Buffalo. Late in the evening,

In the wee, sma' hours ayant the twal',

after the delivery of a lecture to a large and delighted audience, he betook himself to the residence of a friend whose guest he was, where were assembled to meet him a brace of judges and a legal gentleman. There was much chat about books and authors. Emerson's name was mentioned, and allusion made to his little poem of "Bramah," published in the first Number of the *Atlantic Monthly*. While admitting and paying a fine tribute to the genius of Emerson, Saxe maintained, in a jocular way, that "Bramah" was one of those mysterious, transcendental effusions that the generality of people could not understand. Indeed, he thought he could manufacture on the spot a parody of it that would carry the popular vote. He then repeated Emerson's poem, as follows:

If the red slayer think he slays,
Or if the slain think he is slain,
They know not well the subtle ways
I keep, and pass, and turn again.

Far or forgot to me is near;
Shadow and sunlight are the same;
The vanished gods to me appear;
And one to me are shame and fame.

They reckon ill who leave me out;
When me they fly, I am the wings;
I am the doubter and the doubt;
And I the hymn the Brahmin sings.

The strong gods pine for my abode;
And pine in vain the sacred Seven;
But thou, meek lover of the good!
Find me, and turn thy back on heaven.

"Now," said Saxe, "I will give you my notion of a 'slayer,' and see if you don't like it better than R. W. E.'s." Whereupon, placing his empty tumbler on the table (we *all* placed our empty tumblers on the table), he opened his mouth and spake:

If the red slayer think he slays,
His thinking ought to go some way
To solve the question, yea or nay;
But if the slayer, thinking on't,
Is of opinion that he don't,
And if the slayer no blood has shed,
Why then, whatever may be said,
That same red slayer is "nary red."

And if the slain think he is slain
He is much mistaken, that is plain,
For thinking shows his thought is vain.
The slain who thinks about it gives
The highest proof that he still lives,
And so, whatever may be said,
Was never slain completely dead!

The rhymer who supposes rhyme
Like this is not the true sublime,
But nonsense, you may bet the drinks,
Thinks just what every body thinks!

Now and then a fresh anecdote comes to us of that curious species of human being, now nearly extinct, denominated dandy. This is of Lord Petersham, a tall, handsome, hearty-looking man, with a very gracious smile and an affected manner. The prevailing color of the garments in which he generally inserted himself was brown—worn, it is said, out of affectionate remembrance of a fair widow of the name of Brown with whom he had been in love. His carriages were brown, his horses were brown, his livery was brown. The shelves of his favorite room were covered with tin canisters, snuff-boxes, and snuff-jars. When some friend one day praised his light-blue Sèvres snuff-box, Lord Petersham said, in his dainty, tip-toe sort of way: "Yes, it's a nice summer box, but it would not really do for winter wear!"

In Miami County, Ohio, several years ago, and before the backwoods had emigrated further West, a free fight occurred in one of the settlements, in which knives and other carnal *weepons* had been used to an extent that called for a judicial investigation, which accordingly took place.

A raw-boned specimen of the local population, in hunting-shirt and moccasins, who owned to having "*been thar*," was called upon to give evidence, and, among other things, to describe the injuries inflicted on one of the parties.

"Now, Sir," said the State's Attorney—a youth at *least* as full of bombast as of Beck's Medical Jurisprudence—"be good enough to tell us whether the *wownd* was incised, contused, or punctured."

"Wa'al, Squire," answered the witness, taking a deliberative bite of *dogleg*, "I don't know what *you* mought 'a' called it, but to *me* it looked very much like a *rip!*"

Old Dick Wilson was quite as remarkable for quaintness as for laziness. As he had a passion for wandering about the hills and forests, and liked to boast that he knew all about roots and herbs, he was frequently employed, in primitive days, to bring to the frugal housewives the sassafras, winter-green, etc., etc., for their root-beer. On one occasion Doctor H—— called on Dick, and, handing him a large basket, desired him to go to a certain spot, about two miles distant, and bring him a quantity of snails, adding: "Be as quick as you can, Dick, for I am in a hurry."

Muttering that "the Doctor is always in a hurry," Dick set off on his expedition; and the Doctor, after his round of visits, seated himself in his office to rest—*study*, perhaps, for it was long ago—and to wait for Dick.

In the deepening twilight of the long June day Dick appeared, and after carefully setting down his basket, seated himself with an air of utter weariness on the threshold of the open door.

"Well, Dick," said the Doctor, "did you get the snails?"

"Look in the basket, Doctor."

The Doctor looked, and to his vexation saw only two or three miserable "specimens" on the bottom of the basket, and exclaimed, irefully:

"Why, Dick, what does this mean?" ironically adding, "were there no snails there?"

"Oh yes, plenty on 'em there, Doctor, but it was *such hard work to run 'em down!*"

In one of the principal towns of New Jersey resides a character named Doctor B——. One dark night, not long since, the Doctor was set upon by an unknown man at the market-house pump, and obliged to take to his heels. A few days afterward, while sitting with some acquaintances, one of them read from the village paper that "Old Boreas had taken liberties with a

lady's crinoline." The Doctor immediately started up, exclaiming, "By thunder! that's the very fellow who attacked me at the pump!—wasn't he a *short, stout fellow, with a cap?*" The Doctor couldn't see why his auditors should laugh at this; but he remembered the name, and tried to ferret him out. Some one told him B. was nothing but a *blower*, and he gave it up.

A LEGAL correspondent writes: I had a great case the other day. My client, O'Sullivan, swore that Phil Ryan owed him $40 for work. The defendant swore he owed him "nivver a cint;" that he had paid all he owed him. That being all the evidence, the case resolved itself into a mere matter of credibility between the parties. The Justice reserved his decision, and on the day appointed gave my client a verdict for $20. I asked him how he got at it? And this was his explanation: "Ye see, wan swoore wan thing, and the ither anither; so ye see I giv 'em both the binifit of the doubts, and *split the difference*, which makes jist $20 for the plaintiff!"

"THE Art of Putting Things" is the title of one of the most agreeable essays of that most agreeable of modern essayists, "The Country Parson;" but a Boston clergyman, a chaplain in one of the public institutions of that city, reports an incident that is, in its way, quite as original, if not noticeable, for the felicity of style that marks the productions of that author. It was the custom of this chaplain to hold prayer-meetings among those who were under his care, who were invited to take a part in the meeting. On one occasion the subject was "Communion with the Departed Saints." One of those who spoke naïvely remarked that he had "one wife and four children in heaven, and another wife with three children in A——; but he had taken much more comfort in communing with *the former* than with the latter!"

WHEN a circuit-preacher does set out to rouse up a sleepy congregation by some narrative that "shaves up close" to the orphic utterances of Munchausen, it is good to be present and note the effect. Such a one was Brother ——, who many years ago, before he had gone to his reward, traveled on circuit in Vermont. He was uniformly grave and dignified in the pulpit, but out of it a great wag. He originated the mosquito story, and in this wise. Seeing that some of his audience were getting sleepy, he paused in his discourse and digressed as follows:

"Brethren, you haven't any idea of the sufferings of our missionaries in the new settlements on account of mosquitoes. In some of these regions they are enormous. A great many of them will weigh a pound, and they will get on the logs and bark when the missionaries are coming along."

By this time all ears and eyes were open, and he proceeded to finish his discourse.

The next day one of his hearers called him to account for telling lies in the pulpit: "There never was a mosquito that weighed a pound," said he.

"But I did not say one would weigh a pound. I said 'a great many' would weigh a pound, and I think a million of them would."

"But you said they would bark at the missionaries."

"No, no, brother; I said they would get on the logs and bark."

As the author of "Recreations of a Country Parson" says, "the art of putting things is one of the rarest and most valuable to a clergyman."

FIVE-AND-TWENTY years ago Luke P. Poland, D. A. Smalley, and Joshua Sawyer led the bar of Lamoille County, Vermont. Sawyer had brought an action for assault and battery, and had drawn a somewhat prolix declaration, so that the case appeared fully as badly *on paper* as the witnesses for the plaintiff detailed it upon the stand. In his argument Poland told the jury that his brother Sawyer's declaration reminded him of an incident in his own practice:

"Some years since," said Mr. Poland, "I commenced a suit of this character in favor of my old friend Asa Barnard, against the gallant Major Russell D. Hyde, who had inflicted some unjust corporal punishment upon Barnard for the trivial offense of telling him he was a great liar. Barnard asserted, and pretty conclusively proved, that the Major had struck him a blow on the head with his heavy cane. Barnard, finding my astute brother Sawyer retained for the Major, was obliged to come to me to obtain redress for this great *wrong and injury*. I was young, and entered into my client's case with great enthusiasm. I framed a declaration in *ten counts*, setting forth the beating, bruising, wounding, and evil entreating, in all the various forms, and with all the verbiage and tautological nonsense I could command; and in the last count I did not forget to recite that Barnard's *life was greatly despaired of*. I read the declaration to my client in a voice full of sympathy—almost as affectingly as my brother Sawyer read this to you, gentlemen; and upon looking at my old friend I noticed the tears were coursing down his furrowed cheeks in rivers. I asked him the cause of his great grief. He replied, with choked and sobbing utterance, that he did not know it *was half* so bad before!"

As the general impression prevailed, in the case on trial, that the evidence did not quite sustain Sawyer's declaration, the jury, the Court, and all present were convulsed with laughter, and many thought that Sawyer, though reputed to be a great wit, could not get the laugh off for this time. Sawyer had nearly concluded his reply, which was somewhat lengthy and quite forcible, without any allusion to Poland's witticism, and those who had listened with great interest for his heretofore never-failing repartee were in despair. Suddenly, as if Poland's *jeu d'ésprit* had just occurred to him, he said:

"Gentlemen, you all appeared to be very much delighted when the learned counsel on the other side related an incident of his own practice. I confess I was not amused. My old friend Barnard has told me the story so many times, and in tones which had *no affected* emotion, I assure you, that I could not laugh with you, gentlemen. The story, as Barnard tells it, has only this difference. He says he wept when Poland read him a very lengthy paper; but that paper was not his declaration, gentlemen, but his *bill!*"

This sally upset every thing in court, including the supposed imperturbable gravity of Judge Royce, and no doubt largely enhanced the plaintiff's damages—none appearing to enjoy the joke better than Poland himself.

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INDIANS CELEBRATING THE CHUNO OR POTATO FESTIVAL, TIAHUANACO.

AMONG THE ANDES OF PERU AND BOLIVIA.

BY E. G. SQUIER.

II.—TIAHUANACO—THE BAALBEC OF THE NEW WORLD.

TIAHUANACO lies almost in the very centre of the great terrestrial basin of Lakes Titicaca and Aullagas, and in the heart of a region which I have already characterized as the Thibet of the New World. This basin is perhaps the most interesting of the class of physical phenomena to which it belongs, and of which we have two other notable examples on this continent, viz.: the great Utah or Salt Lake basin within our own territories, and that of Lake Itza or Peten in Central America. They may all be described as portions of the continent, of greater or less elevation, entirely surrounded by mountains, or else as broad depressions in the earth's surface, with fluvial systems and water reservoirs of their own, and with no outlets to the sea.

The limits of the Titicaca basin on the south are not yet accurately determined; but calculating from the Pass of La Raya on the north, in latitude 14° 50′ S., it may be estimated to have a length of between 600 and 700 miles, while its width, calculated by the reach of the streams that concentrate in it, may be taken to average not far from 200 miles; thus giving it a total area of about 120,000 square miles, or three times that of the State of New York. As we have seen, this basin is bounded on the west by the great chain of the Cordillera, the true back-bone of the continent, and on the east by the Bolivian Andes, the loftiest section of that mighty range. Its slope is gentle toward the south. In its northern and highest portion reposes Lake Titicaca, a magnificent body of fresh water, comparable only with our North American lakes in respect of size, and lying at the ex-

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traordinary elevation of 12,864 feet above the sea. It receives several large, and at some seasons unfordable, streams, and, as we have seen, discharges its waters through a broad, deep, and rapid but not turbulent stream, El Desaguadero, which receives several considerable tributaries in its course, and pours a heavy flood of water into Lake Aullagas. Of the size, contour, and depth of the latter we know next to nothing, but it is positively asserted that it has no visible outlet to the sea. It has been suggested that it discharges itself into the Pacific through a subterranean channel, beneath the Cordillera, and that the Rio Loa, falling into the sea in latitude 21° 15′ S., derives its waters from this source. On the other hand, it has been contended that the excess of water in the lake is carried off by evaporation, in which case its superficies must be vast indeed. In fact, Lake Aullagas is an unsolved geographical problem, and the most interesting one that the continent affords.

It is at Tiahuanaco, in the centre of this vast basin, at an elevation of 12,900 feet above the sea, in a broad, open, unprotected plain, arid in soil, cold in the wet and frigid in the dry season, that we find the evidences of an ancient civilization, regarded by many as the oldest and the most advanced of both American continents. It was to explore and investigate the monumental remains that have made this spot celebrated that I had come to Tiahuanaco, and I lost no time in commencing my task. This was not an easy one, for even with the aid of the drunken *cura* we were unable to procure laborers to assist us, for not only had we reached the village on the eve of the potato or *chuño* festival (a remnant of ancient observances), but before we had finished our work the Feast of Corpus had commenced; *chicha* flowed like water, and the few inhabitants that the *chuño* festival had left sober deliberately gave themselves up to beastly intoxication. The death of my photographer had left me with an elaborate and costly apparatus on my hands, with little knowledge of the theory and less of the practice of photography, and with the alternative of taking upon myself a work which I had not contemplated assuming, but which I had regarded as indispensable to the success of my undertaking. I had but a single assistant, Mr. Harvey, an amateur draftsman, of limited experience, and only such other aid as I could get from my muleteer and his men, who were eager to conclude their engagement, and simply astounded that we should waste an hour, much more that we should spend days, on the remains of the Gentiles. Still the investigation was undertaken, with equal energy and enthusiasm, and, I am confident, with as good results as could be reached without an expenditure of time and money which would hardly have been rewarded by any probable additional discoveries.

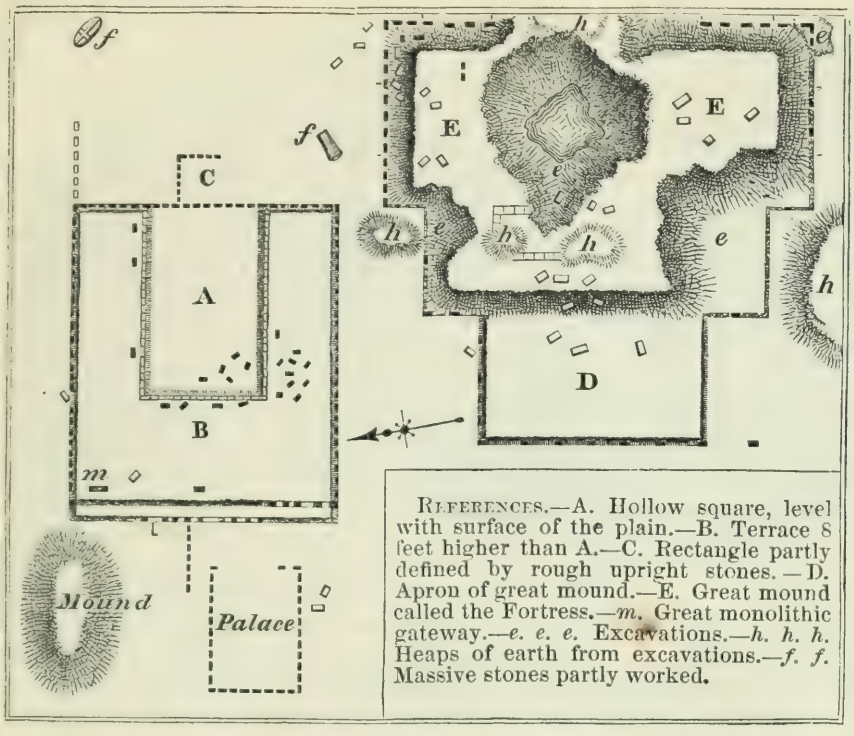
We spent a week in Tiahuanaco, going early to the ruins and returning late, and I believe obtained a plan of every structure that is traceable, and of every monument of importance that is extant.

The first thing that strikes the visitor in the village of Tiahuanaco is the great number of beautifully cut stones, built into the rudest edifices, and paving the squalidest courts. They are used as lintels, jambs, seats, tables, and as receptacles for water. The church is mainly built of them; the cross in front of it stands on a stone pedestal which shames the symbol it supports in excellence of workmanship. On all sides are vestiges of antiquity from the neighboring ruins, which have been a real quarry, whence have been taken the cut stones, not only for Tiahuanaco and all the villages and churches of its valley, but for erecting the cathedral of La Paz, the capital of Bolivia, situated in the deep valley of one of the streams falling into the River Beni, 20 leagues distant. And what is true here is also, I may add, true of most parts of the Sierra. The monuments of the past have furnished most of the materials for the public edifices, the bridges, and highways of the present day.

The ruins of Tiahuanaco have been regarded, by all students of American Antiquities, as in many respects the most interesting and important, and at the same time most enigmatical of any on the continent. Unique, yet perfect in type and harmonious in style, they appear to be the work of a people who were thorough masters of an architecture which had no infancy, passed through no period of growth, and of which we find no other examples. Tradition, which mumbles more or less intelligibly of the origin of many other American monuments, is dumb concerning these. The wondering Indians told the first Spaniards that "they existed before the sun shone in the heavens," that they were raised by giants, or that they were the remains of an impious people whom an angry Deity had converted into stone because they refused hospitality to his vicegerent and messenger.

Reserving all speculations for another place, I shall give here only a rapid, but perhaps sufficiently minute, account of these remains, correcting some of the errors and avoiding some of the extravagances of my predecessors in the same field of inquiry. I must confess I did not find many things that they have described; but that fact, in view of the destructiveness of *tapada* hunters, and the rapacity of ignorant collectors of antiquities, does not necessarily discredit their statements. For Tiahuanaco is a rifled ruin, with comparatively few yet sufficient evidences of former greatness.

The ruins are about half a mile to the southward of the village, separated from it by a small brook and a shallow valley. The high-road to La Paz passes close to them, in fact between them and some mounds of earth which were probably parts of the general system. They are on a broad and very level part of the plain, where the soil is an arenacious loam, firm and dry. Rows of erect stones, some of them rough



PLAN OF PART OF RUINS OF TIAHUANACO.

or but rudely shaped by art; others accurately cut and fitted in walls of admirable workmanship; long sections of foundations, with piers and portions of stairways; blocks of stone, with mouldings, cornices, and niches cut with geometrical precision; vast masses of sandstone, trachyte, and basalt but partially hewn; and great monolithic doorways, bearing symbolical ornaments in relief, besides innumerable smaller, rectangular, and symmetrically-shaped stones, rise on every hand, or lie scattered in confusion over the plain. It is only after the intelligent traveler has gone over the whole area and carefully studied the ground that the various fragments fall into something like their just relations, and the design of the whole becomes comprehensible.

Leaving aside, for the present, the lesser mounds of earth to which I have alluded, we find the central and most conspicuous portion of the ruins, which altogether cover not far from a square mile, to consist of a great, rectangular mound of earth, originally terraced, each terrace supported by a massive wall of cut stones, and the whole surmounted by structures of stone, parts of the foundations of which are still distinct. This structure is popularly called the "Fortress," and, tradition affirms, suggested the plan of the great fortress of Sacsahuaman, dominating the city of Cuzco. The sides of this structure, as also of all the others in Tiahuanaco, coincide within ten degrees with the cardinal points of the compass. Close to the left of the "Fortress"—and I adopt the name and the others I may use solely to facilitate description—is an area called the "Temple," slightly raised, defined by lines of erect stones, but ruder than those which surround the "Fortress." A row of massive pilasters stand somewhat in advance of the eastern front of this area, and still in advance of this are the deeply-imbedded piers of a smaller edifice of squared stones, with traces of an exterior corridor, which has sometimes been called the "Palace." At other points, both to the south and northward, are other remains, to which later I shall have occasion to refer.

The structure called the "Temple" will claim our first attention; primarily because it seems to be the oldest of the group, the type, perhaps, of the others, and because it is here we find the great monolithic sculptured gateway of Tiahuanaco, which is absolutely unique, as far as our knowledge goes, on this continent.

The body of the "Temple" forms a rectangle of 388 by 445 feet, defined, as I said before, by lines of erect stones, partly shaped by art. They are mostly of red sandstone, and of irregular size and height; those at the corners being more carefully squared and tallest. For the most part they are between 8 and 10 feet high, from 2 to 4 feet broad, and from 20 to 30 inches in thickness. The portions entering the ground, like those of our granite gate-posts, are largest, and left so for the obvious purpose of giving the stones greater firmness in their position.

These stones, some of which have fallen and others disappeared, seem to have been placed, inclining slightly inward, at approximately 15 feet apart, measuring from centre to centre, and they appear to have had a wall of rough stones built up between them, supporting a terreplein of earth, about 8 feet above the general level of the plain. On its eastern side this terreplein had an apron or lower terrace 18 feet broad, along the edge of the central part of which were raised 10 great stone pilasters, placed 15½ feet apart, all of which, perfectly aligned, are still standing with a single exception. They are of varying heights, and no two agree in width or thickness. The one that is fallen, which was second in the line, measures 13 feet 8 inches in length by 5 feet 3 inches in breadth. It is partly buried in the earth, but shows 32 inches of thickness above-ground. Among those still erect the tallest is 14 feet by 4 feet 2 inches, and 2 feet 8 inches; the shortest 9 feet by 2 feet 9 inches, and 2 feet 5 inches. These are less in dimensions than the stones composing the inner cell or sanctum of Stonehenge, which range



THE AMERICAN STONEHENGE.

from 16 feet 3 inches to 21 feet 6 inches in height; but they are nearly if not quite equal with those composing the outer circle of that structure. They are much more accurately cut than those of Stonehenge, the fronts being perfectly true, and the backs alone left rough or only partially worked. The tops of the taller ones have shoulders cut into them as if to receive architraves, and as this feature does not appear in the shorter ones it may be inferred that their tops have been broken off, and that originally they were all of one length.

And here I may call attention to another singular feature of this colonnade—namely, that the sides or edges of each erect stone are slightly cut away to within six inches of its face, so as to leave a projection of about an inch and a half, as if to retain in place any slab fitted between the stones and prevent it from falling outward. The same feature is found in the stones surrounding the great mound or "Fortress," where its purpose becomes obvious, as we shall soon see.

Such is the general character of the exterior propylon, if I may so call it, of the structure called the "Temple." But within the line of stones surrounding it there are other features which claim our attention. I have said that the interior is a mound of earth raised about 8 feet above the general level. But in the centre and toward the western side is an area sunk to the general level, 280 feet long by 190 feet broad. It was originally defined on three sides by walls of rough stones which rose above the surface of the mound itself, but which are now in ruins. If this sunken area communicated in any way with the more elevated interior parts of the structure the means of communication by steps or otherwise have disappeared. Across the end of the area not shut in by the mound, the line of stones which surround the "Temple" is continued without interruption; but outside and connected with it is part of a small square of lesser stones also erect, standing in the open plain.

Regarding the eastern side of the "Temple," marked by the line of pilasters which I have described, as the front, we find here, at the distance of 57 feet, the traces of a rectangular structure, to which I have alluded as "the Palace," which was composed of blocks of trachyte admirably cut, 8 to 10 feet long, by 5 feet broad, with remains of what appears to have been a corridor 30 feet broad extending around it. The piers which supported "the Palace" still remain, sunk deep in the ground, and apparently resting on an even pavement of cut stones. Remove the superstructures of the best built edifices of our cities, and few if any would expose foundations laid with equal care, and none stones cut with such accuracy, or so admirably fitted together. And I may say, once for all, carefully weighing my words, that in no part of the world have I seen stones cut with such mathematical precision and admirable skill as in Peru, and in no part of Peru are there any to surpass those which are scattered over the Plain of Tiahuanaco.

The so-called Palace does not seem to have been placed in any symmetrical relation toward the "Temple," although seemingly dependent on it; nor in fact do any of the ancient structures here appear to have been erected on any geometric plan respecting each other, such as is apparent in the arrangement of most of the remains of aboriginal public edifices in Peru.

The "Fortress" stands to the southwest of the "Temple," the sides of the two coinciding in their bearings, and is 64 feet distant from it. As I have already said, it is a great mound of earth, originally rectangular in shape, 620 feet in length, and 450 in width, and about 50 feet high. It is much disfigured by the operations of treasure-seekers, who have dug into its sides and made great excavations from the summit, so that it resembles now rather a huge, natural, shapeless heap of earth than a work of human hands. The few of the many stones that environed it, and which the destroyers have spared, nevertheless enable us to make out its original shape and proportions. There are distinct evidences that the body of the mound was terraced, for there are still standing stones at different elevations, distant horizontally 9, 18, and 30 feet from the base. There may have been more terraces than these lines of stones would indicate, but it is certain that there were at least three before reaching the summit. This coincides with what Garcilasso tells us of the mound when first visited by the



OUTER TERRACE WALLS OF "FORTRESS" AND SCATTERED BLOCKS OF STONE.

Spaniards. He says, speaking of the ruins under notice: "Among them there is a mountain or hill raised by hand, which, on this account, is most admirable. In order that the piled-up earth should not be washed away and the hill leveled, it was supported by great walls of stone. No one knows for what purpose this edifice was raised." Cieza de Leon, who himself visited Tiahuanaco, soon after the conquest, gives substantially the same description of the so-called "Fortress."

On the summit of this structure are sections of the foundations of rectangular buildings, partly undermined, and partly covered up by the earth from the great modern excavation in the centre, which is upward of 300 feet in diameter, and more than 60 feet deep. A pool of water stands at its bottom. This piece of barbarism, which, however, was only in continuation of some similar previous undertaking, was perpetrated within the last ten years by a man still living, formerly President of Bolivia, but whose name I shall not mention lest he should gain some portion of that notoriety which he values quite as highly as true reputation. All over the "Fortress" and on its slopes lie large and regular blocks of stone, sculptured with portions of elaborate designs, which would only appear when the blocks were fitted together.

Some portions of the outer or lower wall are fortunately intact, or nearly so, so that we are able to discover how it was constructed, and the plan and devices that were probably observed in all the other walls, as well as in some parts of the so-called "Temple." In the first place, large upright stones were planted in the ground, resting, there is reason to believe, on stone foundations. They are about ten feet above the surface, accurately faced, perfectly aligned, and inclining slightly inward toward the mound. They are placed 17 feet apart from centre to centre, and are very nearly uniform in size, generally about 3 feet broad and 2 feet in thickness. Their edges are cut to present the kind of shoulders to which I alluded in describing the pilasters in front of the "Temple," and of which the purpose now becomes apparent. The space between the upright stones is filled in with a wall of carefully worked stones. Those next the pilasters are cut with a shoulder to fit that of the pilaster they adjoin; and they are each, moreover, cut with alternate grooves and projections, like mortice and tenon, so as to fit immovably into each other horizontally. Vertically they are held in position by round holes drilled into the bottom and top of each stone at exact corresponding distances, in which, there is reason to believe, were placed short cylinders of bronze. We here see the intelligent devices of a people, unacquainted with the uses of cement, to give strength and permanence to their structures. Nearly all the blocks of stone scattered over the plain show the cuts made to receive what is called the T clamp, and the round holes to receive the metal pins that were to retain the blocks in their places, vertically.

The "Fortress" has on its eastern side an apron or dependent platform, 320 by 180 feet, of considerably less than half the elevation of the principal mound. Like the rest of the structure its outline was defined by upright stones, most of which, however, have disappeared.

The entrance to the "Fortress" seems to have been at its southeast corner, probably by

steps, and to have been complicated by turnings from one terrace to another, something like those in some of the Inca fortresses.

The tradition runs that there are large vaults filled with treasure beneath the great mound, and that here commences a subterranean passage which leads to Cuzco, more than 400 miles distant. The excavations certainly reveal some curious subterranean features. The excavation at its southwest corner has exposed a series of superimposed cut stones, apparently resting on a pavement of similar character, 12 feet below the surface. It is said that Von Tschudi, when he visited the ruins, found some "caverns" beneath them (but whether under the "Fortress" or not does not appear), into which he endeavored to penetrate, but "was glad to be pulled out, as he soon became suffocated." I found no such subterranean vaults or passages in any part of Tiahuanaco; but I do not deny their existence.

To the southeast of the "Fortress," and about 250 paces distant, is a long line of wall in ruins, apparently a single wall, not connected with any other so as to form an inclosure. But beyond it are the remains of edifices of which it is now impossible to form more than approximate plans. One was measurably perfect thirty-three years ago, when visited by D'Orbigny, who fortunately has left a plan of it, more carefully made than of any of the others he has given us of ruins here or elsewhere. Since 1833, however, the iconoclasts have been at work with new vigor. Unable to remove the massive stones composing the base of what was called "The Hall of Justice," they mined them and blew them up with gunpowder, removing many of the elaborately-cut fragments to pave the cathedral of La Paz. Enough remains to prove the accuracy of D'Orbigny's plan, and to verify what old Cieza de Leon wrote concerning these particular remains three hundred years ago.

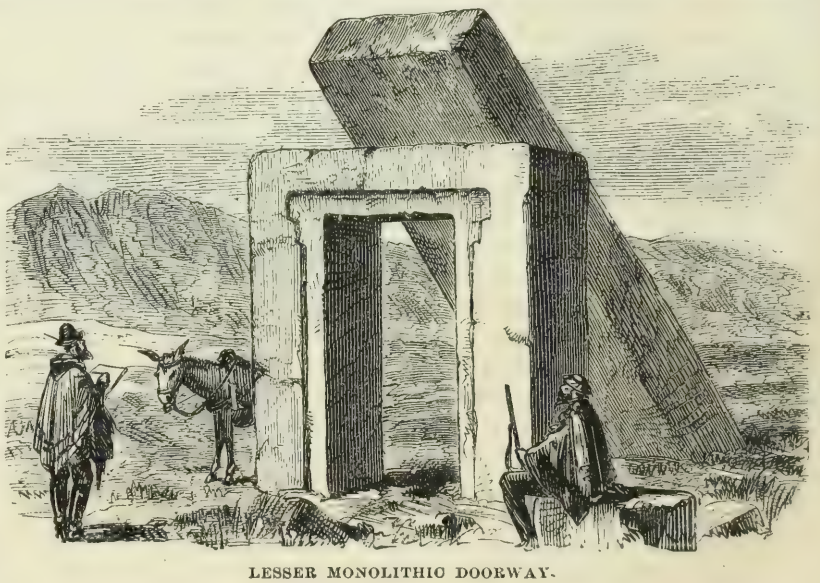
The structure called "The Hall of Justice" occupied one end of a court something like that discoverable in "The Temple." In the first place we must imagine a rectangle, 420 feet long by 370 broad, defined by a wall of cut stones, supporting on three sides an interior platform of earth 130 feet broad, itself inclosing a sunken area, or court, also defined by a wall of cut stones. This court, which is of the general level of the plain, is 240 feet long and 160 broad. At its eastern end is, or rather was, the massive edifice distinguished as "The Hall of Justice," of which D'Orbigny says:

"It is a kind of platform of well-cut blocks of stone, held together by copper clamps, of which only the traces remain. It presents a level surface elevated six feet above the ground, 131 feet long and 23 broad, formed of enormous stones, eight making the length and two the breadth. Some of these stones are twenty-five and a half feet long by fourteen feet broad, and six feet six inches thick. These are probably the ones measured by Cieza de Leon, who describes them as thirty feet long, fifteen in width, and six in thickness. Some are rectangular in shape, others of irregular form.

"On the eastern side of the platform, and cut in the stones of which they form part, are three groups of alcoves, or seats. One group occupies the central part of the monument, covering an extent of fifty-three feet, and is divided into seven compartments. A group of three compartments occupies each extremity of the monument. Between the central and side groups were reared monolithic doorways, similar in some respects to the large one described further on, only more simple, the one to the west alone having a sculptured frieze similar to that of the great gateway. [One of these, not however standing in its original position, is shown in the accompanying engraving.]

"In front of this structure, to the west, and about twenty feet distant, is a wall remarkable for the fine cutting of its stones, which are of a blackish basalt and very hard. The stones are all of equal dimensions, having a groove running around them, and each has a niche cut in it with absolute precision. Every thing goes to show that the variety of the forms of the niches was one of the great ornaments of the walls, for on all sides we find stones variously cut, and evidently intended to fit together so as to form architectural ornaments."

So much for the description of D'Orbigny. I measured one of the blocks with a double niche, which is shown in the engravings of the terrace walls of the "Fortress." It is six feet two inches in length, three feet seven inches broad, and two feet six inches thick. The niches are sunk to the depth of three inches.



LESSER MONOLITHIC DOORWAY.

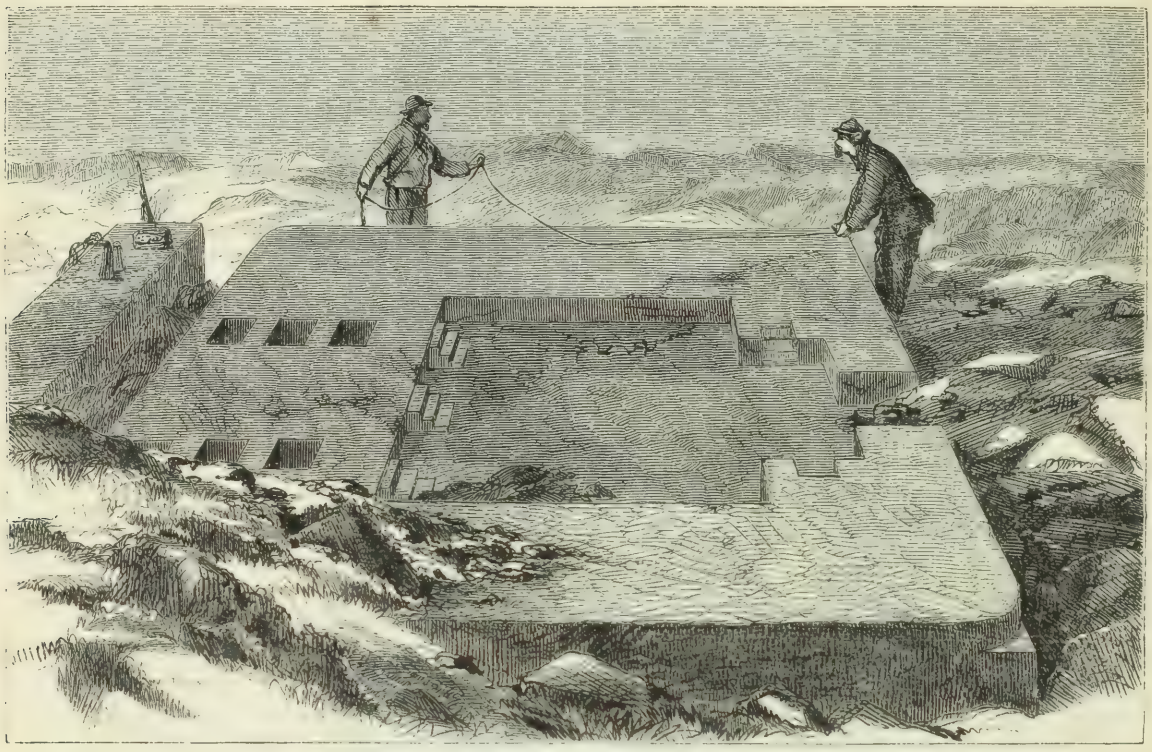


GATEWAY AT CEMETERY—FRONT VIEW.

One of the monolithic doorways originally belonging to this structure is unquestionably that forming the entrance to the cemetery of Tiahuanaco. This cemetery is an ancient rectangular mound, about a hundred paces long, sixty broad, and twenty feet high, situated midway between the village and "the Fortress." Its summit is inclosed by an adobe wall, and, as I have said, the entrance is through an ancient monolithic gateway, of which I give a front and back view. It is seven feet five inches in extreme height, five feet ten and a half inches in extreme width, and sixteen and a half inches thick. The doorway, or opening, is six feet two inches in height, and two feet ten inches wide. The frieze has a repetition of the ornaments composing the lower line of sculptures of the great monolith, but it has suffered much from time and violence. The ornamentation of the back differs from that of the front, and seems to have been made to conform to the style adopted in the interior of the structure.



GATEWAY AT CEMETERY—REAR VIEW.



SYMBOLICAL SLAB.

In making our measurement in the cemetery we disturbed a pack of lean, hungry, savage dogs of the Sierra—an indigenous species—which had dug up the body of a newly-buried child from its shallow, frozen grave, and were ravenously devouring it. They snarled at us with bristling backs and blood-shot eyes as we endeavored to drive them away from their horrible feast—by no means the first, as the numerous rough holes they had dug, the torn wrappings of the dead, and the skulls and fragments of human bodies scattered around too plainly attested. I subsequently represented the matter to the *cura*, but he only shrugged his shoulders, ejaculating: "What does it matter? They have been baptized, and all Indians are brutes at the best."

Returning to the so-called "Hall of Justice," we find, to the eastward of it, a raised area 175 feet square, and from 8 to 10 feet high, the outlines defined by walls of cut stone. This seems to have escaped the notice of travelers; at least it is not mentioned by them. In the centre of this area there seems to have been a building about 50 feet square, constructed of very large blocks of stone, which I have denominated "The Sanctuary." Within this, where it was evidently supported on piers, is the distinctive and most remarkable feature of the structure. It is a great slab of stone 13 feet 4 inches square, and 20 inches in thickness. It is impossible to describe it intelligibly, and I must refer to the engraving for a notion of its character.

It will be observed that there is an oblong area cut in the upper face of the stone, 7 feet 3 inches long, 5 feet broad, and 6 inches deep. A sort of sunken "portico" 20 inches wide, 3 feet 9 inches long, is cut at one side, out of which opens what may be called the entrance, 22 inches wide, extending to the edge of the stone.

At each end of the "portico" is a flight of three miniature steps leading up to the general surface of the stone, and sunk in it, while at the side of the excavated area are three other flights of similar steps, but in relief. They lead to the broadest part of the stone, where there are six mortices, 8 inches square, sunk in the stone 6 inches, and forming two sides of a square, of 3 feet 7 inches on each side, and apparently intended to receive an equal number of square columns. The external corners of the stone are sharp, but within 6 inches of the surface they are cut round on a radius of 1 foot.

I can not resist the impression that this stone was intended as a miniature representation or model of a sacred edifice, or of some kind of edifice reared by the builders of the monuments of Tiahuanaco. The entrance to the sunken area in the stone, the steps leading to the elevation surrounding it, and the *naos* opposite the entrance, defined perhaps by columns of bronze or stone set in the mortices and supporting some kind of roof, constituting the shrine within which stood the idol or symbol of worship—all these features would seem to indicate a symbolic design in this monument. The building in which it stood, on massive piers that still remain, was constructed of blocks of stone, some of them nearly 14 feet in length and of corresponding size and thickness, and was not so large as to prohibit the probability that it was covered in.

Look at the plan of the so-called "Temple," and of the inclosure to the area, one side of which was occupied by the building called "The Hall of Justice," and we can not fail to observe feat-

ures suggestive of the plan cut in the great stone that I have called symbolical.

The most remarkable monument in Tiahuanaco, as already intimated, is the great monolithic gateway. Its position is indicated by the letter *m* in the plan. It now stands erect, and is described as being in that position by every traveler except D'Orbigny, who visited the ruins in 1833, and who says it had then fallen down. I give two views of this unique monument, both from original photographs, of some interest to me as the first it was ever my fortune to be called on to take. It will be seen that it has been broken, the natives say by lightning; the fracture extending from the upper right-hand angle of the opening, so that the two parts lap by each other slightly, making the sides of the doorway incline toward each other; whereas they are, or were, perfectly vertical and parallel —a distinguishing feature in all of the doorways and sculptures of Tiahuanaco.

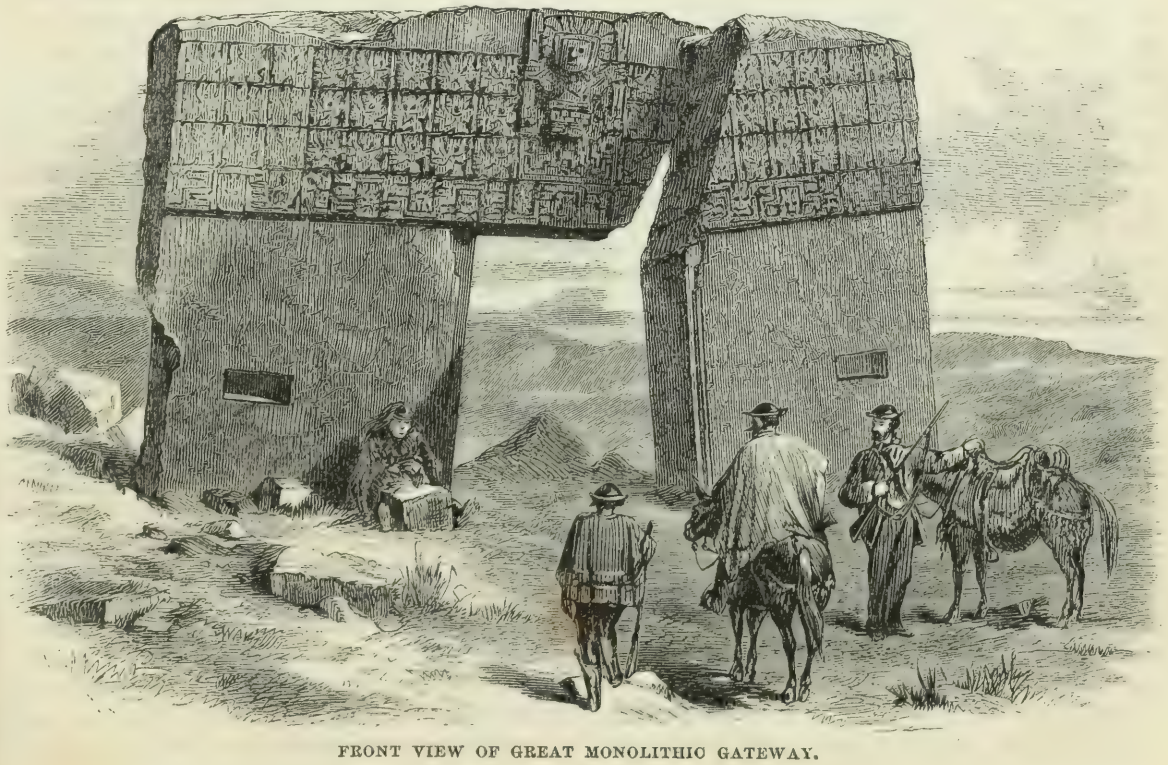
This monolith has attracted so much attention, and the drawings that have been given of it have been so exceedingly erroneous, that I have sought to reproduce its features with the greatest care, using the line, the pencil, the photograph, and the cartridge-paper mould.

We must imagine first a block of stone, somewhat broken and defaced on its edges, but originally cut with precision, 13 feet 5 inches long, 7 feet 2 inches high above ground, and 18 inches thick. Through its centre is cut a doorway, 4 feet 6 inches high, and 2 feet 9 inches wide. Above this doorway, and as it now stands on its southeast side or front, are four lines of sculpture in low relief, like the Egyptian plain sculptures, and a central figure, immediately over the doorway, sculptured in high relief. On the reverse we find the doorway surrounded by friezes or cornices, and above it on each side two small niches, below which, also on either side, is a single larger niche. The stone itself is a dark and exceedingly hard trachyte. It is faced with a precision that no skill can excel; its lines are perfectly drawn, and its right angles turned with an accuracy that the most careful geometer could not surpass. Barring some injuries and defacements and some slight damages by weather, I do not believe there exists a better piece of stone-cutting, the material considered, on this or the other continent. The front, especially the part covered by sculpture, has a fine finish, as near a true polish as trachyte can be made to bear.

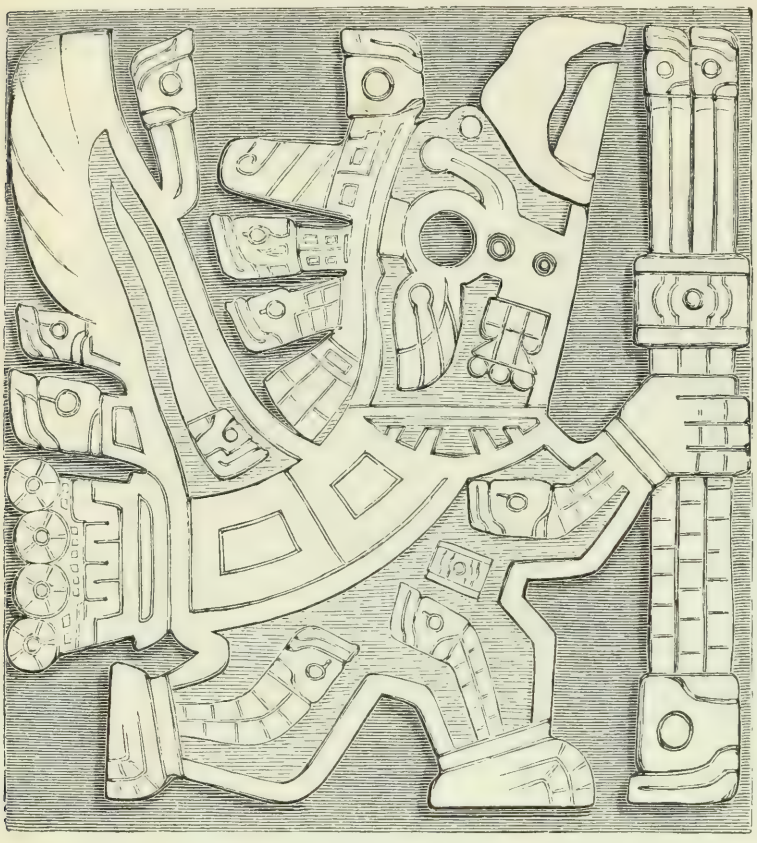
The lower line of sculpture is $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches broad, and is unbroken; the three above it are 8 inches high, cut up in *cartouches* or squares of equal width, but interrupted in the centre, immediately over the doorway, by the figure in high relief, to which I have alluded. This figure, with its ornaments, covers a space of 32 by $21\frac{1}{2}$ inches. There are consequently three ranges or tiers of squares on each side of this figure, 8 in each range, or 48 in all.

The figures represented in these squares have human bodies, feet, and hands; each holds a sceptre; they are winged; but the upper and lower series have human heads wearing crowns, represented in profile, while the heads of the sixteen figures in the line between them have the heads of condors.

The central and principal figure is angularly but boldly cut, in a style palpably conventional. Its head is surrounded by a series of what may be called rays, each terminating in a circle, the head of the condor, or that of a tiger, all conventionally but forcibly treated. In each hand he grasps two staves or sceptres of equal length with his body, the lower end of the right-hand sceptre terminating in the head of the condor,



FRONT VIEW OF GREAT MONOLITHIC GATEWAY.



SCULPTURED FIGURE ON GREAT MONOLITH.

and the upper in that of the tiger, while the lower end of the left-hand sceptre terminates in the head of the tiger, and the upper is bifurcate, and has two heads of the condor. The staves or sceptres are not straight and stiff, but curved as if to represent serpents, and elaborately ornamented as if to represent the sinuous action of the serpent in motion. The radiations from the head, which I have called rays, for want of a better term, seem to have the same action. An ornamented girdle surrounds the waist of this principal figure, from which depends a double fringe. It stands upon a kind of base or series of figures approaching nearest in character to the architectural ornament called *grecques*, each extremity of which, however, terminates in the crowned heads of the tiger or the condor. The face has been somewhat mutilated, but shows some peculiar figures extending from the eyes diagonally across the cheeks, terminating also in the heads of the animals just named.

The winged human-headed and condor-headed figures in the three lines of squares are represented kneeling on one knee, with their faces turned to the great central figure, as if in adoration, and each one holds before him a staff or sceptre. The sceptres of the figures in the two upper rows are bifurcate, and correspond exactly with the sceptre in the left hand of the central figure, while the sceptres of the lower tier correspond with that represented in his right hand. The relief of all these figures is scarcely over *two-tenths* of an inch; their minor features are indicated by very delicate lines, slightly incised, which form subordinate figures, representing the heads of condors, tigers, and serpents. Most of us have seen pictures and portraits of men and animals, which under close attention resolve themselves into representatives of a hundred other things, but which are so artfully arranged as to produce a single broad effect. So with these winged figures. Every part, the limbs, the garb, all separate themselves into miniatures of the symbols that run all through the sculptures on this singular monument.

The fourth or lower row of sculpture differs entirely from the rows above it. It consists of repetitions—seventeen in all—smaller and in low relief, of the head of the great central figure, surrounded by corresponding rays, terminating in like manner with the heads of animals. These are arranged alternately at the top and bottom of the line of sculpture, within the zigzags or *grecques*, and every angle terminates in the head of a condor. It is impossible to describe this arrangement of figures and ornament, and I should require a drawing to make what I have said intelligible.

The three outer columns of winged figures, and the corresponding parts of the lower line of sculpture are only blocked out, and have none of the elaborate, incised ornamentation discoverable in the central parts of the monument. A very distinct line separates these unfinished sculptures from those portions that are finished, which is most marked in the lower tier. On each side of this line, standing on the rayed heads to which I have alluded, placed back to back, and looking in opposite directions, are two small but interesting figures of men, crowned with something like a plumed cap, and holding to their mouths what appear to be trumpets. Although only three inches high, these little figures are ornamented in like manner with the larger ones, with the heads of tigers, condors, etc.

These are the only sculptures on the face of the great monolith of Tiahuanaco. I shall not attempt to explain their significance. D'Orbigny finds in the winged figures with human heads, symbols or representations of conquered chiefs coming to pay their homage to the ruler who had his capital in Tiahuanaco, and who, as the founder of Sun worship and the head of religion as of the state, was invested with divine attributes as well as with the insignia of power. The figures with condors' heads, the same fanciful philosopher supposes, may represent the chiefs of tribes who had not yet fully accepted civilization, and were therefore represented

without the human profile, as an indication of their unhappy and undeveloped state. By parity of interpretation we may take it that the eighteen unfinished figures were those of as many chieftains as the ruler of Tiahuanaco had it in his mind to reduce, and of which, happily, just two-thirds had claims to be regarded as civilized, and, when absorbed, to be perpetuated with human heads and not with those of condors.

Another French writer, M. Angrand, finds a coincidence between these sculptures and those of Central America and Mexico, having a corresponding mythological and symbolical significance, thus establishing identity of origin and intimate relationship between the builders of Tiahuanaco and those of Palenque, Ocosingo, and Xochicalco.

Leibnitz tells us that nothing exists without a cause; and it is not to be supposed that the sculptures under notice were made without a motive. They are probably symbolical, but with no knowledge of the religious ideas and conceptions of the ancient people whose remains they are, it is presumptuous to attempt to interpret them. Nowhere else in Peru, or within the whole extent of the Inca empire, do we find any similar sculptures; and they are, as regards Inca art, quite as unique in Peru as they would be in Boston Common or the Central Park.

The reverse of the great monolith shows a series of friezes over the doorway, five in number, of which the engraving will give a better idea than any description. Above the entrance on either hand are two niches, 12 by 9 inches in the excavation. It will be observed that those on the right have a sort of sculptured cornice above them which those on the left have not. The second one on the left, it will also be observed, is not complete, but evidently intended to be finished out on another block, which was to form a continuation of the wall of which the gateway itself was designed to be a part. Indeed, as I have said, nearly all the blocks of stone scattered over the plain are cut with parts of niches and other architectural features, showing that they were mere fragments of a general design, which could only be clearly apparent when they were properly fitted together.

The lower niches, now on a level with the ground, show that the monolith is sunk deeply in the soil. They exhibit some peculiar features. At each inner corner above and below are vertical sockets, apparently to receive the pivots of a door, extending upward and downward seven inches in the stone. D'Orbigny avers that he discovered the stains of bronze in these orifices; and I have no doubt that these niches had doors possibly of bronze hinged in these sockets, and so firmly that it was necessary to use chisels, the marks of which are plain, to cut into the stone and disengage them. These large niches are 28.2 inches by 18.2 inches wide.

I should mention that on the face of the monolith, on each side of the doorway, but near the edges of the stone, are two mortices 10 inches by 9 and 6 inches deep, and 12 inches by 6 and $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches deep respectively, which are not shown in the drawings published by D'Orbigny and some others.

I very much question if this remarkable stone occupies its original position. How far it has sunk in the ground it was impossible for me to



BACK OF GREAT MONOLITH.

determine, for the earth was frozen hard, and we had no means of digging down to ascertain. D'Orbigny, as I have already said, states it was fallen when he visited it. Who has since raised it, and for what purpose, it is impossible to say. No one that we could find either knew or cared to know any thing about it. It seems to me not unlikely that it had a position in the hollow square of the structure called "The Temple," in some building corresponding with that called "The Hall of Justice." Or, perhaps, it had a place in the structure inclosing the stone I have ventured to call symbolical. It is neither so large nor so heavy that it may not be moved by fifty men with ropes, levers, and rollers; and although we do not now know of any reason why it should have been removed from its original position, we know that many of the heaviest stones have been thus moved, including the monolithic doorway at the entrance of the "Panteon" or cemetery.

In addition to the various features of Tiahuanaco already enumerated, I must not neglect to notice the vast blocks of unhewn and partially-hewn stones, that evidently have never entered into any structure, which lie scattered among the ruins. The positions of two or three are indicated in the plan. The one to the northeast of "The Temple" is 26×17, and 3½ feet above ground. It is of red standstone, with deep grooves crossing each other at right angles in the centre, 20 inches deep, as if an attempt had been made to cut the stone into four equal parts. Another of nearly equal dimensions, partly hewn, lies between "The Temple" and "The Fortress." Another, boat-shaped and curiously grooved, lies to the northwest of the great mound. It measures upward of 40 feet in length, and bears the marks of transportation from a considerable distance.

There were formerly a number of specimens of sculpture in Tiahuanaco, besides the two monolithic gateways I have described. Says Cieza de Leon: "Beyond this hill [referring to the Fortress] are two stone idols, of human shape, and so curiously carved that they seem to be the work of very able masters. They are as big as giants, with long garments differing from those the natives wear, and seem to have some ornament on their heads." These were broken in pieces, so D'Orbigny tells us, by blasts of powder inserted between the shoulders, and not even the fragments remain on the plain of Tiahuanaco. The head of one lies by the side of the road, four leagues distant, on the way to La Paz, whither an attempt was made to carry it. I did not see it, but I reproduce the sketch of it given by D'Orbigny, merely remarking that I have no doubt the details are quite as erroneous as those of the figures portrayed by the same author on the great monolith. The head is 3 feet 6 inches high, and 2 feet 7 inches in diameter; so that if the other proportions of the figure were corresponding, the total height of the statue would be about 18 feet. D'Orbigny found several other sculptured figures



HEAD OF STATUE AT TIAHUANACO.

among the ruins; one with a human head and wings rudely represented; another of an animal resembling a tiger, etc. Castelnau mentions "an immense lizard cut in stone," and other sculptured figures. M. Angrand, whose notes have been very judiciously used by M. Desjardains, speaks of eight such figures in the village of Tiahuanaco, besides two in La Paz, and one, broken, on the road thither. I found but two; rough sculptures of the human head and bust, in coarse red sandstone, one of a man and the other of a woman, standing by the side of the gateway of the church of Tiahuanaco. They are between four and five feet high, roughly cut, much defaced, and more like the idols I found in Nicaragua, and have represented in my work on that country, than any others I have seen elsewhere.

I may mention here, that among the stones taken from the ruins and worked into buildings in the town of Tiahuanaco are a number of cylindrical columns cut from a single block, with capitals resembling the Doric. One of these stands on each side of the entrance to the court of the church, 6 feet high and 14 inches in diameter. There are also many caps of square columns or pilasters, besides numbers of stones cut with deep single or double grooves, as if to serve for water conduits when fitted together—a purpose the probability of which is sanctioned by finding some stones with channels leading off at right angles, like the elbows in our own water-pipes.

The stones composing the structures of Tiahuanaco, as already said, are mainly red sandstone, slate-colored trachyte, and a dark, hard basalt. None of these rocks are found *in situ* on the plain, but there has been much needless speculation as to whence they were obtained. There are great cliffs of red sandstone about five leagues to the north of the ruins, on the road to the Desaguadero; and, on the isthmus of Yunguyo, connecting the peninsula of Copacabana with the main land, are found both basaltic and trachytic rocks, identical with the

stones in the ruins. Many blocks, hewn or partially hewn, are scattered over the isthmus. It is true this point is 40 miles distant from Tiahuanaco in a right line, and that, if obtained here, the stones must have been carried 25 miles by water and 15 by land. That some of them were brought from this direction is indicated by scattered blocks all the way from the ruins to the lake; but it is difficult to conceive how they were transported from one shore to the other. There is no timber in the region whereof to construct rafts or boats, and the only contrivances for navigation are *balsas* or floats made of *totora* or reeds, closely bound into cylinders, tapering at the ends, which are turned up so as to give them something of the outline of boats. Before they become water-soaked these floats are exceedingly light and buoyant.



COLUMNS AND FIGURES IN STONE IN TIAHUANACO.

As to how the stones of Tiahuanaco were cut, and with what kind of instruments—these are questions which I do not now propose to discuss. I may nevertheless observe here that I have no reason to believe that the builders of Tiahuanaco had instruments differing essentially in form or material from those used by the Peruvians generally, which, it is certain, were of *champi*, a kind of bronze.

I have thus rapidly presented an outline of the remains of Tiahuanaco—remains most interesting, but in such an absolute condition of ruin as almost to defy inquiry or generalization. Regarding them as in some respects the most important of any in Peru, I have gone more into details concerning them than I shall do in describing the better-preserved and more intelligible monuments with which we shall have, hereafter, to deal.

We find on a review that, apart from five considerable mounds of earth now shapeless with one exception, there are distinct and impressive traces of five structures, built of stones or defined by them, "The Fortress," "The Temple," "The Palace," "The Hall of Justice," and "The Sanctuary"—terms used more to distinguish than truly characterize them. The structure called "The Fortress" may indeed have been used for the purpose implied in the name. Terraced, and each terrace faced with stones, it may have been, as many of the terraced pyramids of Mexico were, equally temple and fortress, where the special protection of the divinity to whom it was reared was expected to be interposed against an enemy. But the absence of water and the circumscribed area of the structure seem to weigh against the supposition of a defensive origin or purpose. But whatever its object "The Fortress" dominated the plain, and when the edifices that crowned its summit were perfect it must have been by far the most imposing structure in Tiahuanaco. "The Temple" seems to me to be the most ancient of all the distinctive monuments of Tiahuanaco. It is the American Stonehenge. The stones defining it are rough and frayed by time. The walls between its rude pilasters were of uncut stones, and although it contains the most elaborate single monument among the ruins, and notwithstanding the erect stones constituting its portal are the most striking of their kind, it nevertheless has palpable signs of age and an air of antiquity which we discover in none of its kindred monuments. Of course its broad area was never roofed in, whatever may have been the case with smaller, interior buildings no longer traceable. We must rank it, therefore, with those vast open temples—for of its sacred purpose we can scarcely have a doubt—of which Stonehenge and Avebury are examples, and which we find in Brittany, in Denmark, in Assyria, and on the Steppes of Tartary, as well as in our own Mississippi Valley. It seems to me to have been the nucleus around which the remaining monuments of Tiahuanaco sprung up, and the model upon which some of them were fashioned. How far, in shape or arrangement, it may have been symbolical I shall not undertake to say; but I think that students of antiquity are generally prepared to concede a

symbolical significance to the primitive Pagan temples as well as to the cruciform edifices of Christian times.

We can hardly conceive of remains so extensive as those of Tiahuanaco, except as indices of a large population, and as evidences of the previous existence on or near the spot of a considerable city.

But we find nowhere in the vicinity any decided traces of ancient habitations, such as abound elsewhere in Peru, in connection with most public edifices. Again, the region around is cold, and for the most part arid and barren. Elevated 13,000 feet above the sea, no cereals grow except barley, which often fails to mature, and seldom if ever so perfects itself as to be available for seed. The maize is dwarf and scant, and uncertain in yield, and the bitter potato and *quinua* constitute almost the sole articles of food for the pinched and impoverished inhabitants. This is not, *prima facie*, a region for nurturing or sustaining a large population, and certainly not one wherein we should expect to find a capital. Tiahuanaco may have been a sacred spot or shrine, the position of which was determined by an incident, an augury, or a dream, but I can hardly believe that it was a seat of dominion.

Some vague traditions point to Tiahuanaco as the spot whence Manco Capac, the founder of the Inca dynasty, took his origin, and whence he started northward to teach the rude tribes of the Sierra religion and government; and some late writers, D'Orbigny and Castelnau among them, find reasons for believing that the whole Inca civilization originated here, or was only a reflex of that which found here a development, never afterward equaled, long before the golden staff of the first Inca sunk into the earth where Cuzco was founded, thus fixing through superhuman design the site of the imperial city.

But the weight of tradition points to the rocky islands of Lake Titicaca as the cradle of the Incas, whence Manco Capac and Mama Oella, his wife and sister, under the behest of their father, the Sun, started forth on their beneficent mission. Certain it is that this lake and its islands were esteemed sacred, and that on the latter were reared structures if not as imposing as many other and perhaps later ones, yet of peculiar sanctity.

But before starting on our visit to that lake and its islands, I must relate some of the incidents of our stay in Tiahuanaco.

I have no doubt the *cura* of the town believes to this day that our visit to the ruins was for the purpose of digging for treasures, and that we had some "*itinerario*," or guide, obtained from the archives of Old Spain to direct our search. What the Indians themselves thought they did not tell us. But on our very first day among the monuments, and within an hour after we had pitched our photographic tent and got out our instruments, we became aware of the presence of a very old man, withered, wrinkled, and bent with the weight of years. His hair was scant and gray, his eyes rheumy, and his face disfigured by a great quid of *coca* that he carried in one cheek. He wore a tattered pantaloons of coarse native cloth, made from the fleece of the llama, kept together by thongs; his poncho was old and ragged, and the long woolen cap that was pulled low over his forehead was greasy from use and stiff with dirt. He had an earthen vessel containing water suspended from his waist, besides a pouch of skin containing *coca*, and a little gourd of unslaked lime. In his hand he carried a small double-edged stone-cutter's pick or hammer. He paid us no perceptible attention, but wandered about deliberately among the blocks of cut stone that strew the ground, and finally selected one of a kind of white tufa, which he rolled slowly and with many a pause up to the very foot of the great monolith, then seated himself on the ground, placed it between his legs, and after preparing a new quid of *coca*, commenced to work on the stone, apparently with the purpose of cutting it in halves. He worked at it all day with scarcely perceptible effect, and during the whole time neither noticed us nor responded to our questions. Just before returning to the village, in the edge of the chill night, I prevailed on one of our *arrieros*, who could speak Aymara, to ask him what was his occupation. He got the curt answer from the old man that he was "cutting out a cross." Every morning he was at the ruins before us, and he never left until after we did at night. All day he pecked away at the stone between his knees, apparently absorbed in his work and oblivious of our presence. After a time we came to look upon him as an integral part of the monuments, and would have missed him as much as we would have done the great monolith itself.

One evening I mentioned the old man to the *cura*, who again put on mystery, took me out for a turn in the *plaza*, and explained in whispers, heavy with fumes of *cañaso*, that the old man was nothing more nor less than a spy on our doings, and that we made no movement in any direction that he did not carefully observe. "He is," said the *cura*, "one of the guardians of the *tapadas*. He is more than a hundred years old. He was with Tupac Amaru when he undertook to overturn the Spanish power, and he led the Aymaras when they sacked the town of Huancane, and slew every white man, woman, and child that fell into their hands. He is a Gentile still, and throws *coca* on the *apachetas*. Ah! if I only knew what that old man knows of the *tapadas*, Señor," exclaimed the *cura* with fervor, "I should not waste my life among these barbarians! You can pity me! And for the love of God, Señor, if you come across the treasures, share them with me! I can't live much longer here!" And the padre burst into a maudlin paroxysm of tears.

Von Tschudi, when he was at Tiahuanaco, found or obtained some ancient relics—small

stone idols, if I remember rightly—but had not proceeded many miles on his way to La Paz before he was surrounded by a party of Indians from the town and compelled to surrender them. We suffered no molestation, although there is no doubt we were closely watched, and that the deaf and apparently almost sightless old stone-cutter was a spy on our actions.

I have already said that our visit to Tiahuanaco was coincident in time with the *chuño*, or potato feast, and Holy Week. The population of the place, as indeed of the whole region, is Indian, the white priests, officials, and landed proprietors being so few as hardly to deserve enumeration. These Indians are of the Aymara as distinguished from the Quichua family, and are a swarthier, more sullen, and more cruel race. Their celebration of the *chuño* feast, a ceremony dating back of the Conquest, and of the feast of the Church, were equally remarkable, and as throwing some light on their earlier practices and present condition, probably not unworthy a brief notice.

I have mentioned an acrid variety of the potato as among the principal articles of food in the Sierra. It is rendered more palatable than when used in its natural state, and better capable of being preserved, by being spread out on the ground, and exposed for some weeks to the frosts at night and the sun by day, until it becomes *chuño*, when it is stored away for consumption. The chuño had just been housed when we reached Tiahuanaco; and on the second night after our arrival the preparations for celebrating the event were commenced—commenced by large indulgences in *chicha* and *cañaso*, with corresponding uproars in different parts of the village, strangely compounded of cheers, howls, whoops, and shrieks, not favorable to sleep, and not altogether assuring to travelers among a people notoriously morose, jealous, and vindictive. On the morning of our third day, as we started out for the ruins, we noticed that the sides of the plaza were lined with vendors of *chicha*, *chupe*, coarse cakes, and *charqui*, or jerked meat, and that several posts had been erected in various parts of the square. During the day the bells of the church clanged incessantly; there was an irregular fusillade of *cohetas* (diminutive, spiteful rockets), and an unceasing drumming, relieved, or at any rate varied, by the shrill notes of the *syrinx*, or Pan's pipe, and the wild, savage shouts of the revelers.

I shall never forget the extraordinary scene that startled us on our return to the village in the evening. The streets were deserted, and the entire population of the place was gathered in the plaza, grouped along its sides, where glowed fires fed by stalks of *quinua;* while the central part of the square was occupied by four groups of male and female dancers, dressed in ordinary costume except that the men in each group had handkerchiefs, or squares of cotton cloth of different colors, fastened, as a distinguishing badge, over their right shoulders, and



HEAD-DRESS OF INDIAN FEMALE DANCERS.

falling down their backs. They wore head-dresses of various-colored feathers or plumes, lengthened out by slips of cane, and rising to the height of from five to six feet, like an inverted umbrella, from a head-band tightly fitting around the forehead. Under the left arm each man held a rude drum, large in circumference but shallow, which he beat with a stick grasped in his right hand, while in his left he held to his mouth a Pan's pipe, differing in size and tone from that of his neighbor. With each group were a number of females, all dressed in blue, but, like the men, wearing scarfs of differently-colored cloth over their left shoulders crossing their breasts. They, too, wore singular hats or head-dresses, of stiff paper, the rim perfectly flat and round, plaited and cut so as to represent the conventional figure of the sun with its rays. The crown was composed of three semicircular pieces, placed triangularly, with the rays, in different colors, radiating from little square mirrors set in their centre.

Each group danced vigorously to its united music, which made up in volume what it lacked in melody—wild and piercing, yet lugubrious; the shrill pipe and the dull drum, with frequent blasts on cows' horns, by amateurs, among the spectators. Every man seemed anxious to excel his neighbor in the energy of his movements, which were often extravagant; but the motions of the women were slow and stately. The music had its cadences, and its emphatic parts were marked by corresponding emphatic movements in the dance. The "devilish music" that Cortéz heard after his first repulse before

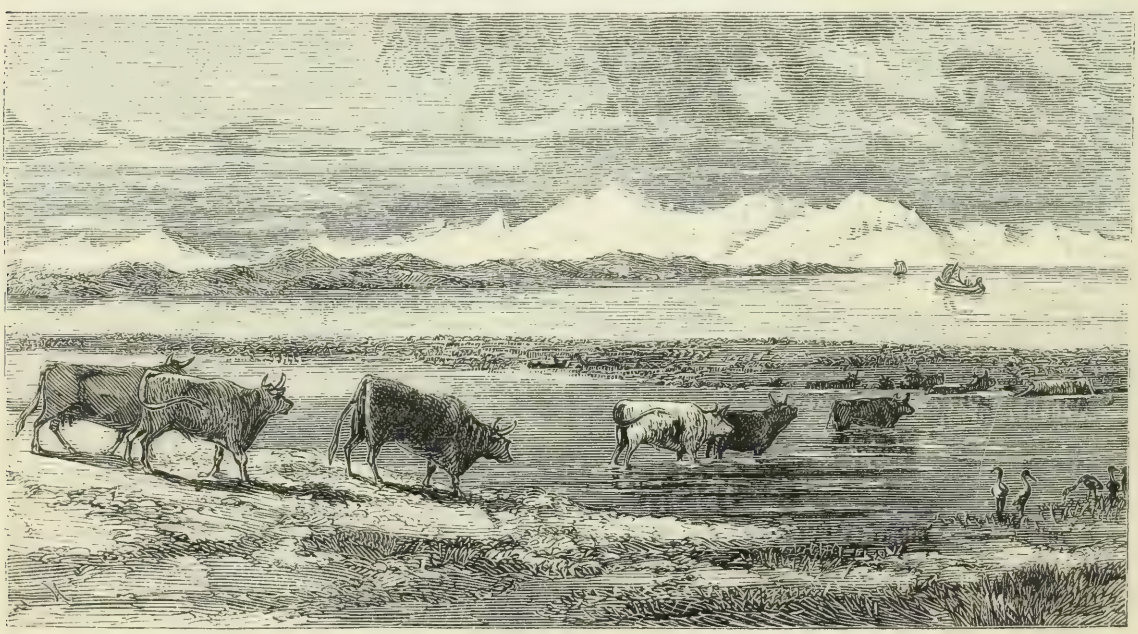
Mexico, lasting the livelong night, and which curdled his blood with horror, while his captured companions were sacrificed to Huitzlipochtli—the Aztec war-god—could not be stranger or more fascinating, more weird or savage, than that which rung in our ears during the rest of our stay in Tiahuanaco. All night and all day, still the festival went on, growing wilder and noisier, and only culminating when the feast of the Church commenced. It was an extraordinary spectacle, that of the symbols of Christianity and the figures of our Saviour and the saints carried by a reeling priest and staggering Indians through the streets of Tiahuanaco, while the *chuño* revelers danced and drummed around them. The chants of the Church were mingled with the sharp tones of the *syrinx* while the bells pealed, and the foul smoke of wretched candles combined with the odor of damp powder obscured and poisoned the atmosphere. In the church, before the dim altar, when the Host was raised in the unsteady hands of the sot who affronted Heaven and debased religion, the saturnalia reached its height, and we left the scene, with a clear conviction that the savage rites of the Aymaras had changed in name only, and that the festival we had witnessed was a substantial rehearsal of ceremonies and observances antedating the Discovery.

The road northward from Tiahuanaco is raised above the general level in consequence of the flooding of the plain during the rainy season, and marked every league by adobe columns. Passing some large buildings, situated at the base of the western hills, which had belonged to the Jesuits, who obtained and at one time held almost absolute control of this entire region, and reared in every village temples emulating in massiveness those of the Incas, we reached, at a distance of four leagues, the village of Guaque, distinguished not alone for its vast church, but for containing in its plaza half a dozen *quenua* or wild olive-trees, with trunks at least five inches in diameter—isolated and, in this part of the Sierra, mammoth products of the vegetable world. Here, too, the Indians were celebrating Holy-Week, but instead of the *syrinx* they played on a kind of flute of cane; their drums were smaller, and their headdresses different from those of their neighbors of Tiahuanaco, but quite as gaudy. They wore similar insignia over their shoulders, but were not so utterly gone in intoxication.

A little beyond Guaque the road strikes the shore of the Lake of Titicaca, or rather the lesser body of water connected with it, and sometimes called Tiquini or Chucuito. For a considerable distance from the shore the water is shallow, and is full of a kind of lake weed which grows to the surface, where it forms an evergreen mat. This weed is freely eaten by the oxen and cows of the Sierra, and is their principal food when drouth and frost destroy the pasturage. They wade into the water until their backs are scarcely visible in order to obtain it, advancing further and further from shore as the lake-level falls, so that there is always a clear space of water near the land, and an emerald belt of verdure beyond. According to the Darwinian theory the cows around Titicaca must in time become hippopotami.

All along, overhanging the road and the lake-shore, is a cliff of red sandstone, great blocks of which have fallen down and obstruct the path. This stone is precisely the same with many of the blocks in the ruins of Tiahuanaco, and the latter were no doubt obtained from some portion of the great ledge under the shadow of which we traveled.

Five leagues from Guaque and nine from Tiahuanaco we reached the Desaguadero a second time. It forms here the boundary between Bolivia and Peru, and each state has a customs establishment and a dozen soldiers on its own bank. One of these peremptorily ordered us up to the tumble-down building which bears the



CATTLE FEEDING ON LAKE WEED, LAKE TITICACA.



TOTORA BRIDGE OVER THE OUTLET OF LAKE TITICACA.

name of *Aduana;* but the officer in command, who had heard of our approach, permitted us to pass on without dismounting.

We crossed the river at the point where it debouches from the lake, on another floating bridge of *totora.* A few *balsas* of the same material were moored just above the bridge, as was also a rough wooden barge, sloop-rigged, built at great expense by Mr. Forbes, for transporting hither copper ores from the opposite shore of the lake. The river flows out through a low and marshy plain, bounded by high disrupted cliffs of lime and sandstone, with a strong, majestic current. After a course of a few miles it spreads out in a series of shallow lakes or marshes, *totorales*, full of reeds, fish, and waterfowls, in which the remnants of a wild Indian tribe, the Uros, have their abodes. They live on floats or rafts of *totora*, and, it is alleged, subsist on fish and game, cultivating only a few bitter potatoes and *ocas* in the recesses of the Sierra of Tiahuanaco.*

The village called El Desaguadero is built on the Peruvian bank of the river, under the shadow of a high rocky eminence, on which stand the gray ruins of an old *Calvario* or church. The village is mean, with a dilapidated, half-roofed church, in the *plaza* of which the *cura* and principal inhabitants were enjoying the fiesta. Across the entrance of the plaza, stretched between two crooked poles, was a rope, from which depended what were meant to be decorations. These consisted chiefly of silver valuables belonging to the people—cups, goblets, plates, platters, soup-tureens, spoons, strings of Spanish dollars, and one or two articles of domestic use which will hardly bear to be designated, and which certainly, whether of silver or other material, are seldom conspicuous in well-conducted households. In the corners of the plaza were improvised altars adorned with mirrors, paintings from the church, highly-colored lithographs, and gay hangings, such as bed-spreads, scarlet table-cloths, variegated sashes and handkerchiefs, and other flaming finery. To the left of the plaza was a kind of open tent or awning spread over a space carpeted with a mat of reeds, within which were seats, and here was the *élite* of the place, of both sexes, engaged in celebrating the fiesta, while some Indians, fantastically dressed, were dancing to discordant music in front of the little church.

The scene was equally droll and barbaric, and we involuntarily checked our horses as we passed beneath the extraordinary string of treasures that garnished the entrance to the plaza. We had hardly time to take in the view before we were approached by the *cura* himself, holding in one hand a bottle and in the other a small silver cup. His face was red and glistening, his eyes watery and blinking, his step decidedly unsteady, and his accents thick. He insisted on our taking a *trago*, and then on our dismounting, and being introduced to the party beneath the awning, where, in answer to

* These Indians and their modes of life are mentioned by Herrara in his History. "They were so savage," he affirms, "that when asked who they were, they answered they were not men but *Uros*, as if they had been a different species of animals. *In the lake* (of Titicaca) *there were found whole towns of them living on floats of totora, made fast to rocks, and when they thought fit the whole town removed to another place.*"

This illustration of the modes of life of a rude, primitive people has interest in connection with the discovery of the remains of what are called "lacustrine" dwellings in the Swiss lakes.



GRAND ENTRY INTO THE PUEBLO OF EL DESAGUADERO.

our inquiries, he said we would find the commandante, to whom we had letters, and on whose hospitality we proposed to trespass. So we complied, and were formally introduced to each and all of the caballeros and *señoritas*—for it is the custom to designate all the women of Peru, young and old, married and single, by this diminutive designation. And with each and all we had to take a *tragito*, happily in cups not much bigger than a thimble. The *señoritas* were certainly affable and the gentlemen almost affectionate—it was late in the afternoon, and this was the third day of the *fiesta*—so that we had some difficulty in getting away with the commandante to his house, which, like all the others, was small and poor. The commandante was an old man, and yet only a colonel, in a country where every third man is a general, and every tenth one a grand marshal. He, nevertheless, claimed a historic name and relationship with the last of the viceroys.

I shot some ducks in the half-frozen pools behind the commandante's house, and what with these, some articles from my stores, and a mess of a very good fish called *suches*, from the lake (the sole contribution of the commandante), we did not sup altogether badly in El Desaguadero. My bed was spread on a settle of rough poles on one side of the room, under which the dishes from our table were hustled away by the solitary Indian *pongo* or servant—for such a thing as cleansing the cups and plates for the next meal until the time for the next meal comes round is unknown in Peru. H—— contrived to dispose himself on some bags of barley in a corner, and the commandante, under the hallucination consequent on three days of festivities, mistook my wax-candles for his fetid dips, and disappeared with them, two boxes of sardines, and a can of biscuits, in another apartment. I fear he was not an early riser, for he had not made his appearance when we left in the morning.

Climbing the abrupt ridge behind the town of El Desaguadero, we descended again to the shore of the lake, along which the road runs to the town of Zepita, a rambling, shabby place, hanging on the skirts of a long and steep ridge just above a low, marshy plain. We found here a kind of *tambo*, in which were gathered a great number of drunken natives, returning from the fair of Vilque, near Puno, and were obliged to breakfast on the tough flesh of a veteran llama that had been killed that morning, eked out with a few eggs. Mule meat, especially from an animal that has been killed because he is too much reduced to travel, is not highly esteemed by epicures, but I can testify that it is preferable to that of the llama in its best estate.

At Zepita we turned off from the direct road to Puno to the right, over the marshy plain of which I have spoken, for the purpose of visiting the Peninsula of Copacabana, and the island adjacent. The path runs on a causeway of earth and stones that keeps it above the pools and creeks of the low plain, over which were scattered great flocks of water-fowls of almost every kind, including vast numbers of gulls, white and mottled, flamingoes, ibises, geese, ducks, water-hens, and divers. These would whirl up

in clouds, with a noise like that of a high wind in a forest, on our approach, and circle screaming in the air, and then settle down again on some new spot, literally hiding the ground from sight. The bridges across the water runways are curious constructions of turf, each layer projecting over that beneath until the upper ones touch and brace against each other, forming a rude kind of arch. Curious, but not calculated to inspire any strong sense of security. The absence of wood and timber has led the people of the Sierra to adopt a great many novel and striking devices to remedy the deficiency, in architecture and navigation as well as in road-making.

At the distance of a league the ground becomes higher and firm, sloping gently to the south, and dotted over with houses and flocks. Nowhere in the interior of Peru does the traveler find more evidences of industry and thrift than here. The wealth of the people consists almost entirely in herds and flocks. They supply La Paz and Arequipa with cattle, and produce a valuable annual crop of wool. Owing to some advantage in exposure, better soil, or fortunate reaction of the lake on the temperature, they raise the best potatoes of the region, and in some favorable seasons their barley will mature.

In all directions over the undulating slope are numberless mounds of stone heaped together with great regularity—the result, probably, of ages of labor in clearing the stony ground. We observed also, lying near our path, many large blocks of basalt and trachyte, some completely and others only partially hewn, and corresponding exactly in material and workmanship with those at Tiahuanaco. They were evidently obtained from the quarries visible at the foot of the rocky eminences on our left, and abandoned midway to the lake. I have no doubt that most if not all the stones at Tiahuanaco were procured here, and from the sandstone cliffs south of El Desaguadero, and were transported on floats, or *balsas*, to the southern extremity of the bay of Guaqui.

All day we enjoyed a magnificent panorama of the great bulk of Illampu and its snow-crowned dependencies, which appeared to rise from the very edge of the bright blue lake, itself dotted with bold, brown islands. At five o'clock we reached Yunguyo, situated on the narrow isthmus that connects the peninsula of Copacabana with the main land. It is a considerable town, with two large churches and a great plaza, which we found full of drunken, noisy revelers, who, the night before, had succeeded in setting fire to the thatched roof of a *pulperia*, whence the flames had spread around two sides of the square, leaving only a series of low, black walls, within which still steamed up a choking smoke and a sickening odor of smouldering damp hay and burning feathers. The "conflagration" had not checked the humors of the *fiesta*, and drumming and piping and dancing were going on with an energy only equaled by that displayed at Tiahuanaco. We had some difficulty in getting through the boisterous and rather sinister-looking crowd, and still more in finding any body sober enough to show us the house of the commandante. He was out, attending a grand dinner of the authorities of the place, reinforced by the presence of the district-judge from Juli; but he no sooner heard of our arrival than he left his friends and hastened to welcome us, and then insisted on our returning with him and joining the festive party. It was in vain we protested that we were unpresentable in polite society, and begged to be allowed to change our coarse and travel-stained clothing.

We were literally captured by our new and ardent friend, and followed him submissively to the banquet. The gathering was chiefly of men dressed in black, which is severe *au règle* on grand occasions in Peru. But the styles were various, extending through those of many years. And the stove-pipe hats — well, I couldn't help thinking that they had been borrowed from some Hebraic receptacle of that tasteful covering for the head. The ladies were dressed in a garb less foreign and less pretentious, but much more tasteful and appropriate. *Chupe*, in a variety of shapes, and different degrees of consistency and nauseousness, formed the staple of the dinner, while the "flowing bowl" was filled with sweet Malaga wine with a distinct flavor of treacle and sienna. Abundant wild-fowl, geese and ducks of many varieties, were disporting within gunshot of our windows, and fish were eager to be caught within a hundred paces, yet we had neither fish nor game, only *chupe* and lean mutton of the color



A DINNER COMPLIMENT IN YUNGUYO.

and nearly of the consistence of blocks of mahogany.

It is a fashion, not confined to Yunguyo, to select delicate morsels from your own plate and pass them on your fork to any lady to whom you may feel disposed to be attentive. The lady can with propriety respond; and it is the height of condescension, and a special compliment, if she reciprocates the attention by placing the morsel in your mouth with her own fingers. It is a little startling at first, and, on the whole, not a fashion likely to spread very far beyond the limits of Peru.

The lion of the day was the legal luminary and judicial functionary of Juli. He was misplaced in the Sierra, and only required to have had cheeks a little more puffy, a voice a trifle more grum, and a horse-hair wig to have made him an ornament to the English bench. He was familiar with Roman Law and the Code Napoleon, but rather weak in geography, and somewhat confused as to the relative positions of London and New York. On his earnest solicitation I promised to stop with him when I reached Juli — whereof more in another place.

The boundary between Peru and Bolivia—a most arbitrary and inconvenient one—crosses the isthmus leading to the Peninsula of Copacabana, a league beyond Yunguyo. Among the guests at our dinner was the Bolivian commandante of the Peninsula; and we arranged to leave our baggage-mules behind to recuperate, and to accompany him next morning to the seat of his jurisdiction, where the famous Virgin of Copacabana has her rich and imposing shrine. Thence we proposed to visit the Sacred Islands of Titicaca.

THE RETURN OF THE BIRDS.

A TENDERER azure fills the sky,
Where milky-white the pale clouds shine,
And sweetly blue the low hills lie
Along the far horizon's line.

Beneath a violet-tinted veil
The river curves to left and right;
And through the slender mist each sail
Is whiter in the April light.

The maple's silver tapering stems
Are tipped with buds now Spring is here;
And decked with tiny coral gems
The tall elms at the gate appear.

The beechen branches, flecked with shade,
Reach timid buds toward the light,
Where, looking out across the glade,
The snowy dog-wood blossoms white.

The pale arbutus gently trails
Its buds where southern slopes are seen;
On steel-blue wings the swallow sails
O'er sun-lit fields of gleaming green.

They come! the winds blow soft and bland,
As northward speeds each restless wing;
An emerald vesture robes the land
To greet the heralds of the Spring.

Hark! what a song; how blithely float
The joyous carols as they pass,
Poured from the bluebird's swelling throat
In yonder flowering sassafras.

An answer comes, full, sweet, and clear,
As one by one the bird-notes drop;
It is the linnet's voice I hear
From out the elm-tree's feathery top.

Perched on the last year's naked stalk,
With every wind the sparrow sways;
Before me, down the garden-walk,
In unconcern the cat-bird strays.

Amid the orchard's checkered rows
The robin builds his summer nest,
And like a flaming sunset glows
The perfect crimson of his breast.

On breezy knolls, with cedar crowned,
I hear at times through all the day,
His flute-tones half in distance drowned,
The varied music of the jay.

Oh birds, that fill the sweet south wind
With songs that make the woodlands ring,
From lands your flight has left behind
What welcome tidings do you bring?

"Southward the earth is clothed in green,
The blossoms fall from off the tree;
The rice-fields reaching wide are seen
Along the borders of the sea.

"Bathed in the splendor of the sun,
The broad plantations meet the sight;
Past level shores the rivers run
Where cotton-blooms shall glisten white

"A song ascends from off the earth,
Its strains the tall pine-forests hear,
Sung in the flush of hope's new birth,
A song of gladness and of cheer."

Oh, sweet new year, that smiles at last,
Rich gifts with larger harvests blend,
And knit in friendship strong and fast
Our noble land from end to end!

CRADLE LANDS.*

OF all books of travel those treating of Egypt and the East are the most successful. Other countries interest us just in proportion to their novelty, and the stories of travelers concerning them prosper because they bring to light people, customs, and things hitherto resting under a veil of obscurity. This is the case with the frozen regions of North America and Siberia, and with the partially-explored territory of Central Africa. Secrets which defy penetration, whether guarded by Arctic frosts or equatorial heat, are always fascinating to adventurous travelers, and to an equal degree they attract the attention of general readers. If there is an Alpine height which human feet have never yet touched, be sure that, after how many or however disastrous failures, some traveler will in time gain that mysterious summit; and be sure also, that the fatal mis-step of any traveler, whether in the perilous ascent, or, after having reached his goal, in the still more perilous retrogression of his footsteps, will be heralded to all the world, and commemorated as a tragic incident of historic importance. Sir John Franklin's Arctic Expedition will never be forgotten. Although little more than a score of years has lapsed since the last dispatches from the *Erebus* and *Terror* (July 12, 1845), scarcely one of these years has passed in which some expedition has not been sent into the Arctic Sea in search of the lost ships and their crews; in 1850 there went forth six such expeditions, and the pursuit will only cease when those frozen regions shall have given up either their dead, or else their well-kept secret. Nay, this Arctic search will continue until that still more unfathomable secret, of which Franklin was in search, has been mastered, and the Northern Sea has answered that pertinacious question of mortals, Whether there is a Northwest Passage. The recently reported death of Dr. Livingstone by violence in the interior of Africa agitated the whole civilized world, and only the contradiction of this rumor has prevented a series of African expeditions similar to those in search of Sir John Franklin. The mystery of the Nile disturbed the repose of the world for certainly three thousand years—for how many more there is no record to tell us. That day (February 23, 1863) was one ever to be remembered, as setting at rest the inquiry of centuries, when Captains Speke and Grant first announced the discovery of the source of the great river in Lake Nyanza Victoria. Somewhat of the same interest has always been attached to Central Asia, because it was a region forbidden to strangers; and when Vambéry, disguised as a dervish, had leaped these barriers and discovered the secrets of this hitherto *terra incognita*, the published recital of his experiences was read with an interest only to be compared to the avidity with which the Greeks listened to the readings of Herodotus.

But familiarity at length dissipates the interest which is based upon novelty; the disclosure of secrets does away with their enchantment. The fascination which is connected with these *terræ incognitæ* is sometime exhausted. Far different is it with Egypt and those Eastern countries which Lady Herbert happily names the "Cradle Lands." Here we meet not the New but the Old; and our interest is based not upon what is novel and puzzling, but upon mysteries associated with our origin and our faith, and which are infinite and inexhaustible.

The antiquities of Greece and Rome are interesting only to the scholar. Rome, indeed, has become in modern times a world-centre, a goal of human pilgrimage; but this is Papal not Imperial Rome, and the place which it has held in the hearts of men for more than a thousand years has been due to religious associations. The world has had five grand religious centres —Philæ, Jerusalem, Delphi, Mecca, and Rome. Over Philæ—the burial-place of Osiris, the Egyptian Saviour—there now hovers but a dim shadow of its ancient sanctity. Jerusalem is the divided possession of Papists and Mussulmen—the Jews themselves having no share in their ancient shrine. The oracles at Delphi have been dumb for centuries. Rome and Mecca still remain, but must yield at length to their inevitable fate, for the coming era will acknowledge no material centre of faith. That they still hold their own is due to that strength of religious sentiment, combined with local superstition, which has always characterized vast systems of religion. It was this sentiment which last year thrust back Garibaldi and his compatriots from the walls of the Holy City. It seems, indeed, as difficult for revolutionists to penetrate to the Vatican as it was for the ancient assassin to reach the heart of a Cæsar. But still the time will come when the centre of both Mohammedan and Papal faith will be what Philæ and Delphi are now—the weak echoes of a mighty time gone by.

But even echoes are not without significance. If Rome should to-morrow be stripped of her glory as the religious centre of the world—and taking away the temporal sovereignty of the Pope would accomplish just that—still she would not cease to be sought by pilgrims; her shrines might become desolate, but they would not be deserted. Even if Christendom were overrun by a new race, professing another faith, the sanctity of the old religion—though a sanctity belonging not to what is living but to that which lingers only in ruins and tombs—would still abide with the new. Thus the old abides with us. If with Lady Herbert's party we visit the sacred island of Egyptian Philæ, as we see its temples standing out against the sky in wondrous beauty, it is not the sound at sunset of the "Angelus" bell of the Roman Catholic convent which impresses us most profoundly, not the consecration-crosses nor the Christian al-

* *Cradle Lands.* By Lady Herbert. Published by Richard Bentley, London.



PHILE.

tars, which have displaced the symbols of an older faith. The mysteries of this older *cultus* thrill like music even across the blank of years that are measured by thousands and touch our hearts and conquer us. We remember that this is the burial-place of Osiris who, in the sublime faith of the Egyptians, was Son of God and Saviour, who was made flesh and dwelt among this ancient race. They swore "By Him who sleeps in Philæ!" In death their only hope was that they became identified with Him, or, as they expressed it in inscriptions on their tombs, they "fell asleep in Osiris." The face of Isis still whispers to us of divine rest—of "the peace which passeth understanding:" she was the Egyptian Madonna—the oldest among the Mothers of Sorrows. By priestly consecration her image is allowed to pass for that of the Virgin; but she remains the same old Isis after all. And, in connection with this conquest of the Old over our hearts, it is a significant and memorable fact that the statue of St. Peter at Rome, whose feet are literally devoured by the kisses of the saints, is none other than the ancient statue of Jupiter, or as Sydney Smith, who was nothing if not witty, says: "It is well enough. Only Ju-piter becomes the Jew-Peter."

Every system of human faith has had its origin in the East. Thus the Orient, being at once the cradle of the race, and also of its religions, is invested with an interest which is sacred and universal. And the associations of profane not less than those of sacred history, turn our thoughts into this eastward current. The star of empire westward moves, and westward the pushing intelligence and enterprise of humanity. But, after all, that which is highest in us, as connected with our spiritual nature, with our romance, our hope, and our faith, looks toward the Orient; and this instinct is beautifully exemplified in the universal custom of all nations, according to which the faces of the dead are turned toward the rising sun. The impulse which marshaled and moved the Medieval Crusaders was born of this same instinct. And here also do we find an explanation of the interest with which all books relating to the East are regarded.

To the traveler the Eastern countries offer a curious and often ludicrous mixture of the ancient and the modern, to say nothing of the incongruity which there is among the modern elements themselves. At Alexandria we pass from Pompey's Pillar to the Pacha's Palace. The town is a motley collection of half-European and half-Arabian houses. This is observable throughout Egypt. But in this ever-changing medley of humanity nature remains the same. "The one thing," says Lady Herbert, "which the most hackneyed Nile traveler can not fail to admire, is the vegetation. Enormous groves of date-palms and bananas, with an underwood of poinsettias, their scarlet leaves looking like red flamingos amidst the dark-green leaves and ipomaeas of every shade—lilac, yellow, and, above all, torquoise-blue—climbing over every ruined wall, and exquisite in color as in form, delight an eye accustomed to such things carefully tended in hot-houses only."

Mohammedanism holds the vantage-ground in Egypt. To this is due much of the picturesque beauty of Cairo. Here "the exquisite carving of the mosques and gateways; the Oriental character of the narrow streets, and bazars, and courts; the beauty of the costumes and of the fretted lattice casements overhanging the streets; the gorgeous interior fitting of the mosques, one of which is entirely lined with Oriental alabaster; the magnificent fountains in the outer courts of each; the graceful minarets—all seen in the clearness and beauty of this cloudless day, leave a picture in one's mind which no subsequent travel can efface." The mosques are approached through a large court, supported by pillars and paved with marble, in the centre of which is a well for the faithful to wash before prayers. The



READING THE KORAN.

mosque of Mehemet Ali is built entirely of Oriental alabaster, and the well in the court, also of alabaster, is beautifully carved. From the terrace we look out from these Mohammedan surroundings upon the Pyramids, of which we have a fine view in the distance. In the neighborhood of Cairo is Joseph's Well, from which we pass through the Horse Market on to the mosque of Sultan Hassan, one of the most ancient in Cairo, and full of porphyry, serpentine, and other rare marbles. Then back to the Capitol, passing by wretched mud walls, with raised traps in the flat roofs, to let in air and light, dignified by the name of "Barracks," and into which the poor soldiers can only enter on hands and knees.

The streets of Cairo are interesting beyond description. Lady Herbert gives us a graphic picture of them. "Ladies of whom nothing is visible but the eyes, the rest of their bodies being enveloped in gorgeous-colored silks, and over all a cloak of black silk, called a 'habarah;' dervishes, with their long, black robes and green turbans; picturesque water-carriers with their water-skins, and others with long sticks of sugar-cane, the chewing of which is a

general amusement to people of all ages and classes; Arabs and fierce Bedouins in burnous, and Kaffirs with long guns; Syrians with red caps and flowing robes; fat Turks in flowered-silk dressing-gowns and ample turbans; peasant women draped from head to foot in the blue dress and black veil which are their only covering, with a child generally sitting, monkey-like, on their shoulder; and in the midst of this motley crowd thronging the narrow streets, which are latticed over with matting to keep out the sun, strings of camels and donkeys, beautifully caparisoned with crimson and embroidered trappings, closely followed by their owners, screaming out 'riglak' (beware), 'shinlak' (to the left), 'Ya Sitt' (oh lady), etc., (to warn the passengers out of the way), in every conceivable key and pitch of shrillness, the whole combining to form a picture unrivaled in any other Eastern town. Now and then we came on a marriage procession; the bride, in crimson and covered with jewels, walking under a canopy supported by four men, and preceded by musicians, producing the most wonderful melody out of the most curious instruments. This procession was often immediately followed by a group of little boys dressed in red, with gold-embroidered jackets, on horseback, going to be circumcised; or else a funeral would block up the way—*i. e.*, a long string of hired mourners, men and women, veiled and howling, the coffin richly covered with silk trappings, and a diamond 'aigrette' at the head, testifying to the rank of the deceased. Nothing can be more sad than the look of the cemeteries to Christian eyes. There is nothing but



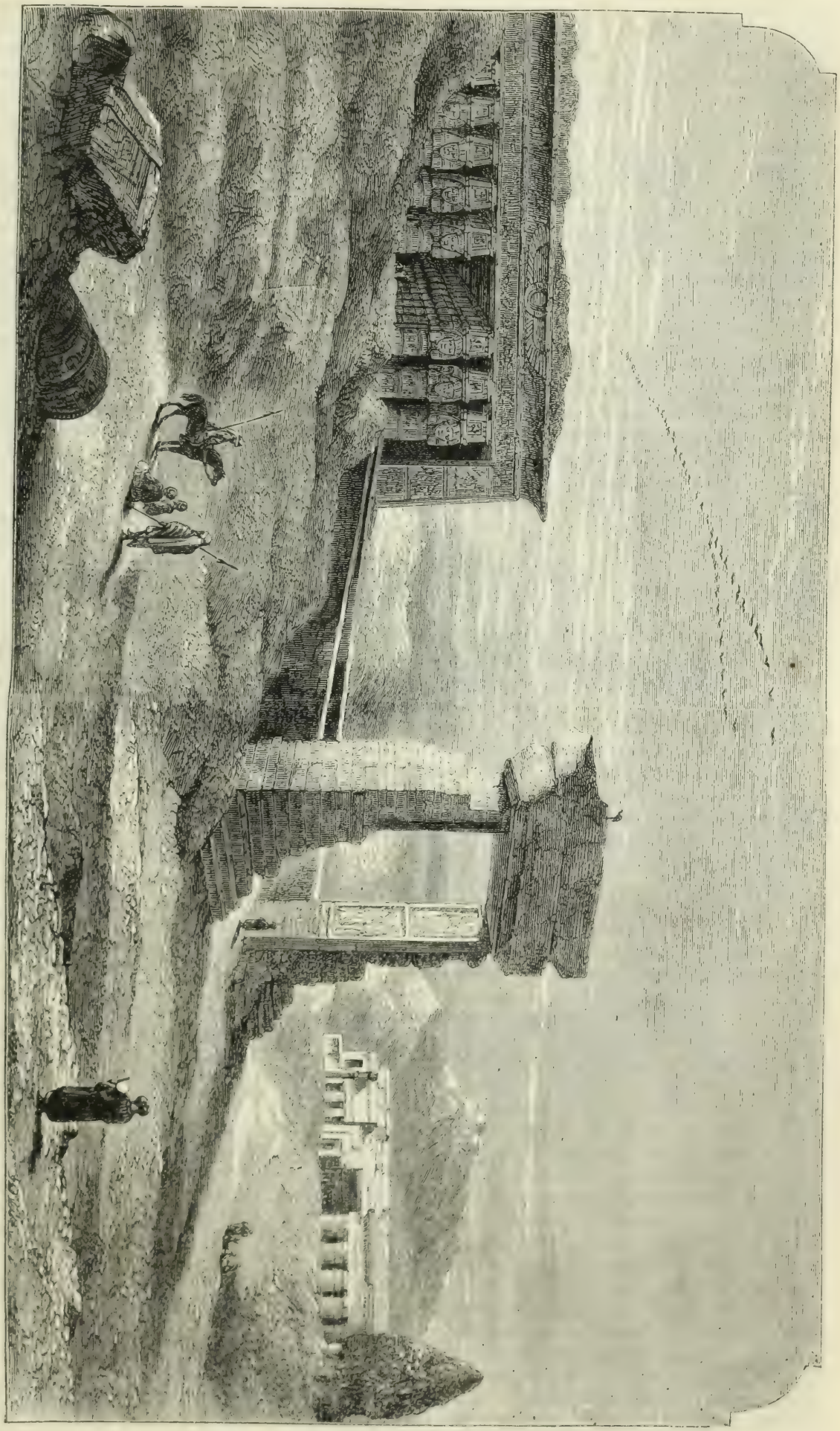
a round lump of stone like this wood-cut to mark the graves; the turbaned projection at the head signifying a man, and the plain bit sticking up at the base a woman; not one word of faith, or hope, or love."

The Mahommedans are not particularly exclusive in their faith, except where they are opposed and put upon the defensive. On our way to Heliopolis we pass through a sandy plain full of cotton, date-palms, and bananas, and by a succession of miserable native huts (which consist of mud walls with a roof of Indian corn, and a hole left in the wall for light), until we come to an obelisk, and from thence to a garden, in the centre of which is a sycamore-tree carefully preserved, under which the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph are said to have rested with the infant Saviour on their flight into Egypt. It is close to a well of pure water, and surrounded with the most beautiful roses and Egyptian jasmine. It is sacredly tended by these Mohammedans, who have the greatest veneration for the "Sitt Miriam," as they call the Blessed Virgin. They prove her immaculate conception from the Koran, and keep a feast of fifteen days before the Assumption.

All early tradition persistently points to the vicinity of Cairo as the site of our Saviour's Egyptian sojourn of two years. At Old Cairo, near the famous Nilometer, is the Coptic convent and chapel built over the House of the Virgin and St. Joseph. There are some very beautiful ancient marble columns, and fine olive-wood carvings, inlaid with ivory, in this church; and a staircase leads down to the Virgin's House, which is now partly under water from the rise of the Nile.

Lady Herbert's party went to see the dancing dervishes, and we have the following description of the performance which few people, says Lady Herbert, would care to witness twice. "First, the mufti, or sheik, of the dervishes arrived, curled himself up in a divan, smoked his pipe, and had coffee, which he offered to all the company, every one bowing low to him, and the Arabs and Moslems all taking off their shoes on coming into his presence. Then the visitors were taken into a circular place, like a bull-ring or horse-circus; the head dervish seated himself on a carpet in the middle, while a multitude of other dervishes, with high caps of a sugar-loaf shape, formed a ring around him and began, with a low, monotonous music, to sway their heads and bodies backward and forward, chanting all the while passages from the Koran. Six of these dervishes then walked round the sheik three times, after which, stretching out their arms, closing their eyes, and holding their heads on one side, they all began to spin round, increasing in velocity till their petticoats stuck out like umbrellas, and they were fairly exhausted. As soon as one set dropped another took up the dance, each concluding by a prostration before the Great Dervish, whose hand they kissed." An hour of this spectacle made the visitors as giddy as the performers.

From the dervishes let us, before leaving Cairo, pass to the Royal Harem. We have been invited, of course, and at 8 P.M. find ourselves in a beautiful garden, with fountains, lit by a multitude of variegated lamps, and are conducted by black eunuchs through trellis-covered walks to a large marble-paved hall, where we are met by about forty Circassian slaves, and escorted to a saloon fitted up with divans, at the end of which recline the Pacha's wives. A singularly beautiful one is dressed in pink velvet and ermine, and priceless jewels. The mother of the harem is a venerable old princess, beautiful in form, and looking exactly like a Rembrandt just come out of its frame. As she enters all the others rise, out of respect. Seated upon the divans we are supplied with long pipes, coffee in exquisitely jeweled cups, and sweetmeats, the one succeeding the other without intermission the whole night—if not for us, at least for the Pacha's mistresses, upon whom wait the Circassian slaves with folded hands and downcast eyes. Some of these slaves



DENDERAH.

are very pretty, and dress with great richness and taste. Now a concert of Turkish instruments begins, followed by a dance, which is graceful and pretty. This is again followed by a play, in which half the female slaves are dressed up as men, and the coarseness of which it is impossible to describe. The ignorance of these ladies of the harem is almost incredible. They can neither read nor write, their whole day is employed in dressing, bathing, eating, drinking, and smoking. This *soirée* lasts until two o'clock in the morning, when the royalty withdraw, and we also retire, feeling as if we had been witnessing a scene from the "Arabian Nights." As to women having souls, there is no such idea here, except in so far as some spiritual essence may seem necessary to the transformation of the beauties of earth into the Houris of the Mohammedan heaven. Women who are good-looking are brought up for the harems, and all the others become slaves.

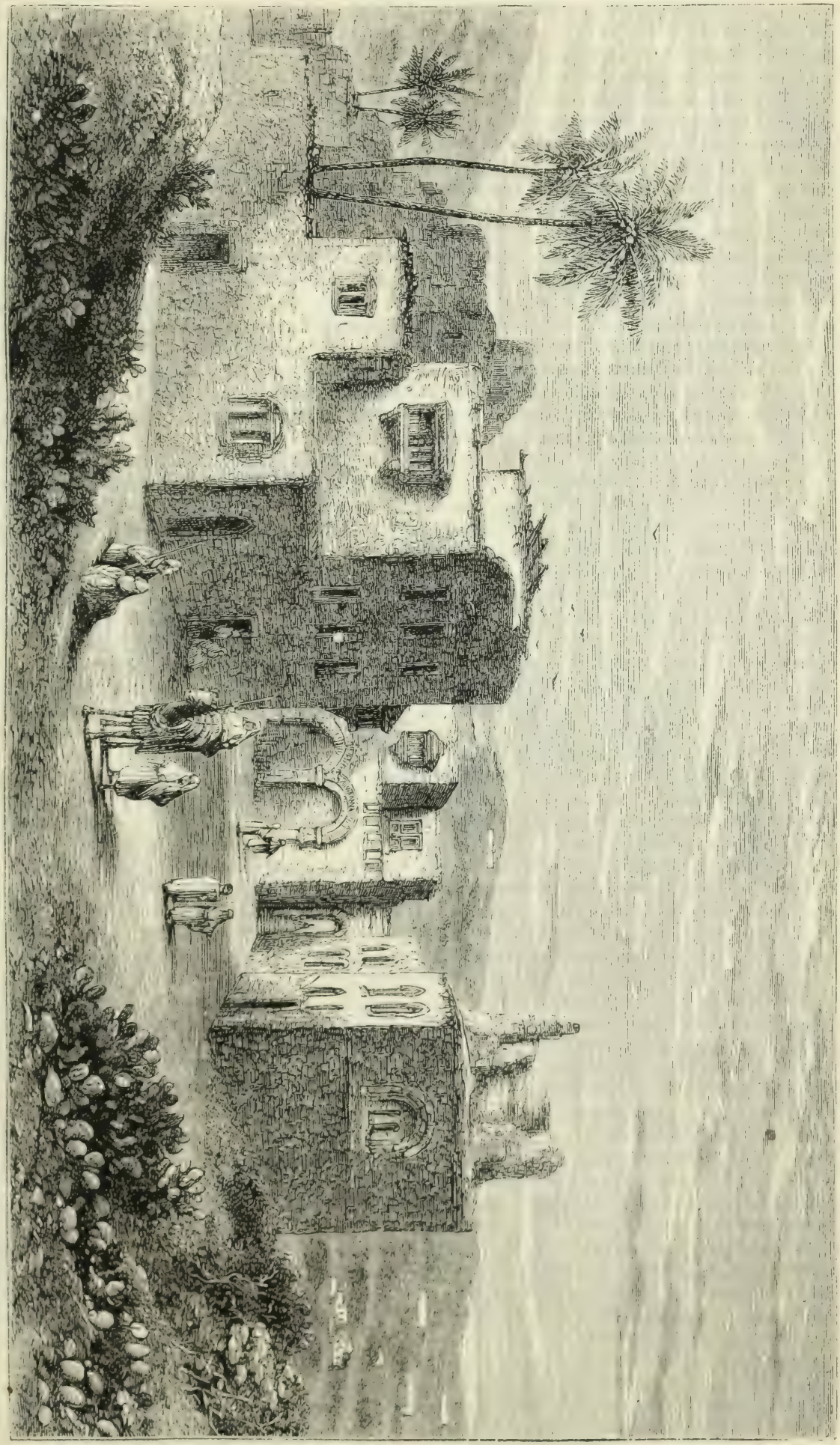
Among the native Egyptians there is little change. Their customs to-day are but a reflection of the representations made of them thousands of years ago in the pictures found in ancient tombs. The Coptic Christians worship after the form which regulated their service fourteen hundred years ago.

Leaving Cairo we ascend the Nile, having first provided our boatmen with garments not absolutely shocking to European sensibilities. These boatmen are philosophers in their way. Whatever happens, whether in the course of nature or by their own whims (as, for instance, when they halt at the most objectionable stations for cooking purposes), they explain by the simple phrase, "It is the will of God." We need not follow the details of this ascent of the Nile. On the one side we have the interminable desert, on the other the fertile "Land of Goshen." From Gizeh we make an expedition to the Pyramids. It is unnecessary to allude to these monuments of human art and industry, an exhaustive account of which has already been given by so many travelers. It does seem curious, however, that among the descendants of those who built the Pyramids it is almost impossible to find the mechanic art requisite for the construction of a deal table with a drawer in it. We pass Minieh and Beni Hassan, enjoying the invigorating air of the Nile, and, above all, the sunsets, which are "as gorgeous as the sunrises are delicate and ethereal;" and at length, passing Siout and Ekhnim, we arrive at Denderah, and visit the famous temple of Athor, the greater portion of which is still half-buried in the sand. Then to Keneh and to Thebes. At the latter place there are no shops, no bazars, and no houses but the two or three belonging to the consuls, which are built out of, and in the midst of, the temples. "But," says Lady Herbert, "the temples are unrivaled for interest and beauty. Karnac, either by daylight or moonlight, is a building apart from all others in the world for vastness of conception and magnificence of design. The same may be said of the Vocal Memnon, of the Memnonium, of Medemet Haboo, and the rest. The marvel is, what has become of the people who created such things —who had brought civilization, arts, and manfactures to such perfection that nothing modern can well surpass them?"

At length we reach Assouan, which is, as it were, the gate of the cataracts of the Nile. Here, on the shore, are tented the Nubian caravans, tempting Europeans with their daggers, knives, ostrich-eggs, rhinocerous-hide shields, lances, and monkeys. "The gracefulness of the palms on the banks, the rosy color of the mountains, the picturesque *sakeels* or water-wheels, and the still prettier *shadoof*, with its mournful sound, which seems as the wail of the patient slave who works it day and night, and thereby produces the exquisite tender green vegetation on the banks of the river, due to this artificial irrigation alone—all are a continual feast to the eye of the painter." Then we visit the beautiful, sacred island of Philæ, of which we have already spoken.

Descending the Nile with Lady Herbert's party to Cairo we start by rail for Alexandria, and from that city take ship for the Holy Land. We land at Jaffa—a somewhat dangerous landing for there is no harbor, and only one narrow entrance between two low rocks, on which the surf, even in calm weather, beats heavily. In bad weather landing is simply impossible. Jaffa itself is situated on a rising ground surrounded with orchards of oranges, lemons, and citrons, the largest in the known world. Here, in Jaffa, the Lebanon cedars were landed for the construction of the Temple. Here Jonah embarked when shrinking from his Ninevite mission. Here St. Peter had the mysterious vision of the sheet let down from heaven full of "clean and unclean," to teach him more fully the new law of Him who came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance. Here he restored Tabitha to life. Here he received the message of Cornelius inviting him to Cesarea. The house of Simon the tanner is still shown by the seaside. Here also the Blessed Virgin is said to have embarked with St. John for Ephesus, after the death of her Divine Son. Here, again, in what may be entitled modern history, did St. Louis of France remain for some months while preparing for the conquest of Jerusalem; and here the First Napoleon, in 1799, disgraced himself and the French nation, whom he represented, by the massacre of his moslem prisoners after they had surrendered on the faith of his word that their lives should be spared. But with the exception of one or two granite columns there are very few remains of antiquity in Jaffa.

We make a *détour* by Beth-horon and Gibeon, that being more interesting than the direct road to Jerusalem. The rocky ridge of Beth-horon is the site of the victory of Joshua over the Ammonites, when the sun and moon stood still at his bidding. Following the old Roman road,


BETHLEHEM.

we come upon Gibeon, and thence proceed to Mizpeh, which stands upon a hill 600 feet above the plains around. On the crest of this hill is a mosque, once the beautiful convent-church of the Crusaders. It was here that Richard Cœur-de-Lion, having advanced from his camp at Ajalon, first caught sight of Jerusalem. One only sees from this point a succession of bluish-gray hills, and a long, low line of wall surmounted by a dome which stands out against the sky. The country round is arid, silent, and solitary. But for the few pilgrims wending their way to the Holy City the eye would rest upon no living thing. It seems meet, says Lady Herbert, "that in the face of Calvary nature itself should stand still."

Before entering Jerusalem we must mention the fact that Lady Herbert is a Roman Catholic. We should not allude to this but for our conviction that she has given us a much more impressive picture of the Holy City than she would otherwise have done. But while conceding so much, we are inclined to think that she misunderstands the feeling which Protestants entertain toward the Holy Land. "Nowhere," she says, "is the position of the Anglican Establishment so painfully exhibited as at Jerusalem. It is confounded with every kind of German Protestantism. Every other Church—Latin, Greek, Armenian, and Copt; Syrian and Maronite—has its altar and its shrine within the area of the Holy Sepulchre. The Protestants alone have no part or parcel in the sacred inheritance, and have no share in the spot where our dear Lord suffered and died and was buried. How any one belonging to the High-Church party can go to Jerusalem, and share in its solemn services, and come away unconverted, surpasses comprehension. The ordinary Protestant takes refuge in a comfortable kind of skepticism, as regards every spot and every tradition held by the Church; and their position is, at any rate, intelligible." But we imagine that, in this respect, there is little distinction between High Church and Low Church, or between Episcopalians and other — or, as Lady Herbert calls them, *ordinary*—Protestants. There is a good and intelligible reason why *no* Protestant should be converted to Romanism by the associations of the Holy Land. The *religio loci* is to Roman Catholics one thing, and to Protestants quite another. In the one case the material circumstance is supposed to have some efficiency on its own account; in the other it is simply an association, which moves, not by its own power, but through the spiritual meaning with which it is connected, and to which the larger place is yielded. Yet to Protestants the associations of the Holy Land are beautiful, sacred, and profound. We know of instances where water from the River Jordan has been religiously preserved during a long period for the baptism of the children, not of a High Church, nor of an Episcopalian, household, but of "ordinary" Protestant families.

To all Christians Jerusalem is the *omphalos* (navel) of the earth; or, as De Quincey says, "if not of the earth, for earth's tenant, Jerusalem is the *omphalos* of mortality. There it was that mortality had been trampled under foot..... There it was that mortality had opened its very gloomiest crater. There it was that the Human had risen on wings from the grave; but, for that reason, there also it was that the Divine had been swallowed up by the abyss; the lesser star could not rise before the greater would submit to eclipse." Both, therefore, because it is the centre of human hope, and also because, before it *could* be that, it became the place of the Divine Passion—the altar for the sacrifice of the Son of God—Jerusalem is sacred to all Christian hearts; and all alike share in the solemn and joyful significance of this association. It is of comparatively little moment that the Protestant has no altar at Jerusalem; but it would be sad indeed if Jerusalem had no altar in his heart!

But the Mohammedan Turks hold the keys of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre; and here at least the Romanist has no advantage over the Protestant. They fix the hour at which they will condescend to open the sacred building and expose it (so it seems to them) to the profane eyes of Christians. We give an illustration showing an elaborate plan of the entire edifice, with explanations subjoined. On entering, the first thing which meets the eye is the "Stone of Unction"—the stone on which the Lord was laid for anointing after death. Thence, turning to the left, we enter a circular building containing the Holy Sepulchre. The entrance is by a low door which leads into what is called the "Chapel of the Angel," for here the angel sat upon the stone which had been rolled away from the sepulchre. The stone is still there, and through the west end of this ante-chamber we pass into the sepulchre itself. It is a little vault with a domed roof. To the right is the sepulchre, raised nearly three feet above the floor, and of pure white marble. The slab which covers it serves as an altar, on which the Holy Sacrifice is daily offered. The space is so small that there is only room for a priest and a server, while the communicants crawl in, almost on hands and knees, one by one. Over the sepulchre burn forty-two silver lamps day and night, while the air is heavy with incense, and the floor is strewn with the sweet-smelling flowers of the mimosa and orange blossoms. A priest is always watching in adoration by the shrine; and all day long a continual stream of pilgrims, taking off their shoes at the entrance, bow knees and forehead before the marble slab where their Lord was laid. In fact, it is only those who pass the night in the sacred building who can ever have the comfort of praying there in quiet, and without being compelled every moment to make way for a fresh worshiper. Passing through the oratory of the Copts and the chapel of the Syrians, we come to the chapel of the "Apparition," built on the site of the house to which the Blessed Virgin retired when

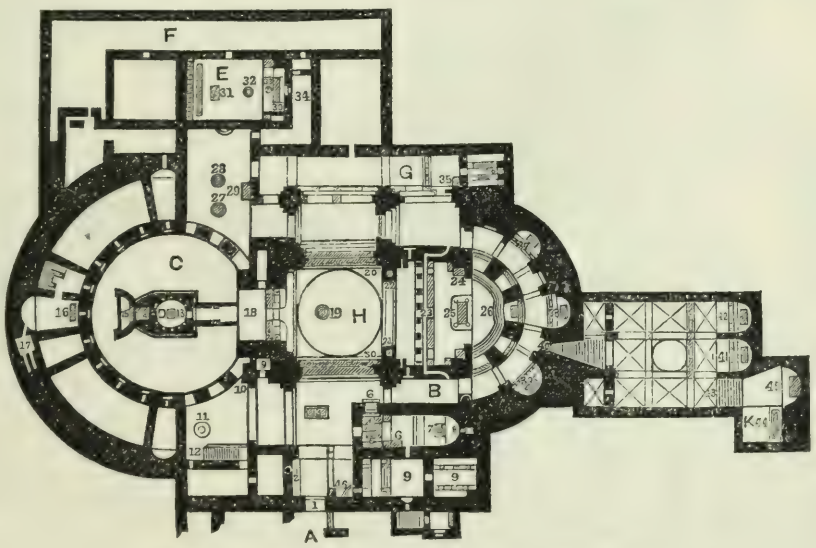
the Crucifixion was over, and where our Saviour appeared to her after His Resurrection. Here the Knights of St. John are still invested, as in olden times: kneeling before the Superior, they take their solemn oath, and are girt with the spurs and sword of Godfrey de Bouillon, which are religiously preserved in the treasury of the Church. Here also those Latin kings who struggled for a hundred years to save from infidel hands the site of their Master's passion, were crowned, each depositing his crown on the altar of Calvary—refusing, like their leader, to wear the diadem in the city where their Saviour had worn a crown of thorns. Under the Latin chapel (where Jesus was nailed to the cross) is what is supposed to be the grave of Adam, and at the entrance of the dark and gloomy chamber are the tombs of Godfrey de Bouillon (the first Latin king of Jerusalem), and of his brother Baldwin. On the former is the following inscription:

"Hic jacet inclytus Dux Godfridus de Bulion,
Qui totam istam Terram acquisivit Cultui Christiano:
Cujus Anima regnat cum Christo. Amen."

From this chapel we pass on to attend Mass at Calvary, where, in the dim twilight, are kneeling on the spot which witnessed the awful Passion of their common Lord, pilgrims of every race and clime, speaking a Babel of tongues, and clothed in many and varied costumes.

From the Temple of the Sepulchre we proceed to "the Place of Wailing" of the Jews, who assemble every Friday to weep and pray for the restoration of their country. Here alone are the Jews permitted to approach the walls of their Temple, which they literally bathe with their tears. Jews of every age and of both sexes are there, leaning their heads against the sacred walls—now repeating verses of the Psalms, now sobbing as if their hearts would break!

It is a somewhat curious fact that both Moslems and Christians point to a site near Jerusa-



PLAN OF THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

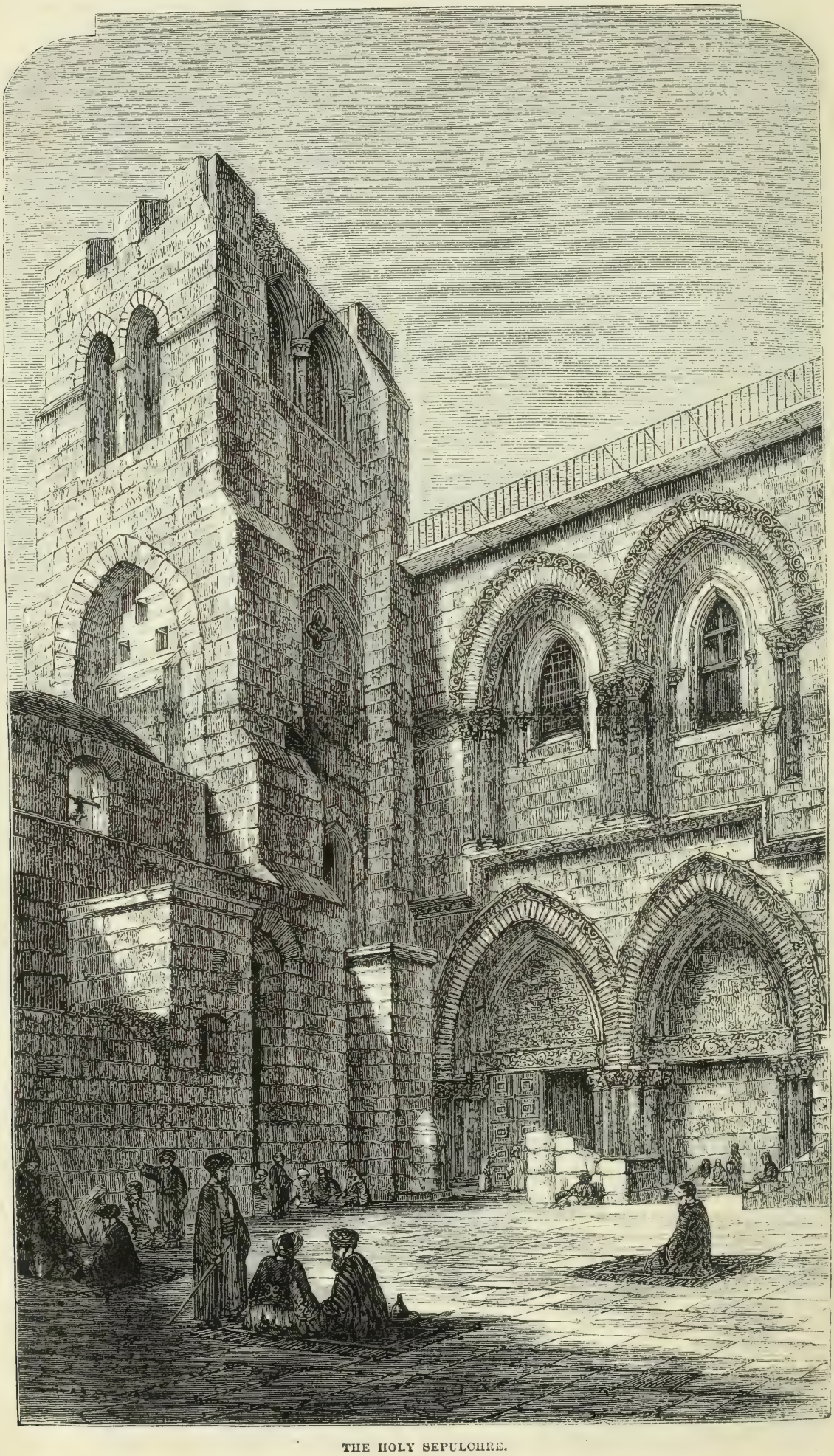
1. Principal door.
2. Place for Turkish Guards.
3. Stone of Unction.
4. Tomb of Godfrey.
5. Tomb of Baldwin.
6. Steps to Calvary.

Overhead in the Chapel of Calvary:

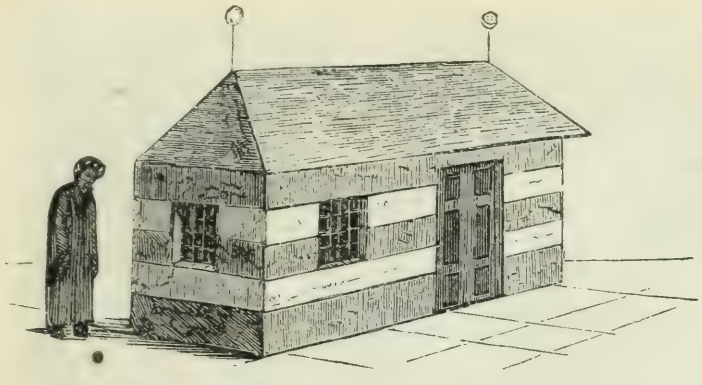
7. Chapel of the planting of the Cross.
8. Rent of the Rock.
9. Chapel of the Crucifixion.
7. Chapel of Adam and of John Baptist.
8. Tomb of Adam.
9. Greek Refectory.
10. Small Vestry.
11. Place where Virgin Mary stood while the body was anointed.
12. Stairway to Armenian Chapel and Lodgings.
13. Chapel of the Angel.
14. The Holy Sepulchre.
15. Altar of the Copts.
16. Chapel of the Syrians.
17. Tombs of Joseph and Nicodemus.
18. Latin choir for the offices of the Holy Sepulchre.
19. Greek "Centre of the World."
20. Monks' Stalls.
21, 22. Greek Patriarch's Seat.
23. Place of the Painting.
24. Table of Prothesis.
25. Holy Table.
26. Great Throne of Greek Patriarch.
27. Where Christ appeared to Mary Magdalen as the Gardener.
28. Where Mary Magdalen stood.
29. Altar of Franks.
30. Part of the Pillar of the Flagellation.
31. Church of the Latins.
32. Where Christ appeared to His Mother after Resurrection.
33. Place of recognition of the Cross.
34. Latin Sacristy.
35. Prison of Our Lord.
36. Chapel of the Virgin.
37. Chapel of Longinus the Centurion.
38. Chapel of Parting the Garments.
39. Chapel of the Mocking.
40. Stairs in solid rock, going down forty-nine steps.
41. Chapel of St. Helena.
42. Chapel of Penitent Thief.
43. Thirteen steps down in the rock.
44. Place where True Cross was found.
45. Altar of the Discovery of Cross.
46. Latin and Greeks' Stairs to Calvary, which is over the figures 7, 8, 9.

The great divisions of the Church are as follows:

A. Entrance and Portico.
B. South Aisle.
C. Circular nave under Dome.
D. Chapel inclosing the Holy Sepulchre.
E. Chapel of the Apparition, which is the Latin Church.
F. Franciscan Convent.
G. North Aisle.
H. Greek Choir.
I. Chapel of St. Helena.
K. Chapel of the Discovery of the Cross.



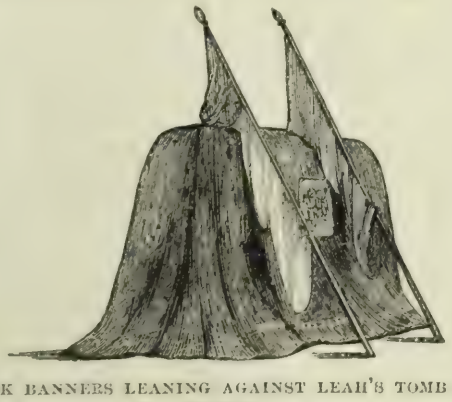
THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.



TOMB OF REBECCA AT HEBRON.

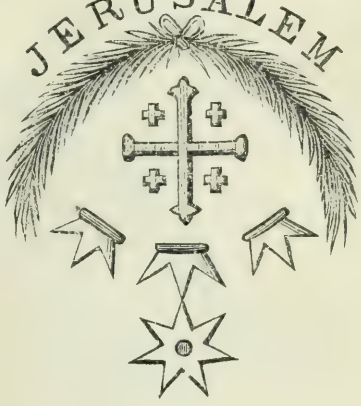
lem whence their leader ascended into heaven. And the footprint of Mohammed is as confidently shown by his followers as that of the Saviour is exhibited by Christians on the Mount of Olives.

The Jewish traditions connected with places about Jerusalem are quite as numerous and detailed as those held by Christians and Moslems. Thus, by the side of the Brook Kedron, an old mulberry-tree is said to mark the spot where Isaiah was torn asunder with an iron saw. This terrible punishment, it seems, from the account of a resident in Cairo, is still occasionally resorted to in Egypt. This resident desired to make the acquaintance of the Governor of Cairo, who received him with civility and invited him to dinner. In the course of conversation, the Governor being asked if he found any difficulty in managing his people, replied: "Oh, at first I did. I have tried all kinds of punishments—placing them on prickly bushes, flogging them with thorns, and every variety of torture. But it was no good; so now *I saw them in pieces*. They are really *afraid* of that!"



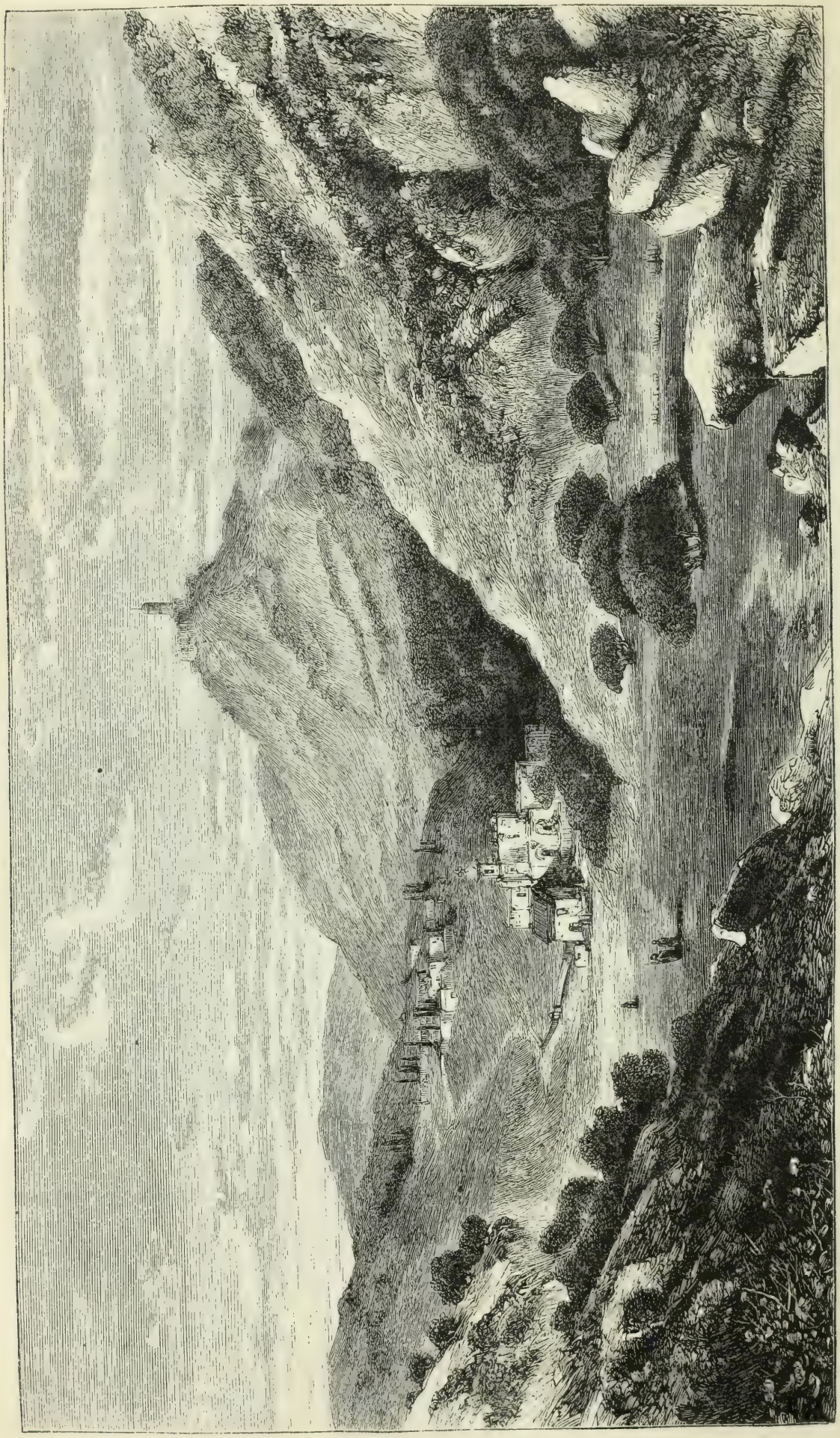
SILK BANNERS LEANING AGAINST LEAH'S TOMB AT HEBRON.

The romance of the Crusades still lingers about Jerusalem. A few rods from the court of the Holy Sepulchre is a picturesque Gothic gateway—the entrance to the Hospital of the Knights of St. John, founded in the eleventh century. Here Godfrey de Bouillon was entertained after his conquest of Jerusalem, and from that time it became the cradle and home of a military and religious order, distinguished throughout Christendom for its piety, humility, and valor. The Knights adopted as their costume a black dress with a white cross on the left breast; and when the struggle began once more between the Christians and Moslems for the possession of the Holy Places, the Knights took up arms in defense of the Holy Sepulchre, and for a long time maintained their position against the overwhelming force of the enemy. When the Christians were finally defeated at Acre, in 1291, these gallant Knights fought to the last; and only a shattered remnant, covered with wounds and blood, set sail for Cyprus, and finally established themselves in the Island of Rhodes. The subjoined cut represents the Crusaders' "Arms of Jerusalem," which most pil-



grims (among them some of Lady Herbert's party) are desirous of having tatooed upon the wrist, as an unfading memorial of their visit to the Holy Land. The general device is the Franciscan cross in the centre, with the three crowns of the Magi below, and the Star of Bethlehem; while round the cross are two palm-branches, and above the word "Jerusalem."

Moving out of the Jaffa Gate we descend a steep hill on the road to Bethel. Let the reader imagine to himself a beautiful spring morning. The hill-sides are covered with flowers, dwarf irises, the delicate pink linum, crocuses, cistuses, called by the natives the "Rose of Sharon," and a variety of other plants throw a tint of lilac, pink, and yellow over the red and otherwise barren soil. In a month or so all will be arid and burnt up; but in the early spring the vegetation of the neighborhood of Jerusalem must delight the heart of a painter. We are on the way to Emmaus. At the base of a narrow gorge, leading into a more open valley, we halt. This is said to be the exact spot where Jesus first met his two disciples, and communed with them "as they walked and were sad." We dismount and pluck a beautiful spray of maiden-hair fern close by a fountain, which is the sole vestige in this place of civilization; then we ride on in silence, musing upon that "talk by the way," till a turn in the road brings us suddenly upon Emmaus, a fertile and smiling valley, with a little lake on one side, and with olive, fig, and apricot trees on the other.



EMMAUS.

Let us now follow our travelers on another expedition from the Dead Sea to Bethlehem. We have drunk and bathed in the waters of Jordan. We have seen in the distance the ruins of Bethabara, where John the Baptist commenced his preaching; the solitude which witnessed the temptations of St. Jerome; and the desert where St. Mary of Egypt expiated by a life of penance the sins of her youth. Now our guides point out Mount Abarim, from whence Moses contemplated the Promised Land, and Mount Nebo where he died. And we think of the obsequies of Moses, for "God buried him."

"That was the grandest funeral that ever passed on earth,
Yet no man heard the tramping, nor saw the train go forth:
Silently as the spring-time her crown of verdure weaves,
And all the trees on all the hills open their tender leaves;
Silently as the morning comes when the night is done,
And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek grows into the great sun.
So, without sound of music or voice of them that wept,
Silently down from the mountain's crown the great procession swept."

Rapidly we have passed by the desolate shores of that sea, which, lying like a calm Swiss lake, with its purple tinted mountains, in its quiet loveliness, yet breathes only bitterness and desolation to those who venture in or near its waters. Father Faber has thus described it: "The scene now—the intense blue, the violet haze, the lifeless waters, with no life but the bitterness of God's anger in them—sparkling, spiked crystals of salt—yellow-foliaged canes as if it were always autumn there—salt-frosted plants and leafless, ragged shrubs of thorny acacia—the ragged limestone clefts upon the west, and on the east the red mountains of Moab, as if they were on fire in the summer sunset—sunk in the hollow-cavern trough, that eye of shining water looks up through its violet haze to heaven; and the sun burnishes it, and the moon silvers it, and the stars shine deep down into it, and the winds ripple it, and the rain patters upon it in beaded drops, and the scene itself is a silent worship of the magnificent anger of our Heavenly Father. There is no horror in the place, only an inward gloom of heart in spite of the outward radiance of the landscape. It is as if God had painted a picture of the universal doom, and then had drawn this weary brightness of silent desolation like a curtain over the horrors of the painting. O! terrible beauty! O! terrible sunshine of that blue Dead Sea! God's majesty never cows us more than when it looks so imperturbable!" From this scene we have passed into the desert, where there is not a tree or bush, and infested by hostile Bedouins, and at length reach the Convent of Mar Saba, near those caverns where the Anchorites lived in the early days of the Church. Then we come into the smiling valley, and rapidly approach Bethlehem, "of all the towns of Syria the gayest and the brightest." Here alone are seen beautiful women with unveiled faces, for no Turk resides in Bethlehem. Ibrahim Pacha, in a freak of tyrannical fury, turned out every Mohammedan and razed their houses to the ground.

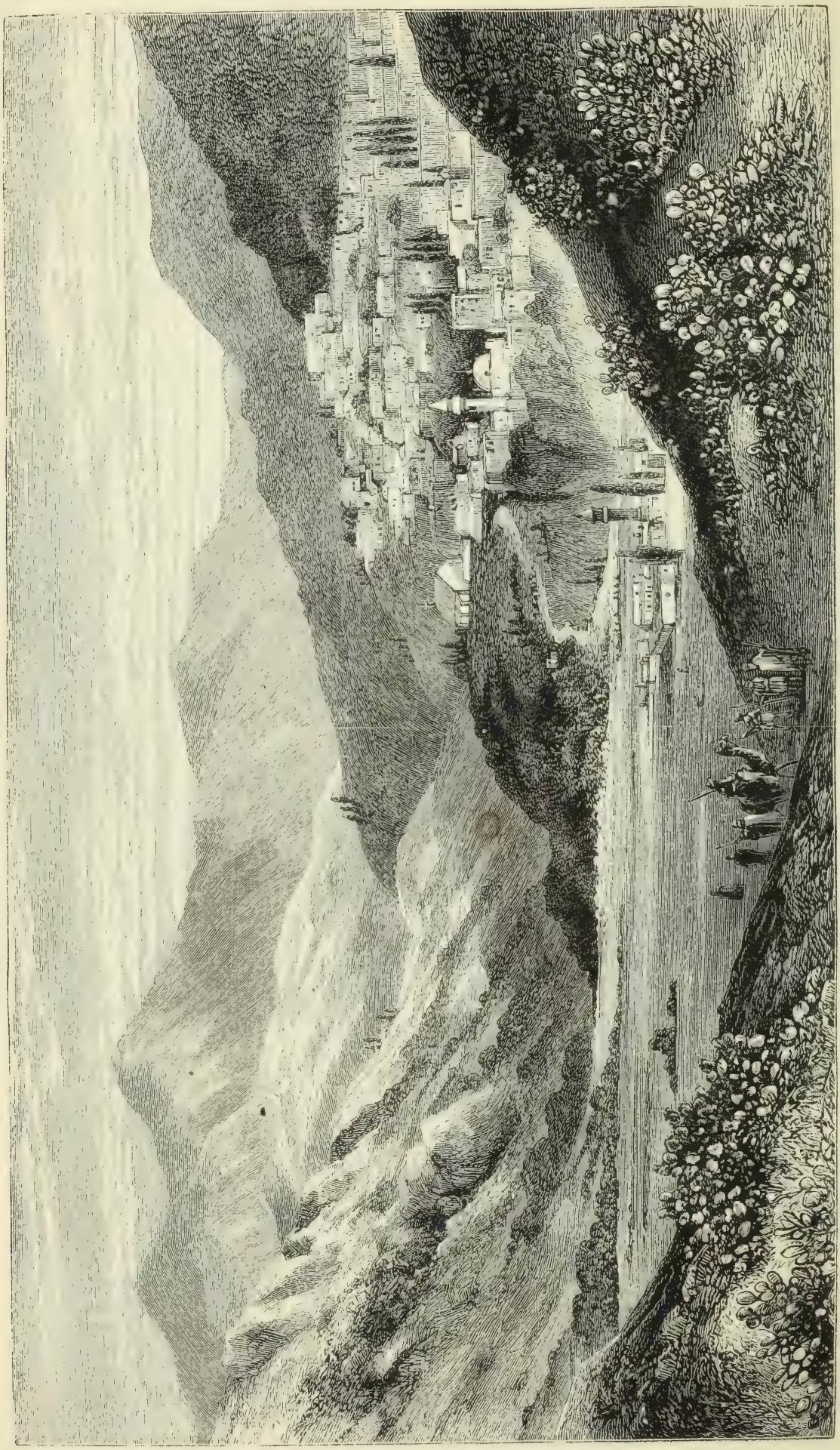
Nazareth shares with Bethlehem in the brighter associations of the Christian faith; it is also, in like manner, free from the presence of the Turk. And near Nazareth, after we leave the marshy swamps of the Kishon, lies "beautiful Carmel."

We can not more fitly close this paper than with Lady Herbert's graphic description of

GOOD-FRIDAY AT JERUSALEM.

It is the evening of Holy Thursday. The last wail of the *Tenebræ* has died out of the aisles of the solemn Church of the Holy Sepulchre. A temporary altar had been erected in the morning, opposite the sacred shrine where our dear Lord was laid, and upward of a thousand pilgrims had received the Bread of Life from the hands of the venerable Patriarch. But now this altar had been removed, and one by one the worshipers had departed, save such of the Franciscan monks as had been appointed to watch throughout the night by the Blessed Sacrament, and whom the Turks had consequently locked into the building.

In the Church of St. Salvatore all is profoundly dark, save in the chapel on the left, where the Blessed Sacrament has been deposited in the Sepulchre until the terrible day be over which witnessed the death-agony of the Son of God. That side-chapel is decorated on all sides with beautiful plants aud flowers, and illuminated with a multitude of tapers. There two figures are kneeling, motionless and absorbed in prayer. One by one the Franciscan monks, wearied with their long fast and the terrible penances of the night before, have disappeared through the side-door which leads into their dormitory. Still the two watchers kneel on. They are women. The one still young, dressed in deep widow's mourning; the other older, and bearing on her face traces of still deeper suffering, yet with an expression of peace which spoke of that suffering having been accepted for the love of Him who sent it. Six years ago this lady, the Marquise de——, of noble and even royal blood, had come, like her young English companion, as a stranger and pilgrim to Jerusalem, and there felt the irresistible attraction which, in spite of its mournfulness and desolation, binds every heart to the Holy City. She found likewise that there was a great work for any woman to do who was willing to devote herself to such a life; the work of a St. Paula, to assist in receiving and looking after the female pilgrims, who, at Christmas and Easter tides, flock by hundreds to the Casa Nuova: to have the care of the altars of the different churches and chapels, of the linen and vestments, decorations, etc.



NAZARETH.

This loving watcher by our Lord's Body at last rose, and touching her companion, said softly: "My child, you must come and rest; remember to-morrow morning." The two women left the church reluctantly, and threaded their way up the steep and narrow street to the Casa Nuova, where, bowing their heads to the "God be with you!" of the Spanish monk who let them through the heavy nailed door, they walked swiftly up the stairs and through the long corridor to the two cells set apart for their use.

Five hours later the same women, closely veiled and carrying a lantern, were toiling painfully down the rugged and slippery street which leads through the bazars to the other side of the city.

From thence they proceeded, with still swifter steps, under the arch, passed the gate of the Convent of the Père Ratisbon, where the Filles de Sion have established their admirable orphanage, and so on to the postern-gate in the wall which admitted them to the court-yard of the Church of the Flagellation.

"His Royal Highness has not yet arrived," said the lay brother as he unbarred the door; "but he will not long tarry. It is just four o'clock."

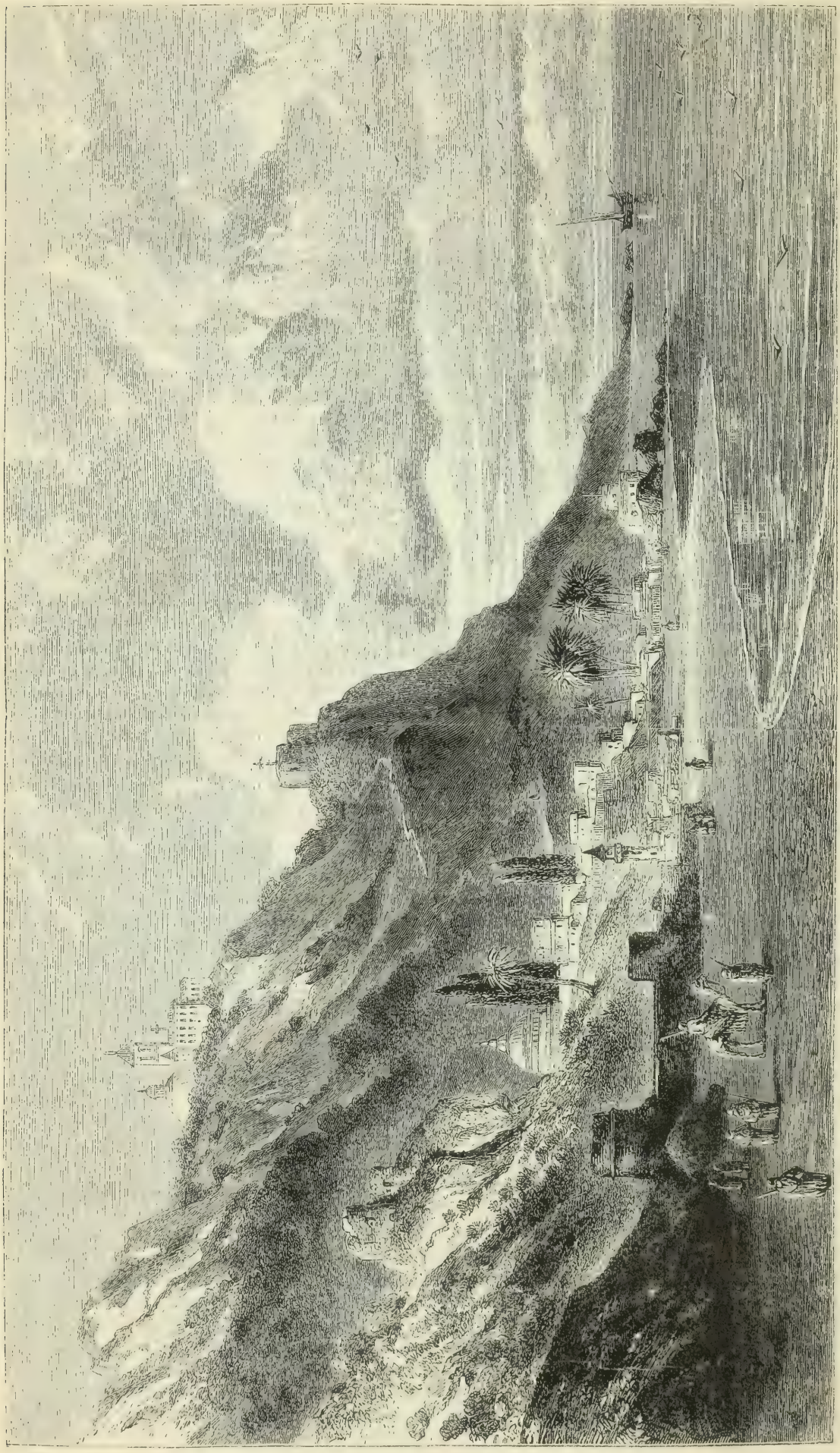
So saying, he ushered the ladies in to the cloister, and then into the church, where the only light was thrown on the column of the Flagellation, that terrible monument of man's impiety and the long-suffering of God. In a few moments the door again opened, and admitted a man still young, of noble and aristocratic bearing (followed by two ecclesiastics and two other gentlemen), who advanced in front of the column, and pushing aside the cushion placed for him, knelt on the ground in long and fervent adoration. An exile from his country and his kingdom, this royal pilgrim had come, in earnest faith and deep humility, to visit the scenes of his Saviour's sufferings and death. Bareheaded he had walked from the city gates, on his first arrival, to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, discarding all pomp and retinue, and compelling the Pacha, who had come out to meet him with due honors, to walk bareheaded likewise by his side, behind the symbol of man's redemption. And in the same spirit he had chosen this early hour to follow unnoticed, and almost alone, the footsteps of the Lord he loved so well, in that awful Via Dolorosa which witnessed the most touching portion of His Passion.

The solemn service began. Commencing with the Prætorium of Pilate, where the terrible sentence was pronounced, the little band of worshipers followed the sacred and sorrowful path down the steep hill, kneeling at the different stations, heedless of the mud, while the low chant of the "Stabat Mater" echoed through the deserted streets. The day was just breaking when they arrived at the House of Mary, from whence the Mother of Sorrows hurried forth to meet her Divine Son.

At the House (so called) of Veronica a little interruption occurred from a file of camels passing along the narrow and ill-paved street; but their drivers, with skill and care, made them avoid the kneeling figures. With all their bigotry and hatred of the Christian faith, the Turks have an instinctive reverence for every outward expression of devotion.

At the Seventh Station a bazar has been built across the Via Dolorosa, which compels the pilgrims to make a *détour* through the remains of what was once the Hospice of the Knights Templars, in order to arrive at the station where our Blessed Lord addressed the daughters of Jerusalem, "who mourned and bewailed Him." It is a blessed and comforting thought to women, wearied with the struggle and strife and misunderstandings of this hard world, that to them alone was granted the unspeakable privilege of ministering to His Sacred Humanity, and that He never rejected their love or their sympathy. The last at the Cross, and the first at the Sepulchre, it was to a woman that our Master first showed Himself after His Resurrection.

At last the gates of the Holy Sepulchre are reached, that wonderful church which incloses in its wide area the scenes of the last five stations. But here an unexpected obstacle presented itself. In spite of all the blood and treasure wasted in the Crimean war (a war which was the climax of a rupture founded on the subject of the Holy Places), the Turks still retain unmolested possession of that building so sacred to the heart of every Christian, and with petty tyranny continually refuse to open it at the hours desired by the pilgrims. On this occasion even the presence of the royal duke did not induce them to open the door a moment sooner than had been fixed by the Pacha; and for more than an hour the little group stood or knelt on the steps leading to the side-chapel of the Blessed Virgin. At last the doors are thrown open, and the little procession, passing by the Stone of Unction, and up the steps leading to the Chapel of Calvary, came to the spot where, stripped of His garments, our Divine Lord was nailed to His Cross. The exact place is pointed out, and is on the right of that terrible hole where the Cross was sunk when lifted up, whereby He that hung thereon "might draw all men unto Himself." Here also, during that exquisite time of torture, His Blessed Mother stood; and the voices of the kneelers are choked with emotion as the words "*Sancta Mater, istud agas*," etc., echoed through the sacred building. To the left now they turn, to the very spot where the tremendous sacrifice was consummated, and where the riven rock still remains as a standing witness of that awful mystery. Thence, passing again down the steps, it was with a sense of relief from a pain and tension too great to be borne that the pilgrims came to the beautiful low shrine where, the anguish and torture of the three hours' agony being over, the earthly remains of our dear Lord were laid. Crossing the outer chapel, where still remains the stone on which the angel



CARMEL.

sat when he appeared to the women after the Resurrection, and bowing under the long low arch which leads to the inner shrine, they knelt one by one in the tiny sanctuary where the open Sepulchre seems to speak once more of hope and joy, and to re-echo the words, "He is not here: He is risen. Behold the place where the Lord lay."

The Via Crucis is over. It is seven o'clock, and the impressive and beautiful office of the day has begun. The Chapel of Calvary is crowded almost to suffocation with kneeling figures in deep mourning. Every thing is hung with black. The Lessons and the Passion are over, and the venerable Patriarch rising begins to uncover the Crucifix, while the monks intone the *Ecce, lignum Crucis!* Then commences that portion of the office which none can ever forget who have witnessed it at Rome; how much less at Jerusalem, in the very spot which witnessed the actual throes and death-agony of the Man-God and the woes of His Mother! One by one the worshipers rise and prostrate themselves in adoration three times, kissing the feet of their Lord, while the wail of the Reproaches rise and falls, and reverberates through the sacred shrine. The *Crux fidelis* and *Pange lingua* are taken up by the choir, and then, the mournful ceremony over, the candles on the altar are lighted, illuminating the many upturned and weeping faces, and the priests go in procession to the chapel below to bring back the Blessed Sacrament, which has been deposited in the Holy Sepulchre the preceding day, while the glorious hymn *Vexilla Regis* is sung by the whole congregation. Our English traveler, absorbed in the emotions of the place and of the hour, had remained motionless after the adoration, until the beginning of Vespers, when she turned to look at her companion, whose fragile and attenuated form still knelt beside her, while her face seemed lighted up with an unearthly glow, redeeming features which had no great natural beauty, and making one think of the old German pictures of saints. And now the anthem *Consummation est* is over, and the *Miserere* is taken up by both priest and people; and then again the lights are extinguished, and the altar is stripped as before, and all is desolate. It is impossible to exaggerate the effect of this office on this spot, or the sense of utter desolation which falls upon the soul when all is over. It is an approach to Mary's sorrow, and a shadow of it; but to one who has not felt it, it can not be explained. We have read of the Crucifixion all our lives, and have tried in our various degrees to realize it; but here we *see* it, as it were, with our bodily eyes, which help out our weak faith, and our devotion to the dolors of our Mother heightens and deepens our devotion to the Passion of her Son.

It was with a feeling of utter faintness and exhaustion that the two ladies whose steps we have followed turned at last out of the sacred building, and bent their steps homeward. It was only ten o'clock in the morning, but many days seemed to have been crowded into the preceding seven hours.

They re-enter the church (in the afternoon), and passing by the shrine of the Holy Sepulchre, take their place in the Chapel of the Flagellation. Every Friday and Sunday a procession is formed in that chapel, the pilgrims bearing lighted tapers stamped with the pictures of the Crucifixion and Resurrection, and, singing a processional hymn peculiar to the Holy Land, visit each altar erected in commemoration of the Passion, reciting the Gospel and prayers applicable to each station. A portion of the column of Flagellation is exposed in the first chapel on the left of the altar, where the office begins; and so they move on to the dungeon, and to the place where they parted His vestments, down to the subterranean chapel or crypt where the rugged rocks remain as when first excavated, and where the sacred Cross was found; returning again to the chapel of St. Helena above, with its venerable pillars and beautiful basket-work capitals, so admirably rendered in Roberts's famous drawing; then passing to the scene of the clothing in the purple robe and terrible crown of thorns, and so ascending to the Mount of Calvary, to which portion of the service a plenary indulgence is attached, while at the words "Hic expiravit" the pilgrims prostrate themselves at the foot of the Cross; then again descending to the "stone of unction," where the sacred Body was washed; thence to the sepulchre where It was laid, on to the place in the garden where He appeared to Mary Magdalen after the resurrection, and so back again to the Chapel of the Blessed Virgin, where the office concludes with the touching Litany of Loreto.

It is a beautiful and solemn service, in which even Protestants are seen to join with unwonted fervor, and on this special day it was crowded to excess. When it was over, the two friends returned to the altar of St. Mary Magdalen, the words and tones of the hymn still lingering in their hearts:

> "Jesu! dulce refugium,
> Spes una Te quærentium,
> Per Magdalenæ meritum
> Peccati solve debitum."

Presently the English stranger rose, and, approaching one of the Franciscan monks, begged for the benediction of her crucifix and other sacred objects, according to the short form in use at the shrine of the Holy Sepulchre, a privilege kindly and courteously granted to her. And now the shades of evening are darkening the aisles of the sacred building, and the pilgrims are gathered in a close and serried mass in the Chapel of Calvary, waiting for the ceremony which is to close the solemn offices of that awful day. By the kindness of the Duke, who had been their companion in the Via Crucis, the two ladies were saved from the crowd, and conducted by a private staircase from the Greek chapel to the right of the altar of Calvary. The whole is soon wrapped in profound

darkness, save where the light is thrown on a crucifix the size of life, erected close to the fatal spot. You might have fancied yourself alone but for the low murmur and swaying to and fro of the dense crowd kneeling on the floor of the chapel. Presently a Franciscan monk stepped forward, and, leaving his brethren prostrate at the foot of the altar, mounted on a kind of estrade at the back, and proceeded to detach the figure of our Blessed Lord from the cross. As each nail was painfully and slowly drawn out he held it up, exclaiming, "Ecce, dulces clavos!" exposing it at the same time to the view of the multitude, who, breathless and expectant, seemed riveted to the spot, with their upturned faces fixed on the symbol represented to them. The supernatural and majestic stillness and silence of that great mass of human beings was one of the most striking features of the whole scene. Presently a ladder was brought, and the sacred figure lifted down, as in Rubens's famous picture of the "Deposition," into the arms of the monks at the foot of the cross. As the last nail was detached, and the head fell forward as of a dead body, a low deep sob burst from the very souls of the kneeling crowd. Tenderly and reverently the Franciscan Fathers wrapped it in fine linen, and placed it in the arms of the Patriarch, who kneeling received it, and carried it down to the Holy Sepulchre, the procession chanting the antiphon, "Acceperunt Joseph et Nicodemus corpus Jesu; et ligaverunt illud linteis cum aromatibus, sicut mos est Judæis sepelire." The crowd followed eagerly, yet reverently, the body to its last resting-place. It is a representation which might certainly be painful if not conducted throughout with exceeding care. But done as it is at Jerusalem, it can but deepen in the minds of all beholders the feelings of intense reverence, adoration, and awe with which they draw near to the scene of Christ's sufferings.



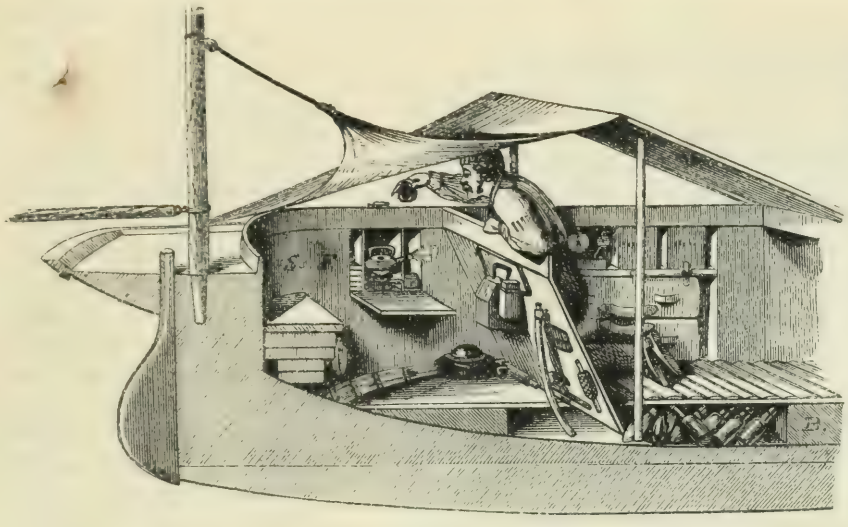
WATCH ON DECK.

VOYAGE ALONE IN THE ROB ROY.

"IT was a strange and pleasant life for me all this summer, sailing entirely alone by sea and river fifteen hundred miles, and with its toils, perils, and adventures heartily enjoyed." Thus opens Captain Macgregor's account of his third summer voyage in the Rob Roy. The two earlier voyages—one through Central Europe and the other over Norway and Sweden—have already been described in the pages of this Magazine; and it may certainly be presumed that this third voyage, more interesting than the former two, will command the attention of our readers.

The previous voyages were made in an oak canoe; their progress was mainly dependent upon muscular effort, and in the matter of food as well as of sleep they never permitted an absolute divorce from the land. So Captain Macgregor cogitated during the winter of 1866–'67 how he might make the pleasure of a voyage complete by effecting a release from this degrading necessity of seeking rations and rest on shore. The result was that a beautiful little sailing boat took the place of the oak canoe, but the old familiar name of "Rob Roy" was retained. "Once afloat in this," says the Captain, "the water was my road, my home, my very world, for a long and splendid summer."

The yawl has been carefully prepared in the most minute details. The Captain has no idea of getting swamped, smashed, stove in, or turned over by going adrift in a craft which has been huddled into being by some builder ignorant of what is wanted for a sailor traveler. "I re-



COOKING ON THE ROB ROY.

"The Rob Roy is a yawl-rig, so as to place the sailor between the sails for 'handiness.' She is double-skinned to make her stanch and dry below, and she is full-decked to keep out the sea above. She has an iron keel and kelson to resist a bump on rocks, and with four water-tight compartments to limit its effects if once stove in. Her cabin is comfortable to sleep in, but only as arranged when anchored for the purpose—sleep at sea is forbidden to her crew. Her internal arrangements for cooking, reading, writing, provisions, stores, and cargo are quite different from those of any other yacht; all of them are specially devised, and all well done."

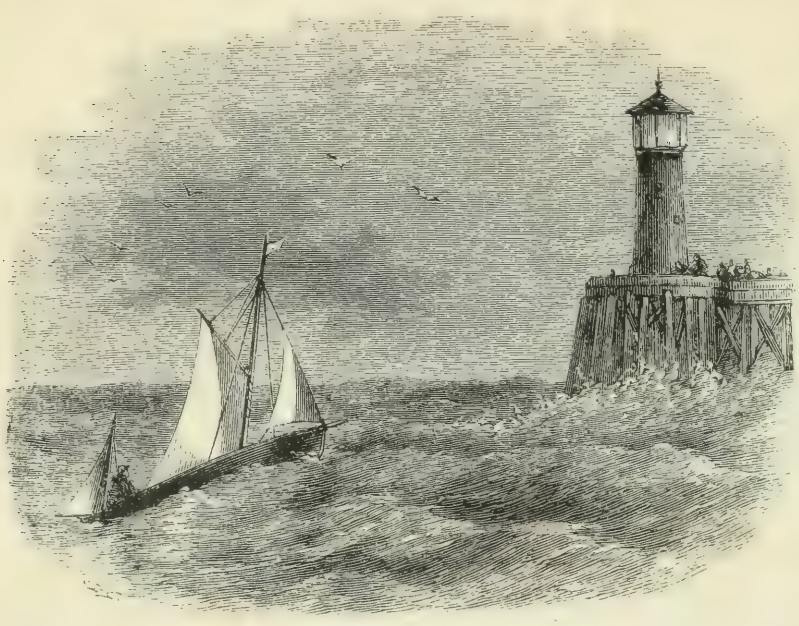
Thus prepared, the boat is hastily launched at 3 P.M. on the 7th of June, 1867. She has a ton and a half of pig-iron on board for ballast, is laden with the luggage and luxuries for a three months' voyage, her masts are stepped, the sails are bent, the flags unfold to the breeze, the line to shore is slipped, and the Rob Roy leaves Woolwich, "never to have any

solved," he says, "to have a thoroughly good sailing boat—the largest that could be well managed in rough weather by one strong man—and with every bolt, cleat, sheave, and rope well-considered in relation to the questions: How will this work in a squall? on a rock? in the dark? or in a rushing tide? a crowded lock? —not to say in a storm?" The new boat was "first *safe*, next *comfortable*, and then *fast*." Speed might have been insisted upon as the first quality if there had been two men to go aboard, one to pick up the other when he should fall over; but in this case the Captain was also to constitute the crew. The Rob Roy then is a life-boat to begin with. She is 7 feet breadth of beam and 21 feet long, and is thus capable of carrying in her cabin another boat—a little dingey or punt—which is also a life-boat, eight feet long, "to go ashore by, to take exercise in, and to use for a refuge in last resource if shipwrecked."

These two boats are the Captain's sole companions. But he is adapted for his place; he has good health, good spirits, and a passion for the sea; he has learned to rise, eat, drink, and sleep as the water or winds decree, without regard to his watch; his wits are large enough to circumscribe the tide, breeze, waves, chart, buoys, and lights—also the sails, pilot-book, and compass—the passing vessels—and to cook, eat, and drink in the midst of all; so that, even apart from his disposition, he is not likely to have time to feel "lonely." We shall let the Captain describe his boat after his own fashion:



ROUTE OF THE ROB ROY.



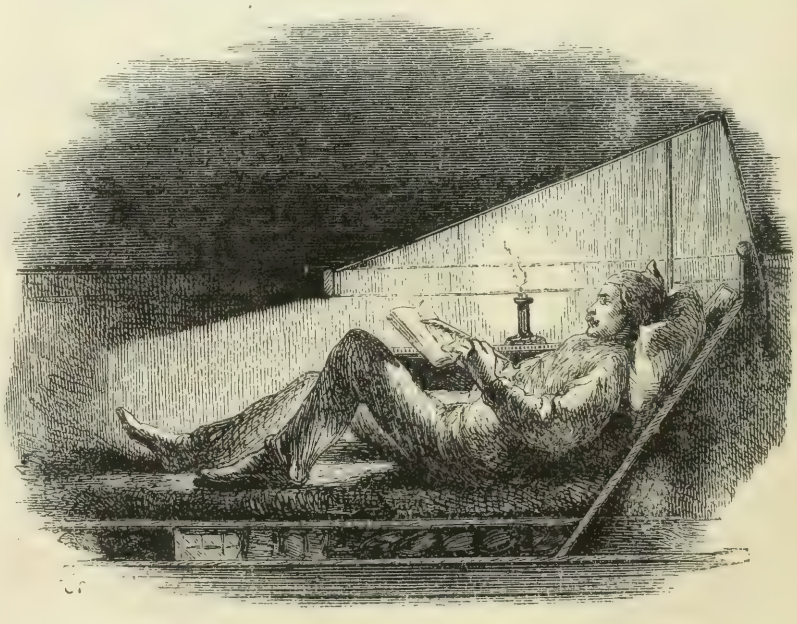
ENTERING THE PORT.

person aboard in her progress but the Captain, until she returns to the builder's yard." And the Captain, with good reason, congratulates himself upon the comparison of his floating freehold "to another home founded on London clay, sternly immovable, and with the quarter's rent to pay." We landsmen, who are accustomed to look upon the sea from the beach very much as we would look upon a picture, can scarcely appreciate the sailor's love of the ocean. He does not view it in perspective; his life and his home are *upon* it.

But the Rob Roy must be "swung for the compass," since the amount of iron on board causes the delicate needle to vary, and only a half point of variation, however small it may look on the compass card, makes all the difference in the world in avoiding a shoal or in finding a harbor. The error is easily ascertained by turning the boat's head toward the various points of the compass, and marking the degree of variation.

We start from the Thames seaward. Sailing on to Sheerness the Rob Roy fixes many a sailor's eye, with the bright sun shining on her new white sails, her brilliant colored flags fluttering gayly in the wind as the waves glance and play about her mahogany sides. From the sketch which heads our article it will be seen that the Rob Roy is fully decked all over except an open well near the stern, three feet square and about the same in depth, including a strong combing which surrounds both this well and the main hatchway, as a protection in a sea. The well is separated from the next compartment by a bulkhead, which slopes forward to give room for stretching of the limbs and change of posture, and so as also to form a comfortable sloping back inside of the cabin, which supports a large, soft pillow, the whole being used as a sofa to recline on while reading or writing. Fronting the seat hangs the binnacle with its tender, thrilling compass, and the lamp always ready to be lighted; and above the binnacle is the chart, which from its exposed position needs to be protected by a frame. The compass is so placed that the Captain can see its face even when reclining upon the deck with his back against a pillow propped by the mizzen-mast, as seen in our first sketch. This attitude of the Captain represents the leisure of the sea; it is only for light airs and gentle waves, for deep rivers or long runs on the same tack.

Let us push forward the hatch of the Rob Roy and open the interior of the boat, disclosing the scene represented in the sketch given on the preceding page. The Captain is cooking his dinner. His figure conceals a water-tank, which holds a week's supply of water; on the tank top is soap and a clean towel. One of the two boxes on the left side of the cabin holds "Dressing," the other "Reading and Writing," and under the shelf is a portmanteau full of clothes. The pantry contains a tea-pot, cup, and tumbler, and a tray holding knife and fork, spoons, salt in a snuff-box, pepper, mus-



CABIN OF THE ROB ROY.



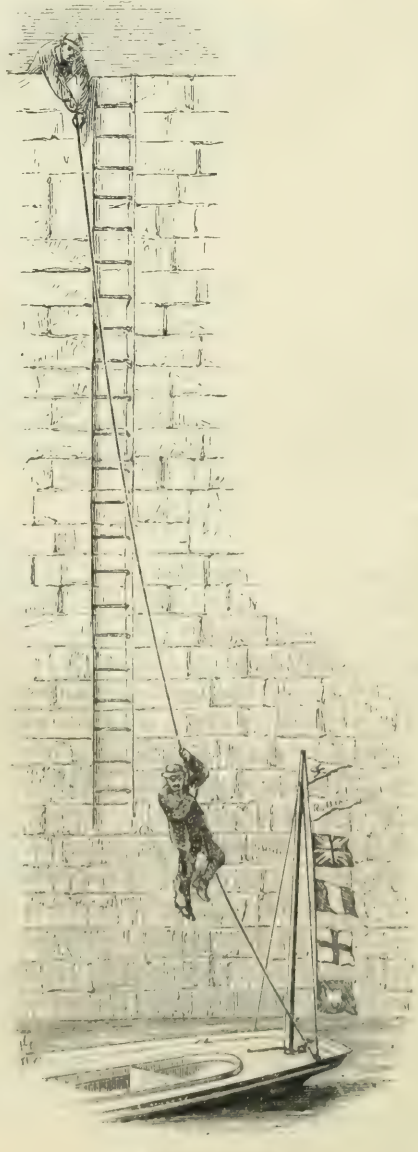
A LITERARY "LIFT."

tard, cork-screw, and lever-knife for preserved meat tins, etc.

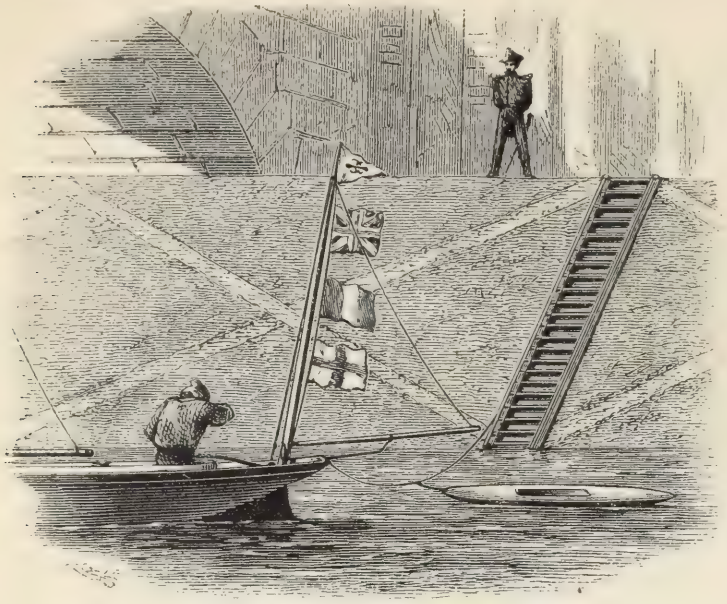
"Of course," says the Captain, "all stoves with coal or coke or similar fuel were out of the question, being hard to light, dusty when lighted, and dirty to clean. Various spirit-lamps, Etnas, Magic stoves, Soyers, and others, were examined and tried, and all were defective in grand points. The Russian lamp, used in his Alpine climbs by Mr. Tuckett, who occupies the distinguished office of 'Cook of the Canoe Club,' was found far superior to all these. This lamp is less than three inches each way, and has no wick, but acts after the manner of a blow-pipe. In two minutes after lighting it pours forth a vehement flame about a foot in height, which with a warming heat boils two large cups full in my flat copper kettle in five minutes, or a can of preserved meat in six minutes.

"While the kettle is boiling we bring forward the box marked 'Eating,' take the loaf of bread out of its Mackintosh swathing, prepare the egg-pan with two eggs, the tea-pot, and put sugar into the tea-cup, and a spoonful of preserved milk (Amey's is most convenient, being in powder; but Borden's, in a kind of paste, is most agreeable); lastly, we overhaul the butter-tin and pot of marmalade or anchovies. The healthful relish with which a plain hot breakfast of this sort is consumed, with the fresh air all round, and the sun athwart the east, and the waves dancing while the boat sails merrily all the time, is enhanced by the pleasure of steering and buttering bread, and holding a hot egg and a tea-cup, all at once."

And here we may as well give the reader some idea of the route of the Rob Roy in this interesting voyage. A glance at the map on page 719 is sufficient for this purpose. The English Channel is crossed from Dover to Boulogne; then the French coast is followed to the



"HAUL TAUT!"



THE INSCRUTABLE TOOTH-BRUSH.

mouth of the Seine, up which river the yawl proceeds to Paris; then returning to the mouth of the Seine, the Channel is again crossed from Havre to Cowes; and, finally, the Rob Roy returns along the English coast to Dover and the Thames. But the dotted line on the map takes no account of the many miles of zigzag sailing which had to be accomplished in the route.

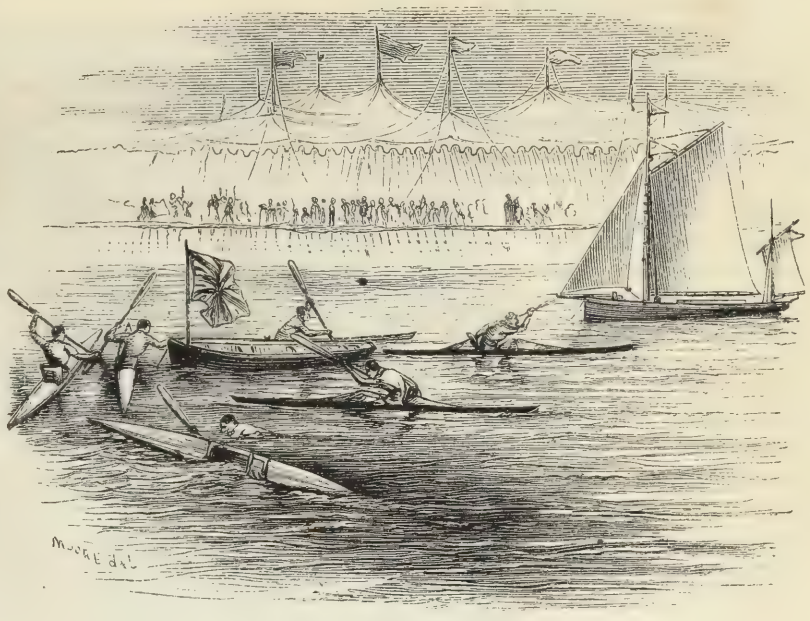
From Dover to Boulogne "it was simply a pleasant sail, in a fine day, and in a good little boat. The sight of both shores at once, when you are in the widest part of a passage, removes it immediately from the romance and interest of being entirely out of sight of land and of ships, and of all else but water, and so there is absent that deeper stir of feeling which powerfully seized me in the wide traverse afterward from Havre to Cowes. Indeed, when you know the under-water geography of the Channel near Dover, it is impossible not to feel that you are sailing over shallow waves; for though they seem to be deep and grand enough from Dover Castle or the Boulogne heights, the whole way might almost be spanned by piers and arches; and if you wished to walk over dry-shod at the low spring-tide, you need only lay from shore to shore a twenty-miles slice of undulated ground cut from the environs of London. The cellars of the houses would be at the bottom of the sea, but the chimney-pots would still be above it for stepping-stones."

The Captain enters the harbor of Boulogne at midnight, after some little difficulty occasioned by the loss of his pilot-book. In all these French ports there is a peculiarity which has to be seriously considered in the calculations of a sailing-master. "They are quiet enough up to a certain time of night; but as the tide serves the whole port awakes, all the fishing vessels get ready to start. The quays become vocal with shouts, yells, calls, whistles, and the most stupid din and hubbub. This chorus was in full cry about two o'clock A.M. Soon great luggers came splashing along with shrieks from the crews, and sails flapping, chains rattling, spars knocking about, as if a tempest were in rage." The Rob Roy did not escape this onset at Boulogne; for one of this lubberly craft, larger and more inebriated than all the rest, dashed in among the small boats where the poor little yawl lay, then wrapt in calm repose, and swooping down upon it, "she keeled us over on our beam-ends, and then fastening her clumsy, rusty anchor in my mizzen-shrouds (which were of iron, and declined to snap), bore me and my boat away far off, ignominiously, stern foremost." Then came the *duane* and police functionaries to appraise the value of the yacht, which is authorized to pass as an article entered for the Paris Exhibition. Except in this capacity she could scarcely hope to pass muster in a French port at all. By law a ship's papers must be signed "by two persons on board"—a difficulty only to be surmounted by Macgregor's signing first as Captain and then as cook. Certainly if Macgregor had been a Frenchman he could not have entered upon his novel voyage, for the French law prevents any of its citizens from sailing all alone.



A SUNDAY RIDE.

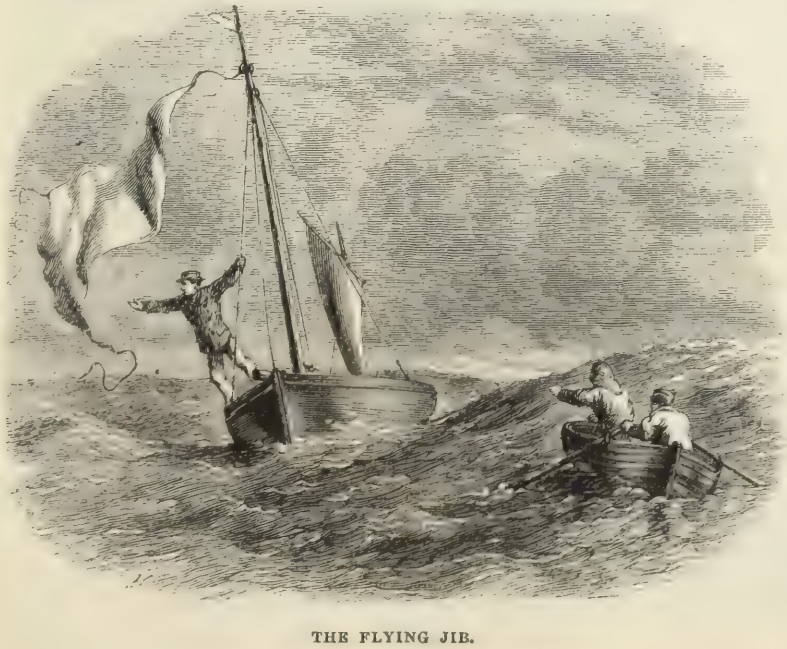
The north coast of France from Boulogne to Havre is well lighted at night, but the navigation is dangerous on account of the numerous shoals and the tortuous currents and tides. For about the first half of the distance the shores are low, and the water, even far out, is shallow. Afterward the land rises to huge red cliffs, rugged and steep sometimes for miles, without any opening. Fortunately the Captain escaped a S. W. wind, which, with the fogs and sea which it brings, would have made progress difficult if not impossible. "We had good weather," says the Captain, "on the worst parts of the French coast, and my stormy days were yet to come."



CANOE CHASE ON THE SEINE.

Captain Macgregor's entrance to the harbor of Treport, a pretty little bathing town midway between Boulogne and Havre, was an occasion of great excitement both on the yawl and on shore. The pilot-book gave a serious account of the difficulties of entering the harbor, and a crowd gradually collected on the pier to witness the fate of the little boat, evidently expecting that she would be smashed. "A single bump on the bar with such a sea, and in two minutes she would be a helpless wreck." The wind blew a perfect gale from the west. But the Rob Roy passed the shingle bar in spite of high seas, the cross-tide, and the exceedingly narrow entrance. The Captain gives the following amusing account of his reception at the Treport pier:

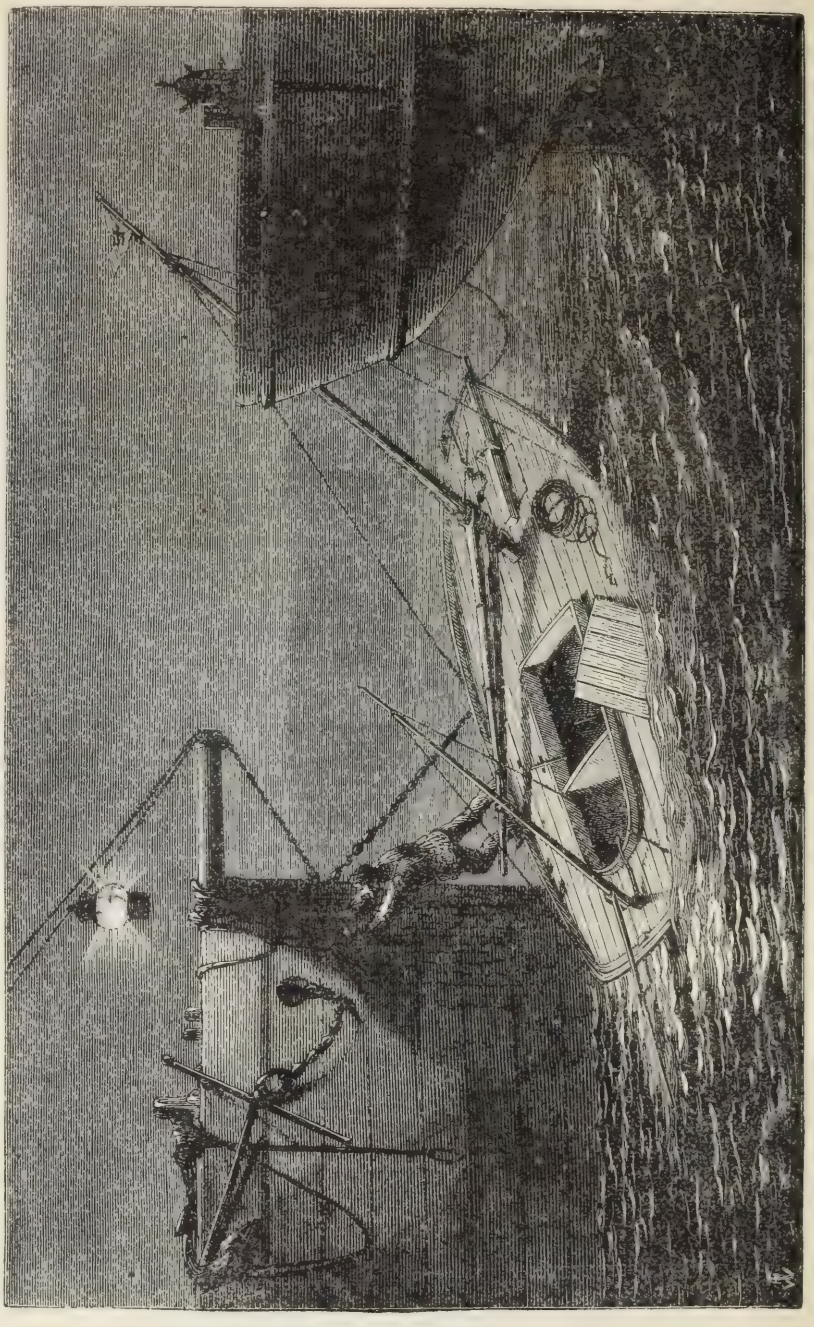
"Among the spectators the only one who did not hold his hat on against the wind was an extraordinary personage who capered about shouting. Long curly hair waved over his face; his dress was hung round with corks and tassels; he swung a long life-line round his head, and screamed at me words which were of course utterly lost in the breeze. This dancing dervish was the 'life-saver,' marine preserver, and general bore of the occasion, and he seemed unduly annoyed to see me profoundly deaf to his noise as I stood on the after-deck to get a wider view, holding on by the mizzen-mast, steering with my feet, and surveying the entrance with my glass. All the people ran alongside as the Rob Roy glided past the pier and smoothly berthed upon a great mud-bank exactly as desired, and then I apologized to the quaint Frenchman, saying that I could not answer him before, for really I had enough to do to steer my boat, at which all the rest laughed heartily; but we made it up next day, and the dervish and Rob Roy were good friends again."



THE FLYING JIB.

At Treport the Captain falls in with M. Charles, the owner of the *Onyx*, an English-built yacht. The two yachts started in company for a run to Dieppe, thirteen miles distant. Here they found a nest of twelve English yachts. "These graceful creatures (is it possible that a fine yacht can be counted as an inanimate thing?) reclined on the muddy bosom of the basin; but I would not put the Rob Roy there, it seemed so pent-up and torpid a life, and with the curious always gazing down from the lofty quay right

into your cabin, especially as next day I wished to have a quiet Sunday." But in this respect the Captain was disappointed. "Instead of a peaceful day of rest the Sunday at Dieppe was unusually bustling from morning to night, for it was the 'Fête Dieu' there. The streets were dressed in gala, and strewn with green herbs, while along the shop-fronts was a long festooned stripe of white calico, set off by roses here and there; the shipping, too, was decked in flag array, and drums, bells, and trombones ushered a long procession of schools and soldiers, and young people coming from their first communion, and their priests and banners and relics, which halted around temporary altars in the open air to recite a chant, while a vast crowd followed to gaze."



"IT WAS QUITE SUCCESSFUL, AND I FELL INTO THE WATER."—[SEE PAGE 728.]

In his canoe voyages the Captain had carried with him a supply of books and periodicals, and illustrated stories in various languages, to be given away. The Rob Roy yawl, being more spacious, was more plentifully supplied with literature. These books were given away from day to day, and especially on Sunday afternoons, among the sailors and water-population wherever the Rob Roy roved. "Thousands of seamen can read, and have time, but no books. Bargees lolling about, or prone in the sun, eagerly began a 'Pilgrim's Progress' when thus presented, and sometimes went on reading and thinking for hours. Fishermen came off in boats to ask for them, policemen and soldiers too begged for a book, and then asked for another for a 'child at school.' Smart yachtsmen were most grateful of all, and some even offered to pay for them; the navvies, lock-keepers, ferry-men, watermen, porters, dock-men, and guard-men of light-houses, piers, and hulks, as well as many a Royal Navy blue-jacket, gratefully accepted these little souvenirs with every appearance of gratitude." How these books were conveyed from the little dingey to men in large vessels, is shown in the sketch on page 721.

On returning from his Sunday missionary tour to the quay there happened to the Captain "an absurd misery of the kind considered to be comical, and so beyond sympathy. The little yawl being anchored in the harbor had also a long rope to the quay, and by this I could draw it near the foot of an upright ladder of iron bars fixed in the stones of the quay wall, an ordinary plan of access in such cases. The pier-man promised faithfully to watch my boat as the tide sunk (it was every moment more and more under his very nose), and so haul her about that she should not 'ground' before my return; yet when I came back at night her keel had sunk and sunk until it reached the bottom, so she could not be moved with all our pulling. Moreover the tide had gone out so far as to prevent any boat at all from coming to the dock wall round the harbor. I tried to amuse myself for an hour while the tide might

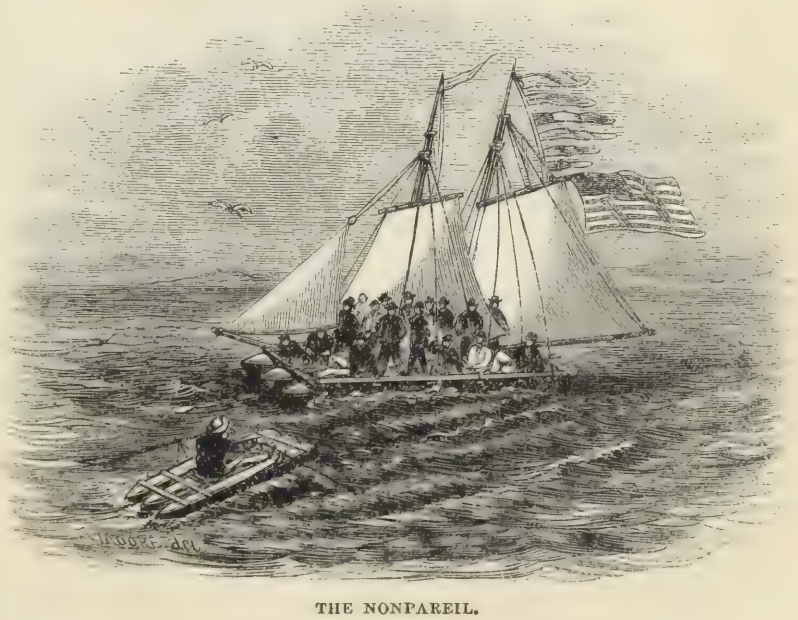


BED OF THE SEA.

rise; but at length, impatient and sleepy and ready for bed, to be off to-morrow at break of day, I determined to get on board at once somehow or other. Descending then by the iron bars until I reached the last of them, I swung myself on the slack of the strong cable hanging from above (and attached at the other end to my yawl), and which the man received strict orders to 'haul taut' at the critical moment. Alas! in his clumsy hands the effect intended was exactly reversed; the rope was gently loosened, and I subsided in the most undignified, inevitable, and provokingly cool manner, quietly into the water at 10.30 P.M. However, there was no use in grumbling, so I spluttered and laughed, and then went to bed."

Long before sunrise the Rob Roy was creeping out of the harbor of Dieppe, towed by some sturdy fish-wives on the quay, thus saving the Captain a good half hour of tedious rowing against wind and tide. Thus the stanch little boat is again about to brave the perils of the French coast. Great beetling cliffs of sharp red flint glitter alongside its course for miles and miles, far beyond what the eye could reach, forming an impressive object ever in sight, and generally begetting an earnest hope that the weather may be good just to-day. This iron-bound coast has no port easy of entrance, and the tides are very powerful, so that with either a gale or a calm there would be a danger to meet. And here became apparent the disadvantages of yacht navigation undertaken under these circumstances. An ordinary vessel would put well out to sea, and go on night and day in deep water, again nearing the land close to its destination. But the Rob Roy has only a single occupant, and its course had to be within seven or eight miles of the shore, so as to be within reach of a port at night; else in the Captain's attempt to sleep his boat might drift twenty miles with the tide, out to sea or upon the shore.

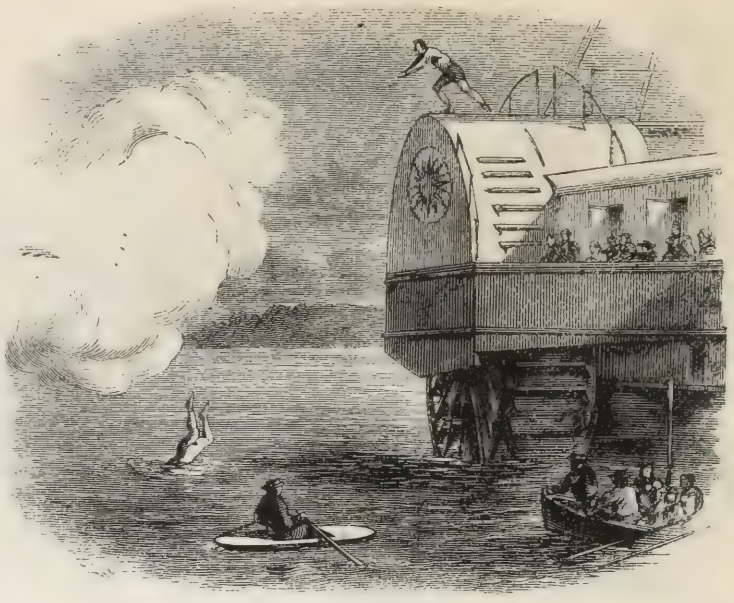
It is determined that the Rob Roy shall enter Havre without stopping at Etretat or Fecamp. As we approach the formidable-looking Cape Antifer the wind gradually lulls away to nothing. It is only four or five miles to Cape de la Heve, and once round that, on the other side is Havre. "How tantalizing," writes the Captain, "to be so near, and yet still out of reach! If this calm ends in a west wind we may be driven back any where by that and the tide. If it ends in a thunder-storm, we shall have to put off to sea at once." The light-houses up aloft on the crag are already lighted. Soon it will be dark, and we shall at least have to enter Havre by night. For once the Captain is "out of sorts;" he confesses, "I felt lonely, exceedingly lonely and helpless; also sleepy, feverish, discontented, and miserable. The lonely feeling came only twice more in the voyage; the other bad feelings never again." Fortunately, after four hours of restless waiting, a favorable breeze rises, and we double the cape. The flashing of the lights at Havre is a happy reward to a long day's toil, and as the yawl speeds forward cheerily through the gloom the kettle



THE NONPAREIL.

hums over the lamp, and a bumper of hot grog is served out to "the crew," as the Captain loves to call himself by way of variety.

Now for a tedious voyage of 300 miles up the Seine to Paris. At noon on the 26th of June the Rob Roy is hooked on to a steamer, and is towed up the river. Much time is wasted in passing through each lock. "In nearing it the steamer sounded her shrill whistle to give warning, but the lock was sure to be full of barges and boats when we came close. Then our cavalcade had to draw aside until the sluggish barges in front had all come out, and we went into the great basin with bumps, and knocks, and jars, and shouting. It required active use of the boat-hook for me to get the Rob Roy into the proper place in the lock, and then to keep her there. The men were not clumsy nor careless, but still the polished mahogany yawl had no chance in a squeezing match with the heavy floats and barges, and it was always sure to go to the wall." Thus four nights and nearly five days are passed in mounting the Seine. "The architecture and engineering of this fine river," says Captain Macgregor, "are indeed splendid. The noble bridges, the vast locks, barrages, quays, barriers, and embankments are far superior to ours on the Thames, though that river floats more wealth in one day than the Seine does in a month."



SPORTS AT COWES.

"There was no romance in this manner of progress up the river. The poetry of wandering where you will, and all alone, can not be thrown around a boat pulled by the nose while you are sitting in it all day. The Rob Roy, with mast down, and tied by a tow-rope, was like an eagle limping with clipped pinion and a chained foot."

At St. Cloud on the last day of June. Here we are to rest while the yawl is thoroughly cleaned, brightly varnished, and its inside gayly painted with Cambridge blue, so as to appear at the French Exhibition in its very best suit, and then at the British Regatta on the Seine.

The Captain does not bore us with an account of the Exhibition; and as to Paris hotels they were out of his line, as while at Paris he slept on board the Rob Roy. This led to an acquaintance with a "gendarme," of which he gives the following account: "Each morning about seven o'clock you might notice a smart-looking French policeman standing on the grass bank of the Exhibition, and staring hard at the Rob Roy. He had come to see her Captain at his somewhat airy toilet, and he was particularly interested, if not amazed, to witness the evolutions of a tooth-brush. Perhaps he found them not only interesting but instructive, and involving an idea perfectly new—hard also to comprehend from so distant an inspection. Surely this strange implement must be a novelty imported from England for exhibition here. As he gazed in wonder at the rapid exercise I sometimes gave the curious instrument an extra flourish above or below, and the intelligent and courteous gendarme never rightly decided whether or not the tooth-brush was an essential though inscrutable part



BEACHY HEAD GHOST.



PADDLE AND PARASOL.

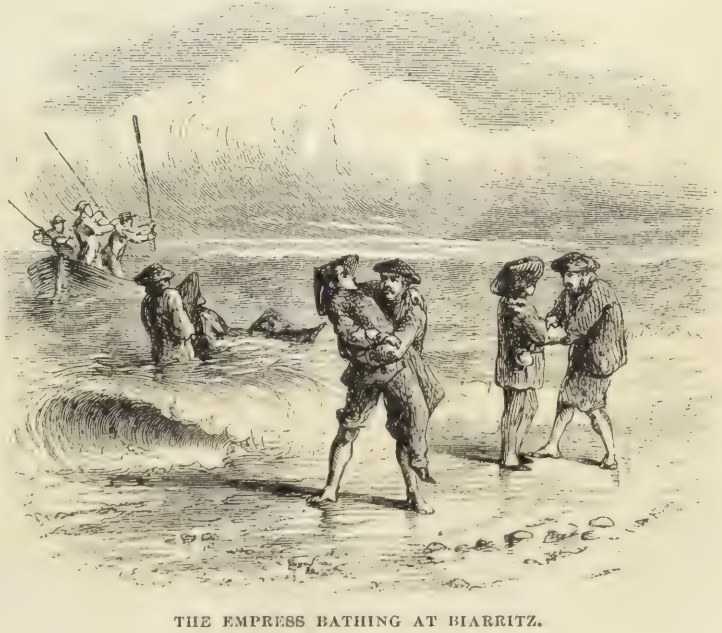
of the yacht's sailing gear. Our acquaintance, however, improved, and he kindly took charge of the boat in my absence; not without a mysterious air as he recounted its travels (and a good deal more) to the numerous visitors—many of whom, after his explanations, left the Rob Roy quite delighted that they had seen 'the little ship which had sailed from America!'"

On Sunday the little dingey had its usual cargo of books, papers, and pictures, and the bargemen on the Seine were grateful for something to read. Our sketch on page 722 represents a man watering a horse, and who swam out to the Rob Roy to get a paper, and then carefully placed the gift in a dry place ashore until he should be able to use it when he was dressed again.

The Rob Roy had pushed up to Paris chiefly to see and help in the Regatta. The Canadian boatmen came out ahead both of the French and English. Captain Macgregor commends them especially for their steering and stroke; he finds the French ahead of the English in the speed of their canoes; but as to the *man* he thinks we must learn from England. He gives the following description of a canoe chase on the Seine: "Two prizes were offered at the Paris Regatta for a canoe chase open to all 'peoples.' Five French canoes entered, but there was only one English canoeist ready in his Rob Roy to meet all comers.

"The canoes were drawn up on land alongside each other, and with their sterns touching the lower step of the 'Tribune' or grand stand. It was curious to observe the various positions taken up by the different men, as each adopted what he thought was the best manner of starting. One was at his boat's stern; another, at the side, half carried his canoe, ready to be 'off;' another grasped the bow; while the most knowing paddler held the end of his 'painter' (or little rope) extended from the bow as far as it would reach.

"All dashed off together on being started, and ran with their boats to the water. The Frenchmen soon got entangled together by trying to get into their boats dry; but the Englishman had made up his mind for a wetting, and it might as well come now at once as in a few minutes after, so he rushed straight into the river up to his waist, and therefore, being free from the crowding of others, he got into his boat all dripping wet, but foremost of all, and then paddled swiftly away. The rest soon followed; and all of them were making to the flag-boat anchored a little way off, round which the canoes must first make a turn. Here the Englishman, misled by the various voices on shore telling him the (wrong) side he was to take, lost all the advantage of his start; so that all the six boats arrived at the flag-boat together, each struggling to get round it, but locked with some other opponent in a general scramble. Next, their course was back to the shore, where they jumped out and ran along, each one dragging his boat round another flag on dry land, amidst the cheers and laughter of the dense group of spectators, who had evidently not anticipated a contest so new in its kind, and so completely visible from beginning to end. Again dashing into the water, the little struggling fleet pad-



THE EMPRESS BATHING AT BIARRITZ.

dled away to another flag-boat, but not now in such close array. Some stuck in the willows or rushes, or were overturned and had to swim; and the chance of who might win was still open to the man of strength and spirit, with reasonably good luck. Once more the competing canoes came swiftly back to shore, and were dragged round the flag, and another time paddled round the flag-boat; and now he was to be winner who could first reach the shore and bring his canoe to the Tribune: a well-earned victory, won by the Englishman, far ahead of the rest."



THE GIFT TO BOYS.

But the reef-points on the Rob Roy's sails rattle impatiently for the sea-breezes. So we are outward bound once more. Being towed down the Seine is so much like being towed up that it is not necessary to follow the Rob Roy back to Havre. We have at length passed the last bridge of the river, and to escape the *barre** are anchored with other vessels off the quaint old town of Quillebœuf. As a result of this peculiar tide we fancy as night comes on that our steamer's anchor is dragging. But the Captain so confidently denies this that we go off to sleep. By-and-by we hear a rap, tap, tap, tap on the boat. In a moment we dash off covering, roof, hatchway, and stand on deck confronted by a horrible scene, which is represented in the sketch on page 724. "Our steamer had drifted in the dark until we closed upon another steamboat astern. My yawl, tied to the stern of one, was between that and the bows of the other, the anchor chain of which had already got underneath the waist of the Rob Roy, and had been ringing the rap, tap, tap of a warning that undoubtedly saved her life. Light flashed from the riding lamp hanging at the steamer's bow full on my boat's deck, now heeled over deeply until the dark water rushed through her gunwale; and it seemed that only a few seconds more and the poor little Rob Roy would sink in the flood, or be ground into splinters by the two great iron monsters nearing each instant in the dark.

"All this was seen in the same rapid glance which in such dangers grasps a whole scene in a moment and stamps it in the mind for years.

"My boat hung on the chain, yet wavered with equal poise to go this way or that. If she could be swerved to the stern she might possibly escape destruction, but if to the other side, then the string rope at her bow would entirely prevent her escape. With a loud shout to arouse the crews I put every atom of force in my body into one desperate shove, straining nerve and muscle in one desperate effort until I could not see. She trembled and surged—it was successful, and I fell into the water, but my yawl was saved. Crash came the two steamers together. I heeded nothing of their din and smashing, and the uproar of the men, but I had scrambled all wet into my cabin, nervously shaking with excitement and a chattering of teeth. Then I sat down to sum up my bruises—a barked shin, sprained thigh, and bleeding cheek-bone; and a hapless object I must have seemed, bathing by turns my leg, and shin, and face from a brandy bottle, and then a gulp inside."

We arrive at Havre July 21. After a brief rest we are towed out into the harbor. But we have no sooner hoisted our jib for an independent course than our bowsprit end breaks off

* A tide phenomenon, which the Captain describes thus: "The water then rushes up the narrowing, funnel-shaped estuary, in a broad and swelling wave, sometimes four feet high, and this will sweep off even large vessels from their anchors, and it causes many wrecks. On a former occasion, when I happened to be in this neighborhood, a high tide had been truly predicted by astronomers, which would culminate at the little town of Caudebec on the Seine, but would also rise higher than ever known before on all the adjacent coasts.

"The news of this coming wonder spread over France, and there being then a lull in Europe as to revolutions, etc., except, of course, the perennial revolution in Spain, the *quidnuncs* of the provinces had to run to the coast for an excitement. Excursion trains and heavily-laden steamers poured volumes of people into Caudebec, and many of them had never seen salt sea before, while even at the fashionable bathing-town of Trouville the sight was a strange one for a visitor.

"Thousands of expectant observers paraded the soft white sand as the full moon shone on a waveless sea, and the brilliant dresses of the ladies colored the beautiful tableau.

"The tide flowed and flowed; it bubbled over the usual bounds of the shore; it trickled into the bathing-sheds; it swelled still higher upon the trim-kept promenade, until it lapped the highest point, and then went gently down again. Eclipses and tides are patent proofs to the people that physical science can appeal to."

and our jib flies away into the air like an umbrella blown inside out. Our French boatmen resume their hold upon the yawl, and after capturing the truant jib, we are again left free on the rolling waves.

We recross the channel to Cowes, and as our first night is spent out at sea in the great highway of nations, there is great danger of being run over. But the danger is only likely, and sleep is imperative. We roll the ample main-sail around us, and with our life-belt on, tie ourselves to the boom, as seen on page 725. As we wake next morning we discern land, and soon make a landing at Littlehampton, between Bognor and Brighton. Wide seas are no more to be thought of, and the summer is free. From Littlehampton we sail to Cowes, and the tall yellow masts clustered there show already what an assemblage the yawl will meet at the Royal Yacht Squadron Regatta. Many old friends greet us here, and his Royal Highness, Commodore of the Canoe Club, shakes hands with us.

"In the Regatta week the tide of a congregation coming out of the pretty church at Cowes is thoroughly aquatic. Fine stalwart men with handsome faces, girls with chignons as big as a top-sail bunt, yacht skippers of bronze hue and anxious eye, well-fed sailors with blue Jerseys, children with hat ribbons and neck-ties labeled with yacht names. There are 150 yachts on the water here, and the Rob Roy anchored close to the hotel, from which the sight was magnificent at night, when each mast-light was hung, and the whole made a brilliant crescent reflected in calm sea, while excellent music played softly on shore, and at each half hour the bell of every vessel tolled the time, Rob Roy adding her note to the jingle by so many thumps with an iron pot."

"The *Nonpareil* American life-raft was in Cowes after her Atlantic voyage of forty-three days at sea. Two of her three adventurous crew were Prussians, who could speak English only imperfectly, and the third was a Yankee. From the sketch on page 725 it will be seen that she is schooner-rigged, and very coarsely rigged too. Gigantic flags and streamers overwhelm her masts, but fourteen of us on her deck seem to sink the buoyant life-raft only an inch more in the water. She is made of three long tubes of India rubber, blown up by bellows; and when the air is out, these can be packed away snugly, weighing in all about a ton, and intended to be inflated and launched from a ship's deck in case of disaster. The men had for shelter during their long voyage only a small water-proof tent on the deck, with a gutter round its edge to catch the rain-water, and so to replenish their supply, kept in bags on each side, and now handed about in glasses as 'traveled liquor,' to wash down biscuits, still surplus from the 'sea store.' Their cooking apparatus was at first worked by petroleum, but this speedily burned the metal out, and they were driven to manufacture a very ramshackle sort of oil-lamp, fed by the oil for their ship-light and their compass, and supplied by passing vessels. The actual *substratum*, or raft proper, seems to be strong and substantial, but the gear, sails, and all other things were miserably contrived and worse executed in preparation for a long dreary voyage, drifting in wet and weariness during six weeks, which I could not but contrast with the pleasant six weeks just passed in the Rob Roy."

After the Regatta there were some excellent rowing-matches, varied by a "punt chase," which we illustrate on page 726, and of which we have the following description: "One man in a punt is chased by four in a row-boat, who have to catch both him and his boat within ten minutes. Of course his path is devious and tortuous on the water, his resort being quick turns, while the chasers gain in speed. After numerous close escapes he leaps into the water. Then if the pursuers hold his boat it clogs them in following him, and if they follow him while his boat is left free he manages to escape round some tangled mass of shipping, and so regains his boat for a new start.

"In one of these punt chases at Cowes the punter had several times plunged into the sea, and amidst shouts and cheers he was always closely followed by one of his chasers, who swam almost equally well. At length the brave punter swam over to the *Alberta*, one of the Queen's steam-yachts, which had several of the Royal Princesses and others on board, who kindly thus patronized the races, and their presence was thoroughly appreciated by us all. The hardy sailor scaled the yacht, and actually ran among the ladies—who doubtless were much amused, and indeed they tittered vastly. Then he mounted the lofty paddle-box, closely followed by his resolute pursuer, who would not be shaken off. With one moment of hesitation the punter took a splendid 'header' into the sea, and as he was thus descending from the paddle-box the gun fired, showing that the ten minutes had expired. The pursuer could then, of course, have given up the chase as done. He had lost, and could not win now. But there was still in him that fine free boldness which superadds brave deed to stern duty, and amidst a burst of cheers he too leaped down into the sea. The first diver, however, had heard the wished-for gun as he fell, and so he claimed his prize when he came up all red and watery, and both had well gained the applause of the spectators."

At last we are upon the homeward voyage. On the Bembridge reef the yawl strikes a rock, but luckily escapes serious harm. We are scarcely out of hearing of the drums at Portsmouth when we are caught in a fog. Then a thunder-storm comes up, and we are in utter darkness. Such are the incidents of our voyage from Cowes to Brighton. From this point, after rounding Beachy Head, we can find easy ports all the way to London. Beachy Head we ought to reach by 2 o'clock P.M. in order to take advantage of the eastward tide. But in this we do not succeed, so we turn shoreward

and anchor, waiting the turn of the tide or a breeze. After dark we are out to sea again.

"It was black enough all round; but yet the strong wind had not come, and we edged away eastward, doubly watchful, however, of the dark, for the crowd of vessels here was the real danger, and not the sea. Look at the ghost of Rob Roy (see sketch on page 726) flitting on the white sail as the lamp shines brightly; and now down comes the rain, and with it flash after flash, peal upon peal of roaring thunder, and the grandeur of the scene is unspeakable. The wind changed every few minutes, and vessels and boats and steamers whirled past like visions, often much too near to be welcome. A white dazzling gleam of forked lightning cleaves the darkness, and, behold! a huge vessel close at hand, but hitherto unseen, lofty and full-sailed, and for a moment black against the instant of light, and then utterly lost again. The plashing of rain hissed in the sea, and a voice would come out of the unseen—'Port, you lubber!' Ah, it's no use peering forward to discover on which side is the new danger."

But during this night of storm on land and sea we have crossed the bay. Hastings is soon passed, and we skirt along the cliffs toward Rye. Once round Dungeness, we can see Folkstone and Dover Cliffs, and we steer straight for Dover Pier. Our tiresome voyage is followed by a sound sleep of seventeen hours.

"Dover had been the port of departure and again of arrival for my first canoe voyage, and the memory of that delightful tour was recalled now by seeing a canoe paddling in the harbor. On closer scrutiny (see sketch on page 727) it was perceived that a young lady was its crew. Now though there are several fair members of our Canoe Club, we had not yet been fortunate enough to see one of these canoeistes on the water, so at once the dingey gave chase. This was the lady's very first essay in a canoe, yet she succeeded admirably, for it is far easier to learn a little of paddling than a little of rowing, as every neophyte can tell you. Yet I had not known until now that a Rob Roy can well be matched by a *Di Vernon*, and how much the most gentle movement afloat can be refined by delicate feminine grace. A few hints from the older paddler were rapidly taken up by the apt scholar, whose friends rowed beside us in a boat; and at length, with that English pluck which so many English girls possess, she boldly steered into a steamer's swell, and then to the open sea, where, before a soft zephyr murmuring its undertone whispers, we hoisted her parasol for a sail, and the visitors on Dover Pier had a novel treat in the duet between dingey and canoe."

At Margate, on the way to the Thames, the Captain recalls a scene which he witnessed years before in France, of which a sketch is given on page 727.

"Come rather back to France, and let us look at her Imperial Majesty the Empress Eugénie in the water, as we have seen her years ago.

"It was at Biarritz, and one day a commotion in the town was evident, but 'What is about to happen?' we asked, being ready for any response, as a traveler ought to be.

"'Her Majesty is going to bathe.'

"British modesty urged a quiet retreat, but French system being different, we spectators to the number of some hundreds were ranged along the sands in two long lines, with a narrow lane clear between, and grave gens d'armes keeping the ranks.

"The usual proceedings one sees at French bathing towns were all in action round about us. Ladies dressed to the highest pitch mingled with others in bathing costume. Gentlemen walking quite composed and dripping wet with ladies just come out of the sea and just going in again. Young girls in canoes boldly paddling, and gayly upsetting the little craft, while they swam alongside. Rafts with men and women, half-floating as they held by the sides, and chattered and basked in the sun. All this difficult interlude on dry-land manners was conducted with perfect decorum, a telling lesson to Britons who bathe.

"Perhaps, however, we should not like to see our Royal Family follow the example of the next scene. First there came out of the Imperial Villa a number of tall liveried footmen, each with a tray or basket piled up high with feminine finery, and this procession wound its way to two pretty little tents hard by the sea.

"Next there appeared the Empress and four maids of honor, who came also to the tents, the Empress going alone into one with a tasteful blue and silver drapery round it. See, now the ladies emerge from their disrobing rooms, and walk slowly down to the water between the double line of inquisitive but respectful visitors. Each lady has a coat, vest, and trowsers of black silk, with the neatest of little boots, and the most winning of large brimmed black straw hats —that of the Empress being trimmed with a narrow band of red.

"When they reached the water five big fellows approached, all dressed in red flannel. These bathing men each proceeded to tie an empty gourd, like a water-bottle, a sort of life-preserver, round the waist of a lady, and then, first politely bowing, he lifted the lady in his arms, as a nurse catches up a little child, and so with his fair burden he marched into the waves.

"When they were at about four feet deep the man allowed the lady to float on her back, and with his arms under her arms he supported her as each wave rose and fell.

"All the time of these strange doings there was a large boat close to the merry party, and with several men in it, who kept beating the water with long poles—What is that for? To keep away the sharks. Such is Majesty afloat. Yes, they do these things better in France!"

Our Captain is greatly interested in the British navy. At Greenhithe he found the training ship *Chichester* for the reception of homeless boys, and it was in answer to his urgent appeal

that the *Dolphin*, a strong, well-built, sea-going yacht of 20 tons (of which we give a sketch on page 728) was presented to the institution. The Captain accompanies the prize to Greenhithe. "Clouds withdrew from above," he writes, "as we neared the *Chichester*, and the full moon came out and looked upon the 'gift for boys' with her long pendant streaming in the wild and onward breeze. Then, as if in a summer eve, I lay on the deck, silent but with many a thought—the Rob Roy's rovings by river and sea in bright-some days and thundering nights, the good seed sown from the little dingey, the thousand incidents of a charming voyage. But best of them all was the sail in the *Dolphin*."

UNCLE GEORGE.

TWELVE o'clock at night on the Grand Trunk Road between Montreal and Portland, in a car, by some occult figure of speech which may be the Canadian form of facetiousness, denominated "sleeping!" At Island Pond, where we enter America, every mother's son and daughter of us will be tumbled up to shiver for an hour in a fiscal outhouse—half with the chill which a boundary line has failed to take off of true Canadian weather—half with the fear that Uncle Sam may pocket our two dozen pair of cheap Montreal stockings, as too many for the legs of any private citizen.

If Dr. Young had lived he would have been an ornament to the Grand Trunk's Board of Directors; like him, it takes no note of time but by its loss; and the Night Thoughts which it produces are of his cheerful character. Our teeth may chatter through the hour at Island Pond in an atmosphere of solemn darkness; or, by the ruddy glow of morn, we may have a chance to solve that mystery which has heretofore perplexed all our nocturnal journeys: Why Island Pond? Is it an Island in a Pond, or a Pond in an Island? The half day since we crossed Victoria Bridge has divorced Time and Place in our imagination. We can be sure of being nowhere at any given time. The chilly certainty that we shall be waked up some time, and the feverish uncertainty of what time, conspire to keep out of our berths the four of us who sit *vis-à-vis* in the middle section. We refuse to take the occult Canadian joke, and with eyes wide open beguile the hours in conversation. We run on to a switch, to let a heavy freight-train rumble by us into the northern darkness, when, for the hundredth time, somebody says,

"Stopping again? Bless my soul! What time is it?"

And another, taking his hand from his vest-pocket with a gesture of impatience, exclaims,

"There! I never can remember those ruffians picking my pocket last week at Crestline!"

"It would have left a pretty strong impression on my memory," spoke a third; "there can't be a greater inconvenience to a business man than to be without his watch."

"Well, I don't know about that," said the fourth. "It may bother a man to be without a watch; but the worst botheration I ever knew came of having more than one."

"How was that, indeed?"

And Number Four went on with his story:

It was when I was courting your cousin, you know, Joe—I won't say how many years ago, though I ain't the venerable sage I look by any means. Never mind; this highly-respectable white head and beard of mine once got me the only bed that was left in a Minnesota tavern, where I arrived at twelve o'clock at night with a dozen other land-speculators. "Give the old gentleman the bed," said they, "and let him choose who shall be chummed on him." I didn't say any thing, but half of 'em were older than I. Your cousin was a blooded girl, Joe, and I had to get white early to keep up the dignity of the family.

At the day I refer to I didn't travel on my dignity—my hair curled black as a coal; and Lucy one day confessed that she liked that style then as well as she does this now—though that curly head and a born Yankee under it, two calves on my father's farm, and the munificent salary of four hundred a year—

"With a chance of being taken in by the firm," said Joe.

More than a chance—I *was* taken in; for if I wasn't worth a thousand to old Skiesicks, in the button-mould department alone, I wasn't worth a cent—but what I've told you was all I had to match her father's mill stock. Neither of the old folks ever became perilously addicted to me, though, perhaps, small Boston clerk as I was, they might have given me in their frigid adhesion, but for the fact that I had a rival—yes, gentlemen—a Hated Rival!

Midwinter came. I had not seen your cousin, Joe, since the September apples ripened on the hill behind her father's barn; there were no railroads north of Boston, and mails ran so irregularly that a fellow on Washington Street in love with a girl up by St. Albans would necessarily be kept just about tantalized to death. I never for a moment dreamed that she'd prove false to me—but she might be made very miserable, and I know nothing about it—so, day by day, I became more settled in the conviction that we'd got to be married without further talk.

Lucy said I always, somehow, managed to look like a gentleman, though I had boarded myself and laid by five hundred dollars in two years. About a week before Christmas a Mediterranean brigantine came in with an assorted cargo—among it a job lot of lava curiosities, sold about as cheaply as they were carved—and an English friend of mine showed me a tremendous puff of that sort of thing in an advance copy of the London *Athenæum*. I remembered that this sheet was then the oracle of the "Hub," and bought the whole lot of ornaments for a song, while the other merchants were nosing around

at my elbow for Messina oranges, bargains in Bohemian glass, and imitation Sèvres. The day that the regular subscribers got their English papers I issued a flaming advertisement calling attention to the comments which had been made in London upon the articles of *vertu* (If you ever want to get on in Boston keep saying "vertu," Joe, "*en règle*," and such! Lord bless the dictionary I got 'em out of!)—"the articles of *vertu* to be obtained of John Loring only, 1299 Washington Street," citing the *Athenæum* article in full, and adding, "a paper in the hands of all the intellectual people in Boston." I became the rage, gentlemen! For the trifling commission of twenty-five per cent. Skiesicks kindly allowed me to sell across his counter; and at the end of Holiday-week I not only had back my five hundred dollars, but $4000 besides. My stock all cleared off, I turned to my employer—"Would you rather have your commission, and look up another young gentleman to discharge my particularly light and pleasant duties, or let me put the entire profits into the concern and begin our New Year under the style of Skiesicks and Loring?" He thought a while, and then consented to let me buy into a business my share of whose returns would foot up about twelve hundred a year.

The same day I got a long, almost broken-hearted, letter from Lucy. I couldn't imagine how the old people were tormenting her about that awful creature, Peter Dagon. This my hated rival's father and mother had been over three times within the last month to call on her. With deep woman-pathos she added that they came "intentionally;" once they staid to tea; and the last time, on parting with her, parentally kissed her before she could collect herself. Oh, it was horrid! Like a frightful nightmare I had once, in which I stood on one side of a fathomless abyss, and saw Lucy on the other half-way through the marriage-ceremony with Peter Dagon. At the tea-table, the night the Dagons staid, old man Dagon had delivered himself of an inventory of his entire farm and all the "critters;" adding, incidentally, in a devotional gasp, "but I shall soon be gethered untew my fathers—and I hope Peter 'll use it well, for he'll have the hull on it." Then Mrs. Dagon had lost herself in mazes of reminiscence dating from Peter's pinafore period, leading, if they led any where, to the conclusion that in all New England there had never been such a "marster hand" either for calf-raising or catechism. In Lucy's own family there was no one to stand up for me except her Uncle George. He lived four miles from the village on the stage-road toward Boston, and seldom came in except to meeting or to do his trading; but when he did come he always cheered her up like sunshine, whispering ever so many nice things about me into her private ear, and never showing the white feather when I needed a stout good word before the old folks.

Lucy's letter roused all the man that was in me. All the boy, too, perhaps you'll say; for my vivid imagination pictured the dear girl in a thousand horrible situations which colder common-sense might have shown most improbable. Among other fancies was the one that her relatives might conspire with the Dagons to run her across the line into Canada, and conceal her where I could not find her, or where, if I did, the laws made it impossible for me to marry her without the consent of her guardians. I remembered a case where this had been done, although with a girl of poorer mettle, and remembered also, that on one occasion, in giving Lucy a piece of her mind about me, her mother had reminded her of the ease with which, if necessary, a similar remedy could be resorted to again.

This idea took such possession of me that I knew no peace till I had arranged with my new partner for a fortnight's absence and written to Lucy that our time had come—that she might expect me, five days from date, fully prepared to make her Mrs. John Loring. If she thought best, I told her to break that inevitable destiny to the old folks and secure their acquiescence; but if this were impossible, to take the courageous step by herself. Be sure I was not silent upon my late good fortune; but how much that would weigh in the calm, parental scales against Peter Dagon's landed property and "critters" I could not calculate. To my heated fancy he looked like a gloomy, monetary volcano, a Vesuvius of dollars, ready at any time to erupt over the smiling vineyard of my hopes. Never mind! I knew Lucy well enough to be sure that, barring all accidents of fraud or violence, she would marry me any how as soon as I reached North Betterton.

Having dispatched my letter I forthwith sought the Boston Tailor of Largest Ideas, and contracted with him to have ready for me by the evening of the next day but one a suit of wedding raiment in which those largest ideas should be pushed to the verge of possibility. I am not sure that I used these exact words; but he made clothes for Mr. Emerson, and would have understood me if I had. "Be particular about the style and quality," said I; and impressing it upon him that the quantity of cloth was no object with me, but that I wanted an elegant figure, I received from him a lofty nod of intelligence, got measured, and came away with a sense of elation as one who has drunk new wine.

In the pride of old love and new affluence I could not bear the thought of going after my sweet-heart with hands quite empty. I bought her a gold watch for my wedding present, which for safety I attached to my own neck and wore in my left-hand pocket. Remembering how she would hate to be better adorned than me, I exchanged my old silver time-piece for a hundred-dollar Tobias—attached this also to my neck, and wore it in the pocket on the right. The night before I started northward I received my nuptial raiment from the Tailor of

Largest Ideas. I feasted my eyes on its glossy blackness. I hung tenderly over the tails—it was my first claw-hammer jacket, and the cynic who can deride me must be indeed

"farther off from Heaven
Than when he was a boy."

I was about trying the clothes on—so to speak, sinking into them as into some delicious dream—when a rap announced Skiesicks, who had come to post books with me, and I was compelled to work so late into the night that there was no time to complete the experiment before the stage-driver's horn sounded in my sleepy ear. With a sigh of affectionate regret I added the new suit to my portmanteau's already packed contents, and stumbled through a black fog to my seat in the vehicle. I was surprised to find it on wheels, for a heavy snow was reported forty miles out of Boston, but clambered without comment to my corner, and sat down with my portmanteau under the seat, wrapt from all coarser thoughts in a delirium compounded of Lucy, two gold watches, and the nuptial raiment.

We rattled and creaked out of Boston to a mildewed tavern in the suburbs, and there a melancholy man, who looked and smelt as if he had been sitting up all night to grease his hair with ham-fat, stuck through the stage door an equally smoky and sleepy lantern, to take our fares and ask our names for the way-bill, also to give me my first glimpse of my fellow-passengers. These were a man and woman side by side on the back seat; a little wizen-faced pair, with that peculiar look of having been ground down into a likeness to each other by many years of mutual attrition which belongs to some long-married couples, whose small, inquisitive eyes winked in the sudden flash of the lantern in a scared-owl kind of way which forcibly reminded me of somebody I had seen before. Their suggestiveness was explained when they gave their names as Mr. and Mrs. Tadmor, of Wilderness Place, Roxbury; stated their destination to be North Betterton, and paid their fare out of a moleskin purse, whose resemblance to the foot of a damaged mourning stocking had often excited Lucy's risibles when they paid their summer visit at the house of Mr. Tadmor's sister, Mrs. Dagon. Often as I had heard of them, I had never seen them before, and I was pretty sure that their previous acquaintance with me had precisely the same limits.

Once more, at the sound of their names, my mind kindled with a terrible suspicion! What, at this frigid and unpastoral time of year, took the Tadmors to North Betterton? My assurance of a conspiracy became doubly sure; in some occult way they were going out to obstruct my wedding. Perhaps they had been called to a family council to assist in the Canada business; perhaps they went to poison the rural mind of Lucy's family with slanders against me; perhaps they had even heard that I was expected to go after Lucy in this very stage, and had bribed the driver to take out the vehicle on wheels and break an axle in some snow-bank! Quick as thought I determined to keep the cards in my own hand—they were there so long as I withheld my name. Thus, when the ham-fat man turned to me with the way-bill, I announced myself as Ephraim Robinson from Holmes's Hole, and fancied that I perceived something like disappointment in the twinkling eyes just opposite.

As the stage lumbered on, and the daylight grew, my fellow-passengers and I fell into conversation. Breakfast amenities at the Little Kidlington tavern smoothed the way for a still further intimacy; and by the time that I had so far accustomed myself to my alias as to run no risk of its utterance taking me by surprise (an end accomplished through perpetual mental repetitions of "Robinson, Robinson, Robinson," like some new rule for finding the Cube Root), I was getting along swimmingly in fish-oil with Mr. Tadmor, and had become an authority with Mrs. Tadmor on the state of religion in Holmes's Hole.

He must be a rough old file, indeed, whom the rubs of a bumping stage-coach does not smooth down into something like a pleasant understanding with his neighbors. A stage is a kind of revolving sand-box for the polish of human castings; the process involves a deal of noise and banging, but the friction lessens and the surfaces get shinier all the time. I perceptibly grew with Mr. Tadmor when his umbrella fell on my head out of the top-straps, and I begged he would not mention it; and Mrs. Tadmor gained ground with me when, on ascertaining that the toe I had poked through her bandbox had not damaged the bonnet within, she assured me it was not of the least consequence. Before sundown—or what, somewhere beyond the confines of a world-full of fog, was supposably that—the wizened couple had attained a very high place in my estimation as sensible, agreeable people, which you may be sure they made no peg lower by informing me at the supper-table where we stopped for the night that, although the stage regulations had compelled them to book for North Betterton, they were in reality to be set down fifteen miles short of that, at a farm-house, where they had been called to the sick-bed of a daughter-in-law, and did not at this time propose to visit the Dagons at all. Thus I went to bed with all my fears scattered to the winds, and slept soundly till the driver roused us at daybreak.

I dressed in five minutes, came down and found not only the promise of a fine day, but, as far as my eye could reach along the road, a prospect of prime sleighing. We had come into the snow-drifts, and changed our wheels for runners at a halting-place about the middle of the afternoon before; but our driver, like most of his profession, used that advantage only as a member of the Society for Promoting the Longevity of Animals, and would have received my vote for the very largest leather medal in its gift. The nearer I got to Lucy the more tor-

ment had I found in that slow, deliberate crunching of packed snow as the clumsy bobsleds crawled up one side of a hummock and pitched down the other into the rut, where it seemed doubtful how they should ever get out again.

I suppose I had looked to see how late it was twenty times between three o'clock and the tavern where we lay by. First, I took my Tobias out of the right-hand pocket and consulted that. Then I suddenly remembered that I had not wound Lucy's Geneva; so out came that and got its wants attended to. I had scarcely returned that to the left-hand pocket before it occurred to me to see how it ran with the Tobias—then they both came out and got compared. Every time I yawned as if I would swallow some particularly tiresome fence-post which had consumed a quarter of an hour in the vain attempt to crawl behind us out of sight, out came one of the gold watches—sometimes the right hand, sometimes the left, just as it chanced. Not until I sat at the supper-table and wound my own Tobias for the night with a peremptory British sound calculated to monopolize attention like a bark-mill, did I observe that my movements had become an object of interest to both the Tadmors; but as I put the golden warming-pan to my ear, with all the anxiety as to the integrity of its works natural to earliest possession, I observed the pair eying each other and myself significantly. This sign, however, the buoyancy of youth and opulence interpreted only as a silent tribute of admiration to the young man who could travel with such a master-piece in each of his vest-pockets.

Standing at the tavern door, in a prophetic aroma of coffee and slap-jacks, just tempered by the bracing air into something masculine and inspiriting, I resolved, before the Tadmors were rung down to breakfast, that I would shorten my journey Lucy-ward by hiring a private team. Having instant recourse to the landlord I struck a bargain for the use of his own horses, a double sleigh, plenty of buffaloes, and an Irishman to drive back the outfit from North Betterton, where, in the present fine state of sleighing, we might reasonably hope to arrive, with one more night-halt, on the next morning about eight hours in advance of the stage.

At breakfast the coffee was so good, the Tadmors looked so pinched and small, and my own bosom expanded with such a generous love for the human race inclusive of them, that I invited them to take the vacant seats in my double sleigh. I put the offer on the ground of my compassion for the sick daughter-in-law—but I suspect that Lucy, and the desire of exhibiting her lover, when he should come to be disclosed, in a character of lordly munificence, had far the more influential share in my proposition. It was gladly accepted, after sufficient hesitation to save appearances; and for the rest of the day I slid merrily along behind enlivening bells that seemed ringing for my wedding, with the Tadmors, *vis-à-vis*, shrunk to such proportions under a perfect herd of buffaloes, yet looking so comfortable, that both the sleigh and my heart felt none the heavier for them.

At intervals throughout this day, like the last, the nervousness of nearing my goal, and the responsibility of two such unparalleled examples of chronometry, sent me down into my pockets like a diver for submerged treasures, bringing up now the cargo of the John Loring, and now the cargo of the Lucy Ann. If Pa and Ma Tadmor nudged each other it was only known to the buffaloes; but several times again I fancied that I caught their admiring glance. They continued to grow so fast in my estimation as an observant and sensible couple, whom my earliest prejudices had entirely wronged, that I could not refrain from the slight testimonial of my appreciation involved in paying for their dinners where we stopped to bait at noon—a proceeding feebly contested by Mr. Tadmor, who skirmished for a moment with his moleskin stocking-end, then returned it to his pocket as in despair against finding in such an insignificant shepherd's pouch any pebble to contend against such a Goliath of generosity.

When I made my contract with him the landlord had intrusted me not only with the pedigree of the sturdy bays that composed his team, but with numerous personal incidents throwing light on their remarkable prowess. I "didn't know Jim Tuttle? Well, that was a pity, for there wasn't a man that 'cute about horses this side of Cambridge Course"—and, well, if I had known him, "them 'ere hosses could beat any thing Jim Tuttle ever drove." Was I ever over to Piggott's Hill? No? "Well, guess if you'd ever pulled up that wet clay piece on the west side, guess you'd knock under on hills ever arter;" and, "well, them there hosses had took three ton to the top without breathing! Why, as to speed—well, speed—" The landlord paused with the air of a man who is about to commit himself dangerously by statistics which might tempt me to ruin a valuable span with overdriving, and sighed as he mentioned the low figure at which all these admirable qualities were to be thrown in. One piece of gymnastics, however, of which the nigh-bay was capable, the landlord forgot to speak of, and that noble animal himself scorned to mention it until about an hour after we had left our dining-place, and were thirty-five miles from his master's stable.

We were sliding merrily along as we had been all the morning when the sleigh whirled into the unbroken snow at the right of the road, and the off-horse nearly shot himself out of his harness, brought to a sudden check by the singular behavior of his partner. Right in the midst of his stride the latter animal had begun operating one of his hind-legs as if taken with the sudden hallucination that it was a trigger and he a new patent in fire-arms which it was

desired at that instant to explode, but whose lock was so badly out of order that the hammer always fell short of the cap. On no other theory could an unpracticed person explain the nigh-bay's rhythmical attempt to kick himself in the stomach, and its invariable failure by about half an inch. Did you ever see a bad case of stringhalt? If you didn't—it's an equine infringement of man's divine right to *chorea*—the dance of St. Vitus arranged for one hind-leg.

"Och the baste!" said Teddy Bralligan, who was driving. "Shure an' it's dog's blood that's in ye somewhere, a thryin' to scratch yer left ear with yer fut!"

That was all the satisfaction I could get out of my Irishman. Had the horse ever done so before? "Indade he had; but it was his play, just." And how long did he do it at a time? "Till he got asier."

In the present instance he continued it at intervals during the rest of the afternoon, always taking us by surprise, and bringing us up with a jerk in the midst of most gratifying progress, making the non-dislocation of my neck a perpetual miracle, and bringing the slender forms of the Tadmors out of their buffaloes, like a Jack-in-the-box married to a Jill of the same family, or a pair of those pith babies who amuse our childhood by their incorrigible resolution to stand on their heads. In my character as their entertainer I felt mortified in the extreme, and, as Lucy's lover, there were no bounds to my impatience. Still, by making up time between the attacks of St. Vitus, we managed to keep entirely out of sight of the stage, and reach the tavern where we were to make our night-halt only a little over two hours behindhand.

Before a Franklin stove in the tavern parlor the two Tadmors sat lulling their shattered nerves in a brace of rocking-chairs; I stood flattening my nose against the window as I gazed abstractedly out into the starlight; and all of us waited for supper. A faint jingle of bells grew clearer and clearer from the northward, broke into full peal round a turn of the road, and suddenly stopped at the horse-block by the other end of the house.

At first glance, in that light, the team looked so exactly like that which I had fifteen minutes previously helped Mr. Bralligan to put into the stable that I ran out to discover what had made him harness them again. I reached the horse-block to find the team tied and alone. The sleigh was a single-seated cutter, but I could almost have sworn to the horses as those of my own hiring. I hurried to the stable-yard to look up Teddy. He was still in the stalls putting on his last finishing touches for the night with a wisp of straw, and that low, steady, tea-kettle hiss which is the Irish groom's unfailing carminative.

"Why, Bralligan," said I, "I thought you'd brought them out again; I could have made my affidavit—"

Just then another foot sounded on the threshold, and a long, loose-hung young man, with a feeble jaw and hay-colored hair, dressed in the most elaborate Sunday-go-to-meeting effort of a rural tailor, took a shiny hat from his perspiring forehead to prevent its being knocked off by the low doorway.

"I guess there ain't nobody round to put a team up?" he observed, tentatively, addressing himself to Bralligan.

"Well, thin, it wasn't that time ye hit it," replied Teddy; "for that's just what I'm afther doin' meself, Misther Dagon."

With an instinctive start I stepped back out of the dim light of the stable lantern. It was the Hated Rival!

"Oh! it's you, is it, Mr. Bralligan? Come up with Foster's team?"

"Brought up this gentleman's party," replied Teddy, nodding over his shoulder in my direction.

The Rival shaded his eyes, and cast into the darkness that inquisitive wink peculiar to the Tadmor connection; but I had my back turned, and was sauntering off into deeper obscurity toward the oat-bin.

"Ah!" said Peter Dagon, entering, and carefully putting on his hat again. "Well, I wonder where them boys are. I wish I had my other clothes on! Them horses ought to git a good rubbin' down; they've been driven lickitty-split ever since three o'clock, and they've got to go back to-night with Joe Barker's big double sleigh behind 'em. I'd just'slief's not see to puttin' 'em out myself if 'twasn't for these clothes," repeated Peter, with a tender down-glance at his rural achievement in pantaloons.

"Well, seein' it's you, Mr. Dagon," said Bralligan, "I don't mind doin' it myself for a quarter."

"You couldn't make it a York shillin', could you? I hain't got much change in these clothes; left my pocket-book in the other vest to hum."

"Call it a Yankee shillin', an' it's a bargain."

"Wa'al," said Mr. Dagon, with a sigh, "you kin hev it. They're tied out in front. After they're a little cooled down give 'em six quarts apiece. I always give 'em that when they're away from hum; a feed's a feed; it don't cost no more to use Barker's big measure than his small un; and the merciful man's merciful to his beast. Jemimy! if this ain't a darned ways to come arter a double sleigh!"

"Thrue for you; but thin you did it for diversion."

"I guess not much! There's a big sleigh-ride to-morrow, and there isn't a double sleigh to be had for love or money in all Betterton. I hired mine last night for five dollars to a fellow that's goin' on the ride, and—darn it all!—this morning there come news that started me for Canada, kitin'! I'd ha' given the fellow ten dollars to have let me off my bargain, but no Sir-*ee!* So I've hunted for a double sleigh all the way between here'n Betterton. Blamed if they weren't all engaged till I got to Barker's."

"Shure an' can't a man go to Canady without a double sleigh?"

"Not on *my* business," said Peter, dropping into a tone of mysterious solemnity. "There's others a-goin' with me, and there's plenty more'd give all their old shoes to be along if they only knew what was up. I know one fellow, up Boston way, who'd throw both his eye-teeth in to boot! He! he! he! I'd like to see him when he finds it's done and all over without him!"

A terrible shiver passed through me. In an instant I saw through it all. Oh that I had trusted to my first intentions! That I had not been lulled into security! Fool, fool that I was—I had even volunteered to carry by special express to Peter Dagon two of his fellow-conspirators! This very night they would meet to hatch the details of their accursed plot; and to-morrow my innocent, unsuspicious darling was to be spirited away into Canada. Ah! you'd like to see that fellow from up Boston way, would you, Peter Dagon? And so you shall; but not "when it's over without him." No, Peter, not by a long shot, my boy!

I was looking around for something to brain him with conveniently, when he backed out of the stable again, and reason resumed her sway. I must act coolly; either Peter Dagon must not get to North Betterton to-night, or I must be there before him. But how—how? Resolving to give to calm deliberation half the hour during which the horses must stop to bait, I struck at once into a brown study and the path that led back to the tavern. So fully absorbed that even the glare of the bar-room did not recall me, I was about to sit down with a cigar, forgetful of the fact that I had not supped, when the landlord's voice broke my reverie with, "Tea's ready—please enter your name"—and his hand at the same time thrust the book under my nose, the quill into my hand. Taking the latter perfunctorily, as I relapsed into rumination, I signed myself in full—"John Loring, *Boston*"—then put my cigar up and sauntered out into the dining-room. Just as I crossed the threshold a lank, shiny image emerged on my right hand, from a group of farmers talking sheep together around the bar-room stove, and sidled up to the counter which walled off the landlord. It was Peter Dagon; and not until I saw him lean over the ledger in which I had just entered myself for supper did I realize what a frightful mistake had been made by Mr. Ephraim Robinson of Holmes's Hole! Too aghast to speak I plunged into my place at table, opposite the already seated Tadmors. I remembered that my name was written directly under theirs, and drank three cups of inferior tea in scalding succession without adding caloric to the chill perspiration in which I sat, momently expecting Peter Dagon to welcome his connections, and take me into the recognition by my veritable name. The place was celebrated for its waffles; as Lucy used to say, it would have been a real nice place to stop at, only you couldn't eat waffles all night; under the circumstances, however, waffles seemed a reckless levity.

To my utter surprise, Peter did not come. It was impossible that he should not have seen his aunt and uncle registered just above me, and he knew me not only by name but by face. Had I not spent the last year's Thanksgiving with Lucy, and made fun of his bass all anthem-time, on the generally-received theory that he had spent the previous night under a bridge to give catarrhal increase to his lower register; and had not he sung "Lift up your heads, O ye Gates!" with a special, private scowl at me, as if he hoped that when they slammed I might have my finger in the crack?

The mockery of supper over, Providence still mysteriously warding off Peter in my behalf, Mrs. Tadmor repaired with her knitting to the parlor-stove and rocking-chair, while Mr. Tadmor acted on the idea that he would stretch his legs and look around a little, I preserving the most affectionate propinquity to him, that if possible I might obviate Peter unto the end. Lord Harry! If for the next hour I could only have made a blind man of him and been his dog!

Singularly enough in the bar-room, in the entry, and on the steps I several times saw Peter at a distance; but he seemed as anxious to avoid us as I to have him, invariably slinking into some convenient shadow or out of some casual door. But the insane recklessness with which that Tadmor exposed his own personality and my reputation was such that before my cigar was half out the relatives cornered each other by the general wash-basin and met face to face. The elder gentleman said his cordial how-d'ye-do? after the first surprise with a grin like a fresh-set rat-trap; but to my amazement Peter seemed very much taken aback, and said:

"*You here*, Uncle Ebenezer!" in a tone which indicated that he would have much preferred Guinea or Halifax. "Mr. Ephraim Robinson from Holmes's Hole," added Mr. Tadmor, turning to me directly after the salutation—"my nephew, Mr. Peter Dagon, of North Betterton."

"Mr.—Ephraim—Robinson—of—Holmes's Hole?" replied Peter, with a mouth that could scarcely open wide enough to let out his bewilderment; "why, I thought—"

"I'm glad to hear," said I, plunging for dear life into an entire kaleidoscopic change of the subject, "that after all your trouble you've succeeded in getting a double sleigh for your Canada trip."

"Canady? *Can*-ady? Peter, you don't mean to say—"

Mr. Dagon's red eyes shot a phosphorescence at me which might have withered me had it been true fire, then unresistingly let his uncle lock arms with him. At such a family interview I could be no manner of assistance. I excused myself. There was no time to lose; the decisive hour had come; and I was playing for

high stakes. No wonder Peter had not wished to encounter his uncle in my presence. It was all as I supposed. Returning to the stable-yard I soon found Teddy Bralligan. He had been taking Peter's team to the trough, and was on his way back with them to the stalls.

"Bralligan," said I, "have you had your supper?"

"Sorrah the bit! I'm that empty ye might play Garryowen on me shtummick."

"Well, go and get it directly. Whist now, and keep a secret; you know Mr. Dagon?"

"Like me mother."

"Don't breathe a word of it, but he's brought me news that makes it necessary for me to go on to North Betterton immediately. The other gentleman and the lady will come on with him in the morning. Just as soon as you get through your tea come out and put the team into the sleigh again, and if we can start out of the yard here without any body in the house knowing it—"

"Shure an' I can't kill the bastes! It's twenty-five miles further to North Betterton, and I'll be blamed entirely."

"Well, you can stand a good deal of blame for five dollars—here it is in your hand; and if you get us off quietly within half an hour, there's more where that came from."

With the air of Mr. Henry Bergh submitting to some supernatural pressure, Teddy consented to "kill the bastes" for me, and do it quietly. Scarcely had he haltered Peter's horses to their rack and rushed kitchenward to make a rapid dash at his own—I accompanying him and making a feint of returning to the bar-room to secure a good *alibi*—when I was back at the stable, lanternless, but inspired by a most luminous idea. I remembered hearing Bralligan say that his horses were so much alike he always stalled them as he drove them, off left side, nigh right ride, so that he could harness them in their regular position at any hour of the night; and this directed me at once to the place of that unsuccessful piece of fire-arms which had been playing snap-cap on us all the afternoon, Old Stringhalt. I had seen Bralligan hitch Peter's team in the stalls immediately adjoining my choreic horse, on the right. I felt about in the dark till I reached the two middle stalls, and there, on the principle that a fair exchange was no robbery, swapped horses. If you don't call it fair, recollect that I afterward learned of Peter's having once exchanged the entire pair of teams with the landlord who owned mine, and had to take his own back, after a law-suit, on the ground that as an ornamental accomplishment stringhalt was far preferable to heaves. I must testify, however, to that member of the team which I got that he was sound in wind and limb, for between that tavern and North Betterton I tested both! Though I waited with fear and trembling, and could never feel sure I was giving Bralligan little enough of the lantern I was holding for him—he had both the new-matched beasts to the pole—ourselves and the precious portmanteau of wedding raiment under the buffaloes; the whole equipage on the road to North Betterton, and its paid bill behind it—with no suspicion in the driver's mind and no knowledge of our going in any body. For the first moment since the Tadmors befell me I breathed absolutely free again. Now and then Bralligan would make some remark of congratulation on the sudden cure of the nigh-beast, or say that he drew unusually strong to-night; but until I had forgotten time, space, every thing save Lucy, through more than three hours of serene gliding under the stars on a splendidly packed road—till we had drawn rein in the barn-yard of Uncle George, with whom I had promised, if ever coming on such an errand, to pass the night—till he actually picked up the horse's feet to rid them of their snow-balls and saw the difference of the shoes—not a question of his team's identity entered Bralligan's mind. Then his amazement knew no bounds; and I went to bed after a cordial welcome from the dear old man, leaving Bralligan in a metaphysical discussion with the house-maid upon the subject of witchcraft. I believe that he finally settled on the theory of the horse having untied and changed himself to better his condition—Foster being notoriously of more expanded ideas than Peter Dagon on the subject of oats. If Mr. Buckland wishes this instance of animal sagacity for his next book, Bralligan is still living and can give him the facts.

After freeing my mind of my errand with Uncle George's approval, I lay for a time which I could not measure in such heavenly repose that there was no telling where perfect sleep hinged on to pleasant dreams. I only know by both watches under my pillow that it was two o'clock in the morning when I woke out of what seemed to be a bombarded city, to interpret the thunder of the shells by a number of very audible fists pounding at my chamber-door. I leaped up, lighted my candle, and threw the door open. With a face full of stern, reproachful sorrow, and lamp in hand, Uncle George stood there, flanked by a couple of those bustling nobodies whose mutton-heads and awful sense of responsibility are in my experience the main adornment of our rural constabulary.

"Don't shoot unless he resists," said the smallest man, valiantly encouraging Uncle George to enter by a mild push from behind.

The other looked at me with an ominous shake of the head as if he'd like to see me try it, and the behavior of both was so extraordinary that my entire first exclamation was limited to,

"Well?"

"Oh, Jack!" said Uncle George, mournfully, "I never thought this of you."

"I don't believe he ever did it!" said Lucy's pretty little cousin Sue, who had run up from bed in her night-gown, and now on tip-toe behind her father made her first appearance.

The intuitions of a woman, allowing even, as

in this case, for the inexperience of fifteen, often unsettle the severest logic of a man, and one of the official characters, feeling it necessary to defend himself against such a weakness, turned round to the little girl and said "Shut up!" Uncle George fired at that immediately, for Sue was his favorite, and if he did live in the social democracy of Northern Vermont he meant to have her treated like a lady.

"Look-a-here," said he, sternly, "you that talk about 'shootin'' and 'shuttin' up,' we don't use those words in this house! S'pose you just sit down, neighbors (go to bed, Sue, kitten!), and we'll have a talk with this young man alone."

He motioned them in. I brought chairs, and they sat down by the door. When we had locked it, he said simply that he had thought every thing of me, and that if the thing hadn't come on him "that sudden" he'd have liked to hear my version of the story first; but now, seeing he was in honor bound to do nothing underhanded, he preferred to speak out plain, and let these neighbors hear me defend myself. "Do you know," said Uncle George, in a voice of deep emotion, "do you know who you're charged with being?"

I had expected (as soon as amazement left me to form any theory at all) that this visit had something to do with Peter's horse; but when it merged into a question of my own identity I was quite stupefied, and answered,

"Why, bless me, no! Who am I?"

The smallest official, who had now reinforced himself by observing that I wore no pistol-belt round my night-shirt, took the answer out of Uncle George's mouth.

"Young man!" said he, fixing on me a most appalling gimlet-eye, "you are Buggrams the Bank Robber!"

"No, I don't go so far as that!" broke in Uncle George, with a repressive wave of his hand. "I don't say you are, but I say that's what they say. Jack, boy! (and there ain't a place in my heart that don't hope you are Jack!)—that's what they say."

"Ye can't deny that he goes by different names," said the biggest mutton-head.

"Nor that he goes round hung all over with people's watches," said the smallest.

"Ah!" said I, starting up, suddenly enlightened, "and who are my accusers? Look here, Uncle George, you know I'd be likely to make somebody a present just now—here under my pillow—is there any thing unnatural in my carrying that to her, and thinking so much of it that I kept it in the pocket opposite my own? And when you find out a vile conspiracy against you, and spies are on your behavior from the time you leave Boston, is it any thing surprising if you refuse to give them the advantage of your name? Hark!" and I spoke to him in a hurried aside—"I'm sure they're trying the Canada game on Lucy. The Tadmors came from Boston with me, and Peter Dagon met them at Barker's Tavern."

"Come, no whisperin'," said the smallest mutton-head, by curiosity made courageous.

"Where are my accusers?" repeated I, turning on my foes with all the ferocity possible in a night-gown. "I know them! Two of them shared my hospitality."

"Goin' round with money like a lord, and payin' for other people's dinners; that was another thing," said mutton-head the bigger.

"Yes," cried I, "and where are those traitors to a man's misplaced kindness, those traducers of a man's honorable reputation? Where are the Tadmors?"

"Yes," said Uncle George, visibly impressed in my favor, "where are the witnesses? Or, if you hain't got any witnesses, where's your warrant?"

"Our only warrant," said mutton-head the first, striding into a debating-society position, "is in our boo-soms, and consists in being a bulwark. Hearin' through several witnesses at Barker's that a young man was wearin' gold watches round loose, under two names, without visible means of support, treatin' people he didn't know, ridin' 'em for nothin', and him an entire stranger, Griggs and I, knowin' what's doo to society, and bein' a bulwark, came out to act as sech. Griggs, don't you think we'd better wait a while for the—you know—?"

"Well, yes," said Mr. Griggs, with a mysterious frown. "I wonder what keeps 'em!"

"I thought as I looked back I saw their nigh-horse goin' a little lame. Suthin' may ha' happened to 'em."

"Bless thy heart, old Stringhalt!" said I, getting back into bed for a long nap, and sure that I would have plenty of time for it before Peter's party could disturb me.

"Well, neighbors," said Uncle George, still further impressed by the calmness of my demeanor, "the young man's story all hangs together, and I'm satisfied he's stated the truth. Any way, you walk down into the front sitting-room, and let him have a good night's sleep, and I'll go bail for him."

The terrible custodians of public safety were finally lured down with the assistance of a pitcher of cider and a cold mince-pie. Then Uncle George gently stole up the stairs into my room and closed the door behind him.

"Look here, my boy," said he, with a tremulous voice, "I love that little gal like the light of my eyes, and I know she loves you even better, if that can be. Now, if you're deceiving her, and you know in your own heart that you ain't worthy to be Lucy's husband—to think that I sheltered ye, and went your surety, would hurt me till my death, and I'd wish that I'd killed ye the first day I saw your face! As you are to Lucy, I am to you—for ever and ever."

"I take your friendship on those conditions," said I, wringing the old man's hand lovingly.

"I believe you're true, boy," said he, looking me through with his bright blue eyes; "good-night!" and slipped down stairs again.

The Bulwark, after building into itself sever-

al courses of mince-pie well mortared with apple-juice, gave up the Tadmors in despair and went on to North Betterton—none the less cheerfully perhaps because their errand after a great public foe like myself would enable them to join the ride to-morrow, and charge the sleigh-hire to the county.

I woke early in the morning, and after breakfast told Bralligan he might return, paying him as liberally as I could, and engaging him to rectify his unfortunate mistake about the team wherever he might meet Peter on the road. As soon as I had seen him off, Uncle George started with me and my portmanteau in his own sleigh for North Betterton.

Lucy gave me a welcome to gladden a heart of stone, and showed herself the brave, thorough-bred woman she always has been. She was ready to go to the world's end with me when I called her—if Uncle George and I would only join her in one more attempt to get the cheerful consent of her parents. She had informed them that I was coming to claim her, but they had answered her entreaties to smile on the nuptials neither yea nor nay. Lucy ran and brought them in for our final experiment. If they *were* afterward my parents-in-law, I must say of them that they were the dryest old nuts to crack I ever came across. We all of us talked a steady stream at them for an hour and a half without getting a particle of satisfaction. The most encouraging thing we could extract from them was that Lucy had been well brought up, and if she threw herself away it must be her own look out.

Under these not particularly brilliant nuptial auspices Uncle George beckoned me out of the room.

"Look here, boy," said he, *sotto voce*, in the entry—"just you keep out a while, and give the little gal and me a chance to say some of the good things about you behind your back you're too modest to have us say before your face. You know where the spare-room is? Take your portmanteau up stairs and dress yourself in your weddin' best—bein' ready's half the battle. When they see you coming in, all rigged out with every thing but a minister, it may a kinder settle things—it'll a sorter strike 'em that there's no use where a man's so nigh married as that to try and stop his going the rest of the way."

I allowed myself to be ruled by Uncle George's counsel—found my way to the room where I had been entertained during my last visit, and opening my luggage once more stood alone in the intoxicating presence of my wedding raiment. Not long did I dally with the delight of the eye. The pantaloons seemed a miracle of style; and although the waistband was by no means made for an alderman, by loosing the back strap entirely I contrived to fasten the buttons. Any man of ordinary self-control could have endured the pressure in view of getting married. My confidence in myself only began to be shaken when I put the vest on. I held my breath—I drew in my shoulders—my forehead grew bedewed and my face red with apoplectic congestion—still I fought my way manfully from the lowest up to the last two buttons, and then in a state of mind bordering on horror became convinced that I should never get entirely into that vest without the aid of a sausage-machine. In the midst of all this agony and perspiration I heard the front-door bell ring and caught Lucy's exclamation as she opened to the visitor:

"Mr. Dagon!"

Supposing that Peter and his whole series of complications had now arrived upon the scene, I gave way for one brief moment to a despair which bid fair to relieve itself by strewing the floor with a miserable wreck of buttons. For a moment only! Contracting myself with martyr resolution I seized the coat and struggled into its arm-holes. As an instrument of torture it beat the vest all hollow. How I ever got it on, in one piece, to the present day has never been clear to me. At that period of the world they must have put stronger thread into mankind's back-seams. When the feat was accomplished I stood stuffed and trussed like a black broadcloth turkey. I was not sure that I could even raise my arm sufficiently to take Lucy's hand in the nuptials, and fancied the appearance I would make holding that little, plump, dimpled cushion straight down by my side as if I were going to bowl it at some imaginary frame of ten-pins. In an encounter with enemies I should have been utterly helpless—even Mr. Tadmor might have knocked me down with impunity and bundled me off to a subterranean dungeon before I could have got out of that coat. Giving a hasty look in the glass and hanging around my neck the two watches which had so nearly brought me to a felon's doom, I was about rushing down stairs to confront the hated rival, when my eye caught a piece of paper sewed just inside my lapel. I tore it off, and was about to pitch it into the fire-place, when I discovered that it had writing on it, and was a hitherto overlooked communication from the Tailor of Largest Ideas. Thus it ran:

"Dear Sir,—In accordance with your statement that the quantity of cloth used was no object to you, but only quality and figure, we have followed the extremity of the present fashion and made the suit as close a fit as possible. The material is our best, and we hope the clothes will prove satisfactory.

"Mumpkin and Stubbs.

"P.S.—If the garments are too large for your wishes we will take them in on your return."

Throwing this bitter piece of unconscious irony between the andirons I descended the stairs with half the blood in my body condensed in my head, but a step which betrayed no sign of trepidation, and opening the parlor-door discovered not Peter, as I expected, but his father, the elder Dagon. Lucy, with a pale face, compressed lips, and tearful but courageous eyes, sat on the sofa beside Uncle George, getting "a talking to" from the other three. As I entered the elder Dagon fixed on me a look of pious reproach, unsuccessfully modified, as the

raiment flashed upon him, into one of disdainful pity. I went up, without noticing him, to the sofa, and, giving my dear girl a kiss, hung round her neck the watch I had brought for her. This was too much for the flesh and blood of the elder Dagon.

"Young man!" said he, sternly, "are you a Christian, and do you mean to come and take this innocent young girl out of her loving family, and marry her in spite of all the arguments which has been so kindly used with you?"

"I hope I'm a Christian, and I do so mean," I replied, catching Lucy's tremulous little white hand into my own.

"Oh, Lucy, Lucy!" continued Pa Dagon, in a tone intended to barb a final arrow of remorse which must transfix the most obdurate nature—"oh, little Lucy Mead, that has been so well brought up by pious parents—that was in my Bible-class from pantalets, and that I used to give cherries acrost the fence without thinkin' of chargin' a penny a bunch as is customary in such cases—kin you—kin you, I ask, so far forget every thing as to go on and take up with this man for your husband?"

"I certainly can and will marry John Loring," replied Lucy, facing the persecutor steadfastly through her tears.

"Then," said Uncle George, standing up, "the laws of the land having been complied with, in virtue of my office as clerk for the county of Franklin, I certify that John Loring and Lucy Mead are man and wife."

"They're—Man—and—Wife!" ejaculated Mr. Dagon.

"I'm glad to hear you pronounce them sech. That was all we wanted to take off the last doubt as to whether it was legally regular—in every pint. I'm obleeged by my oath of office to give 'em a certificate under hand and seal, whenever they want it—witnesses, William and George Mead, together with the wife of the former—State of Vermont, in the name of God, Amen!"

"What do you mean?" exclaimed both of Lucy's parents, for the first time roused from their stony, less Yankee than Dutch, indifferentism. "What's that you're talkin' about, George?"

"What I mean is this," answered Uncle George; "I mean that Peter Dagon, Senior, Esq., ought to remember that he is a Justice of the Peace in this township, and I the Clerk of the County inclusive thereof, before he begins to ask a couple of young people the questions in such cases as this, by the law made and provided, and stands to hear them say '*Yes*,' fair and square, before two witnesses. Because I mean that, in the eye of the law, this little boy and gal are married—and no use of wriggling—for the Supreme Court could issue agin' ye tomorrow a nasty thing the lawyers call a '*Mandam-us*,' to make ye respect the contract. I'm obleeged, as County Clerk, to certify that the law has been complied with; I'm obleeged to give 'em that certificate to-morrow, if they ask for it."

Mr. Dagon showed at once the homage rendered by stupidity to talent, and by every American citizen to the authority of constituted law. He dropped into his chair with a "That's so!" and heaved only a melancholy sigh when the parents stammered a hint of their being some way out of it.

"So they're really married?" said they, turning at last to Uncle George, as the strongest and kindest.

"*They air*," answered he, beginning to put on his comforter and hunt for his mittens.

"Don't ye go yet, George," spoke Lucy's father, approaching me with one hand on his brother's arm. "Young man, the Lord's ways is not our ways, and we don't always get first ch'ice. But we ain't a-goin' agin Lucy—not neither ma nor me—we never did go agin her from a baby, and we can't begin. Only, young man"—here Lucy's father stopped for a minute to clear his throat—"only, young man, be good to the little gal!"

Hearing this, Uncle George, who had even more than the usual Puritan horror of scenes, pulled his cap over his eyes, blew his nose, and started for the door precipitately. Not so easily was he destined to pass out! On the threshold he found Peter Dagon about to ring the bell. He had left his now restored full team at the gate, and came puffing in with a thousand apologies for his lateness—an unfortunate mistake having detained him at Barker's overnight—to ask if it was still too late to secure Miss Mead's company for to-day's sleigh-ride.

"She don't live here no longer," said Uncle George, solemnly.

"Wa'al! Ha-ou-ow d'ye mean?" asked Peter, relaxing his lanky lower jaw.

"I only mean to say that if you expect to take Lucy out on this sleigh-ride you'll have to find room in your sleigh for Mr. and Mrs. John Loring."

Notwithstanding the delicacy with which he broke the fact, Peter apprehended him at once. Uncle George through that whole region was famous for meaning all he said, and Peter would have turned away without further parley than the ejaculation, "Dog on it! just like them gals!" had not another sleigh, with a single horse, fearfully blown, and bringing Pa and Ma Tadmor, just arrived at the gate.

They both rushed up the front garden walk before Peter could get out.

"Oh, nephew, nephew!" grieved Mrs. Tadmor, sobbing bitterly.

"Oh, you ungrateful scoundrel!" cried Mr. Tadmor, shaking him violently—ferocious little man!—like a tabby-cat shaking a rhinoceros. "D'ye know what your precious son's done?" he continued, white with rage, and screaming up at his portly brother-in-law, whom the noise had brought to the door. "If ye don't know, then I'll tell ye! I lent him twenty thousand dollars to invest in the Canadian Wool-Pulling

Company, with a written agreement that if it ever became necessary for him to realize his securities he would send for me and give me a chance to buy 'em. He had a fraudulent assignment of the entire property executed, without mentioning me as creditor, to him and three other men here in town as mean as he is. He ransacked the county to get a double sleigh so that the four could go over together to-morrow and transfer the assets; 'n all this without a word to me! But the Lord preserveth the righteous; and in the dark—hope he wasn't drunk!—Peter got a stringhalt horse out of the stable instead of his own. That put a stop to him! You heven't done it! Peter, ye-ou *heven't* done it!"

"So it was Peter Dagon's horse got changed with yours?" asked Uncle George, earnestly.

"Yes," I replied.

"Then," said Uncle George, "the Lord has been good to more'n one of us. I own half the stock in that Canadian Company myself, and I know my little Lucy wouldn't like to see her uncle a beggar in his old age. Peter, I'm of a mighty good disposition in general, but you'd better go!"

Peter thought so too; and when the house doors included only the family Uncle George was mollified into staying to our extempore wedding dinner by Pa and Ma Mead's conceding that, with their present illumination upon the subject of natural depravity, they could not pronounce themselves to have done quite so badly in the way of sons-in-law after all.

Those two people, singular as its inconsistency may seem with the law of first impressions, afterward became as good friends as I ever had in my life, and, like Uncle George, continued so till the day of their death.

Just then the drowsy cry of "Island Pond!" shoveled us all up to shiver in the fiscal outhouse.

NAZARETH PITCHER.

ASK whom you please within twenty miles of its waters how, or when, or why Floater's Bay received its name, and you will probably be informed that the how and the when are questions without reply, but that the why is "because of the floaters there."

Pursuing the inquiry you will farther learn that, owing to some peculiarity in the trend of the shore and the course of the tides, whatever bread may be cast upon the waters within fifty miles of this point is sure, sooner or later, to make its appearance in Floater's Bay, then to be either thrown as a waif upon its shores, or to wearily wear itself to fragments by ceaselessly beating upon the rocky point that guards its entrance.

Holding fast to this clew you will, if you care to pursue the inquiry, be led to search the County Records in the neighboring shire town, and will there find that the tract of land granted to Gabriel Pitcher, yeoman, in 1685, is bounded upon its eastern limit by the waters of Flotsam Bay, and closing the book you will thank the dignified clerk for his courtesy, and go away, not satisfied, but as nearly so as you are ever likely to be, for you will have possessed yourself of all the information to be gained upon the subject, and will be ready to return to the old farmhouse by the sea, and, sitting in its woodbine-covered porch, to listen with attentive faith to the story of the ancient dame, who fills the pauses of her legend with the whirr of such a spinning-wheel as the wife of the first Gabriel Pitcher may have used beneath this very roof; for as the spinner assures you, with triumphant appeal to the solid log-built walls and massive masonry of the chimneys, this is the very house built by the first Gabriel upon his newly-acquired property.

About half-way between that day and this the master of the Pitcher house and farm was a Gabriel, who, in addition to his hereditary possessions, had acquired property in a wife and an only child, a daughter, upon whom he had bestowed the name of Nazareth, and whom he educated in the fear of God and the love of duty as interpreted by the straight rule of Puritan tradition.

It may be that Gabriel enforced this rule a little more strictly than was quite consistent with the comfort of his household, from the fact that he had himself departed from it so far as to marry a Quaker, who, loving and submissive wife though she had proved, quietly retained and exercised the privilege of separate faith stipulated for in her marriage covenant. With equal exactness did she observe the counter stipulation that her children were to be educated in their father's creed, and Nazareth had assuredly been so educated. But besides the Puritan and the Quaker, the girl possessed a third parent called Nature, and upon her bestowed all unconsciously an adoring faith and tenderness quite foreign to the placid love and duty never denied to father or mother.

Those whom we love we love to meet without spectators, and Nazareth's reward and indulgence, after the labor of the day, was to wander by herself through the woods and fields, or along the shore, indulging in the dreams and reveries that her father would have called sinful, and her mother idle. The third parent, however, approved and encouraged them; and to her only did Nazareth reveal them, not in words, but in snatches of song, in faint lingering smiles, in long, wistful gazing across the quiet waters, in half-unconscious tears and causeless sighs, in the tender touch of her lips upon some unplucked flower, in the fondling care bestowed upon some wounded bird or stranded fish.

> "If Nature put not forth her power
> About the opening of the flower
> Who is it that could live an hour?"

It was in the dreamy twilight of an autumnal day that Nazareth, somewhat sad and solitary,

though why she could not have told, sat upon the beach at the head of Floater's Bay, and amused herself by shaping figures in the mist wreaths creeping in from seaward. Of a sudden one of these shadowy forms grew real, and from an iceberg or a man-of-war fell to the proportions of a little boat, manned and commanded by a gallant young fellow, who presently leaped ashore, and holding his boat by the painter as a landsman might his horse, took off his cap and said:

"Excuse me, Madam, but can you tell me who lives in the farm-house beyond the hill?"

"My father, Gabriel Pitcher," said Nazareth, with the blood tingling at her fingers' ends.

"And do you think he would give a night's lodging to a belated traveler?" pursued the stranger, with a frank smile; and as the girl slightly hesitated at answering a question in her father's name, he continued, with a little pride:

"My name is Richard Armstrong, and I am passenger upon the ship *Anne Lovering*, lying just now in the harbor above here. Finding the time hang somewhat heavy upon my hands, I took a boat this morning and set out for a cruise along the shore. I ran farther than I intended before the wind, and now that I have it ahead, and the fog coming in like a race-horse, I hardly dare venture a night-voyage in unknown waters. So, fair Mistress Pitcher, if your father will, as I said, give me shelter, and you will show me the way to his house, I shall owe you both my hearty thanks, and such farther acknowledgment as you will consent to receive."

"Come with me, Sir, and I will bring you to my father, who will answer for himself," said Nazareth, not without a certain quiet pride upon her own part, and then she stood silently observant while Richard Armstrong made fast his little skiff to the boulder upon which she had been sitting, arranged his disordered dress, and finally turned to her, saying, with a smile,

"Your pardon again, Mistress, for having kept you waiting, but I am ready at last."

So they went silently up the rocky path, and over the hill, and through the meadow skirting the wood until, through the shining and odorous orchard, they came upon the house, and Gabriel Pitcher just coming from the barn with pails of frothing milk.

To him the stranger announced his errand in the same frank and assured manner he had already told it to the girl; and, hardly waiting for the end, the farmer gave him welcome in the hearty and homely fashion of the times when words meant deeds, not sound.

In the morning the guest departed, but with an invitation and a promise to repeat his visit before the *Anne Lovering* should again set sail for England, whence she had come. But the *Anne Lovering* discharged her cargo, and received another, and at last set sail for her appointed port, and Richard Armstrong lingered in the quaint, old sea-port town which at first he had pronounced so dull, and where now he seemed well content to spend his life. To such questions as were put to him, he answered carelessly that he had no especial business any where, that he was traveling to see the world, and that his stay or his departure at any given time were equally uncertain.

But Nazareth no longer wandered alone upon the shore, or through the withering fields and woods; no longer gazed with nameless yearning across the waters, or spent her tenderness upon flowers or birds or fishes. The sun had risen upon her day, and his glory filled her life with joy and beauty.

All this did not come about unquestioned. The mother, through many wise and cautious observations, convinced herself of the probity and moral worth of her daughter's lover, and the father made inquiry of the merchants to whom Armstrong gave his reference as to his worldly standing and repute. The answers to these questions were satisfactory beyond the farmer's expectations; and, in the confidence of their own bedroom, he informed his wife that Nazareth had done better for herself than ever he had expected to see her.

So the wooing prospered, and at Thanksgiving time there was a quiet wedding at the old farm-house, and Nazareth Pitcher became Nazareth Armstrong, while her father, with pride and ambition, and her mother with loving trust, looked on with no thought of misgiving.

It had been settled that the new-married couple were to spend the winter at the farm-house, and in the spring to take passage for England, the bridegroom's home. But when spring came these plans were changed. Armstrong, who had in the course of the winter made several journeys to the city, for the purpose, as he said, of receiving remittances and news from home, brought back upon one occasion a very grave face and a business-looking letter announcing that his immediate presence in London was absolutely necessary to the safe conduct of his affairs. This letter he showed to Nazareth; and when she had read it, and looked confidingly into his face, he kissed her and said:

"You see, sweet-heart, that I must go at once."

"Yes, we must go," said Nazareth, placidly.

"Not we, but I," explained the husband, with a look of pain and something more upon his face. "I can not take you in your present state of health, and in this stormy season of the year. You must wait, and I will come again for you so soon as you can travel."

The poor child turned as white as the snow dashing against the window, and sank suddenly into a chair. It was the first cloud between her and that glorious sun that had risen upon her life, and the shadow fell with an ominous chill upon her heart. But she said little, and her parents less, in opposition to her husband's plan; and a week later he left them, with more than one tender charge to Nazareth's parents

to keep her safely until his return, and to Nazareth herself so many loving and passionate farewells that the mother at last came between them, saying, gently:

"Richard, thee will make her sick. Go and return as quickly as thy business permits. Thou does not leave thy wife with strangers, but with her own people."

A prophetic sentence, and one that may have risen to the memories of all that little group more than once in the days that were to follow.

A letter sent back by the pilot announced that Armstrong had sailed, and another, two months later, that he had arrived at Liverpool, and after this nothing. Nazareth wrote by every opportunity, and waited with the terrible patience of woman for replies; but none came. The long, hot summer days found her still watching and waiting, a little less confidently now, but still with a patience only to end with life. Her favorite haunt was Floater's Bay; and here she would sit for hours curiously watching the waves breaking at her feet, and now and again depositing some waif of town, or vessel, or far-off wreck. Once her mother, softly following, stood watching her long and silently until she could bear it no longer, and, coming forward, drew the bright head to a pillow upon her bosom, saying:

"Does thee think to find news of him among the floaters, child?"

"It will come in God's own time, mother," said the girl, turning her white face a little closer to that tender heart; and so they sat for hours, with never another word between them.

At last Nazareth could go no longer to the shore, and when the golden autumn came and brought the anniversary of the day she first met Richard Armstrong, her desperate calm gave way at last; and shutting herself up in her own chamber, her marriage chamber, she gave way to such a terrible passion of grief as in the end nearly destroyed her life, for before morning she was desperately ill, and when she recovered it was with the loss of the great hope and joy that had hitherto sustained her.

The anniversary of her wedding came and passed, and the broken-hearted mother left her daughter's bedside and came to her husband, where he sat alone gloomily gazing into the embers of a decaying fire.

"We shall lose her, Gabriel; she is going fast. Our only child is dying, and none can save," moaned she.

"She shall not die. How dare you say that none can save! Is this your faith in God, or in your own child?" sternly demanded the old Puritan, and, rising up, he went straight to Nazareth's bedside and confronted her not with the tender petitions of love, but the stern and requiring exhortations of his uncompromising belief, demanding that she should rouse herself from the lethargy of soul and body into which she had fallen, should prove herself worthy of her ancestry and of the holy faith in which she had been bred, that she should remember those who had cared and prayed and toiled for her through all her infancy and youth, and make some effort now to repay their exertions by the exertion on her own part necessary to keep life within her wasting body.

To this keen and wintry argument Nazareth listened with wide open eyes, and cheeks that flushed and paled with emotion. Evidently the shock of such an appeal, following the tender and tearful lamentations of her mother, had at least recalled the dying girl's attention to matters around her which had seemed entirely forgotten or set aside. When Gabriel Pitcher ceased his daughter humbly said:

"Thank you, father. I will try."

And try she did to such effect that in a few days she was creeping about the house, the wreck and shadow of herself to be sure, but still alive, and with the weapons of youth and a strong constitution to aid her in the terrible fight she had yet to make against despair.

The winter passed and the spring came on with more than its usual proportion of furious storms and deadly winds. Floater's Bay was crowded with relics of wrecks and trophies torn from vessels not wholly subdued by the attack of wind and wave. Nazareth, now restored to bodily health, but sadly changed from the bright and hopeful girl whom Richard Armstrong had found waiting for him upon the shore, had resumed her daily walks, and almost every sunset found her seated quietly upon her favorite rock watching the wild waves at her feet as earnestly as if some day they were sure to bring her back the peace, and joy, and hope that she so long had lost.

One night her father interposed as she was leaving the house, saying:

"There will be an awful storm to-night, Nazareth; I would not go down to the shore. Wait until morning."

"Very well, father," replied she, and waited; but all the night long her mother heard her softly pacing her chamber, moaning and sobbing, and only pausing while she leaned from the casement out into the black and howling storm. Suddenly she came to her father's door and called to him:

"Father! father! There is a vessel driving upon White Reef! They are firing guns. I can see their lights. Oh, father, father, can nothing be done?"

She was like one mad in the fierce excitement of her hope, and before her father left the house he led her back to her chamber and turned the key upon her, saying to his wife:

"Go to her, Rachel, and do not leave her for one moment, if you care for her. She fancies that man is aboard the wreck, and she may be down on the beach before you know it, unless you watch."

"Surely I will watch over her, Gabriel," replied the mother, somewhat reproachfully; but when, after helping her husband to gather together the articles likely to be needed upon his expedition, the good woman went to look after

her charge, it was too late. The casement swung loose in the furious wind, and the chamber was empty. Like one distracted, the poor mother rushed out into the night, calling and searching, equally in vain, for the sweeping blast bore away her voice, and the darkness and rain blinded her eyesight. She knew not whither her husband had gone, or what point Nazareth would be likely to attempt to reach, so that finally she could only return to the house, and, casting herself upon her knees, pour out her soul in silent prayer, not only for her own beloved ones, but those others who might at that moment be perishing even in sight of rescue. Morning broke and found her still so occupied; but as soon as the light had grown sufficient to enable her to distinguish objects with certainty she prepared to leave the house, and, in spite of the unabated storm, to seek her child wherever she might have wandered. Upon the threshold she met her husband, and in few words told him their common misfortune and her proposed errand.

"Stay you at home, Rachel. I will seek the child and bring her to you," said he, briefly, and Rachel did not think of disputing his command.

Drawing his hat lower upon his brow, and fastening his coat more securely about him, Gabriel Pitcher turned his face again toward the sea, and for an hour wandered along the shore among the groups of men looking out to White Reef, where still hung a few timbers and fragments of the wreck. Not one body had come ashore, and no attempt at rescue had been possible from the very moment she had struck.

But no one had seen Gabriel Pitcher's daughter, and although several had offered to aid his search, no one disguised his belief that it was useless.

"She's gone over the cliff in the darkness, and unless she comes ashore in Floater's Bay never will be heard from again," muttered the fishermen among themselves; but Gabriel, without listening to them, was already on his way to Floater's Bay, unsearched as yet, because it lay in quite another direction from the beach opposite White Reef, where the doomed ship had struck.

Floater's Bay was reached at last, but the driving mist and wrack so obscured the view that the father at first believed his search as vain here as in other quarters. In despair he called aloud:

"Nazareth! Nazareth, my child!"

"Here am I, father," answered a feeble voice, and from beneath the shelter of a cave-like rock appeared the young woman, pale, drenched, and exhausted, carrying an infant in her arms.

"I thought you would look for me, father," said she, "and as I was afraid I could not come over the hill alone, I waited for you."

"What have you there, Nazareth?" asked the father, much surprised, as he wrapped her in the great shawl that Rachel had pressed upon him at the last moment.

"It is a little child, father. It came drifting into the Bay, lashed to a spar, and I went into the water and rescued it. I always thought the Bay would bring something to comfort me for the loss of its other gift."

She murmured the last words to herself, but her father heard them, and, folding the shawl more carefully about them both, half led, half carried his child and her new-found treasure up the hill and over the well-known field-path home.

"Care for the baby first, mother," said Nazareth, laying the infant in her mother's arms; and without pausing to question her, Rachel did as she was asked. Not for hours, however, were her exertions rewarded, and more than once she was on the point of abandoning the attempt as useless, when the look of imploring anguish in Nazareth's eyes moved her to renewed efforts, repaid at last by a faint sign of life. In another hour the little creature lay sleeping in the arms of its adopted mother, safe and well.

From this moment Nazareth came back to life.

So far as could be ascertained the child whom she had rescued was the only survivor of the wrecked ship, which had been so entirely broken up that no clew to its name, size, or history, could be obtained; and, unfortunately, a wreck upon White Reef was not so rare or terrible an event in those days as to call for any extraordinary research or comment. So Nazareth without opposition, either upon the part of her own friends or those of the little girl, whom she now considered her own, adopted her into her heart as well as her home, gave her the name of Coral, and grew once more like herself in loving, attending, and petting her little nursling.

And Coral proved herself worthy of the love and care so lavishly bestowed, developing not only such wealth of beauty and grace that even Gabriel Pitcher confessed her "the prettiest thing God ever made," but a sweet and docile disposition, a loving heart, and unusually quick mental capacities.

"Take care, Nazareth," said her mother at last, "lest thy pretty Coral prove a snare to thy feet and a pitfall in thy path. Thee loves her too well, daughter."

The warning rang ominously in Nazareth's ears for many a day; but still she clung to and served her pretty darling, as only a heart so loving and so wounded as hers can cling to what is left after the best is taken.

Again the summer was waning, and the second anniversary of Richard Armstrong's advent had nearly arrived, when one day, as Nazareth sat upon her rocky seat at Floater's Bay, and watched the little Coral playing with some bright sea-weed and pebbles upon the shore, a hasty footstep caused her to look quickly up, just to catch the glimpse of a dark, handsome face, the next moment buried in Coral's golden hair.

Gabriel Pitcher stood behind, and laid his

hand upon his daughter's head, saying, brokenly:

"Nazareth, my child, be strong. The Lord has appointed you another trial."

Without reply Nazareth rose, and, approaching Coral, knelt and put her arms about the child's waist.

The dark face of the stranger confronted her.

"She is mine. The Lord gave her to me," said Nazareth.

"She is mine. I am the mother who bore her," replied the stranger, fiercely; and little Coral, clinging convulsively to Nazareth, stamped her foot and cried:

"No, no, naughty lady! You are not my mother. I will have no mother but this. Her name is Nazareth, and mine is Coral, and that is grandfather."

"Hush, foolish darling!" said the stranger, frowning and smiling at once. "You are no Coral, but my own little Mabel, and you shall go with me to such a beautiful house that you will soon forget all this, and even your new mother and grandsire."

She laughed as she spoke, but in the next moment laid her hand upon her heart with such a look of deadly anguish that Nazareth, forgetting herself and even little Coral, sprang forward to help her, but the stranger warned her off.

"Thanks, mistress; it is past now. It is only a pain that comes when I am overtried or agitated. Just now, it is seeing my little darling there, for whose healthy and merry looks I thank you kindly."

At the word Nazareth fled again to her nursling, and laying her arms closely about her, cried in bitterness of heart,

"No, no, no, she can not be yours, for God sent her to comfort me when I was ready to die. She is mine—my very own!"

At this the father interposed with stern decision. "Daughter," said he, "you may not keep from the woman what is indeed her own, or say that God gave you what was only lent for a purpose. Hear her story, and submit, as a Christian should, to the rod freshly laid upon your shoulders."

So the stranger, obedient to Nazareth's imploring eyes, told how she had been married three years before to a man who could not acknowledge her on account of his family's opposition, and had left her, not knowing that she was likely to become a mother. After the child was born she had sought him all over her own country and others where she had heard that he had been seen. At last she traced him to an American city, and finally heard that he had spent a winter in or near a fishing hamlet upon the New England coast. Then taking her child, she had come to find and reclaim him, and it was the vessel in which she was passenger that had gone to pieces upon White Reef the night that little Coral came to comfort Nazareth.

When the storm grew furious the sailors lashed the mother and child to separate spars, intending that each should be the charge of two stout swimmers; but no human strength was able to combat for a moment the fury of the waves upon that dreadful night, and no sooner did swimmers and burden touch the water than they were hurled asunder, and the unhappy mother knew no more until she found herself on board a British packet homeward-bound, and was told that she had been picked up some hours previously by a fishing craft, which, not to delay her own voyage, had put her aboard the British brig, where she could receive proper care and ultimately reach a central port. That her child should have been saved seemed impossible to hope, and at any rate the captain of the brig absolutely refused to put back for the purpose of landing his involuntary passenger. So soon, however, as she reached England, she had dispatched a special messenger to make inquiries in the neighborhood of the wreck for any news of child or father that could be obtained, and through him she had at last received intelligence not only that her child was safe, but that her adopted mother was Gabriel Pitcher's daughter and Richard Armstrong's wife."

"And your husband?" gasped Nazareth, as the stranger paused, and again laid her hand upon her side.

"Richard Armstrong is my husband, and that child is his and mine, born in lawful wedlock," said the woman, with sturdy determination.

Then Nazareth fell prone upon the sand, and hid her face from even the light of day.

"Both, both!" moaned she. "Take both, and leave me desolate!"

"Not desolate, for you have God, and your father and mother. More than father or mother, you have an unspotted life, and a clear conscience," said Gabriel Pitcher, raising his child, and folding her to his breast with unwonted emotion.

Then, without a look at the stranger, he took Nazareth in his arms, and bore her homeward as he had done the night when she carried her new-found comfort in her arms.

The child, dimly conscious of the change in her destiny, half-followed, half-lingered, weeping bitterly. Gabriel had reached the top of the hill, and paused to rest, when the patter of little feet resounded along the hard field-path, and Coral, flushed and breathless, caught him by the skirt.

"Away, child! Go to your mother!" cried the old Puritan, sternly, and Nazareth moaned upon his breast; but Coral, unheeding all else, cried piteously,

"She is sick, the woman is. Perhaps she is dead. I can not go to her. I am afraid!"

"What is that to me? I must care for my own," muttered Nazareth's father between his teeth, and would have held his onward course; but she, who till now had seemed insensible, raised her head, and said, feebly,

"Set me down, father, and go to her. It is the duty of a Christian man; and she has done no harm, poor woman, to you or yours."

"But you, Nazareth! How can I leave you?"

"Coral will stay with me, or help me to go to my mother. Will you help me, little Coral?" asked Nazareth, smiling wanly, and the child answered joyfully,

"That will I, mother dear, for you know I am your own little comfort. You call me so very often, and I do not forget any thing you say."

"Come then, little comfort, and let me lean upon you for a last sweet moment," said poor Nazareth, taking the child in her arms, and bending over her until Coral's golden hair shone full of diamonds.

Gabriel Pitcher looked at them a moment, then strode away, his face dark, and his heart swelling more with wrath than pity; and had Richard Armstrong stood that moment in his path he had surely found the stern old Puritan a worthy descendant of those who went out to fight—the Bible in one hand, and the sword in the other.

Beside the rock where Armstrong had made fast his skiff upon the night of his first visit, and where Nazareth had sat and waited for him through the two weary years since past, lay the stranger woman who had come to claim Nazareth's husband and Nazareth's child as all her own, dead, Gabriel at first thought, for her dark face was livid, her teeth set, her eyes glassy, and her form rigid.

"I will call the neighbors to attend her. Why should I bring her beneath the roof she has made desolate?" asked Gabriel Pitcher of himself, looking down at the prostrate form, with a sense of all the wrong his only child had borne seething in his heart; but there came the memory of Nazareth's plaintive voice, "It is the duty of a Christian man—" and because he was a Christian he stooped and lifted her, and carried her, not tenderly but carefully, up the hill and along the field-path to his home, whither Nazareth had already made her way, leaning upon little Coral, and counting as a precious boon every moment in which the child was yet spared to her.

"Here is Richard Armstrong's wife, Rachel. If you can find it in your heart to serve her, do so. I am going for a doctor," said Gabriel, bringing in the stranger and laying her upon a couch in the wide, old-fashioned sitting-room. And Nazareth's mother, pale and cold, and very gentle, ministered to the woman who had stolen all that Nazareth held dear, even to her good name and maidenly repute, as if she had been her own child.

The doctor came, and after a while restored the sufferer to consciousness; but in private he warned Mistress Pitcher that her guest was victim of a fatal disease, that her days were numbered, and that their continuance depended upon the care that was taken to keep the patient from any fatigue, exposure, or emotion.

"You must nurse her as you did Nazareth, when you saved her life a year ago," said the good old man, unwitting what a stab he was inflicting upon the mother's heart.

When he was gone Rachel went away into her own room, and there sought help and strength where such women are sure to find it; and when she came forth it was with a holy light upon her face that all who saw her felt and understood.

Then for days and weeks Rachel and Nazareth bent themselves to this new burden and bore it, not patiently alone, but lovingly and caressingly, and as if it had been a precious and coveted gift; so that before she died the stranger who had come with bitterness in her heart, and the law in her hand to wrest from Nazareth what she had been deceived to think her own, humbly asked forgiveness of her innocent rival for the harshness she had shown; and died blessing her and hers, and leaving her child to them as a precious legacy and remembrance.

So they buried her, bravely putting upon her grave-stone—

"The Wife of Richard Armstrong."

And little Coral once more was Nazareth's child.

Two years more passed silently and swiftly on. Nazareth, still in the early blossom of her life, had settled into the quiet and completed aspect of a woman whose morning dreams are past, and who has accepted the appointed task of her day. Some threads of silver shone among her wealth of soft, brown hair, her sweet eyes no longer wandered expectant over sea and earth and sky, but looked out upon the world straight and steadfast, content with what lay day by day before them, her voice clear and soft as it had always been, gained a pathetic tone, the echo of a far-off sorrow; but besides these, and a certain shrinking from the presence of strangers, Nazareth's life showed no outward sign of the storm that had swept over it. She had resumed her maiden name, and, although more than once besought to change it, quietly expressed her resolution to live out her days in her father's house, content with the duties she there found.

It was thus with her, when one day Coral came home bringing with her a gentleman, at sight of whose handsome face Gabriel Pitcher rose wrathfully, while Rachel moved hurriedly toward her child as if to protect her. Nazareth alone had power to speak.

"Have you come for your child, Richard?" asked she, in a sudden agony of fear.

"I have come for you, Nazareth, replied Richard Armstrong, slowly, and with his eyes upon the ground. "Can you forgive me, and consent to marry me, and be my child's mother in very truth?"

No one spoke, but Gabriel Pitcher's stern features softened, and his wife looked eagerly into her child's face. They had never confessed it to each other, but the stain upon their name had eaten deep into both their hearts.

Nazareth looked slowly from one to the other, reading their wishes in their eyes. Then she stooped thoughtfully to kiss the child's upturned face, and then she looked at Richard Armstrong, who never dared to raise his eyes to hers.

"Come with me, Richard," she said at last; and the two passed out of the house, and over the well-known path, until they stood beside the great rock at the head of Floater's Bay.

Then Nazareth spoke:

"It is nothing new to me that you should come to-day to ask this question," she said. "I knew that you loved me still, and I knew that you could never forget the cruel wrong you had done me; I knew too that your brave, frank heart would at last overcome the shame that at first kept you away. So I expected you, and my mind is quite resolved. Here where we first met we will say good-by forever."

He had not expected this, and threw himself on his knees beside her, passionately clasping her hand.

"No, no, Nazareth!" cried he. "I can not take this as your answer. I can not believe you will so defeat my hope. Nazareth, I never loved woman but you, and I only left you in hope that the law might release me from her, and suffer me to make you wholly my own. When I found this release impossible, I dared not return to you, even had you remained forever in ignorance of my deception. I had learned so to venerate the purity and holiness of your life, that I could not sully it by my approach. Then when she had told you all, I dared not come from very shame, even though I then was free to offer what to-day I beg, I implore you to accept. At last I have gathered courage, and now, oh Nazareth, you will not deny me at the last! For the child's sake, for the sake of your parents, of your own good name! Oh, Nazareth, will nothing move you?"

She looked him steadfastly in the face, then drew her hand away, and pointed to the waters rolling in with their mysterious treasure.

"All the crises of my life," said she, "have come in presence of these waves. They brought me you, they brought me Coral, they brought me the news that what I mourned as lost had never been really mine; and now at the last they bring me you to-day. Richard, when they bring me again my youth, and strength, and the glory and freshness of my life—when they bring me my maidenhood and the hope and pride of a young girl's heart—on that day I will become your wife. Till then good-by; and if indeed you sorrow for what you have done, and will be happier in thinking you have made some amends, leave me the love and companionship of your child. Let me keep little Coral for my own; I whom no other child shall ever call mother."

Her steady voice failed a little as she said this, and she turned away her face, while Armstrong said, sadly:

"She is yours, dear Nazareth, as long as you will keep her, and if ever while we live your heart should turn through her to her father—"

"I have answered you, Richard, for once and for always," said Nazareth's soft voice, calm and steady now as it had ever been. And without a word of reply Richard Armstrong slowly went his way, turning at the brow of the cliff to take one long, last look at the patient figure seated beside the sea, her eyes fixed upon the far, dim horizon, her brow calm, serene, and patient beneath the crown of thorns, that yet should turn to a wreath of immortal bloom. Then he went his way, and upon earth they met no more.

WHITSUNTIDE.

UPON the day now known as Easter-day, the first day after the Paschal Sabbath, it was the custom of the Jewish priests, in accordance with the rules of the Ceremonial law, to wave in the Temple the first sheaf of the barley harvest. Seven weeks and one day from that period was the anniversary of the giving of the law from Mount Sinai. It was generally called by the Jews the Feast of Weeks, coming after the fulfillment of the sacred number of seven weeks after the first Paschal Sabbath, which was the highest Sabbath of the year, and stood at the beginning of the Ceremonial year. The civil year did not commence until September. Among various appellations it also had that of the Day of Fifty or Pentecost. It was the second of the three great feasts—Passover, Pentecost, Tabernacles—upon which every Jew was required by the law to present himself at the Temple to fulfill certain religious duties. The whole seven weeks were regarded as a religious season, being regularly numbered, but only the fiftieth day was observed as a feast. The fifty days were the season of grain harvest. Upon the first day the first sheaf of barley was offered in the Temple; on the last two loaves of leavened bread, made of the finest wheat flour, twelve times sifted, of the new crop of the land, were in like manner offered. Both were wave-offerings of thanksgiving for the kindly fruits of the earth. The custom perhaps had part in suggesting our Thanksgiving-day.

The early Christians called Pentecost Whitsuntide or Whitesuntide. It was the first annual festival instituted by the Christians, and is regarded by some as the Church's birthday. It was the day upon which the Holy Ghost descended upon the Apostles, and when the three thousand were baptized. The whole Pentecostal season was an especial season in the early Church for the administration of adult baptism. At Pentecost the catechumens, and those who had been baptized in the course of the season, presented themselves in *albs* or white garments. Hence it received the name of "Whitesuntide." Some writers think the name was symbolical of the diffusion of light that day shed upon the world by the descent of the Holy Ghost. The former derivation is probably the

correct one; the latter being added for evident reasons.

Easter this year occurs upon the 12th of April; consequently Whitsunday must come upon the 31st of May, fifty days thereafter.

Apart from the Sundays of the Pentecostal season, in running through the calendar three days attract our attention. The first of these is St. Mark's Day, the 25th of April.

Mark was a Levite and the cousin of Barnabas. Paul and the latter selected him for a companion in their missionary journey to Asia. But Mark soon got tired of foreign missions. Leaving the Apostles at Perga he returned to find a more congenial scene at Jerusalem. Doubtless there are Marks now who prefer home to converting the heathen; and perhaps with reason, for all people are not naturally qualified for the same work. Subsequently Barnabas proposed to Paul to take his cousin with them on another journey; but Paul, who had not forgotten or forgiven Mark's putting his hand to the plow and looking back, positively refused. This created a breach between the Apostles, who separated. Later Mark seems to have regained the esteem of Paul, for the Apostle speaks of him as "profitable to him." Mark was the author of what has been styled "the Gospel of *Events*," as distinguished from the other three.

In England, during the rule of the Roman Church, St. Mark's Day was a great fast. Vaughan says: "I remember, in 1589, being then a boy, that an ale-wife, making no exception of days, would brew upon St. Mark's Day. Whiles she was thus laboring the chimney took fire and her house was burnt. Surely a gentle warning to them that violate forbidden days." Another writer observes, "that though there was not anciently any fast-day between Easter and Whitsunday the Popes had devised a monstrous fast on St. Mark's Day." St. Mark it appears was made an exception, and "had his day fasted."

Formerly, in England, there were many superstitions connected with this day. "It is still a custom," says Hone, "for young maidens to make the *dumb cake*, a mystical ceremony. The party never exceeds three; they meet in silence to make the cake, and as soon as the clock strikes twelve they each break off a portion to eat, and when done they walk up to bed backward without speaking a word, for if one speak the spell is broken. Those that are to be married see the likeness of their sweet-hearts hurrying after them or hear a knocking. Those that neither see nor hear any thing are to die unmarried. Farther they have terrible dreams of new-made graves, winding-sheets, churchyards, and of rings that fit no finger or crumble into dust. Another dumb ceremony is that of eating the yolk of an egg and filling the shell with salt, when the sweet-heart is sure to make his appearance before morning. Some, more brave, lay a branch at the porch of the church and watch at twelve hoping to see marriage processions pass by with brides in their own likeness hanging on the arms of their future husbands. If they are to die unmarried they see funeral processions." These are all evidently simple customs which mark a rustic but imaginative folk.

St. Mark is the patron saint of Venice. His name ever awakens thoughts of the city of the sea; of the gorgeous scene of the marriage of the Doge with the Adriatic; of the regattas so finely described by Cooper; of the gondolas, and the strains of Tasso echoing along the canals; of the Rialto; of Titian, Veronese, Tintoretto—those masters of coloring; and of the moonlight upon the canals, which renders the scene so wonderfully beautiful. The very name, St. Mark, seems to have something fine about it—something of strength and beauty. But let us pass on.

The second of the three days to which we have alluded is the 1st of May, the combined day of St. Philip and St. James. Philip was a native of Bethsaida. He was one of the Twelve, and is believed to have preached with great success in upper Asia, and there to have earned in consequence the crown of martyrdom. His day offers nothing of literary interest. His associate, James, must not be confounded with James the Great, the brother of John, Boanerges, the patron saint of Spain, and familiar to all lovers of chivalry as St. Jago de Compostella; nor with James the Less, the son of Alpheus. He was the uterine brother of Christ—one of the later-born children of Joseph and the Virgin Mary, his wife. He became first bishop of Jerusalem, and was called the Just from the great purity of his life. He was also author of the Epistle. The Jews, enraged at his success as a preacher of the Gospel, hurled him from the Temple, and he died, like Stephen, praying for his enemies. His day is unmarked by any thing peculiar.

But the day of Philip and James is also May-day. "This was," says Hone, "the great rural festival of our forefathers. Their hearts responded merrily to the cheerfulness of the season. At the dawn of May the lads and lasses left their towns and villages, and, repairing to the woodlands by sound of music, they gathered the *May*, or blossomed branches of the trees, and bound them with wreaths of flowers; then, returning to their homes by sunrise, they decorated the lattices and doors with the sweet-smelling spoil of their joyous journey, and spent the remaining hours in sports and pastimes." Many sweet poets have lent their genius to preserve May-day from oblivion—Spencer, Herrick, Lady Craven, Buchanan. The latter exclaims with enthusiasm:

"Hail! thou, the fleet year's pride and prime!
Hail! day which fame shall bid to bloom!
Hail! image of primeval time!
Hail! sample of a world to come!"

The festival of May-day is more generally celebrated in Germany than elsewhere. The author of "An Art-Student in Munich," says

Howitt, "describes a May festival witnessed by her, where not alone the painters, poets, sculptors, musicians, and good folk of Munich turned out upon a bright May morning to do honor to the season, but royalty itself also." This festival has been traced by some to the Floralia of the Romans. Maurice, however, thinks that "it is but a repetition of the phallic festivals of India and Egypt," which were held at the same season of the year. Howitt is of opinion that the "May festival came down from the Druids, who had it from India. The Druids celebrated the worship of the god *Bel* (Apollo or Orus) on the first of May by lighting fires upon the cairns." Hence the day was called *Beltine;* for *tine* means to kindle. Further Britain was once called "Beli."

The Saxons called May *Tri-milki*, "Milking-day." On the first met the *Folk-mote* or Parliament. But May-day has long been simply a rustic festival. Who is not familiar with the song of the "May-Queen?" and who has not heard of the May-pole and the morris-dance? The pole was usually painted yellow and black, and adorned with flowers and flags. Often the pole was allowed to stand throughout the year, and was employed again the next season, so that it became historic and associated with many fond recollections.

"I shall never forget," says Washington Irving, "the delight I felt on first seeing a May-pole. It was on the banks of the Dee, close by the picturesque old bridge that stretches across the river from the quaint little city of Chester. I had already been carried back into former days by the antiquities of that venerable place, the examination of which is equal to turning over the pages of a black-letter volume, or gazing on the pictures in Froissart. The May-pole on the margin of that poetic stream completed the illusion. My fancy adorned it with wreaths of flowers, and peopled the green bank with all the dancing revelry of May-day. The mere sight of this May-pole gave a glow to my feelings and spread a charm over the country for the rest of the day; and as I traversed a part of the fair plains of Cheshire and the beautiful borders of Wales, and looked among swelling hills down a long green valley, through which the 'Deva wound its wizard stream,' my imagination turned all into a perfect Arcadia. One can readily imagine what a gay scene it must have been in jolly old London, when the doors were decorated with flowering branches, when every hat was decked with hawthorn, and Robin Hood, Friar Tuck, and Maid Marian, the morris-dancers, and all the other fantastic masks and revelers were performing their antics about the May-pole in every part of the city. On this occasion we are told Robin Hood presided as Lord of the May:

'With coat of Lincoln green and mantle too,
And horn of ivory mouth and buckle bright,
And arrows winged with peacock feathers light,
And trusty bow well gathered of the yew;'

while near him, crowned as Lady of the May, Maid Marian,

'with eyes of blue
Shining through dusk hair like the stars of night,
And habited in pretty forest plight—
His green-wood beauty sits, young as the dew;'

and there, too, in a subsequent stage of the pageant, were

'The archer men in green, with belt and bow,
Feasting on pheasant, river-fowl, and swan,
With Robin at their head and Marian.'

"I value every custom that tends to infuse poetical feeling into the common people, and to sweeten and soften the rudeness of rustic manners, without destroying their simplicity. Indeed it is to the decline of this happy simplicity that the decline of this custom may be traced; and the rural dance on the green and the homely May-day pageant have gradually disappeared in proportion as the peasantry have become expensive and artificial in their pleasures, and too knowing for simple enjoyment. Some attempts have been made of late years by men both of taste and learning to rally back the popular feeling to these standards of primitive simplicity; but the time has gone by; the feeling has become chilled by habits of gain and traffic; the country apes the manners and amusements of the town; and little is heard of May-day at present, except from the lamentations of authors, who sigh after it from among the brick walls of the city."

But the festival has not entirely disappeared. Beltane fires can still be seen in Germany and May-queens in rural England.

The third day in the Pentecostal season which attracts our notice is Ascension-day or Holy-Thursday. This feast is preceded immediately by three days termed Rogation days. The Bishop of Vienne in the fifth century, his diocese being threatened with calamities, appointed that with fasting extraordinary supplications should be made to Heaven upon these days for protection. These supplications were termed rogations, and thus the days Rogation days. They are not recognized in the Anglican Prayer-Book.

Ascension-day occurs precisely forty days after Easter, and this year will come upon the 21st of May. It is also the anniversary of the Transfiguration. Besides the "forty days" in which our Saviour was "seen" of the Apostles, there are nine occasions of his special appearance recorded. 1st. He appeared to Mary Magdalene on the morning of the resurrection; 2d. To the two Marys and Salome shortly after; 3d. To Cephas and another disciple upon the afternoon of the same day, as they were on the road to Emmaus; 4th. To the ten on the night of that day (Thomas being absent), at Jerusalem; 5th. To the eleven on the night of the next Sunday; 6th. To his disciples at the Lake of Tiberias; 7th. To five hundred in Galilee; 8th. To James his brother; 9th. To the eleven on the Mount, when he ascended out of their sight. In memory of the latter crowning act the day has ever since been called Ascension-day and Holy-Thursday. It is the only week-day, except Christmas, for which there is provided a special preface to the Communion, in the Book of Common Prayer. On this day it was an old custom in England for the minister of the parish, accompanied by the officers, the master of the parish school, the scholars, and some of the people, to go in procession to the

limits of the parish, which the boys then struck with willow wands. It was called "beating the bounds." Lysons mentions the practices on this day of "rush bearing, of hanging up white gloves and garlands of roses in the churches, at the funerals of young maidens, of foot-ball plays, and well-dressing." The latter festivity claims a high antiquity. It somewhat resembles May-day. These customs are both poetical and beautiful, tending to promote mirth and geniality, and, as Edwards says, "should not be lightly left to pass away; they have their moral." The well-dressing is doubtless a relic of the Roman *fontinalia*—festivals held in honor of the nymphs of the fountains, when nosegays were thrown into the waters and crowns of flowers were placed around the wells and fountains. Reverence for wells was common in the East at an early day. The wells of the patriarchs were always honored, and Bethesda was a sacred pool never to be forgotten.

Nageogorgus, in the "Popish Kingdom," as rendered by Barnaby Googe, thus satirically describes some of the scenes which characterized Ascension-day in medieval times:

"Then comes the day when Christ ascended
to his Father's seate,
Which day they also celebrate
with store of drink and meate.
Then every man some bird must eate,
I know not to what ende,
And after dinner all to church
they come and there attende.
The blocke that on the aultar still
till then was seen to stande,
Is drawn up hie above the roofe
by ropes and force of hande:
The priests about it round do stande,
and chant it to the skie,
For all these men's religion great
in singing most doth lie.
Then out of hande the dreadfull shape
of Sathan downe they throwe
Oft times, with fire burning bright
and dasht asunder too.
The boyes with greedie eyes do watch
and on him straight they fall,
And beat him sore with rods and breake
him into pieces small.
This done, they wafers downe do cast,
and singing cakes the while,
With papers round amongst them put
the children to beguile.
With laughter great are all things done:
and from the beams they let
Great streams of water downe to fall
on whom they mean to wet.
And thus this solemn holiday
and hie renowned feast,
And all their whole devotion here,
is ended with a feast."

Precisely ten days after Ascension comes Whitsuntide. We have already described its origin and name. The eve of Whitsunday, like that of Holy-Thursday, is a vigil. It was a custom in the early ages of Christianity for worshipers to prepare themselves for the solemn observance of a principal feast or fast by devoting the preceding afternoon and sometimes night to religious offices. It was in accordance with the manners of the age. Vigils, however, have long fallen into disuse.

At the time of the Ascension the Apostles were commanded "not to depart from Jerusalem, but to wait for the promise of the Father." In obedience to this command they were all, on the morning of Pentecost, before nine A.M., with one accord in the same place. Some suppose, like Olshausen, this "place" to have been a room in the Temple. But there is not sufficient evidence to render the point clear. Suddenly there came from heaven the sound of a mighty rushing wind, which filled the house and was noised abroad. Either the sound or the report of it was heard all over Jerusalem. Simultaneously cloven tongues of fire appeared upon the heads of each of the Apostles, and they were filled with the Holy Ghost, and spake with other tongues. This is not the place to go into an analysis and explanation of this mighty event. We merely state the fact as it is recorded. In commemoration of this wonderful scene the anniversary of it, or Whitsunday, has ever been distinguished in the Church as one of the most important feasts of the ecclesiastical year; and as the Church may be said to have begun, in one sense, at that time—the anniversary, too, of the beginning of the Jewish Church on Mount Sinai, which Church was henceforth done away—Pentecost or Whitsunday has been aptly styled, as we have before remarked, the birthday of the Church. The day is also much to be remembered by the English Church and those in communion with her as the anniversary of the legal promulgation, in 1549, of the First Prayer-Book of Edward VI. Whitsunday, therefore, is also considered the birthday of the Book of Common Prayer, a book, says the Presbyterian Lord Macaulay, "the diction of which has directly or indirectly contributed to form the diction of every great English writer, and has extorted the admiration of the most accomplished infidels and of the most accomplished non-conformists, of such men as David Hume and Robert Hall."

Whitsuntide is not without its ancient and singular customs. In England, in Roman Catholic times, it was usual to dramatize the descent of the Holy Ghost in the churches. Lambarde says that "when a child he saw in St. Paul's the descent of the Holy Spirit performed by a white pigeon let fly out of a hole in the midst of the roof of the great aisle, with a long censer, which, descending from the same place almost to the ground, was swung up and down at such length that it reached with one sweep almost to the west gate of the church, and with the other to the choir stairs, breathing out over the whole multitude a most pleasant perfume." In comment upon a similar scene Nageogorgus indignantly exclaims:

"On Whitsunday whyte pigeons
tame in strings from heaven flie,
And one that framed is of wood
still hangeth in the skie.
Thou seest how they with idols play,
and teach the people too;
None otherwise than little gyrles
with puppets use to do."

A Puritan writer mentions as an historical fact that in 1640, on Whitsunday, in Cornwall, during service the church was struck by lightning, there being an awful storm, and that many were injured, which he regarded as a "fearfull judgment" upon ceremonies. But these "judgments" do not seem to have been general. Fosbroke remarks that Whitsunday was formerly "celebrated in Spain with representations of the gift of the Holy Ghost and of thunder from engines which did much damage. Wafers or cakes, preceded by water, oak leaves, or burning torches, were thrown down from the roof of the church; small birds with cakes tied to their legs, and pigeons, were let loose; sometimes there were tame ones tied with strings, or one of wood suspended."

Similar scenes used also to be enacted in Ireland. The Irish often kept the feast with milk, like the Hebrews, and with cakes and bread made with hot water and wheaten bran. Whitsun ales were long in vogue in England.

In Rome Whitsunday is celebrated with great effect, like all the leading feasts of the Church. The ceremonies are chiefly religious.

Whitsuntide in England was long a semi-holiday season, especially among the young folk, who used to indulge in various games and amusements. Drop-handkerchief was played in Greenwich Park as late as in 1825. Many marriages in humble life have had their origin in the games of this season. The gayeties were continued through Whit-Monday and Whit-Tuesday, and were all of a similar character. Kirke White has some beautiful lines upon these days. We give a few verses:

"Hark! how the merry bells ring jocund round,
And now they die upon the veering breeze;
Anon they thunder loud
Full on the musing ear.

"Wafted in varying cadence, by the shore
Of the still twinkling river, they bespeak
A day of jubilee,
An ancient holiday.

"And lo! the rural revels are begun,
And gayly echoing to the laughing sky,
On the smooth-shaven green
Resounds the voice of mirth.

"Alas! regardless of the tongue of fate,
That tells them 'tis but as an hour since they
Who now are in their graves
Kept up the Whitsun dance.

"Yet why should thoughts like these intrude to scare
The vagrant Happiness, when she will deign
To smile upon us here,
A transient visitor?

"Mortals! be gladsome while ye have the power;
And laugh and seize the glittering lapse of joy;
In time the bell will toll
That warns ye to your graves."

Whitsuntide was also noted once for the ceremony of font-hallowing. This was done in anticipation of the christenings which were to take place. It was usual also in some places to strew the church floors with grass; and every where to give alms to the poor.

"This season," says Hone, "was formerly greatly preferred for marrying, and in which a great many weddings were performed before the passing of the Marriage Act. Previous to the operation of that law one George Keith, a Scotch clergyman driven from Scotland, set up a marriage-office in the Fleet, and carried on the trade since so successfully pursued by the Blacksmith of Gretna Green. Few persons so much injured the public morals or caused so much distress in families as this unworthy man and his brethren. They had their setters to ask people passing in the streets whether they wanted a clergyman to marry them.

"Keith and his journeyman one morning during the Whitsun holidays locked together a greater number of couples than had been married at any ten churches within the bills of mortality. He transferred his office to May-Fair, where he continued to officiate for many years, till he was obliged to take refuge again in the Fleet." He was finally excommunicated and stopped. He lived, however, to his eighty-ninth year to contemplate the injury he had done to his calling and to society.

For a long time in England Whit-Monday and Whit-Tuesday were reproductions of May-day, except in the matter of marriage, for it was deemed unlucky to marry in May, while it was considered fortunate to marry during Whitsuntide. But the revelries were reproduced. Thus poles were erected and adorned with flowers and flags, and merry meetings were held around them with games and dances. Even clubs were instituted for the maintenance of these amusements. At Necton, Norfolk, his seat, Major Mason established a *guild* for rural sports upon these days.

One of the oldest customs of the period traced by antiquarians is that of Eton Montem, which is celebrated at Eton triennially, on Whit-Tuesday. It existed in the time of Elizabeth. The custom is a very simple one. It consists in forming a peculiar procession, and levying what is termed a salt-contribution upon every one within reach. The amount collected is devoted to the payment of the expenses, and to aid the captain of the Montem in going through the University, should he require assistance. There was any quantity of odd scenes and curious ceremonies connected with Montem-day at Eton. *Floreat Etona!* exclaims every Etonian perpetually. Doubtless their Montem flourishes still, though no reason can be given for it. "Out upon the eternal hunting for causes and reasons!" exclaims an Etonian. "I love the no-meaning Eton Montem. I love to be asked for salt by a pretty boy in silk stockings and satin doublet, though the custom has been called something between begging and robbing. I love the apologetical *mos pro lege*, which defies the police and the Mendicity Society. I love the absurdity of a captain taking precedence of a marshal, bearing a gilt baton at an angle of forty-five degrees from his right hip; and an ensign flourishing a flag with the grace of a tight-rope dancer; and sergeants paged by fair-skinned Indians and beardless Turks; and corporals in sashes and gorgets, guarded by immo-

cent polemen in blue jackets and white trowsers. I love the mixture of real and mock dignity; the provost in his cassock clearing the way for the Duchess of Leinster to see the ensign make his bow, or the head-master gravely dispensing leave of absence till nine to counts of the Holy Roman Empire and Grand-Seigniors. I love the crush in the cloisters and mob on the mount. I love the clatter of carriages and the plunging of horsemen. I love the universal gayety, from the peer who smiles and sighs that he is no longer an Eton boy, to the country girl who marvels that such little gentlemen have cocked-hats and real swords. Give me a Montem with all its tomfoolery, I had almost said, before a coronation. It is a right English scene. There is the stay-maker's wife from Thames Street elbowing a Cavendish, and a gentleman-commoner of Cambridge playing the agreeable to a farmer's pretty daughter from Chippenham Green. Cynics, cynics, abandon your heresy." The money raised for this celebration sometimes reaches a thousand pounds, to which the Crown has contributed one hundred. The Montem is a gala-day which will be honored at Eton as long as the "ancient customs" are preserved. The ode for the day is a queer mixture of nonsense, absurdity, satire, and fun. One of them, which is very amusing, but too long to quote, thus concludes:

"My tale is o'er, my lyre unstrung,
The last, last rhyme upon my tongue;
Farewell, then! should the toward muse
Expire ere the next Montem views,
Oh, give a pearly drop of tear,
If not, a pint of purl or beer.
Farewell! the world hath been and must be,
To poets, statesmen, fiddlers, and to me."

Pleasing and joyous as are the feelings to which the contemplation of such holiday scenes gives birth, nevertheless the recurrence of the two great days of the Pentecostal season—Ascension-day and Whitsunday—necessarily awakens thoughts of a far different and of a far higher and more absorbing character. Our souls kindle with the memories which these anniversaries excite. Ascension-day carries us back in imagination to the touching spectacle of Moses ascending to the top of Pisgah to view the Promised Land and to die; but of whose sepulchre no man knoweth, for He buried him: to the sublime scene of the mysterious prophet Elijah going up to heaven in the chariot of fire, leaving his mantle to Elisha, who exclaims: "My Father, My Father! the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof:" to the wonderful exhibition of Christ's transfiguration upon Mount Tabor, and His conversation with Moses and Elias in regard to the tragedy that should be enacted at Jerusalem—the thought of which, on the same spot, eighteen hundred years after, is said by Murat to have given him tenfold courage and strength to contend with the infidel Turk: and to the closing period of our Saviour's sojourn on earth, when, having given his last commandment and consolation to his disciples, He was taken up, and a cloud received Him out of their sight.

Whitsuntide, too, recalls the fearful moment when Sinai was on smoke, and the God of Israel, standing upon the magnificent pavement of sapphire, delivered to Moses, the man of God, the Moral Law, putting in his hands the two tables, made of the purest sapphire, small in size, but each of which was large enough to contain five of the Commandments, which were engraved on both sides of these precious stones in the old Hebrew (now Samaritan) character by the finger of God Himself, with a beauty which Bezaleel, "who had understanding in the cutting of stones," vainly would have attempted to imitate, rendering those God-written sapphires the most exquisite gems that the world has ever seen. It recalls the awful day when the Holy Ghost descended, according to the promise, and the Church was born with the baptism of fire; and that most interesting event in the history of one of her branches, the giving to the world the Book of Common Prayer; "A book," says the Methodist Adam Clark, "which, next to the Bible, is the book of my understanding and of my heart."

Such are some of the recollections which the recurrence of these days awakens. We can not pursue the subject further. Let the fonts be adorned with *Pinxter* flowers, and let a white stone—emblem of bright days—ever mark the beautiful season of Whitsuntide.

FAITH AND FALLIBILITY.

ESTHER GRIMSHAW, clad in calico, wiped every speck of dust from the pictures that ornamented the walls of the Grimshaw parlor. She was a little body—this sober, plain-faced Esther—so little that she was obliged to stand on tip-toe on the stool that helped to raise her toward a level with the pictures. These pictures that Esther wiped so carefully were of trifling value. One of them was the Tree of Life, a ridiculously symmetrical mass of green foliage, covered over with wafer-like spots containing the names of all the Christian graces and virtues. Another was the prodigal son enviously watching the mastication of husks by the swine at his feet, a picture whose striking features were the leanness of the man and the fatness of the swine. Another was the return of the prodigal to his father's house, where the artist had represented the son in a remarkably tattered green coat, and the father's garments were "deeply, darkly, and dreadfully blue." There were other pictures, home-made wreaths of autumn leaves in home-made frames of cones and burs, a wonderful piece of worsted-work executed by Esther Grimshaw's mother when her maiden name was Ross, and a certificate to the effect that Esther Grimshaw's father, by the payment of twenty-five dollars, was entitled to membership of the American Tract Society.

Anne Le Fevre, clad in the daintiest of tint-

ed muslins, dotted all over with brilliant little bouquets, leaned back in the moreen-covered rocking-chair, and glanced around the room with a scornful little laugh at Esther's pictures. She was accustomed to oil-paintings and water-colors, India ink and chromos, pastels and steel engravings. It was Anne Le Fevre's way to laugh at almost every thing Esther Grimshaw did; "Esther was such a prim, unsophisticated little piece of sobriety," so she said.

"Esther," she remarked now, dropping the ruffling upon which she had been working, "I am going to be your godmother."

"My what?" asked Esther, pausing in her work of polishing the prodigal son.

Anne Le Fevre laid her head back on the moreen cushion of the rocking-chair and laughed merrily. "Such a stupid—oh, such a stupid!" she exclaimed. "Why, don't you know what a godmother is? That comes of being a Methodist. If you were an Episcopalian you would know something."

"I suppose you are an Episcopalian?" replied Esther Grimshaw, with the slightest tinge of sarcasm in her tone.

"Of course I am an Episcopalian," answered Anne Le Fevre. "It's the most proper and fashionable thing to be."

"Fashionable!" echoed Esther Grimshaw, in a shocked tone.

"Yes, fashionable," answered Anne Le Fevre. "But I forgot that you didn't believe in fashions. I should think not;" and surveying the plain little calico-clad figure, she went off in another merry peal of laughter.

"I beg your pardon," she said, checking herself a few minutes after, seeing how hot and angry Esther's face had grown. "I am going to give you a new name, and at the christening I will stand your godmother."

"I don't understand you," replied Esther Grimshaw, shortly, "and I don't know what kind of a mother a godmother is, but I think I might better be an orphan than have such a mother as you."

Anne Le Fevre laughed heartily. "Who'd ever have thought you were such a little spitfire? I like spunk, though, and I like you better than I like most women, I assure you. I don't believe in women as a general thing, and there isn't much love lost between us, for they hate me. But I am going to give you a new name, and because you are on the trot from morning till night, it shall be Dame Trot."

Esther Grimshaw laughed.

"It isn't much prettier than my old name," she said. "But I don't care. There's nothing in a name."

"Humph! I think there is a great deal in a name," answered Anne Le Fevre. "Now my name indicates my French blood and my father's family. My mother was a wise woman to sink her name of Smith in that of Le Fevre. My mother was an ambitious woman. They say I am like her." She lay back on the moreen cushion and laughed softly to herself.

Esther Grimshaw went on with her cleaning, thinking what a strange girl this Anne Le Fevre was. She remembered, when they were children at school, what airs and affectations the little girl had been guilty of, and yet there was something about her that attracted her in spite of all her faults. The Le Fevres had accumulated property since then—at least they spent much money—and this Anne Le Fevre, who had come from the city to board at the Grimshaw farm-house during the summer months, astonished Esther daily by the beauty of her wardrobe, the boldness of her opinions, and the heterodoxy of her doctrines.

Anne Le Fevre, weary of her self-communing after a limited indulgence, looked over a photograph album on the table. Her smile was almost a sneer as she turned over the leaves—the pictures were so very funny in her eyes. Did any body ever see such an uncouth and outlandish set? she was thinking. There was the father of all the Grimshaws, looking for all the world, she said to herself, as if he had come out of the ark, his garments were so antiquated. There was mother Grimshaw too, sitting up straight and stiff as if she had swallowed a ramrod; and she held a book, which was the most unnatural thing she could hold, for Anne Le Fevre was sure there were few things in the world she held so seldom as a book. There was John Grimshaw, large-handed and big-footed, with a pine-tree on one side and a marble-topped table on the other. "It's such a likely place to find marble-topped tables under pine-trees!" laughed Anne Le Fevre. There was Isaac Grimshaw, scared out of his wits, by the side of a huge pillar, and in the rear of Isaac Grimshaw was an ocean, and a steamboat, and a city in perspective. There was Esther Grimshaw, trying to look natural to order with her best silk gown on; and Anne Le Fevre would not have laughed at Esther's picture but for the Chinese pagoda in the background with a piece of oil-cloth before it. There were the little Grimshaws, too, in all awkward positions imaginable. Anne Le Fevre, who never made an angle in her life, wondered if these people ever made a curve. There were copies of daguerreotyped friends, and Anne shuddered, for they made her think of ghosts and grave-yards. There were the neighboring farmers, and their wives, and sons and daughters; and Anne, in her extravagant way, compared them mentally to mummies, and clod-hoppers, and scare-crows, and witches of Endor.

Suddenly she paused, and her face grew interested. "Who is this, Dame Trot?" she asked of Esther Grimshaw. "The best-looking picture in the book."

The color crept into Esther's cheeks, but she tried to ask carelessly, "Which do you mean?"

"The only—" Anne Le Fevre paused. She was too polite to say what she had first intended. "The young man with a mustache and quite a *distingué* air," was her modified description.

"Don't talk French to me. I don't understand you," replied Esther, evasively.

"Dame Trot, I want to know who the mustached young man on the last page is?" said Anne Le Fevre, decidedly. "He is from the city or town. I know it by the cut of his jib. You needn't stand there, blushing up to the roots of your hair, and pretending you don't know. You knew the instant I mentioned the subject."

"How should I?" asked Esther, with a blundering affectation of innocence. She came and looked over the album even, as if it were necessary. "Oh!" she exclaimed, "it is Wesley Sheppard."

"Sheppard!" exclaimed Anne Le Fevre. "I remember that name at school, and I remember Wesley Sheppard too. He was uncommonly good-looking then. I remember his sister Jane, moreover, who used to make faces at me because Wesley would bring me apples and candy. The Sheppards were quite wealthy, were they not?"

"They are well-to-do people," answered Esther, cautiously.

"Is Jane Sheppard living?" asked Anne Le Fevre, with considerable interest.

"Yes," replied Esther Grimshaw. "She is a very proper sort of a person."

"I would just like to shock her notions of propriety," said Anne Le Fevre, with a twinkle of her black eyes. "I do like to shock these very proper people. I never forgave her for her old dislike of me, and there is nothing I would enjoy better than showing her a trick or two I am able to play."

"Oh, Anne, what a queer girl you are!" exclaimed Esther Grimshaw. "I don't believe you mean half you say."

"Keep on thinking so, and see where you will land," said Anne Le Fevre, laughing heartily.

Esther Grimshaw began to polish the little brass door-knobs, and Anne Le Fevre took some stitches in her ruffling. Presently she threw it down and walked to the window. "What a stupid place! oh, what a stupid place!" she exclaimed, with a yawn. "Doesn't any thing ever happen?"

"Oh yes," Esther replied. "We go to town to do our trading, and we go out to tea sometimes, and we go to church Sundays, and once in a while somebody gives a party, and in winter we have singing-school, and apple bees, and quiltings."

"Well, I wish something would happen now besides going to church!" exclaimed Anne Le Fevre, impatiently. "The doctor said dissipation would kill me in the city. I am sure I shall die of stagnation out here. How often does Wesley Sheppard come here?"

"Oh, he is clerk in a store at Kent," replied Esther, with another blush. "But he is coming home this week for his summer vacation."

"What kind of a man is he, any how?" asked Anne Le Fevre, half interestedly and half mischievously, seeing how Esther blushed. "Stupid, I dare warrant."

"Oh no!" Esther answered, quickly. "He is quite lively."

"A flirt?"

"No!" Esther replied. "He would not be guilty of such a thing. He is as good and noble as ever he can be."

Anne Le Fevre laughed sarcastically.

"It is true," said Esther, warmly. "Wesley Sheppard would not stoop to a little thing."

Anne Le Fevre kept on laughing. She was getting all of Esther's secret, and then she had no faith in man's infallibility. "Prone to evil as the sparks are to fly upward," she said, motioning from Esther's head bent low in the act of polishing the door-knob to her own head far above her. "As the sparks are to fly upward," she reiterated, and then she laughed merrily at her own joke.

Anne Le Fevre, sitting under the elm-tree at the foot of the garden that afternoon, laid down the ruffling she was hemming with a smile. Something was going to happen—a handsome young man was coming down the garden-walk. Something was always sure to happen when Anne Le Fevre came in contact with handsome young men.

The young man started at sight of Anne Le Fevre. It was not that she was so beautiful, for there were scores of women prettier than she, but Anne Le Fevre had a style of bearing that set pretty women's ways at defiance. There was nothing awkward in the young man's start. It was full of the wordless compliment of finding more than he expected. Anne Le Fevre acknowledged it with a gracious inclination of a well-shaped head remarkably well set.

"You are looking for Miss Grimshaw," she said, with a suavity of tone and graciousness of manner that was her passport to belleship in fashionable society. Her sarcastic brother Jack would have called it "a ventilation of her court etiquette."

Young men seldom turned away with indifference from that sweetness of tone and deference of manner. They had won her a score of victims. The young man before her, hat in hand, under the shade of the elm-tree, was not indifferent to them. "I *was* looking for Miss Grimshaw," he said.

Anne Le Fevre laughed merrily. Sure as fate something was going to happen. Gerald Hyde, the Chesterfield of her New York set, and the most graceful of all compliment-payers, could not have done it better.

"Miss Grimshaw will be here presently. Will you wait for her, or join her at the house?" asked Anne Le Fevre.

"I will wait," replied the young man, seating himself with easy freedom on a wooden bench opposite Anne Le Fevre.

That young lady was entertaining. Few had more ability in that direction when she chose to exert herself. She displayed that ability now by taking the subjects nearest at

hand as topics of conversation, and the two strangers, with no interest in common, were chatting animatedly when Esther Grimshaw appeared.

She shook hands with the young man, blushing deeply. "I did not think you would remember Anne," she said, addressing the gentleman.

The young man looked puzzled. "I certainly never met this face before. It is not one to be forgotten," he said, gallantly.

"Oh, I thought you knew!" exclaimed Esther, apologetically. "Don't you remember Anne Le Fevre?"

"Anne Le Fevre, the recipient of my apples and candy! Indeed I do!" and the young man offered his hand in friendly greeting.

"You see, Mr. Sheppard, I have carried your image better," said Anne Le Fevre, taking the extended hand and leading the conversation into amusing reminiscences of school-days.

Esther Grimshaw stood by silent. She was hurt. This man was her lover, and she stood in his presence eclipsed and overlooked.

Anne Le Fevre rose to go. "I have some letters to write," she explained.

"Don't go," remonstrated Esther Grimshaw, more politely than earnestly.

"I beg you will not go," added Wesley Sheppard; and any lack in Esther's tone was compensated by the heartiness of his invitation.

"I must." Anne Le Fevre dropped her ruffling as she moved away. Wesley Sheppard brought it to her. She looked up with a smile. Esther was beyond hearing if she spoke low. "Two is a company and three is a crowd," she explained.

Wesley Sheppard colored, and in a low tone responded: "If you make the crowd I must confess to a partiality for crowds."

Anne Le Fevre went to the house with a triumphant smile on her proud face. "'*Was* looking for Miss Grimshaw'—'If you are a crowd I must confess to a partiality for crowds,'" she quoted. "And this is the man with the popish prerogative of infallibility! Heaven save the mark!"

Wesley Sheppard accepted Esther Grimshaw's invitation to tea. He had not eaten such biscuits as Esther's mother made since he went away, and every body knew there was not such a notable cake-maker in the country as Esther. His taste was excellent, Esther knew. He said it half in justification for his thoughts of the handsome woman he knew he should meet at the Grimshaw supper-table. "Such a splendid creature for this out-of-the-way place!" he commented. "Why, that woman would make a dash on Broadway!"

At the Grimshaw supper-table he sat opposite the woman capable of making a dash on Broadway, and had a chance to note more fully the grace of Anne Le Fevre's manners, the silver clearness of her voice, the beauty of her brilliant eyes, and the magnetic power of her animated face. "By Jove!" he thought, "the woman would make a dash any where and in any society."

After tea, while Esther Grimshaw washed the dishes, and skimmed the milk, and packed the eggs for market, Wesley Sheppard and Anne Le Fevre chatted in the parlor. Anne Le Fevre had the prettiest way in the world of talking trifles. Wiser men than Wesley Sheppard had mistaken her shallowness for deep waters, and he, a novitiate in society, where Anne Le Fevre had been at home for years, could not but be charmed. He had quite forgotten Esther, the cleverest housekeeper and most practical and best-tempered woman in those parts, according to the Sheppard creed, when she passed the window with a pail of milk.

"The romantic dairy-maid," said Anne Le Fevre, with a smile.

Wesley Sheppard frowned. Esther's cheeks were too red for beauty, and the pail was heavy, and she tugged it along in an awkward, one-sided way. Then her hair was plain as a pipe-stem, and her dress was dark and homely. She did not make a pretty picture at all. The dairy-maid was not half so romantic as the tall woman leaning in a pretty attitude against the window, her hair full of bewitching little waves and kinks, and her dress harmonious in color and exquisite in fit.

Anne Le Fevre picked up the photograph album. How many conversations photograph albums have saved from becoming becalmed in silence, or going down at sea among rocks and breakers of discord! Anne Le Fevre's comments were not severe as her morning thoughts had been, but Wesley Sheppard found himself laughing over good old faces he had always held in reverence. They had passed Esther's picture with no comment save Wesley Sheppard's half apology, "Esther's dress is not so becoming as it might be, and those horrible back-grounds are trying to any body."

"These country dress-makers make the women look such dowdies!" Anne Le Fevre said, over the next picture; and Wesley Sheppard blushed visibly, wondering if Esther Grimshaw was included among Miss Le Fevre's dowdies.

He shut the album with a feeling of relief, and in a restless way commenced promenading the little parlor. He was thinking of his position with Esther Grimshaw. His folks and her folks expected him to marry her. Esther doubtless expected the same thing, and he could not but confess it was a reasonable expectation, with his devoted attention for years as a foundation. He himself had expected to marry her. All his life long he had heard praises of her goodness, and cleverness, and practical common-sense; but it was a pity she did not crimp her hair, and wear thin, cobweby dresses like Miss Le Fevre's; and it was so much against a woman to have brown hands; and it was horribly trying to a man's nerves to hear his proposed wife called "dowdy." He wondered if he really stood committed. If he did not, just think of that glorious Miss Le Fevre! He paused in

front of one of the cheap little prints on the wall, and turned to Anne Le Fevre.

"Are you fond of art?" asked that young lady, with a mocking smile.

Wesley Sheppard had not observed the print before. Now he turned and saw the prodigal son. Weeks after that picture thrilled him, poor, and cheap, and miserably colored as it was. He laughed now, the prodigal was so exceeding lean, the swine so cumbrously fat, and the husks such ridiculously unnatural husks.

"I thought your preference was strongly in favor of nature," said Anne Le Fevre, with a meaning smile, as Esther Grimshaw entered.

"Our preferences are beyond our control," was the low answer; and Anne Le Fevre saw in it the self-justification for a fickle and wavering preference.

Wesley Sheppard, tapping the toe of his boot impatiently with a riding-whip a few days later, listened to his sister Jane's praises of Esther Grimshaw.

"She is the steadiest and womanliest girl I ever knew," said Jane Sheppard.

"Yes," Wesley assented, cutting the air with his riding-whip.

"She manages every thing at home and takes all the care off her mother," continued Jane Sheppard. "Miss Grimshaw told me that Esther could do the week's baking just as well as she could. She's a beautiful hand with butter, too; and I declare I never saw such clear starching in my days as Esther's is. She's done up quarts and quarts of canned fruit this summer. And she's just as handy with her needle. Miss Grimshaw showed me a bosom Esther had stitched the other day. I always thought I was a dabster at stitching; but, laws! mine wouldn't hold a candle to Esther's. You'll never want me to make any more shirts for you after Esther has tried her hand at one."

Wesley Sheppard struck his boot so hard that he winced a little. Perhaps, though, his sister's words hurt him more. "It seems to me Esther don't wear her hair so becomingly as she might," he said, rather irrelevantly.

Jane Sheppard looked up with surprise. "Why, how can you say so?" she exclaimed. "I'm sure you never saw any thing neater or smoother. You wouldn't want her to kink it all up like them heads we see in fashion-books. Goodness! They look more like brush-heaps than the heads of civilized white folks. Might as well have nigger's wool in the first place! It's ruination to the hair, too."

"Well, I am sure she might wear better clothes," persisted Wesley Sheppard. "She wears homely dark dresses, and I am used to seeing ladies in town with pretty, thin dresses —white, and pink, and sky-blue."

"Why, Wesley Sheppard, I believe you've taken leave of your senses!" answered Jane Sheppard, angrily. "A pretty figure Esther would cut, sweeping, and baking, and churning, and tending to the milk and butter, with a white dress on! Wouldn't she be a pretty spectacle traipsing out to the barn after eggs and feeding chickens with a book-muslin gown on, draggling around!"

"Well, I am sure she might be dressed up sometimes," muttered Wesley Sheppard. "Her father is rich enough to keep her without work; and I think the old man might shell out a little more bountifully and furnish the house better. Such another set of pictures! Nothing but two-and-sixpenny daubs and some home-made affairs that look so cheap!"

"Well, I do believe you've gone beside yourself!" exclaimed Jane Sheppard, surveying her brother with astonishment. "I thought you considered that the sun rose and set with Esther Grimshaw. Maybe you don't know that if Mr. Grimshaw had kept his daughter without work she wouldn't be a suitable wife for you. If your going to town don't give you any more common-sense notions than you've spoken to-day it will be the sorriest day's work you ever done for yourself, going there."

"Oh, pshaw, Jane!" answered Wesley Sheppard. "You live so alone by yourself that you don't see the onward movement of the world."

"Onward movement of the fiddlestick!" retorted Jane Sheppard, indignantly. "I hope I've got some common-sense left. Have you seen Ann Le Fevre at the Grimshaws?"

"Yes," answered Wesley Sheppard, with animation. "What a splendid woman she has grown! She has a great deal of manner."

"Yes, a great deal of bad manners," answered Jane Sheppard. "Call her a splendid woman, with her hair all twisted up till it don't look like nothing but a crow's nest, and her frocks a-swabbing the ground, and covered with all kinds of gimcracks? Call her a splendid woman? Why, she hasn't an atom of Esther Grimshaw's knack and gumption."

"I dare say she knows less about household drudgery than Esther," replied Wesley Sheppard; "but I tell you, you might travel many a day and not meet such a splendid sized woman. Gracious! how dress shows on her!"

"You talk as if a woman was nothing but a figure to hang dry-goods on, and the nearer the size of an elephant the better," retorted Jane Sheppard, angrily. "Ann Le Fevre would be a good advertisement for a dry-goods store, but as a woman I consider her a failure."

"Oh, well, we won't quarrel about her," said Wesley Sheppard, in an impatient tone. "We never could agree about her. You always hated her at school when I gave expression to my boyish fancy."

"Yes," assented Jane Sheppard; "she was always a deceitful little minx; but she never pulled the wool over my eyes; I could read her like a book."

Wesley Sheppard made no reply, but commenced singing:

"I would I were a boy again,
I would not be a man."

"Since you are one, don't be a fool," was his sister's sharp comment.

If Jane Sheppard's fool was a man whom Anne Le Fevre should interest, she had reason to pronounce her brother a fool. Day after day found him at the Grimshaw homestead. It had been his habit to go there frequently while visiting his home, but aforetime he had gone at hours when Esther was disengaged. Now the mornings found him there when Esther was occupied in her domestic duties; but Anne Le Fevre, hemming yards of ruffling, or stitching away at delicate embroideries, gave him entertainment and pleased attention. So the days of Wesley Sheppard's vacation passed.

"You will settle it all with Esther, I suppose, before you go away this time," said Jane Sheppard, anxiously, the day before Wesley was to return to town. "Your salary is large enough to keep house on, with such a careful manager as Esther is."

"Oh, bother! I am not ready to get married yet," answered Wesley Sheppard, impatiently. "I don't know as I ever—"

He paused. He could not say to that rigid sister Jane it was doubtful if he ever married Esther Grimshaw.

Jane Sheppard was thoroughly angry with her brother for his unaccountable behavior. Such a treasure as Esther was! "She'd serve you right to marry Tom Akers, who'd give his two eyes to get her," she said, indignantly. "And you gallivantin around with that lazy trollop of a Le Fevre girl! Why, a man would have to be made of gold to keep that woman a-going. And you say men admire her? Lord, what fools men are!"

Wesley Sheppard was turning over in his mind his sister's estimate of his sex as he took his way to the Grimshaw homestead in the summer twilight. He encountered Esther leaning over the rails in the south meadow. He came upon her so suddenly that he almost started when he found her grave brown eyes looking up into his.

"What are you doing here?" he asked.

"Oh, I had every thing done up for the night, and it was warm and stifling up at the house, and I didn't want to talk to any body up there, so I came down here," Esther said, letting her eyes wander over the south meadow with a sort of weary longing.

"Is Miss Le Fevre up at the house?" asked Wesley Sheppard. "I promised to undertake a commission for her in the city to-morrow," he added, seeing that Esther's brow had clouded at mention of her name.

"I left her in the parlor," Esther answered, simply.

"Well, I must go," said Wesley Sheppard, carelessly.

Esther ought to have kept the pain out of her eyes. Wesley Sheppard had no business to see it; but Esther Grimshaw was all woman, and an unsophisticated woman at that.

"I'll see you again," added Wesley Sheppard, kindly, as if in compensation for his last careless words.

"I'll try to run around a minute in the morning," he said to himself as he moved away. Wesley Sheppard was not comfortable. Esther Grimshaw was such a true woman, he knew that. Somehow she had not looked so very homely that night. She was neat as a pin, as Jane said, and that brightening and saddening in her eyes was beautiful. Miss Le Fevre did nothing prettier than that. He turned and looked toward the south meadow. There was a man approaching Esther. Was it?—Yes, it was Tom Akers. "I've the greatest mind to turn around and show him that's no go," he said to himself; but looking up, he saw Anne Le Fevre coming down the road, her gauzy dress floating gracefully, like an angel's robe, he thought, and her face full of woman's witcheries. He walked on to meet her, and forgot Esther and Tom Akers.

Anne Le Fevre's mood was calculated to make him forget every thing save himself and herself. Her brother Jack would have said she had laid herself out to catch or victimize in that mood.

Wesley Sheppard was a willing victim. Afterward he never saw sheep licking the hand just ready to slay but he thought of that night.

They stood at the window, gazing out upon the moonlit landscape.

"I am quite in love with the country and the people," Anne Le Fevre said, gently.

Her hand lay temptingly on the window-pane—such a white and pretty hand! Wesley Sheppard covered it with his broader palm. "Would she be content to live always in the country? Could she live there with him?" he asked.

Anne Le Fevre withdrew her hand and laughed. "Oh no! not for the world," she said. She was going to Europe. All the ruffling and embroidery she had worked at during these weeks was preparatory to that visit.

"You are going to be married?" asked Wesley Sheppard, in the bitterness of wounded vanity.

"Yes," replied Anne Le Fevre. "I should have told it before, but country people gossip so horribly about one's affairs. You will not forget about the lace I asked you to get. It will be two dollars a yard, and I want eight yards. I don't know what Pa will say to my extravagance. I ran up a bill of a hundred dollars for laces last month. I have a headache, and shall retire. Excuse me, please. Esther will soon be in. Good-night, Mr. Sheppard. I wish you all the good luck possible."

Her bow was the last display of court etiquette, and Wesley Sheppard was alone, thinking of his sister Jane's words—"Lord, what fools men are!" Nothing could have taught him his folly like that last speech of Anne Le Fevre's. "A hundred dollars for lace!" he thought. "What was I thinking of? A man would have to be made of gold to keep her going, as Jane says. Jane has very common-sense notions if she is sharp." He looked

around the room, and his eye fell on the picture of the prodigal son. "Husks!" he said to himself; "I have come to this poor fellow's pitch." His eye softened as it took in the next picture, the prodigal's return, and he remembered the story of the best robe, and ring, and fatted calf. Would Esther forgive him so? Esther! He had left her at the south meadow bars with Tom Akers, and Jane had said Tom Akers would give his two eyes to get Esther. What a fool he had been! He wished Esther would come. If Tom Akers was with her he must not be seen. If she came alone—

He held his breath to hear the footsteps that came around the house. There was only one pair of feet, and those a woman's. Esther came alone.

Wesley Sheppard did not depart the next day. He told his sister Jane he had concluded to remain over another day and take Esther Grimshaw to the county Fair, and Jane smiled her approval.

When the autumn came, Anne Le Fevre, surveying laces, embroideries, and dresses spread around on chairs and tables, looked up to see Esther Grimshaw's tidy little figure in the door.

"Dame Trot!" she exclaimed. "Of all things! Where did you come from? You're just in the nick of time. My bridal trousseau has just come home."

"How beautiful! How very beautiful!" exclaimed Esther, taking up the delicate fabrics admiringly. "I suppose *he* is splendid."

"Oh no!" laughed Anne Le Fevre. "*He* is quite ordinary."

Esther's eyes opened wide with astonishment. "Why, I think Wesley is almost perfect," she said, with simple candor. "Don't you?"

"Oh no, child! men never are," answered Anne Le Fevre, somewhat impatiently. "And you are going to marry Mr. Sheppard?"

"Yes," answered Esther, with a blush. "I have come in to buy my dresses."

"What are you going to buy?" asked Anne Le Fevre.

"I hardly know," answered Esther. "I haven't thought much about my clothes. I think more about my happiness, and Wesley's goodness, and whether I will make him a good wife, than I do about my dresses. I thought maybe you'd go shopping with me."

After a day's shopping with Esther Grimshaw, Anne Le Fevre stood over the grate in her room, strangely thoughtful. Her friend Lou Riker looked out of the window and waited for Anne to come out of her abstraction. It was no use to talk to Anne Le Fevre when she had the dumps, she said.

"It's the queerest thing!" broke out Anne Le Fevre, suddenly, as if she were arguing a question with herself, and not communicating a fact to a friend. "It's the queerest thing, and the most enviable thing I ever knew—that girl's faith."

"What girl's?" asked Lou Riker.

"Esther Grimshaw's," answered Anne Le Fevre. "Oh, you don't know her. She isn't one of our set. She is a girl away out in the country where I boarded last summer. She had a lover who she thought was a piece of manly perfection, and because it was terribly stupid, and this man was a superior sort of a person for the country, and I liked to test my power with a piece of perfection, I flirted with this girl's lover. The upshot of the matter was, he proposed to me just before I left—actually proposed. Just think! He, a clerk in a country store, and I already engaged to Jerome Archbald, the banker! Of course the young man didn't break his heart, but coolly turned around and made up with Esther Grimshaw. It was the most sensible thing he could do, but he had shown his fallibility in proposing to me. This girl's faith is the most beautiful thing you ever saw. It isn't like any thing in you or me, Lou Riker. In our prospective marriages, you and I think mainly of our trousseaus, and the splurge and establishments and turn-outs possible in our new relation. This girl, Esther Grimshaw, has scarcely a thought of these things. To-day she has talked more of her trust in her *fiancé*, and the patience she hopes to have, and the help she hopes to be, than she has of her outfit. She told me to-day she was foolish enough to be jealous of me last summer, but she should never distrust her lover again. And verily, she will have no need. Such truth and faith as Esther Grimshaw's will anchor any man. I would give my kingdom to believe in human nature and my husband as she will."

"Didn't you tell her the man proposed to you?" asked Lou Riker. "It's such fun to tell women these things; it takes the vanity all out of them."

"No," Anne Le Fevre answered; "I couldn't do it. I could fascinate the man, and wound his vanity, but I couldn't destroy that woman's faith."

It was a confession showing the spark of true womanhood in Anne Le Fevre's nature. It was a justification for Esther Grimshaw's remark, that there was always something about her that attracted her in spite of all her faults.

THE CRABBE FAMILY.

MR. CRABBE came home worn out by the labors of the day. It would have refreshed his spirit had he found his dressing-gown and slippers waiting by the fire, or even had some one brightened up and spoken pleasantly as he appeared. Nothing of the sort occurred. Mrs. Crabbe had indeed remembered the dressing-gown, but decided in her own mind that Mr. Crabbe was quite as able to wait upon himself as she was to wait upon him; no one else had even thought of it. As for the pleasant greeting, not a word was uttered. The various members of the family looked up for an instant as the door opened, and seeing that it was "nobody but father," returned to their occupations. Mr. Crabbe stepped into the next room—to be sure

it was but a step—and brought forth his evening dress, or undress, which he assumed amidst the continued stillness of the household.

"Where's the paper?" he said, taking his own especial chair and preparing to make himself comfortable, since no other person showed any disposition to make him so.

There was a moment's delay in producing it. Young Rufus Crabbe, the oldest son, had been glancing over the news and thrown the sheet down carelessly in a corner. As it was damp from the press, this treatment had not improved its appearance. Mr. Crabbe uttered an ejaculation of impatience at the sight. If there were any thing he detested—and there were many things—it was a crumpled paper spread out in slovenly shapelessness, instead of being folded sharply and trimly down the middle. There was no comfort in reading such a rag. As he smoothed it out, endeavoring to reduce it to something like comeliness, a fresh cause of dissatisfaction became manifest.

"Humph!" he said, sniffing. "Cigars! That boy's habits are intolerable."

Mrs. Crabbe flushed at this remark. "I don't think Rufus smokes more than other young men," she said.

"Other young men don't come into my house to do it, however," returned Mr. Crabbe; "so that is not the question."

"I am sure he hardly ever smokes in the parlor," said Maria, his sister, taking up the defense in her turn.

"It is something he should never be allowed to do," replied the father, with emphasis.

"It is a pity, Mr. Crabbe," said his wife, "that you can not always be here to supervise our family arrangements. Perhaps you would be better suited than you seem to be at present."

"I have no doubt I should," he responded, cordially. Mrs. Crabbe was tempted to reply, but checked herself. The children had heard enough already. She continued her sewing with clouded brow and heightened color; while Maria remarked to Gertrude in an under-tone that papa was dreadfully cross this evening, and Gertrude responded, "Yes, indeed! Poor Rufe!"

Mr. Crabbe meanwhile perused his paper, denounced the policy of the opposite party, and rejoiced in every indication of the triumph of his own; then pondered deeply the downward tendency of certain stocks, and questioned whether it were better to sell out at once and stand the loss, or hold on a while in hope of a rise. Amidst these musings the tea-bell rang.

"Where's Cecy?" asked Mr. Crabbe, as they took their seats at table.

"She went to spend the afternoon with Marian Hammond," replied his wife.

"Oh!" said Mr. Crabbe. "That accounts."

No one asked for what. The information just satisfied a certain want in Mr. Crabbe's mind. Cecy was out. That accounted for his slippers being in the closet instead of by the fire; that was the reason why the paper was not smoothly folded and airing on a chair-back; that explained the general heaviness of the atmosphere.

Genial chit-chat was not the order of the day at the Crabbe table. It often chanced that some member of the family was brooding over injuries received at the hands of another, and so was indisposed for conversation; which cloud cast its portion of shadow over all. If there were no actual disturbance, each was usually too much occupied with his or her individual affairs to enter with much heartiness into topics of common interest. Cecy, indeed, sometimes brightened them up. Sometimes, also, the pervading moodiness overcame her, and she grew silent like the rest. To-night, in her absence, solemn stillness reigned unbroken till the entrance of Rufus, who threw himself into the vacant seat next his father.

"You're late, Sir!" said Mr. Crabbe, severely.

Rufus felt injured by the tone, as he was really not to blame.

"If you could give me some rule for finding people at home when they owe you money I might be earlier," he answered.

"Oh!" said Mr. Crabbe. "Where was it?"

"Davis's. As I was going down street I overtook young Lansing, and he told me that their firm paid in five thousand at the bank to-day to Davis's credit. I knew that now or never was our time, so I just turned on my track and took the street-car up to his house. He wasn't in, and I had to wait an age; and when he came he was very offish, and not at all disposed to hand over. But I held on and let him see I knew he had the funds; and so, at last, by great good luck, I got it."

Mr. Crabbe was inwardly delighted by the news, for this account had been running on for a considerable time, and was held as more than doubtful. He was also gratified by the boy's promptness in attending to the matter. No hint of satisfaction, however, escaped his lips.

"What shape is it in?" he asked.

"Check—on the City Bank."

"Very well. You gave him a receipt, I suppose?"

"Yes, Sir. He wouldn't be very likely to let me go without one, I think."

"And the check is properly stamped?"

"You can look at it," replied Rufus, rather sullenly. "I believe I know enough of business to see that such things are attended to."

"Keep your temper, Sir," said Mr. Crabbe, "and remember to whom you are speaking."

Rufus bit his lips to hold back an angry answer. He had come in elated by his success and conscious that he deserved some praise. A word of acknowledgment from his father, even a willingness to discuss the affair on equal terms, would have been enough for him. But Mr. Crabbe appeared to consider the subject closed, and finished his meal without further waste of speech.

As they went up stairs he relented a little. "Rufus," he said, "have that check sent in

early to-morrow—as soon as the bank opens. You've managed the business so well thus far that it would be a pity to fail just in the end. I hardly thought we should ever see ourselves safe out of that scrape."

Rufus brightened at once. "I'll attend to it," he answered, cheerfully. "Davis is a great scamp, isn't he, father?"

"H-m-m," said Mr. Crabbe, reflectively. "I can't just say about that. He appears to think the payment of his debts is money lost."

And all might now have gone smoothly had not something recalled to Mr. Crabbe's mind the injury he had suffered with reference to the evening paper. His son's recent service tempered the rebuke, but could not quite repress it.

"Rufus," he said, "when you have read the paper I shall be obliged if you will leave it in decent shape for those who come after you. And another thing. Tobacco is very offensive to me, particularly such cigars as you use. You have your own room, where you can smoke as much as you like, and the parlors must not be used for such a purpose. I hope you will remember this, and that I shall have no occasion to speak again upon the subject."

Mr. Crabbe might have stated his wishes in half a dozen different ways without arousing that quick spirit which abode in Rufus as in the rest of the family—always excepting Cecy. But there was a weight of dispassionate sternness in his tone that cut the youth deeply—and then the injurious reference to his cigars! Rufus bought them by the box of a "friend of his" down town, and considered that he obtained the choicest brands at a mere nominal price. To have his father, ignorant as an Esquimaux about such things, sneering at the quality of *his* cigars! It was a little too much. He left the room immediately, and the way in which he shut the door was not conciliatory. Shortly afterward the front door closed in a like energetic manner.

"Out again!" said Mr. Crabbe, as he heard it. "This business is rather overdone, I think. Our young masters will feel it a condescension, by-and-by, to board and lodge with us."

"I suppose he goes where he can have a little liberty," said Mrs. Crabbe, who had been inly exasperated at the slight notice taken of her boy's success and the after-piece of reproof. "It is not pleasant to be perpetually found fault with."

"Ah! unfortunate he should be so sensitive," remarked Mr. Crabbe, satirically.

"Unfortunate for him, certainly," answered the mother.

"Unfortunate for all his family," said Mr. Crabbe.

Mrs. Crabbe felt quite equal to a continuation of hostilities, but considered that the discussion had gone far enough, and allowed her husband the last word. Peace accordingly ensued for a time. The father, having finished his paper, took up a magazine; the mother and daughters went on with their needle-work.

"How cold it is!" said Gertrude, presently.

"I do think this is the hardest room to keep warm in!"

"How can you say so?" returned Maria. "I'm comfortable enough, I'm sure."

"I dare say. I might be, too, if I had been sitting next the stove all the evening."

"There is no occasion for any one to suffer," remarked Mr. Crabbe. "Open the dampers and the room will soon be warm enough, I'll warrant."

Gertrude came around from her station at the back of the table and drew them open. Both Maria and the father were much nearer the stove; but then *they* were comfortable enough already. As it was Gertrude who desired the change, she was clearly the one to take the trouble of it—such little trouble as there was.

"Oh dear!" Maria speedily exclaimed. "The room is like a furnace. I'm sure you must be warm by this time, Gertrude."

"Indeed I am not. The heat hasn't got around yet."

"Do take my seat, then—it is fairly scorching here."

When matters had reached this pass Maria was quite willing to resign her place in favor of her sister.

"I never saw any one like you," she continued. "You are the *coldest* creature!"

"It isn't so, at all," replied Gertrude, injured by the accusation. "I am cold in a cold place, just as you would be yourself."

"There it is. Now *I* am just as comfortable here as I want to be."

"I wish you had changed with me a little sooner, then. And as for always being cold, I am no more given to complaining of it than you are. But you always think you are the standard, and if *you* feel warm enough every one ought to, and if you are chilly it's because it *is* chilly."

"Pray stop this wrangling," said Mr. Crabbe, looking up, "and let us have a little quiet."

Sympathy was immediately established between the sisters, united in a common hostility toward their parent. They drew nearer together, and agreed that papa wanted to keep the wrangling for his own especial privilege. Mrs. Crabbe, accustomed to these little breezes and by-plays, took no notice, but went on composedly with her sewing.

The evening was rather dull. There were no visitors; and after Mr. Crabbe's remonstrance the scene could hardly be enlivened by any little sparring. It was a welcome interruption, therefore, when, toward ten o'clock, the door-bell sounded and Cecy entered, fresh and glowing from the frosty air outside.

I can not say that Cecy Crabbe was handsome, or elegant, or in any way remarkable. Gertrude was quite the beauty of her circle, and Maria decidedly plain; they represented the extremes of the family, and Cecy its mean. She looked healthy and happy and kind-hearted; she had pretty brown eyes and pretty hair. Here I am afraid the catalogue of her charms must end.

"Had a pleasant visit, Cecy?" asked her father, laying down his book and smiling responsive to the smiling face.

"Oh yes; delightful!"

"Who was there?" said Gertrude.

"Only the family. I did not expect to meet any one, you know."

"You said it was so 'delightful,'" explained Gertrude, "I thought you must have had some one to relieve the Hammonds."

"I did not need any relief. Marian and I had ever so many things to talk about. And she is piecing a silk bed-quilt; the sweetest thing! I can't quite describe the figure, but I will cut out a block in paper to-morrow to show you. The colors shade into each other, and you have no idea how handsome it is. I am quite wild to make one. Mrs. Geer brought up the pattern with her from New York."

"She has come, has she?" asked Maria. "What does she seem like, Cecy? Stuck-up as ever?"

"I don't know—I did not see any thing of it. Was she so formerly?"

"'Was she,' indeed? Now, Cecy, you needn't pretend to so much innocence. There never was a girl in this city that put on such airs as Louise Hammond, and when she was engaged to that rich Mr. Geer she grew absolutely insufferable. Though what there was to plume herself on there I am sure *I* can't tell. A man old enough to be her father, and that she never would have looked at if it hadn't been for his money!"

"She seemed very pleasant to-night," said Cecy. "And, mother, you ought to see her twins. They are the sweetest little things!"

"As sweet as the silk bed-quilt?" inquired Mr. Crabbe.

"Ah, father, you're laughing at me. Yes, full as sweet, but in a different way. I don't expect you to appreciate patch-work, but I think you could not help admiring these babies. They are just a year old, and as lovely as if they were made to look at. That soft baby-complexion and such great dark eyes that fairly light up their faces! I never saw such eyes," said Cecy, her own sparkling as she spoke.

"Look in the glass and you'll see them now, I guess," was Mr. Crabbe's comment.

"They are exactly alike," said Cecy, continuing her description. "I don't see how their own mother tells them apart. I tried, to-night, half a dozen times, and had to give up in the end and look at their necklaces to distinguish them."

"An exciting pastime," remarked Gertrude. "Cecy's delightful evening seems to have been spent in making out patch-work and trying to tell one baby from another!"

"Louise must have her hands full with the pair of them," said Mrs. Crabbe. "She pays pretty well for whatever privileges she has."

"Of course they are on her mind a good deal," replied Cecy, "but she has not much of the actual care. She keeps a nurse for each of them."

"Upon my word!" exclaimed Maria. "Two nurses! I wonder how the Hammonds relish that? Two smart city servants coming in upon them, with their small house and plain ways. I pity them!"

"They do not seem in need of pity," said Cecy, smiling. "They were in excellent spirits. Mrs. Geer, you know, is such a great character with them all."

"I dare say. Nothing like a rich marriage for raising your importance in every body's eyes."

"Suppose you try it for yourself," said Mr. Crabbe. "Perhaps then Louise Hammond's prosperity will not disturb you so much."

Maria was about to reply, but a glance from her mother checked her. She contented herself with looking injured and indignant the remainder of the evening.

"I brought home a famous recipe for muffins," said Cecy, hastening to introduce a new topic. "We had them for tea, and they were excellent. I mean to try them to-morrow, mamma."

"I wish you would," said Mr. Crabbe. "The bread to-night was simply dough."

"Betsy had to hurry that loaf in order to get in the meat for dinner," explained Mrs. Crabbe. "She very seldom has poor bread. But we can generally trust to your father to notice any little failure, and to inform us of it."

A quick shadow of discomfort crossed Cecy's face, and was gone again. "Father," she said, gayly, "can't you give me my revenge at backgammon to-night? There is time yet for a game or two."

Mr. Crabbe assented, and the board was brought. No preliminary inquiries were needed; Cecy always played with the yellow men, and into the left-hand table. She was a dashing player—did not heed exposed points, and was indifferent to being taken up. Fortune favored her a while, then veered shamelessly about to Mr. Crabbe.

"You're done for, Cecy," observed Rufus, who had come in and now stood overlooking the board.

"A gammon, I think, my dear," said her father.

"Don't be too certain," and at the words double-six rattled out, and released the four prisoners who had been held in durance vile through half a dozen throws.

"One or two more such strokes and you'll get in," said Rufus. But it was not to be. In her extremest need Cecy, like the Vicar of Wakefield, threw deuce-ace twice running. Mr. Crabbe's triumph was complete, and he closed the board in high good-humor, never dreaming but Cecy was as delighted with the pastime as he was himself.

A strong sense of *meum* and *tuum* pervaded, as you might expect, the domestic system of the Crabbes. Each had his rights on which he stood, jealously keeping the ground. Some

things were fully settled. Maria would no more have used Gertrude's thread or thimble without permission asked and given than she would have stolen fruit from the garden of a neighbor. Nor was such permission to be lightly sought. Gertrude would have said that there was no reason why Maria should not have thread of her own if she took the trouble to keep herself supplied; and as for her thimble, if she had a place for it, and put it there, she would have no need of borrowing. And Maria must have acknowledged the justice of these criticisms.

It was the same with their various duties. Each daughter had her allotted share, which she carefully fulfilled to its exact limits, not one hair's breadth over. She neither expected to receive nor to bestow assistance. Do you imagine that Maria dusted a picture-frame when Gertrude overlooked it during her week for clearing-up the parlors? Nay—not if it went undusted till the next Monday morning. She told Gertrude of it, with perchance a small sarcasm on her lack of nicety, and left her to repair the fault. There was no exchange of little kindly offices, lending of bows or collars, putting up hair and the like, so frequent in families less thoroughly regulated. Maria, indeed, had a gift for arranging trimmings or making up a head-dress; but Gertrude, if she sought her assistance in such matters, was heedful to tender an equivalent in other service. We may do Maria the justice to say that she would have demanded it had it not been offered. As in material things, so with moral. A spirit of indulgence was unthought of. No little failing was passed lightly over; no fraction of unpleasant truth was ever withheld in deference to another's feelings.

One can hardly say whence this spirit was derived. I rather think from Mr. Crabbe, and that he was responsible, directly or indirectly, for the tone of the household. I know that in the first year of their wedded life Mrs. Crabbe was just as fondly watchful of her husband's comfort as any one could be; always ready to run up stairs for a clean pocket-handkerchief, or down stairs for a glass of water, did the occasion arise. Not that Mr. Crabbe was less able-bodied then than now, or less competent to supply his own needs, but that it was pleasant to render him such little service. She spent a good deal of time in preparing his favorite dishes, and wore the colors he preferred. But by-and-by the first child came, and Mr. Crabbe was not as kind and thoughtful as many husbands are. He grumbled when the baby cried at night, as if his wife were not kept awake as well. On any small domestic failure he animadverted freely; why should he not? he thought. It *was* a failure, it gave him discomfort, and he should speak of it as often as it happened. Once or twice, when the presiding genius of the kitchen was away, he allowed his wife to make the fires, and did not himself arise till called to breakfast. The household labors were no part of his concerns, he told himself; he had his own business, and tired enough he got with it. It began to dawn on Mrs. Crabbe that all the little friendly offices came from her; that the glamour of courtship had passed away, and she was reduced to the common prosaic level of housekeeper and manager. It was not a pleasant discovery. If, like other women similarly enlightened, she said little about it, she thought much, and shed some bitter tears in secret even. One privilege at least she had; if she were no longer doted on she could, in turn, give up the foolishness of doting. Thus a portion of her character crusted over, and it came to pass that for many years Mr. Crabbe had been in her eyes the head and provider of the family, for whom, indeed, she had a certain regard, but whose faults she plainly saw, and whose shortcomings found in her no tenderness to excuse them.

You are not to suppose, however, that there was no semblance of family affection among the Crabbes. That were to do them great injustice. The children considered their father the very model of probity, intelligence, and sound judgment; their mother the best of mothers. It may be said for Mrs. Crabbe that she was a kind parent, and that her occasional sharpness was employed in behalf of others rather than herself. As for Mr. Crabbe, you would have insulted his understanding had you ventured to insinuate that any among the wives of his acquaintances possessed his own wife's skill in housekeeping, cookery, and general management, or was half as estimable a woman. His children were fully equal to other people's children, and in many things superior. Of Maria's music and Gertrude's beauty he was particularly proud, though all Maria knew of it was that her favorite variations were characterized as senseless rattle, without beginning, middle, or end; while Gertrude was painfully conscious that her mouth was much too wide to please his taste. Rufus never suspected that his father thought him a fine, manly young fellow, quite a marvel, as boys went nowadays. Cecy, without beauty, music, or special cleverness, was Mr. Crabbe's darling. Yet Cecy had her share of snubbing, too, if any thing were wrong.

In some respects the family management had its merits. It gave no scope for "shirking," whereby unpleasant duties are sometimes turned off on the more willing members of a household to an unjustifiable extent. It also prevented the wear and tear of mind often experienced by the one orderly sister, never able to count upon a clean collar or pocket-handkerchief, no matter what care she takes of them. Nor in this house was the father looked upon as an enemy from whom all possible tribute was to be wrung by various methods of wheedling, sulking, and surprises. Mr. Crabbe imparted of his substance as freely as his circumstances rendered prudent; wife and daughters accepted his estimate, had their allowance, and made the most of it. There were no underhand practices; no bills run up at the milliner's and screwed out of the housekeeping money; all was open and above-board.

But justice untempered by mercy is a hard rule for domestic life, or any other. The Crabbes were not unhappy. They sparred right and left, but, the combat once over, were on good terms again. Thus the knights of old, having given and received hard knocks, would sit down and feast together brotherly. But they might so easily have been a great deal happier; a little infusion of gentleness, of kind feeling, would have so softened and brightened their existence. So Cecy thought—and sighed. Sometimes when—rare occurrence—an evening had passed harmoniously, and they separated with perfect amity and good-will on every hand, she wondered that they could not see it, that they did not think of it the next time any trifling provocation offered. She knew very well that if important service were required each was capable of a good deal of self-denial for another's sake. Why, then, could they not curb an impatient answer, repress a petty but vexatious fault-finding? She marveled that their religion did not lead them into greener paths, by stiller waters; for each and every individual of the family, save Rufus, was a member of the church in good and regular standing. But perhaps she was the first Crabbe who had ever dreamed of applying that sacred power to such profane and secular uses. Religion! that meant that you were not to lie, nor steal, nor swear, nor cheat; to defraud your servants of their wages, nor waste your own substance in riotous living; that you were to attend two services on Sunday, and, if extraordinarily devout, the church prayer-meeting on Thursday night. So far they were all agreed. In minor matters there was some difference of opinion. Mr. Crabbe considered that it also meant that you were not to dance; Mrs. Crabbe was not assured upon the subject, nor were Gertrude and Maria. Temptation was sometimes too strong for them, and on such occasions they came home with a painful heaviness at heart, uncertain whether they had sinned or innocently enjoyed themselves. Cecy could not see the harm, but chose to be on the safe side, and resolutely refrained, sure of thus pleasing best her earthly father at any rate. Religion further meant, with the Crabbes, the contribution of considerable sums to various authorized benevolent enterprises. Every Crabbe was a life-member in some Home or Foreign Mission or Bethel Society, the attestations whereof, handsomely framed, were distributed, by way of ornament, through the bedrooms of the house. It was not considered to forbid the gift of a pair of chickens to your washer-woman at Christmas, or kind offices to the poor in general, but these were held as quite secondary matters, and rather belonging to the barren realm of "works." In this religious system a good deal was taken for granted. It was assumed that all partakers of its benefits had passed from darkness into light; from death unto life; from the bondage of sin to the glorious liberty of children of God. Considering the momentous nature of these changes it is surprising how little effect they had, or were expected to have, upon the outward relations of those who had experienced them.

Time went on, bearing our family, harmonious or discordant, along on his resistless tide, till one morning Mr. Crabbe awoke, feeling very far from well. He was not the man to weakly yield to every passing ailment; therefore he arose, made an attempt at breakfast, and set out for business as usual. In the course of an hour or two he was brought home by Rufus in a hack, from which he was carried to his own room and thereafter treated as suited his condition.

In the Crabbe family bodily illness was a kind of sanctuary, so long as it lasted. It is true that complaining was looked upon with some suspicion, and that no encouragement was held out to any one to feel or fancy himself ailing without sufficient cause. But the point once established, the invalid was king. He was to be cared for, whatever else was done or left undone. He might revile his gruel or panada, grumble about his pillows, snap up ever so fiercely his zealous nurses; all was borne with patience, nay cheerfulness, and never for one instant laid up against him. He was sick—that excused and comprehended every thing.

Mr. Crabbe in previous illness had availed himself of all these privileges; had gone, so to speak, the full length of his tether. But now he was strangely different; easily satisfied, seldom suggesting any fresh comfort or convenience, disposed rather to listless quiet than his usual caged restlessness. This of itself alarmed his wife. Then the physician began to come twice a day; there were anxious faces in the household, and dread forebodings of something too terrible to happen. Lower the patient sank and lower. What was he thinking of in those long, silent days when he lay passively staring with blank eyes at the wall opposite? Or was the mind torpid while the body waked? Was he drawing, dull and unheeding, toward the solemn end? The hours passed on, measured by potion or nourishment; the children came and went, noiselessly, each filling in her turn the post of nurse. They looked with questioning awe at the pale face among the pillows; that awe which steals over us when the form, linked with all that was familiar, everyday, in our existence, begins to take to itself something of the remoteness of the great Hereafter; seems to belong *there* rather than here.

One night Mrs. Crabbe sat by the fire alone. It was late; all the house had long since gone to rest. Watchers in sick-rooms can recall these midnight vigils; the solemn stillness, through which eye and ear wait anxiously the slightest movement; the white bed with its pale, helpless tenant; and thought, busy every where, running back into the Past with longing, forward into the Future with trembling and with fear.

A slight movement called this watcher to the bedside. The invalid looked at her with large, solemn eyes, in which she saw a new expression—

something different from the dull, hopeless weariness of suffering, something that told once more of consciousness and recognition. Her heart grew strangely tender at the sight. She leaned over him and kissed his forehead. "Can I do any thing for you, dear?" she asked.

"Not now. Stay by me, Mary. I want to speak to you."

She knelt at the side of the bed. "I am going to die," he said, with that wide, serious gaze still fixed upon her.

She did not shrink nor evade the issue by any commonplace of reassurance, but answered him with utter candor and eyes grave and steadfast as his own. "You are very ill, but we have not given up hope. We are in God's hands, and I trust He will spare you to us yet."

"I am going to die," the sick man repeated. "How good you have been to me, Mary; now and always. And I—I've been a bad husband to you."

"Oh, hush, James! Don't speak of such a thing. It is not so."

"Yes, Mary. And when I am gone you will always remember me—hard, and selfish, and exacting. It will be right that you should. And it might have been so different!"

Poor Mrs. Crabbe! These few words were enough. The accumulated ice of years melted before the glow of awakened feeling, and she saw in the poor, wasted form before her the love of her young days.

"You were not the only one," she said, amidst her tears. "I was to blame, too. I was too proud to complain—and how should you know?"

"I ought to have known. But you forgive me, Mary?"

"Yes, yes, my dear, if there is any thing to forgive."

"We understand each other now, whatever happens," he said, with the shadow of a smile.

And then the nurse, dormant for the last few minutes, awoke again in Mrs. Crabbe. She remembered the danger of all agitation; she soothed and quieted the invalid, begging him to try to sleep; then sat down by the fire once more and cried, quietly, a perfect rain of tears. Not all unhappy ones, though she accused herself of many a fault, and sent up many a prayer for future guidance. If Mr. Crabbe had died then we may be certain that his wife's memories of him would have taken color from two periods: the happy fondness of their courtship, the tender gravity of his last hours. All the little rasping cares and worries would have passed out of mind; all that lay between those two extremes would have been brightened and softened by their influence.

Instead of dying he recovered; after a long, tedious convalescence, that gave ample room to test the strength of his convictions and the efficacy of his good resolves. I can not say that these last were never broken; that would be to proclaim that Mr. Crabbe was more than mortal. But he combated with marvelous success the risings of the old Adam within him. The children were ignorant of all that had passed through his mind in those days when he felt himself going down into the Valley of the Shadow, of the clear vision that revealed his own ungracious character, the self-reproach for his neglect of others' happiness, for the waste, or worse, of his own influence. But they could not be blind to the great change in his demeanor; he was so kind, so interested in all that happened to them, he so seldom spoke with the old crustiness that had seemed a portion of himself. As for Mrs. Crabbe, she found the sick-room a little Paradise; no need to stint now every kind office that her heart could dictate, for they no longer felt without appreciation or response. No maiden was ever more devoted to a lover than she to this oldish individual, in whom few eyes but her own would have discerned any charm. What a festal day it was when he first sat up, the dressing-gown wrapped carefully about his attenuated shape, his hair sprucely brushed by her own hands! With what content of heart she sat near him, busy with some light needle-work, that was never too urgent to be laid aside at any call for his comfort or amusement! What pleasant talks they had of their own earlier life and of the children's future!

So the days loitered on, and by-and-by Mr. Crabbe pronounced himself well enough to be about again. Business, so long a nullity, began to take its important place once more in the scheme of things. And here was fresh scope for any capacity of forbearance the invalid had acquired. All had perforce been left to Rufus; and Rufus had done well, his youth and inexperience considered; yet serious blunders had occurred. Mr. Crabbe had a hard struggle in his own mind, and came off victorious. He praised the general success, and passed lightly over the unlucky failures. Rufus blamed himself, when they were pointed out to him, far more severely than his father blamed him.

It soon became evident that Mr. Crabbe's restoration was by no means complete. The old spring, the old energy, were gone. People shook their heads in speaking of him, and said that illness was too much for him; he would never be the same man again. In some respects this was unfortunate. He had hoped in a year or two to have a better house, assume a better style of living, give his children a fairer start in life. All such hopes were reluctantly abandoned as the state of his health became manifest. He and his family must content themselves with such success as had already been achieved, and wait for more till Rufus, older and experienced, could infuse fresh life into business.

But the illness left other and enduring traces. Mr. Crabbe, kindly and companionable, was a different being from Mr. Crabbe, weary and impatient, who came home caring for nothing but his newspaper and his tea. His half-invalid state called for indulgence, for little cares, which every one was quick to render. In his presence small disputations were forborne—they annoyed father,

it was understood, and father was not well; being thus forborne, they frequently passed out of mind, and left the air serene. If harshness and self-seeking had been contagious, good-will proved not less so. Cecy saw with delight a new spirit diffusing itself through the household; saw how demands were softened to requests, how quiet explanations took the place of curt replies, how sarcastic comments were repressed to silence. Gradually the stern rule of "every man for his own hand" relaxed; small kindnesses were interchanged, small self-denials practiced. Perhaps in those dark days when their father seemed verging toward the tomb the children's hearts had admonished them of a more excellent way than that in which they had walked hitherto; perhaps his changed example wrought the change in them. Whatever the cause, the effect was great and lasting. And thus the illness which clouded their fortunes brightened their home, and proved the truest blessing to the whole Crabbe family.

ABOUT TREES.

"Hail old patrician trees, so great and good!"

SO sang the poet Cowley; and his song finds echo in every human heart. Who is not moved by the enthusiasm of honest John Evelyn, as he exclaims, "In a word, to speak a bold and noble truth, trees and woods have twice saved the world; first by the ark, then by the cross!"

"I have a tree, a grander child Earth bears not!
What are the boasted palaces of man,
Imperial city, or triumphal arch,
To forests of immeasurable extent,
Which Time confirms, which centuries waste not?"

How deeply we lament those lost books of Solomon, wherein "he spake of trees, from the cedar that is in Lebanon even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall!" (1 Kings, iv. 33.) Are we guilty of irreverence in saying that right willingly would we surrender the pithy wisdom of all his Proverbs, the cynical philosophy of his Ecclesiastes, and the rosy glow of his Canticles, in exchange for those books?

We can not, like Solomon, discourse of all manner of trees, but we can, and must, modestly commemorate a few; and we will, like him, begin with THE CEDAR OF LEBANON, which

"on high
Stoops like a monarch to his people bending,
And casts his sweets around."

Let us take our stand in a little valley or basin scooped out among the pinnacles of Libanus, in that cedar grove which has been visited and described by countless travelers during the last three hundred years. Under foot not one blade of grass nor any green thing is visible. Six inches deep the ground is covered with the leaves (or straw), and cones, and scales which for hundreds or perhaps thousands of years have been falling from those prodigious, thunder-scarred monarchs of the mountain.* Above, the dark and horizontal branches spread out with giant span, stratum above stratum, like a vast pyramid of canopies, one over the other, to shield us, as once they may have sheltered Solomon himself, or Hiram, his Tyrian ally (his father's "lover," "for Hiram was ever a lover of David," 1 Kings, v. 1), from the fiery fervor of the Syrian sun. How aromatic is the air, breathing balsam! for every thing about the cedar is fragrant, and diffuses life-giving odor.

What huge masses of verdure! What prodigious trunks and branches, worthy to serve as columns and rafters to build and bear up mighty temples! What wide extent and solemn depth of shade! How awful a silence dwells here, as in a sanctuary! How crowd upon the memory the words of sacred psalmist and prophet referring to this venerable scene! "I will be as the dew unto Israel: he shall grow as the lily, and cast forth his roots like Lebanon. His branches shall spread, and his beauty shall be as the olive-tree, and his smell as Lebanon. They that dwell under his shadow shall return; they shall revive as the corn, and grow as the vine: the scent thereof shall be as the wine of Lebanon" (Hosea, xiv.). "Behold the Assyrian was a cedar in Lebanon with fair branches, and with a shadowing shroud, and of a high stature; and his top was among the thick boughs. All the fowls of heaven made their nests in his boughs, and under his branches did all the beasts of the field bring forth their young" (Ezekiel, xxxi. 3, 6).

Do we not seem to stand in some solemn temple of God,

"His own cathedral meet,
Built by Himself—star-roofed, and hung with green,
Wherein all breathing things, in concert sweet,
Organed by winds, perpetual hymns repeat."

Let us fix our attention upon one single tree, whose top seems lost in

"cloud,
Whilst his old father, Lebanon, grows proud
Of such a child, and his vast body, laid
Out many a mile, enjoys the filial shade."

This is, doubtless, the very tree which Maundrell, on his journey from Aleppo to Jerusalem, in 1696, selected for measurement as the largest of sixteen sylvan giants whose venerable aspect and monstrous size excited his wonder, as they now challenge ours, after the lapse of nearly two hundred years. Walk around it. Twelve yards and upward are the measure of its circumference. Forty yards are the spread of its royal branches. But who shall tell its age or number its generations? It may have sheltered the earliest of the kings of Israel and Judah.

* Lauré (1816), as quoted in Deslongchamp's "*Histoire du Cedre*," describes them as "much furrowed by lightning, which seems to strike them more or less every year." The same traveler says that in September "the soil of the grove of Lebanon, on which not a blade of grass was growing, was covered six inches deep with the fallen leaves, cones, and scales of the cedar, so that it was almost impossible for the seeds to reach the ground and germinate."

Hosea and Ezekiel, not unlikely, sat beneath its far-reaching canopy:

"Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle,
Under whose shade the ramping lion slept."

Here may have swarmed those "fourscore thousand hewers in the mountains" employed by the great king in preparing timber of cedar for the house of the Lord, and for his own famous palace, known as "the house of the forest of Lebanon." Nay, may not the Queen of Sheba herself, during her northern pilgrimage, have visited this spot? and did not "the house of the forest of Lebanon" offer to her its hospitality amidst this very grove?"

In modern times, until within a hundred years, only one cedar grove was known to exist on Mount Lebanon; and to that one grove, for many centuries, have Christian travelers been wont to make pious pilgrimages and there mourn over the departed glories of the sacred forest. Belon, in 1550; Ranwolff, in 1574; Thevenot, in 1655; Maundrell, in 1696; Le Bruyn, in 1700; Miller, in 1720; La Roque, in 1722; Pococke, in 1744, and hosts of others, down to Lamartine, in 1832, and the Prince de Joinville, in 1836, have described this venerable collection of trees, and given their size and number.

It is surprising that no two of these travelers agree in stating the number; and, as we read their conflicting accounts we are reminded of the superstitious notions of the Maronite Christians, who inhabit the ranges of Libanus, and who assert that these cedars have the miraculous faculty of varying their numbers every time they are counted. These Maronites speak about the cedars just as though the trees were living intelligences; not "men as trees walking," but trees as men walking, changing their position in order to be counted over again, and altering the position of their branches, according to the weather, in the manner thus prettily described by the late Mrs. Franklin, as quoted in Strutt's "*Sylva Britannica:*"

"The cedar thus, when halcyon summer shines,
Graceful to earth its pendent boughs declines:
But when on Libanus the snows descend,
To meet the weight its rising branches bend."*

If we may believe Lamartine the Arabs of every sect venerate these trees, and attribute to them not only a vegetative power which enables them to live eternally, but an intelligence also that enables them to manifest signs of wisdom and foresight almost human. We know that all Moslems cherish a profound reverence for ancient trees; and that Chardin, in the 17th century, at Ispahan, remarked that religious Mohammedans chose to pray under a very old tree rather than in a mosque, regarding it as sanctified by the prayers of holy men of former times who had worshiped in its shade.

Phillips ("*Sylva Florifera*") says that on the day of Transfiguration the Patriarch of the Maronites repairs in procession to these cedars of Lebanon, and celebrates "the festival of the cedars."

It was because the timber of this tree was considered almost imperishable that it was used so largely in building the two most celebrated temples in the world—that of Diana at Ephesus, and that of Solomon at Jerusalem. Michaux, Jun., speaking in the name of modern science, says that cedar wood is far from durable, and would have us discredit the classic traditions of the 2000 year old cedar timber in the Temple of Apollo at Utica, and other like stories which Pliny records. We know that the Egyptians anointed alike their mummies and their rolls of papyrus with the oil of cedar; we know that Horace alludes to a similar method of preserving Roman manuscripts, and that "*dignus cedro*"—worthy of cedar—was among the Latins a phrase expressive of uncommon worth. But we may be pardoned for doubting whether the manuscripts of King Numa, as is alleged, were thus saved from decay in his tomb for five hundred years.

Apart from its classic or sacred associations, and without reference to the superstitions of Mussulman or Maronite, but simply from regard to the unrivaled grandeur and beauty of the cedar of Lebanon, "the king of trees," as it is well called by Madame de Genlis, we have an earnest desire to see it introduced and abundantly planted in North America. It grows rapidly on a poor soil and in a rigorous climate, and, beyond question, would flourish any where within the limits of the United States south of "Walrussia" and north of St. Thomas.

As the Maronite Christians of Mount Lebanon resort every year, on the eve of the festival of our Saviour's Transfiguration, to their venerable cedar grove, and there build altars and celebrate high mass, so do the untutored tribes of Western Africa gather around and under the gigantic *Adansonia* or BAOBAB tree, and offer their ignorant devotions to the stupendous tree itself. Even Christian travelers are deeply, solemnly moved by contemplating a tree so vast, and by considering its vast antiquity. The baobab is said to be a species of cotton-wood. It bears a fruit about ten inches long, mildly sour, gourd-shaped, and eagerly devoured by the monkeys, which swarm in crowds among its branches. Hence it is sometimes called "the monkey gourd." Its leaf resembles that of the

* In Phillips's "*Sylva Florifera*" we are told that "this noble tree sends forth the lower part of its branches in an upward direction, to convey the rain-water by these slopes to the trunk, and from thence to the roots, which otherwise could not receive sufficient moisture, while the extremities of the branches bend downward, that the snows, in the region of which it takes delight to dwell, may slide from its foliage. The cones of this stately tree are endowed with a peculiar mode of sheltering their parts of fructification; for at their season of flowering they bend to the earth; but when they are fecundated they turn erect toward heaven, to mature their seed," and are then objects most beautiful to behold. Ranwolff saw twenty-four sound trees and two decayed ones; Maundrell only sixteen large and many small ones; Le Bruyn saw thirty-five or thirty-six, and says it is as hard to count them as the stones at Stonehenge.

horse-chestnut. The blossom is white, pendulous, fragrant, and about the size of a man's hat! The height of the tree seldom exceeds eighty feet; but the colossal size of its trunk, and the enormous length of its branches, are almost inconceivable by the untraveled mind. Adanson, the traveler, after whom it is named, discovered and measured a tree of this kind in Western Africa, more than a century ago, whose diameter was upward of twenty-five feet, and its circumference more than seventy-five; and Gilberry has given us the dimensions of one still larger—its trunk almost two rods in thickness, its branches sixty feet long, bending to the ground, and inclosing an area nearly five hundred feet in circuit.* It is not till one stands actually within the sweep of these enormous limbs, and beholds the stupendous size of the main stem from which they spring, that he can believe it possible for a single trunk to sustain such a mountain of foliage. Imagine the imposing appearance of a baobab† in full bloom —a hemisphere of snowy fragrance, seventy or eighty feet high, and a hundred and fifty feet wide, and every blossom as large as your hat! Or, still stranger sight, behold it loaded with thousands of gourds as big as pumpkins, hanging like curtain-tassels on stems two feet long, waving in the wind, while hundreds of monkeys are scampering among the branches, or creeping cautiously down to the fruit, or pulling it up as we draw up a bucket from a well, in order to regale themselves with its subacid pulp.

Travelers and men of science inform us that the age of these monstrous trees is to be reckoned, not by years or decades, but by centuries and centuries. Looking from forests of common full-grown trees to one of these "prehistoric" baobabs, they laugh at

> "Yonder upstarts of the neighboring wood,
> ....who their birth received
> Half a millennium since the date of thine!"

And, if we may rely on their opinions, the largest baobab is far older than the Christian era. Their aspect, as Humboldt said of the famous old dragon-tree, worshiped in 1402 by the Guanchos of Teneriffe, "feelingly recalls to mind the eternal youth of Nature, which is an inexhaustible source of motion and life."

Could we literally "find tongues in trees," how earnestly might we address one of these forest Methuselahs, as Belzoni is "said or sung,"* to have apostrophized the mummy:

> "Thou couldst develop, if that withered tongue
> Might tell us....
> How the world looked when it was fresh and green:—
> New worlds have risen; we have lost old nations;
> And countless kings have into dust been tumbled;
> Whilst scarce a fragment of thyself has crumbled."

What solemnity of feeling, what awe, what wonder, nay, what strange religious fear and disposition to worship creeps over us—even us, sophisticated and case-hardened sons of science and civilization—as we creep under the shadowy branches of such a tree, "a pillared shade," and ponder upon the short-lived, changeful race of man, "poor creature of a day;" upon the fleeting character of all human institutions; the rise and fall of dynasties and states; the countless mutations and revolutions that have vexed or blessed the world, while not a limb upon this tree of life has experienced either shock or change!

We can not wonder at, or hardly blame, the Guancho's reverence for the millennial dragon-tree, nor think it strange that

> "Our forefather Druids in their oaks
> Imagined sanctity;"

nor that the modern Indian Fakir, like his ancestors in the morning twilight of history, still

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* Adanson's account is as follows: "The 9th of August and the following days I walked about in the neighborhood of the Island of Senegal, and returned to the Island of Sor. The negroes carried me to a particular spot, where I saw a herd of antelopes; but I laid aside all thoughts of sport as soon as I perceived a tree of a prodigious thickness, which drew my whole attention. This was *a calabash tree*, which the Jaloffes call *goui*." (The translator of Adanson cites *Prosper Alpinus* for the name "Bahobab.") "There was nothing extraordinary in its height; for it was only about sixty feet; but its trunk was of a prodigious thickness. I extended my arms as wide as possibly I could thirteen times before I embraced its circumference; and for greater exactness I measured it afterward round with pack-thread, and found it to be sixty-five feet; consequently the diameter was near twenty-two. I do not believe that the like was ever seen in any other part of the world. Out of the trunk there issued forth branches—the largest forty-five to fifty-five feet in length." The root of another "was a hundred and ten feet in length, without reckoning the part that lay hid under the water." (Pp. 620-1.) Subsequently he found other trees of the same kind, half-way between Ben and Cape Verd, of greater size, one of seventy-four, and another of seventy-seven feet girth, and more than twenty-five feet thick. "On the branches of those trees," says he, "I saw some birds-nests so vastly capacious as to surprise me as much as the trees themselves. They were at least three feet long, and resembled oval baskets, open below, and confusedly interwoven with very large twigs." (P. 640.)—*Adanson's Voyage*, etc., as translated and published in Pinkerton, vol. xvi.

† The name *Bahobab* was given to this tree by Prosper Alpinus. Botanists call it the *Adansonia*, in honor of the enthusiastic traveler Michel Adanson, a translation of whose voyage to Senegal, Goree, and the Gambia may be found in vol. xvi. of Pinkerton's Voyages and Travels. It is also called the African calabash, Ethiopian sour gourd, monkey bread, abavi, abevo, arbu, and guanabanus. The botanical characters of the blossom are these: "*Calyx*, a perianthium one-leaved, half five-cleft, cup-form (the divisions revolute), deciduous. *Corolla*, five petals, roundish, nerved, revolute, growing reciprocally with the claws and stamina. *Stamens*, composed of numerous filaments, coalesced beneath into a tube, and crowning it, expanding it horizontally; the anthers kidney-form, incumbent. *Pistil*, an egged germ; the style very long, tubular, variously intorted. *Stigmata*, ten in number, prismatic, villous, ray expanded. *Pericarp*, an oval capsule, woody, not gaping, two-celled, with farinaceous pulp, the partitions membranous, the seeds numerous, kidney-shaped, rather bony, and involved in a friable pulp. The fruit is pointed at both ends, is about ten inches long, and five or six broad, covered with green down, and suspended from the tree by a pedicle or stem twenty or twenty-four inches long."

* By Horace Smith, if we remember rightly.

bows himself and adores the "sacred fig," or BANYAN TREE:

"Not that kind for fruit renowned;
But such as at this day, to Indians known
In Malabar or Daccan, spreads her arms,
Branching so broad and long, that in the ground
The bended twigs take root,* and daughters grow
About the mother tree, a pillared shade
High overarched, and echoing walks between."

How could Marsden, the traveler, avoid feeling religiously solemn while standing within the "dim religious light"—the cathedral-gloom—of that old banyan tree which he saw in Bengal, with fifty or sixty columnar trunks, casting at noon a shadow a thousand feet in compass, and broad enough to encanopy an army? And need one be a *priest* himself in order to feel a sacerdotal reverence in approaching the great banyan of Nerbuddah, known as "the priests' tree," venerated by unnumbered generations of Gentoos—to lop one of whose twigs is deemed a sacrilege—whose shadowy canopy of foliage, two thousand feet in circuit, is supported by three hundred and fifty trunks of noble size, while more than three thousand smaller ones assist to form those

"arched walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown, that Sylvan loves?"

Worse than heathen must any man be who can behold such trees primeval unmoved.

There is reason to believe that this identical tree was visited by Nearchus, one of the Captains of Alexander the Great, upward of three hundred years before Christ; and native tradition bestows upon it an antiquity of three thousand years.

But, apart from historical or personal associations, a tree or forest of vast size and age is certain to excite the imagination, and fill the soul with emotions of sublimity. How natural was it for Von Martins, when first beholding the huge bulk and towering height of the BRAZILIAN COURBARIL, and standing in deep silence and solitude, amidst shadows which for centuries have not been penetrated by a sunbeam, beneath trees of strange growth and unwonted aspect, to experience unwonted enthusiasm, and give utterance to feelings new and strange! He says:

"The place where these prodigious trees were found appeared to me as if it were the portal of a magnificent temple not constructed by the hands of man but by the Deity himself, as if to awe the mind of the spectator with a holy dread of His Own presence.

"Never before had I beheld such enormous trunks. They looked more like living rocks than trees, for it was only on the pinnacle of their bare and naked bark that foliage could be discovered, and that at such a distance from the eye that the forms of the leaves could not be made out. Fifteen Indians, with outstretched arms, could only just embrace one of them."

Its circumference was more than eighty feet.

South American forests, though yet but little known, have furnished objects of wonder and admiration to many a traveler, from the days of Jean de Laet (1640) down to the expedition of Agassiz in 1865. I must not linger long amidst these wonders of the tropics, but will refer to a few only, just by way of stimulating curiosity.

Every boy has eaten Brazilian nuts, and is familiar with their triangular shell. Some have seen the hard and bomb-shaped cases in which these nuts, closely packed, fifteen or twenty in one compact mass about the size and shape of a Havana orange, are ripened. But few are aware that these nuts are the fruit of the BARTHOLLATIA EXCELSA, a tall and beautiful tree described by Humboldt in his "Personal Narrative of Travels to the Equinoctial Regions of the New Continent." Humboldt calls the tree the "*almendron*, or *juvia*, one of the most majestic trees of the forests of the New World." In the "*Novus Orbis*" of Jean de Laet, published over two hundred years ago, is a remarkably accurate description of the tree—which he calls "*totocke*"—and a singularly exact figure of the fruit. With a trunk some two or three feet thick only, it shoots up, with long and open branches loaded at their summits with tufts of very close foliage, to the height of a hundred and twenty feet. The leaves are nearly thirty inches long. The fruit, falling from a height of fifty or a hundred feet, is hard and heavy enough to crush the head of any unlucky man or beast who may come within its range—as the poet Æschylus was killed by the tortoise which dropped upon his head from the talons of an eagle flying over him. To avoid this danger the natives of Brazil, during the nut harvest, cover their heads and shoulders with a strong wooden buckler, like a Greek or Roman soldier storming a hostile city.

In like manner dangerous to travelers or dwellers beneath its shade, and remarkable for its size and beauty, is the CANNON-BALL TREE of Guiana, or *Couronpita Guianensis*. Its large and fragrant flowers, of a lovely crimson, rise from its dark foliage in clusters of a hundred blossoms, presenting the most gorgeous appearance. Its fruit, as hard and large as a cocoa-nut, grows at the height of fifty or sixty feet, and bursts in falling with a noise like the discharge of artillery. The shell is used by the natives as a calabash. Its slightly acid unripe pulp makes a pleasant cooling medicinal beverage; but when fully ripe the odor of it is offensive to a degree that defies extravagant description. One writer says, "It exceeds whatever is filthy, stinking, and abominable in nature." What should induce mortal man, possessed of serviceable nostrils, to preserve such a fetid fruit passes our comprehension. But this feat has been attempted, and the same writer gravely informs us that "portions of it, kept in alcohol for

* Milton's description is not scientifically exact. The ends of the branches do not bend down and take root. Long rope-like roots (aërial roots, as some botanists call them), or pedicles, spring from the limbs of the parent tree, *grow* downward until they reach the earth, and then, taking root, swell into bulky stems, and, in their turn, put forth bulky branches, which again repeat the process: while thus, from year to year, and from one age to another, the Banyan spreads, and thus at last becomes itself a forest, the "*una nemus*" of the classic poet.

several years, lose nothing of their intolerable smell;" and from him we learn also that "insects revel in this disgusting pulp, beetles and earwigs feed upon it, and innumerable ants find shelter in the hollow of the shell."*

But larger than Brazilian courbaril, or African baobab, and, according to De Candolle, of greater longevity and antiquity than either, are several celebrated CYPRESS trees in Mexico. One of these Mexican cypresses, at Atlexo, was seventy-six feet in girth. Another at Santa Maria del Tuli, having a triple trunk, measured one hundred and eighteen feet in its circumference. A third, which grew at Chapultepec, lacked but two inches of the same stupendous bulk. The first onset in the assault upon Chapultepec was made under cover of these ancient trees. In all ages the cypress has been consecrated to funereal pomp and sepulchral decoration. If the giant tree of Chapultepec still stands, let us hereafter consider it a fitting monument for such of our brave soldiery as fell upon that bloody field.

Not in this Western world alone do we find cypresses of immense antiquity. Europe has some specimens of this tree whose history runs back to the days of Julius Cæsar, B.C. 42. Near Milan, in Lombardy, there stands (or stood quite recently) an ancient tree, known to scholars as "the Cypress of Somma." The Abbé Belèze, as quoted by Loudon, informs us that there is an old chronicle at Milan which proves this cypress to have been a tree in the time of Julius Cæsar. In 1838 its height was one hundred and twenty-one feet, and its girth twenty-three. Nor have scholars alone remembered and revered this tree. The greatest Captain of modern times, yea, of all time, Napoleon Bonaparte, knew its position, age, and history; and in laying out his famous Simplon road diverged from a direct line in order to preserve that tree.

How different this conduct of the great Captain from that indignantly recorded in that most delightful and instructive work, the "Report of George B. Emerson on the Trees of Massachusetts!" Mr. Emerson says:

"A sassafras-tree of extraordinary age and size was growing in West Cambridge in 1842. It measured more than three feet through at the base, and rose without a limb more than thirty feet, with a trunk very straight and slightly diminished, above which it had a broad and lofty head. It was nearly sixty feet high, and had been long growing by itself. It was felled, and its roots dug up, to allow a stone-wall to run in a straight line! Such pieces of barbarism are still but too common."

Mr. Emerson is too amiable, but we are not, to remind the West Cambridge axe-man of the following stanza of the days of Charles II.:

"Let them the woods and forests burn and waste!
There will be trees to hang the slaves at last!
And God, who such infernal men disclaims,
Will root them out, and throw them into flames!"

To more appreciative minds we might commend the following plea in behalf of our beloved trees:

"Many springs,
Many bright mornings, much dew, many showers,
Have passed thy head; many light hearts and wings,
Which now are dead, lodged in thy living towers."

It is not merely the living tree, with its wonderful age and size, that has been admired and praised and held in almost religious veneration and used to adorn the burial-places of the dead. Its timber has, in all ages, been deemed almost indestructible. The Egyptians made their mummy-cases of it. The Popes of the Middle Ages were buried in cypress coffins, and in like manner did the ancient Greeks preserve the ashes of those who died for their country. The doors of Diana's Temple at Ephesus, made of cypress, looked fresh and new at the age of four hundred years. A statue of Jupiter, in the Capitol at Rome, carved from the same wood, continued six hundred years without decay. Plato had his code of laws inscribed on cypress, as being more durable than brass. (It may be that Horace was thinking of this when he wrote, "*Exegi monumentum ære perennius!*") But the toughest of all stories of this sort is that of Leon Alberti, a Florentine artist of the 15th century, who tells us that he found the cypress timber perfectly sound in a ship that had been submerged thirteen hundred years! We may attach full credence, however, to the statement of Michaux, that the doors of St. Peter's, at Rome, constructed of cypress timber, lasted twelve hundred years, from Constantine the Great to Pope Eugene IV., when they were replaced by bronze.

The cypress of our Southern States differs very materially from that which we have been describing, but, like that, attains to a monstrous size. It is deciduous, not evergreen. Its trunk is conical, the base sometimes measuring as many feet in circuit as the entire height of the tree. The largest stocks are a hundred and twenty feet tall, and one hundred and twenty feet in girth near the ground; the cone rapidly diminishing to forty feet in girth. This conical base, which is the characteristic feature of the American cypress, is usually hollow for three quarters of its bulk. The roots are surmounted by cone-shaped protuberances, hollow, smooth, and looking like huge ant-heaps. The only use made of these huge warts is by the negroes for bee-hives.

Another tree peculiar to America, whose grandeur, beauty, and value alike command admiration, is THE MAHOGANY (*Switenia Mahogani*). Most widely known and variously and universally used, its discovery was accidentally made a little before the year 1600, and not till

* We are never surprised that the processes of decay generate odors which offend our sense of smell; but, common as it is to find both flowers and fruit exhaling disagreeable stenches, we never get accustomed to it. In the one case we seem to understand that nature kindly intends to warn us off from unwholesome substances; but in the other she seems first to invite us by beauty of form and coloring to draw near, and then to tweak our noses for accepting her invitation.

nearly a century later was it brought into European use. The first mention of it is that it was used in the repair of some of Sir Walter Raleigh's ships, at Trinidad, in 1597. Its finely variegated tints were admired; but in that age the dream of El Dorado caused matters of more value to be neglected. The first that was brought to England was about the beginning of the last century, a few planks having been sent to Dr. Gibbons, of London, by a brother who was a West India captain. The Doctor was erecting a house, and gave the planks to the workmen, who rejected them as being too hard. The Doctor then had a candle-box made of the wood, his cabinet-maker also complaining of the hardness of the timber. But, when finished, the box became an object of general curiosity and admiration. He had one bureau, and Her Grace of Buckingham had another, made of this beautiful wood; and the despised mahogany now became a prominent article of luxury, and at the same time raised the fortunes of the cabinet-maker (Wollaston) by whom it had been at first so little regarded. Since that time, rivaling and almost displacing all other ornamental woods, mahogany has become every where indispensable, and is, all over the world, converted into whatever of useful or beautiful may promote the convenience and comfort, or delight the taste, the caprice, or the religious sentiment of civilized man.

The mahogany-tree is found in Florida, and may thus be claimed as indigenous to the United States; and there is no reason to doubt that it may, and hereafter will be, planted and cultivated to great advantage. But hitherto it has been cut chiefly in the native forests of the Bahamas, the West India Islands, Honduras, and Yucatan.

Full grown it is one of the monarchs of the forests of tropical America. Its vast trunk and massive arms, rising to a very lofty height, and spreading with graceful sweep over immense spaces—covered with beautiful foliage, bright, glossy, light, and airy, clinging so long to the spray as to make it almost an evergreen—present a rare combination of loveliness and grandeur. The leaves are very small, delicate, and polished like those of the laurel. The flowers are small and white, or greenish yellow. The fruit is a hard, woody capsule, oval, not unlike the egg of a turkey in size and shape, and contains five cells, in each of which are inclosed about fifteen seeds.

A few facts will furnish a tolerably distinct idea of the size of this splendid tree. The mahogany lumbermen, having selected a tree, surround it with a platform about twelve feet above the ground, and cut it above the platform. Some dozen or fifteen feet of the largest part of the trunk are thus lost. Yet a single log not unfrequently weighs from six or seven to fifteen tons, and sometimes measures as much as seventeen feet in length, and four and a half to five and a half feet in diameter, one tree furnishing two, three, or four such logs. Some trees have yielded twelve thousand superficial feet, and at average peace prices have sold for fifteen thousand dollars.*

In low and damp soils it is of very rapid growth; but the most valuable trees grow slowly amidst rocks and on a sterile soil, and seem to gather compactness and beauty of grain and texture from the very difficulties with which they have to struggle for existence; just as in human life affliction and trial develop the loveliest traits of human character.

In the Bahama Islands, springing up on rocky hill-sides in places almost destitute of soil, and crowding its contorted roots into crevices among the rocks—I speak now of a time long past—it formed that much esteemed and curiously veined variety of wood known and valued so highly in Europe as "Madeira wood." The relentless axe of the lumberman has long ago exterminated the mahogany forests of the Bahamas.

The old Jamaica mahogany, now so scarce, grew also in arid and rocky soils, matured very slowly, and was remarkable for the variety and beauty of its veins, spots, clouds, and figuring.

But Jamaica, as well as the Bahamas, has been almost stripped of this valuable variety of timber. In 1753 not less than 521,000 feet of mahogany were shipped from this single island. The old Jamaica mahogany has disappeared from the market; and the trees now cut in that island, growing, as they do, on low, alluvial soil, furnish an inferior timber, pale and porous, and less esteemed than that of Cuba, San Domingo, or Honduras.

The lumbering business in the mahogany forests of Honduras, now the principal source of supply, is in many respects not unlike that of our "down-east" friends in the pine forests of Maine; but while the latter have only one season for their labors every year, the former have two; one just after Christmas, the other about midsummer. The lumbermen of Maine, in winter and early spring, are subjected to every form of suffering and danger that can arise from extreme cold. It is matter of curiosity that even in Honduras, within 16 degrees of the equator, the first mahogany cutters found the cold so great in the impenetrable shade of those vast and virgin forests of the tropics, that they were obliged to kindle fires to keep themselves comfortably warm.

At the beginning of each season gangs of negroes are sent out to begin the work. To find the largest and best of timber is the especial business of the "huntsman," as he is called,

* Messrs. Broadwood, London, piano-forte manufacturers, paid £3000 for three logs, all cut from one tree, and each about fifteen feet long and more than three feet square. Of these logs it is recorded that the wood was particularly beautiful, capable of receiving the highest polish, and when polished reflecting the light in the most varied manner, like the surface of a crystal, and from the wavy form of the pores offering a different figure in whatever direction it was viewed. Cut into veneers of the sixteenth of an inch thick, these logs would cover an area of nearly two acres.

who climbs some lofty tree, and from that look-out discovers, by its peculiar foliage and other wood-craft signs, the old mahogany monarchs of the wood. The tree thus "prospected" is then surrounded by the platform already mentioned, and cut down. The branches, which contain the wood most beautifully marked, are lopped and trimmed. Log and limb are loaded by gangs of ten or twelve men upon carriages drawn by teams of twelve or fourteen oxen, under the guidance of a couple of drivers, and hauled to the nearest stream of proper floating power, over roads made for the purpose, at a cost equaling two-thirds of the entire expense of procuring the timber. The logs are then "run" down the stream singly to its junction with some river navigable by rafts, where a rope or boom arrests their course. There they are sorted according to their marks of ownership, made into rafts or floats, and when the river rises, are navigated to its outlet, or such other port as is selected for their final shipment, where they begin their "life on the ocean wave," at the end of which, being landed as logs, they are presently sawn asunder, and, in the form of board or veneer, applied to purposes so various that their mere enumeration would outrun the limits of editorial patience, and far distance the curiosity of our readers.

In none of her caprices does Nature seem more fantastic than in the veining and marking of this beautiful wood. Every conceivable variety of light and shade and figure may be found imbedded in its substance, to be developed upon its surface by the cunning hand of the polisher. From the heart of a mahogany knot, a few years since, was brought to light a wonderfully exact resemblance of Queen Victoria; and upon the panels of a pulpit which I have often seen there appears descending as it were from heaven, surrounded by an atmosphere of light, a dove with wings outspread, like Milton's "meek-eyed Peace,"

"With turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing."

We all know and admire the beauty and utility of this timber; but how many of us have ever noticed, or known, that, unlike almost any other wood in use, it is wholly free from the attack of worms or other insects? I never saw a piece of mahogany marked by a worm, nor have I met any person who ever did discover any such marking.

Equal to the mahogany in utility, if not in beauty, and far excelling it in antiquity, longevity, and classic and sacred associations, is THE OAK—Cowper's

"Lord of the woods—the long-surviving *oak*."

History, both sacred and profane, both ancient and modern, the poetry of all nations, Greek and Roman mythology, Chinese and British, Asiatic and European, superstition or religion, all conspire to celebrate and help immortalize this sturdy father of the forest.

The Greeks believed that Jupiter, "the father of gods and men," was born beneath an oak, and that it was his favorite abode and oracle. The ancient Britons adored it as their god of thunder, and even now the poets of England boast that this tutelary guardian of Britannia quells the ocean waves

"With thunders from her native oak."

The Chinese call the oak "the tree of inheritance." Beneath its shadow, at Mamre, did Abraham talk with the angels of God; and, if we may trust the statement of Eusebius, the very oak which thus sheltered the "father of the faithful" and his heavenly visitants survived, an object of deepest veneration, until the reign of Constantine, a period of more than twenty centuries. Under another oak, in later times, came the angel of the Lord, and spake unto Gideon, saying, "The Lord is with thee, thou mighty man of valor: thou shalt save Israel from the hand of the Midianites."

Under an oak were buried Deborah, the beloved old nurse of Rebecca, and all the strange gods which the followers and family of Jacob had brought with them in their flight from Laban.

In the valley of Jabesh was Saul buried beneath an oak, "a more desirable mausoleum," says Strutt, "than the kings of Egypt afterward raised for themselves in their pyramids."

And when, at Shechem, God's chosen people met and listened to the eloquence of Joshua, and entered into covenant with him, and said, "The Lord our God will we serve, and his voice will we obey," Joshua then and there "set them a statute and an ordinance," and wrote the words thereof in a book, "and took a great stone, and set it up there under an oak, which was by the sanctuary of the Lord" in Shechem.

The Old Testament scriptures are full of passages that describe the oak as the resort of angels and men of God, as well as of the priests and worshipers of false divinities. Isaiah rebukes his people for "inflaming" themselves "with idols among the oaks;" and Ezekiel tells them in God's name, "Then shall ye know that I am the Lord, when their slain shall be among the idols round about the altars, under every thick oak, where they did offer sweet savor to all their idols."

The regard so universally cherished for the oak has been owing in part to that combination of majesty, sturdy strength, longevity, durability, and beauty which all agree that it possesses. Doubtless, also, this sentiment was in part awakened by the circumstance that mankind in early ages were largely indebted to acorns for subsistence, so that gratitude and admiration alike clung round the parent tree.

The oldest code of Roman law regulated the rights of gathering acorns, as did also the early laws of Britain. Burnet informs us that a few hundred years ago the acorn (that is, *oak-corn*) among our Saxon ancestors formed an important article of food for both man and beast; and

the old chronicles attribute many a famine to the failure of this crop.

"The oaks of Tunis," says Smith, "are now called 'meal-bearing trees,' as in the age of Pliny many tribes regarded them, grinding their acorns to flour, and making it into bread." Michaux found in the markets of Bagdad acorns three or four inches long, from the oaks of Mesopotamia and Kurdistan. He ate them, and praised them. "Few New England boys," says Mr. Emerson, "have not found the acorn of the white oak a tolerably pleasant substitute for inaccessible walnuts and chestnuts." The markets of Morocco, Algiers, Tunis, Tripoli, Palestine, Asia Minor, and Greece, are regularly supplied with acorns, both raw and roasted.

During the Peninsular war the acorns of Spanish oaks contributed largely to the commissariat of both French and Spanish soldiers; and many a time during the late civil war have I seen our "boys in blue" devouring the sweet nuts of the live-oak with a relish quite manifest.

To mankind in all ages oak timber has been of unspeakable use and value. "The particular and most valued qualities of oak," as Gilpin well says of English varieties, "are hardness and toughness." Shakspeare uses two epithets to express these qualities, which are perhaps stronger than any other we could find:

"Thou rather with thy sharp and sulph'rous bolt
Split'st the unwedgeable and gnarlèd oak,
Than the soft myrtle."

The stubborn, oak-like, indomitable courage of British soldiers and sailors has earned for them the expressive name of "hearts of oak;" and the word *robust*, which we now use to describe whatever is strong in health, firm in character, or vigorous in virtue, is, in its origin, the exact Latin synonym and equivalent of our Saxon word *oaken*.

"Many kinds of wood," as Gilpin states, "are *harder*—as box and ebony; many kinds are *tougher*—as yew and ash; but no species of timber is possessed of both these qualities together in so great a degree as the oak." "Almost all arts and manufactures are indebted to it; but in ship-building and bearing burdens its elasticity and strength are applied to most advantage."

English poetry glorifies even its acorns as

"Those sapling oaks, which, at Britannia's call,
May heave their trunks mature into the main,
And float the bulwarks of her liberty!"

I have already cited one illustrative line from Campbell's glorious Lyric, "Ye Mariners of England," in which he says:

"With thunders from her native oak
She quells the waves below,
As they roar
On the shore,
When the stormy winds do blow,
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow."

In naval architecture, however, neither England nor any other land can produce any oak that approaches in value our own American Live-Oak (*Quercus virens*)—a tree whose praises, we trust, may ere long be sung with patriot fervor in American song. For of it we may say that

"not a prince,
In all that proud Old World beyond the deep,
E'er wore his crown as loftily, as he
Wears the green coronal of leaves, with which
The Almighty hand hath graced him."

The live-oak is perennial, its foliage, like that of evergreens, being partially renewed every spring. Its wood is amazingly hard, compact, and heavy, weighing upward of seventy pounds to the cubic foot, which is nearly double the weight of seasoned white oak; and its fibres are so fine that a magnifying glass is necessary to distinguish them. It sometimes grows to an enormous size. In West Florida it has been found nine feet in diameter. In East Florida its circumference is from twelve to eighteen feet. It branches at the height of twelve to twenty feet, and its limbs grow to a prodigious length.

Bertram stepped over fifty paces from the trunk of one of these trees to the extremity of its branches. This length of limb, the horizontal growth of the branches, and the accumulation upon them of that beard-like moss which, in the warm humidity of Florida, grows like the very hair of Absalom, give to these trees a solemn and spectral grandeur almost unearthly. How hard it is to realize that this enormous tree, now sheltering half an acre of territory, was once shut up in the shell of an acorn!—

"a cup and ball
Which babes might play with; and the thievish jay,
Its yet close-folded latitude of boughs
And all its embryo vastness, at a gulp
Might swallow down."

The antiquity of these live-oaks must be immense, extending far back of all authentic records of this Western Continent. We are obliged to go to the Old World to learn with any degree of certainty how long or large the oak will grow, or how long its timber will endure.

The timber usually found in the oldest English buildings is of oak; as, for example, the doors of the inner chapels of Westminster Abbey, which are over twelve hundred years old; the shrine of Edward the Confessor, who died A.D. 1066; one of the coronation chairs preserved in that Abbey for about five hundred years; a piece of timber, lately in the possession of Professor Burnet, which formed a part of King John's palace at Eltham, as sound and perfect now as when that pusillanimous monarch set his cowardly hand to Magna Charta, the great charter of English liberty, extorted from him by the bold barons of Britain. But more remarkable than all these is a church at Greenstead, the nave of which is formed of oak trunks about eighteen inches in diameter, split in halves, and set edge to edge, palisade-

fashion. This edifice is believed to have been built A.D. 946. "Corroded and worn by the storms of nearly a thousand years," says Burnet, "these timbers promise to endure a thousand more."*

The vast age attained to by the European oaks is feebly expressed by those well-known lines, supposed to be uttered by a now living tree:

"In my great-grandsire's trunk did Druids dwell;
My grandsire with the Roman empire fell;
Myself a sapling when my father bore
Victorious Edward to the Gallic shore."

Pliny makes mention of oaks in the Hercynian forest, some of which were supposed to be coeval with the race of man. In support of this belief it would be somewhat difficult at this time to summon witnesses or procure reliable proof. But in Windsor forest, England, as recently as 1829, there existed an oak (it is probably standing now) which was a favorite tree of William the Conqueror, and must be now a thousand years old, and more. It is hollow, and its size is thus illustrated by Burnet: "We lunched in '*the King's Oak*' September 2, 1829. It would accommodate at least twenty persons with standing-room, and ten or twelve might sit down comfortably to dinner. I think I have danced a quadrille in a smaller space." Though called "the king's oak," it is not to be confounded with the one that has the credit of concealing King Charles, and which is immortalized in the "New England Primer's" elegant couplet:

"The royal oak it was the tree
That saved his royal majesty."

The "*Cowthorpe Oak*" deserves mention for its monstrous size. Eighty feet high, with limbs sixteen yards long, its base was seventy-eight feet in circuit—considerably larger than that of the famous Eddystone Light-house. Indeed, as Mr. Loudon says, its trunk would, if hollow, have furnished an apartment larger than St. Bartholomew's Church, which, besides desks for minister and clerk, with altar, staircase, and stove, has pews and seats for a hundred and twenty persons. This huge tree was laid low in the great gale of February, 1820. In Hutchins's "Dorsetshire," is a portrait and description of "*Damory's Oak*," which stood until 1755 near Blandford, and was known to have reached its maturity five hundred years earlier. It was sixty-eight feet in circuit, contained a hollow cavity fifteen feet wide and seventeen feet high, which was occupied during the civil wars, and until after the restoration of Charles II., by an old man who got his living by selling ale. Twenty customers could be served at his counter without crowding.

"*The Shelton Oak*" still stands in full vigor near the battle-field of Shrewsbury, where, in 1403, King Henry IV. encountered the rebellious Harry Hotspur; and it may have witnessed Falstaff's "*valor*," if not heard him declare that "the better part of valor is discretion." It was as fair, and green, and large as now, a hundred years before Columbus discovered the New World. It is, to all appearance, as fair and flourishing now as it was before the invention of the mariner's compass—before the discovery of the art of printing—before the Old World shook hands with the New.

It is the oak's sturdy strength and amazing vitality, rather than its huge dimensions, which attract the eye and fire the fancy. It has a stanch, self-centred, wind-defying look, which compels us to feel that it is the idea of stability and security, not personified or incarnated, but embodied, embarked, and lignified. It is grand even in decay, and worthy of the gentle Cowper's description of "*the Yardley Oak:*"

"Emboweled now, and of thy ancient self
Possessing naught but the scooped rind—
A quarry of stout spars, and knotted fangs—
Yet life still lingers in thee, and puts forth
Proof not contemptible, of what she can,
Even where death predominates."

How grandly pathetic is the description of "*the Winfarthing Oak*," Norfolk County, England, published in the *Gardener's Magazine* (xii. 586):

"It is seventy feet in circumference, and is said to have been called '*the old oak*' in the days of William the Conqueror, nearly eight hundred years ago. Indeed, by the usual standard of computing the age of oaks by their size, this old oak must be fifteen hundred years of age. It is now a mere shell—a mighty ruin—bleached to a snowy white—exhibiting no mark of life except a strip of bark on the south side, from which spring a few branches, that occasionally produced acorns as lately as 1836. A limb was blown off in 1811, which contained two wagon-loads of wood."

There are multitudes more of memorable British oaks, praised by poets and celebrated by historians and lovers of arboriculture. But my limits forbid me to describe or even to name them. In another paper, should my readers seem inclined to pursue with me this woodland excursion, I may attempt, in like manner, to notice the elm and the chestnut, the pine, the palm, the plane, and possibly some others well known to forest lovers. But here will I conclude with old John Evelyn's touching advice to tree-planters:

"Tartarian astrologers, as saith Paulus Venus, affirm that nothing contributes more to men's long lives than the planting of many trees. *Hæc scripsi octogenarius*, and shall, if God protract my years and continue my health, be continually planting, till it shall please him to *transplant* me into those glorious regions above—the celestial Paradise, planted with perennial groves and trees bearing immortal fruit."

* See the "*Amœnitates Quercinea*," by the late Professor Burnet, forming Numbers 5 and 6 of Burgess's "*Eidodendron*," published in 1833; Evelyn's "*Silva*;" Bayle's *Dictionary;* Strutt's "*Deliciæ Sylvarum*," and "*Sylva Britannica*;" Loudon's "*Arboretum*," etc.

A VILLAGE LIBRARY.

THE writer of this article has recently had the pleasure of assisting in the formation of a little Village Library, in a country town where he is accustomed to spend his summer vacations; and some account of the method pursued may be interesting, and perhaps useful, to many circles of readers in rural districts, who would be glad to possess such a library if they knew how to commence its formation.

In our case very narrow resources proved sufficient to lay a good foundation, and make a prosperous beginning.

The village of F—— is the central village of a town of over three thousand inhabitants—the shire town of an agricultural county. It has long contained good schools, both public and private; and many families of refinement and culture, residing in the village, possessed books which they were willing to lend among their friends. There was no book-store in the place; but two merchants, each dealing chiefly in other articles, kept a few shelves of school-books, and among these were a few of those faded, cloth-bound volumes, profusely decorated with cheap gilding, which are insanely supposed to be popular books, because they are cheap. These defunct butterflies of literature stood untouched in their place, a melancholy monument of the unknown past in which they had been new, and, I suppose, will continue to be handed down to future generations, through all changes of proprietorship in the store, unsought and unsold. These, with the monthly magazines, the weekly story papers, and illustrated sheets, and a few cheap novels, constituted the regular resources of the place. Such new books as reached the homes in the village came when specially ordered by mail, or when some professional gentleman returned from his occasional visit to one of the great cities.

When the plan of forming a public library was mooted, one difficulty appeared insurmountable: the money could not be got. Every body said, confidentially of course, that there was not public spirit enough in the place to do such a thing; and added a wish that we had some rich man like Mr. Bates or Mr. Peabody. We all approved the project, and straightway fell to calling over the names of the sons of F—— who had gone forth to seek their fortunes in the world, and wondered if there were not some one who could come home on a summer visit and lay the foundation some fine day, and begin, carry on, and finish the thing, all out of his own full pocket.

Never, probably, did there exist any where more cordial wishes for the prosperity of absent and half-forgotten friends than was latently cherished at that time among those who entertained the hope of seeing a library founded.

But the benefactor of his race did not appear to grace his native town with a monument so enviable, and we were not inclined to wait for him.

We undertook to begin on our own resources; and we soon found that so far as the necessary public spirit was concerned nothing was wanting. Public opinion was too modest altogether in denying its existence. The conversations which thus far had taken place served to develop the fact that there were half a dozen young men strongly interested in the scheme, and willing to take hold and work it out, if possible.

We met together, and considered the ways and means. One proposed a fair to raise money; another that we should lay the subject before all the pastors of the village, and secure a sermon and a contribution in its behalf in each church; another suggested a course of lectures, and a fourth the appointment of a committee to visit from house to house and solicit donations. Lastly, it was proposed to hold a public meeting, have some speeches, and get an enthusiasm to begin with.

We discussed these plans and some others; but after comparing our views fully, we settled upon a plan of procedure of which the following are the principal points, and our experience commends them to the attention of those interested in any similar effort:

1. The Library should not begin life as a beggar. Nobody should be told that it was their duty to do something for such a good cause. We were in a thrifty Yankee community, and we would not make our appearance before them as a needy mendicant come to haunt the doors of the charitable.

2. On the contrary, instead of being established as a benevolent effort, living by appeals to every body's generosity, it should be (except as between ourselves) purely a business enterprise. We would of course accept gladly such benevolent gifts as the object might naturally elicit; but for our success with the public we would rely on the existence of a *demand* for good reading matter, and the ability of a shelf of books such as we proposed collecting, to begin to supply that demand. The support on which we would rely should be that of those who thought it for their advantage to subscribe or take stock. If friends should voluntarily aid us by gifts, the more thanks to them, and the greater the good fortune of the cause.

3. For this reason the first books to be procured should be selected from among the newest, freshest issues of the press of the day; live books in the prime of life, and in the vigor of a successful run. It would of course be desirable to avoid whatever we could suspect might prove of ephemeral interest; and it would be very necessary to confine our purchases to books of a moderate price, for it would never do to take the money of fifty readers and present to them forty-nine volumes. In such a case, the better the books the louder would be the complaints. But at the outset we would also avoid those "standard authors," those "great classics" which are said to be "necessary in every gentleman's library," and which are usually found

there, in a high state of preservation, but which the fortunate possessor never takes down to read.

4. As a corollary to this principle, we resolved that all donations of books be upon the express condition that the trustees should be at liberty, whenever they should think best, to sell them or exchange them for others.

It is hardly necessary to say that we did not adopt this regulation out of any disrespect to Old Books. Age is never more venerable than when it is embodied in the form of antiquated and half-forgotten books. But such memorials of the past, repositories of the thoughts which the world has outgrown, are to be preserved for the attention and reverence of the faithful; they are out of their place, and lose their function, when they are mixed too indiscriminately with the books of to-day, in an effort to attract and stimulate the attention of the busy world, the shop, the farm, and the factory.

We considered that the usefulness of such a library as that which we wished to form must depend largely on its power to create a demand for entertaining and instructive literature, its power to "make those read who never read before, and those who always read to read the more!" Such a library should employ provocatives and allurements to rouse the mental appetite.

Generally, when a library is started, every body ransacks the literary treasures of his garret, which ought long before to have been divided between the Historical Society and the College Library; and the committee accept every thing that has leaves and covers; for, as they wisely observe, "each will count one in the catalogue." Thus the infant library is suffocated with donations, principally reducible to two classes—books which every body has read, and those which nobody will read.

If a little library, whose function is to awaken intellectual life and to make readers, finds its attractive volumes half buried under these dead leaves of the past seasons of literature, the committee might not do amiss by clearing the ground so as to bring their live books to the light. The useless volumes might well be put in a set of shelves separate from those which people look through for something to read, and be labeled "*Dead Books*," a sort of bibliographic cemetery.

In the great public Library of the City of Birmingham, one of the best-managed in England, every book in the department of circulation has a colored sheet, faced with blotting-paper, pasted in at a fly-leaf, and the librarian on giving out the book writes in an appropriate column on this sheet the reader's number, and the date within which the book must be returned. This method, besides being a useful preventive of delay in the return of books, has this great advantage, that every book is made to carry the record of its own usefulness. It is true that the demand for a book is not an accurate measure of its utility. The volumes of mechanical plates that young George Stephenson took out from a village library, and from which, with his father's help, he obtained a good part of his education as an engineer, may have done more service in that one lending than hundreds of popular books lent again and again by the same library. But the demand is the *means* of usefulness. A book for which there is little demand may be of great service—like the poor wise man who by his wisdom delivered the city—but books for which there is and will be no demand are of no service, and can be nothing but an encumbrance.

It ought to be said that we made one exception to this policy of excluding books that were not particularly attractive—an exception, however, that was more apparent than real.

There had been for many years in F—— a case full of well-selected histories, essayists, and poets, the collection of a half-extinct literary society, who had not made it accessible to that general public. As this little library had at one time been the subject of a controversy not yet entirely forgotten, it was rightly accounted a very felicitous omen when all parties concerned in it generously united in ceding its remains, consisting of about one hundred and twenty volumes, to the new organization that we proposed to form. The ground being thus cleared, we resolved to commence the purchase of books to form a public village library as soon as one hundred dollars was secured.

In respect to the form of organization, thinking the simplest plan to be the best, we merely drew up a statement in a fivepenny pass-book, headed with the words "F—— Library Association," and setting forth that any person paying $10 would become a shareholder, entitled to one vote, and to take out one volume at a time, subject to such rules as might be adopted for the government of the library; that any person paying by the quarter, half year, or year, at the rate of $1, might take out one volume at a time subject to the same rules; that subscriptions for shares should be binding as soon as ten shares were taken; and that the first five subscribers were requested by the rest to act as a committee of management for a year, at the expiration of which the first annual meeting should be held, and a permanent organization effected.

This brief paper having been written, we signed it ourselves, by this little *coup d'état* constituting ourselves provisional directors; and then went out on the street to see who wanted to take stock.

The little pass-book was welcomed wherever it was shown, and the required amount was made up without delay. Probably few societies have spent so little time in "constitutional questions."

With the first thirty dollars that was paid in we sent to Boston for a dozen of the most substantial and most attractive volumes of the season; voyages and travels, popular illustrated books on science, a new novel by a well-known

and favorite author, a new book on gardening, or house-building. Some donations also began to come in; but as they were unsolicited they were good, some of them excellent for our purpose.

Happily for the library the editor of the village paper was a member of the committee and took a strong interest in the enterprise, and gave us the benefit of his columns.

When the new books came we did not put them all in at once, but husbanded our resources so as to spin out the sensation as long as possible. We placed three or four of the new works with as many more of the best of the new donations upon a shelf together, and inserted in the column of local items in the week's paper a brief mention of the new enterprise, and a list of the books added.

These books we did not mix with the standard volumes, which remained in their original shelves.

Most readers come into the village library wanting something, but not knowing what, a little fastidious, and a little capricious withal; not having a very strong appetite for letters, and half inclined not to take a book at all, but to take a walk instead, or go a-fishing. If one goes into a book-store in such a state of mind he needs to see for himself. If the store-keeper insists on knowing "what you wish for" your purpose is gone. We don't know what we want. Indeed, if we knew already what was written and printed, what need should we have to be looking into books. It is just because we do not know what we want that we have come to find a book about it. We want to see what there is. When we have seen the inside of that row of new books we shall know what we want well enough.

In such a case one is more tempted by half a dozen fresh books set alone by themselves than he would be by a score of the same slipped in here and there, one by one, between Eighteen-fifty's Occasional Poems, Eighteen-forty's Hasty Impressions of Travel in Europe, and Eighteen-thirty's Ancient History.

We put our new books forward by themselves, and let those persons look also through the other shelves who choose to do so. The next week made another addition, and a new list appeared in the week's paper. Each week brought one or more new subscribers for stock or for temporary rights, and the money came in faster than it seemed best to expend it on books newly published, considering that so many which promise fairly prove of very evanescent interest.

In pursuance of our general policy of ascertaining the public want and endeavoring to supply it, we sent for information to the librarian of a social library of about three thousand volumes which had long existed in a larger town not far from us. We asked him to inform us what were the books in his collection that were most read. The library of which he has charge contains a very fair representation of the best classical English literature, essayists and poets, a selection of standard periodicals, voyages and travels, popular history and novels, and is moderately well supplied with judiciously-chosen current publications of light literature.

His answer was, in substance, as follows:

"The books most read are the bound volumes of *Harper's Magazine*. We have worn out one set and are on our second. *Littell's Living Age* and the *Atlantic Monthly* are also very useful. Next to *Harper* come Dickens's novels, books of voyages and travels, such as Kane's, Bayard Taylor's, and Livingstone's. Next Henry Ward Beecher's books, Miss Mulock's novels, Mrs. Stowe's, and such books as the "Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table" and "The Professor," by O. W. Holmes, G. W. Curtis's writings, Gail Hamilton, and Timothy Titcomb. We have Scott's novels, but they are much less read than Dickens is. Tennyson, Longfellow, and Mrs. Browning, are often asked for, but, on the whole, poetry is not read much."

We determined to select our first considerable purchase from among the books on this list; and our experience has proved not unlike that of our informant, although we have found that Hawthorne, Irving, and Prescott, and others of the same rank, are in good request, and that popular illustrated histories have an active circulation.

We commenced our "grand outlays" with a set of *Harper's Magazine;* and even after we had accumulated several hundred volumes of the most attractive authors our librarian still complained that it was not unusual for twenty-five of the thirty volumes of the *Magazine* to be out at the same time; so that, to supply the demand and allow exchanges of successive volumes, we needed two sets. This was not strange, since these volumes contain half of the works of Dickens, Thackeray, Reade, and others, to say nothing of the original papers. But we suspected that the pictures in the *Magazine* were a part of the secret of its attractions, which had thus seemed superior, in the eyes of our readers, to the allurements of simple letter-press.

On this account we sought for a class of illustrated works of a popular yet substantial character, which proved to be very attractive. As instances of this class may be mentioned "Knight's Pictorial Galleries of Art," "Lindley's Botany, with Colored Plates," "An Illustrated Book on the Horse," "Homes without Hands," "The Boy's Play-Book of Metals," "An Illustrated Bible Dictionary," etc., etc. We thought it to be an advantage pertaining to such books as these that they would rarely, if ever, find their way into the village in the hands of private purchasers. The last new novel in paper covers is within the means of almost any reader who wishes it. We thought it better to take it for granted that, for the most part, the regular readers of the village would continue to supply themselves with what was already thus within their reach; and while we purchased a few of the most important of such books, we preferred to use a considerable part of our resources to bring into the town what was otherwise likely to be unknown there, al-

though equally attractive, and perhaps more substantial.

We found that the means were not wanting to enable us to carry forward this work with a reasonable degree of rapidity, but we were constrained to exercise the utmost economy to make our money go as far as possible. In the course of the year forty or fifty shares were taken and paid for, and sixty or seventy annual subscriptions were taken. We received also a considerable number of donations; though it should be confessed that while we did not beg, we gave our friends a very good opportunity to offer when they were disposed to do so. But in truth, for the most part, the cause made its own appeal. A gentleman who visited the town in the course of the summer surprised us after his return home by sending a check for $100, in token of his good wishes; and other contributions in money and in books were made, equally unsolicited.

At the end of the year we had over five hundred picked volumes on our shelves; and on the Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, when the library was opened, people came into town from their farms five or ten miles distant, as well as from neighboring villages, to take out books. The local paper had the pleasure of reporting a diminution of evening "loaferism" in the village street, resulting from the entertaining reading which was accessible to the young men. In a neighboring village the young people formed a reading club, and jointly subscribed to the library, taking out books to read aloud at their meetings on winter evenings. Our little circle of about one hundred and twenty-five readers kept over one hundred volumes in constant circulation.

It is easy to see that a library in such active service will soon require renewals, and that the ordinary resources afforded by subscriptions will not be adequate to build as largely as we would like to upon the foundation thus laid. As to the wear of the books there is this consolation, that they have been without exception carefully used, and that so long as this is the case the rapidity with which they wear out is the measure of the extent of their service. It shows how fast the library turns over its intellectual capital. As to the need of more resources, successful efforts have already been made by the young people of the village to raise funds for additions; and there is no reason to fear that such an institution will die for want of support so long as it continues to be useful to the community in which it is placed.

Besides, that son of the village who went forth to seek his fortune in the world may yet return, rich and liberal, and seeking something good to do. Who knows?

It was a remark of Thoreau, who, much as he contemned civilization, knew how to appreciate its best gifts, that every American village might have its park, its picture-gallery, and its library, the offspring of the commonwealth, as well as might the petty baron of a monarchical or feudal realm, who engrossed in himself the luxuries of his little community.

Why should not our villages, by united voluntary efforts, bring within their own reach some of those treasures of literature at least, if not also of art and science, which are practically beyond the possession of individuals?

If this brief statement of the methods which have proved successful in one instance in commencing to supply a part of this want should be of interest in any circles similarly situated, the object of the writer will be accomplished.

THE WOMAN'S KINGDOM:

A LOVE STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

CHAPTER XII.

THE postman was by no means a daily visitor at the Misses Kenderdine's door. It is a fact—amusing or melancholy, according as one takes it—that society in the aggregate does not very much run after resident governesses or poor schoolmistresses; that they are not likely to be inundated with correspondence or haunted with invitations. Of course, under no circumstances, are young, good, and lady-like women quite without friends or acquaintances; such loneliness would argue a degree of unlovingness, or unlovableness, of which certainly no one could accuse the Misses Kenderdine. But this is a busy and a self-engrossed world; it has quite enough to do with its own affairs; and it likes to get the full value for all it bestows. The sisters, who had so little to give it, had not been troubled with any overplus of its affection. Still there were, in different parts of the country, a few households who liked and remembered the Kenderdines; and even at Kensington there were some houses where they occasionally visited, or went to one of those evening parties which in London middle-class society take the place of the countrified, old-fashioned "going out to tea."

They were expecting one of these invitations; so the postman's red coat gleaming against the green hedge of Love Lane attracted Letty's attention, and his knock roused her to jump up and take in the letter. Edna allowed her to go. She herself had not felt well all the day; the morning school had been an unusual burden to her, and now it was over she took refuge in her favorite American rocking-chair—a present from an old pupil—and rocked and rocked, as

if in that soothing motion the uneasy feeling in mind and body—half-weariness half-restlessness—would pass away. Though she knew all the while it would not; that there it was, and she must bear it, as many another woman had borne it before her—the dull heart-ache, the hopeless want. These sorrows do come, and they conquer even the bravest sometimes. May He who ordained love to be the crown of life have pity on all those to whom it comes only as a crown of thorns, or who have to endure the blankness of its absence—the agony of its loss! Both can be endured, and comfort will come at length, but the torture is terrible while it lasts. Edna endured it but in a small measure, and for a short time; yet the pang was sharp enough to make her, till the end of her days, feel unutterable pity and tenderness over those whom the world smiles over as "disappointed in love:" those from whose lives God has seen fit to omit life's first and best blessing; or else, though this is a lesser grief, to give it and take it away.

She was sitting listlessly rocking, not thinking much about any thing, when Letty re-entered with the letter.

"It is for you, dear. What a funny hand!—a lawyer's hand, I should say. Who can be writing to you, Edna?"

"I don't know," said Edna, indifferently, and then, catching a glimpse of the letter, checked herself, with a startled consciousness that she did know, or at any rate guess; that locked up in her desk in a hidden corner she had a small fragment of the very same handwriting—a most unimportant fragment — memoranda about trains, etc., for their railway journey—but still there it was, kept like a treasure, secreted like a sin.

"Miss Edna Kenderdine," read Letty, detaining the letter and examining it. "Then it must be from a stranger. A friend would know, of course, that you were Miss Kenderdine. Shall I open it for you, dear?"

"No," said Edna, and an unaccountable impulse made her snatch it, and turn away with it; turn away from her sister, her dear sister, from whom she had not a secret in the world. At the first sentence she started, glanced at the signature, and then put the letter in her pocket, flushing scarlet.

Letty looked amazed. "What is the matter with you? Is it a love-letter? Do say!"

"It begins like a business letter, and the writer wishes me to read it in private and alone," said Edna, forcing her white lips—she felt, with a terrified consciousness, how very white she must be turning now—to utter the exact, formal truth.

"Oh, very well," replied Letty, a little vexed, but too sweet-tempered to retain vexation long.

She sat down composedly and finished her dinner—lingering a good while over the pudding—Letty liked puddings and all good things; while Edna sat, with the letter in her pocket, as quiet and almost as silent as if she were made of marble, for a quarter of an hour. Then Letty rose.

"Now I'll go into the kitchen, for I want to iron out my muslin dress. In the mean time you can read in peace your wonderful letter. You'll tell me about it afterward, Edna, dear."

Touched by her sister's gentleness Edna returned a smiling "Thank you," and tried to look as usual while the dinner was being cleared away. But her head was whirling and her pulse beating fast—so fast that when she at last took the letter out and opened it the lines swam before her eyes. She had only strength enough to creep noiselessly up to her room at the top of the house, shut herself in, and lock the door.

There let her be. We will not look at her, nor inquire into what she felt or did. Women at least can understand.

Letty's muslin dress had, happily, a good many frills and flounces, and took a long time in ironing. Not that Letty grumbled at that: she had great pleasure in her clothes, and was the last person to treat them lightly or disrespectfully, or to complain of any trouble they cost her. This dress especially always engrossed so much of her attention and affection, that it is doubtful whether she once let her mind stray from it to such commonplace facts as business letters. And when it was done, she was good-natured enough to recollect that while she had the things about she might as well iron Edna's dress. She went up stairs to fetch it, when, to her surprise, she found the door locked.

"I will come presently," answered a very low voice from within.

"But your dress, Edna. I want to iron out your new muslin dress."

"Thank you, dear. Never mind. I will be down presently."

"It *was* a love-letter, then!" pondered Letty to herself as she descended. "I am sure it was. But who in the wide world can have fallen in love with Edna? Poor Edna!"

"Poor Edna!" Rich Edna! rich in the utmost wealth that Heaven can give to mortal woman! Oh, when there is so much sadness in this world—so much despised love—unrequited love—unworthy love—surely the one bliss of love deserved and love returned ought to outweigh all else, and stand firm and sure whatever outside cares may lay siege to it. They can not touch the citadel where the two hearts—the one double heart—has intrenched itself, safe and at rest—forever.

Edna's "love"—hopelessly and dearly beloved—had become her lover. He wished to make her his wife. Her solitary days were done: she stood on the threshold of a new life—in a new world. Never, until through the gate of death she should enter on the world everlasting, would there come to her such another hour as that first hour after she read William Stedman's letter.

Half an hour after—to so long a space extended her "presently"—Edna Kenderdine crept down stairs, and then crept on, still quietly, into her sister's arms.

"Kiss me, Letty! There are only us two."

In a few words—strangely few it seemed, and as if the whole thing were quite natural and known beforehand—Edna told her happy secret, and the sisters embraced one another and wept together, the harmless tears that women are sure to shed, and are not women at all if they do not shed, on these occasions.

At first Letty was considerably surprised—perhaps a little more than surprised—but she had the good taste and good feeling not to say overmuch on this head, and not to refer, even in the most passing way, to certain remarks of her own during the last two days, which must have been, to say the least, rather annoying to remember. But if Letty was a little disappointed and humiliated—and it was scarcely in human nature that she should not be—after having so confidently placed herself and Dr. Stedman in the position of the Irish ballad couplet:

"Did ye ever hear of Captain Baxter,
Whom Miss Biddy refused afore he axed her?"

her vanity was too innocent, and her nature too easy, to bear offense long. After the first surprise was over, her congratulations were given with sufficient warmth and sincerity.

"Well, Edna dear, you know I always liked him, and I dare say I shall find him a very good brother-in-law; and really it will be rather convenient to have a man in the family. But to think that after all the offers I have had, you should be the first to get married, or any how engaged. Who would ever have expected such a thing!"

"Who would indeed!" said Edna in all simplicity, and with a sense almost of contrition for the fact.

"Well, never mind!" answered Letty, consolingly; "I am sure I hope you will be very happy; and as for me"—she paused and sighed—"I should not wonder if I were left an old maid after all, in spite of my appearance."

Which catastrophe, so dolefully prognosticated, would have awakened a smile yesterday; but to-day Edna could not smile. Though her joy was only an hour old, it was so intense, so perfect, that it seemed to absorb the whole of life, as if she knew not how she had ever lived without it. Thinking of her sister who had it not—who did not even comprehend what it was—she felt so sorry that she could have wept over her.

But Letty's next words dispelled this tender regret.

"Still, Edna, if I were you, I would not be in any hurry to give the young man his answer. And in the mean time we will make some inquiries as to what sort of a practice he has—whether he is likely to be in a position to marry soon—and so on. Certainly it is by no means so good a match as I myself should have expected to make; but then you are different—I mean your ideas of things are much humbler than mine. Didn't somebody once say you had quite a genius for poverty?"

"*He* said it," and Edna hung her head, blushing; then lifted it up with a bright, proud, peaceful smile—"Yes, he said it one day on the shore. He knew me even then, and understood me, thank God."

And there came before her a vision of her life to come—not an easy one; not that of a woman who slips into marriage to "better herself," as servants say—to attain ease, and luxury, and position, and all the benefits which "a good marriage" is supposed to confer. Hers would be a life in which every energy would be tested, every power put to use—which would exact unlimited patience, self-denial, courage, strength; the life, in short, of a woman who does not care to be a man's toy and ornament, but desires rather to be his help-meet—supplying all he needs, as he supplies all she needs, teaching her through the necessities of every day how to fulfill the perfect law of love—self-sacrifice.

Edna knew she should have a hard life. Though Dr. Stedman was still tolerably ignorant about their circumstances, he had taken good care to inform her every thing about his own. She was well aware that he was poor—proud also—perhaps on account of the poverty. She guessed, with her quick-sighted love, that his temper was not the sweetest in the world—though she could find excuses for that. But she believed in him—she honored him, for she had never seen any thing in him that was not worthy of honor; and, last little fact of all, which included all the rest, she loved him.

Letty watched her a minute—with that happy smile on her face. "Well, Edna dear, if you are satisfied, so am I. It is, of course, your own affair entirely. I would only advise you to take time."

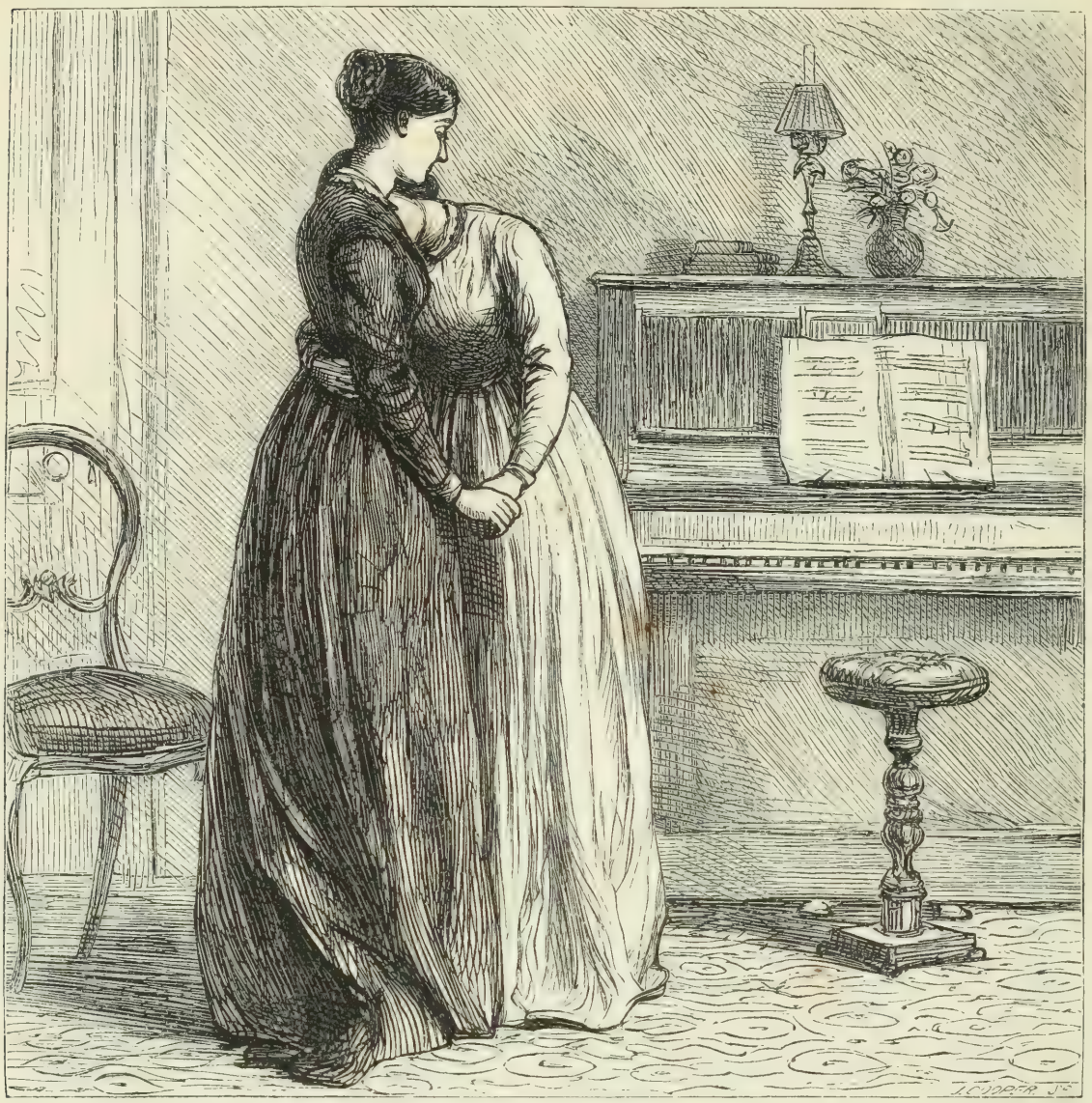
"Certainly I shall. It is sure to be a long engagement."

Letty shook her head pathetically. "Ah! if there is one thing more than another which I should object to, it is a long engagement. It wears a girl to death, and cuts off all her chances elsewhere. And suppose in the mean time she should receive a better offer?"

Edna dropped her sister's hand. "Letty, we had better talk no more. If we talked to everlasting I could never make you understand."

She spoke sharply, almost angrily; and then, seeing no anger, only mild amazement on Letty's beautiful face, she repented. With the yearning that every woman must have at this crisis in her life, to fall on some other woman's neck and ask for a little love—a little sympathy on the new strange path she had just entered—she turned back again to her sister, who kissed her once more.

"Really now, I did not mean to vex you, Edna. Of course you know your own mind—



HALF JOY, HALF SORROW.

you always did; and had your own way, too, in every thing—I'll tell him so, and frighten him."

Edna smiled.

"And what does he say to you? Do show me your love-letter—I always showed you all mine!"

But this was a different thing quite. Edna closed her little hand fiercely over it—her one possession, foretaste of her infinite wealth to come. It was hers—all her own, and the whole world should neither pry into it, nor steal it, nor share it.

"Well, never mind. You always were a queer girl," said Letty, patiently. "But at least you'll tell me when he is coming here. This is Saturday—I suppose he will want to come to tea on Sunday?"

And so the misty, beautiful, wondrous dream condensed itself into a living commonplace reality. There was a note written, which consisted of the brief word "come," naming the day and hour. This was sent by their servant, who looked much astonished, and hoped nobody was ill and wanting the doctor; and then the two sisters sat down side by side, for even Letty was silent a while.

At last, however, she could hold her tongue no longer, but began talking in her smoothly flowing inconsequent way.

"I wonder what sort of a house he lives in, and whether it is well furnished. Of course we can't go and see—it would not be proper; but I will try and find out. And this house of ours—I suppose it will have to be given up. No man would like his wife to go on keeping school. He would never let her work if he could help it: in such a common way too. Ah, Edna, you are the lucky woman after all! I wish I had somebody to work for me."

"Do you?" said Edna, absently.

"Oh, how nice it must be! To have nothing to do all day long, and every thing pretty about one, and perhaps a carriage to ride in and no trouble at all. Heigh-ho! I wish I were married too, though it shouldn't be to any body like Dr. Stedman. But my dear, since it is to be, and you are fond of him, and, as I have said, you are your own mistress, and must please yourself: do just tell me what you think about

things. In the first place, what ought your wedding-dress to be?"

"Hush," Edna whispered. "Please don't talk any more. I can't bear it." And then she threw herself into her sister's arms, and cried passionately; half for joy, half for sorrow. So the day ended—the day of days which closed up forever one portion of the sisters' lives: a day, to Letty, scarcely different from any other, but to Edna, like that first day which marked the creation of a new world.

She scarcely slept all night; still, she rose and went to church as usual. She was neither afraid nor ashamed. She knew the Great Searcher of hearts would not punish her, because in every thanksgiving was a thought of *him*, and every prayer was a prayer for two. She walked home with her sister through the green lane — Letty vaguely wondering what church Dr. Stedman attended—she hoped he did go to church regularly somewhere, for nothing made a man look so respectable, especially if he were a doctor. Edna had a sweet composure of mien—a gentle dignity such as had never been seen in her before; inasmuch as more than one stray acquaintance told her "how well she was looking." At which she felt so glad.

But during the afternoon—the long still Sunday afternoon—with the warm jasmine-scented air creeping in through the half-closed Venetian blinds, some of her nervousness returned, her quick restless movements, her little abruptnesses of speech. She went about from room to room, but could not sit long any where.

Letty watched her with a condescending interest: rather trying to bear. "It's natural, dear, quite natural. I used to feel the same myself when one of them was coming. Dear me! what a long time ago it seems since any body came to see me! But even one's sister's lover is better than none. I hope you will settle with Dr. Stedman to come every Sunday. And he might sometimes bring his brother with him, for it will be desperately dull for me, you know. Well, I declare! Punctuality's very self! For it is just five minutes to six, and I am sure I see a gentleman striding down Love Lane. I'll run down stairs and open the door; shall I, Edna?"

Edna assented, but she could not utter a word more. She stood at her window—the window where she was fond of sitting, and had sat so many an hour, and dreamed so many a maiden-dream. She watched him coming, a tall figure, strong and active, walking firmly, without pauses or hesitation, and though sometimes turning the head round to glance—Edna guessed whither! There he was, the ruler of her life, her friend, her lover, some day to be her husband. He was coming to assume his rights, to assert his sovereignty. A momentary vague terror smote her, a fear as to the unknown future, a tender regret for the peaceful, maidenly, solitary days left behind, and then her heart recognized its master and went forth to meet



COMING.

him; not gleefully, with timbrels and dances, but veiled and gentle, grave and meek; contented and ready to obey him, "even as Sarah obeyed Abraham, calling him lord."

Edna long remembered, in years when it was a comfort to have it to remember, how exceedingly good Letty was that day; how she went down herself to welcome Dr. Stedman, and behaved to him—as he told Edna afterward—in a way so womanly, friendly, and sisterly that it took away all his awkwardness; and by the time another little light footstep was heard on the stairs he was found sitting—as quietly as if he had sat there every Sunday for years—in the great arm-chair by the window, with his face, pale indeed, but radiant with the light of happiness, the one only happiness which ever gives that look, turned toward the opening door.

It opened, and Edna came in.

I have said this little woman was not beautiful, not even pretty; but there was a lovesomeness about her—her neat, small, airy figure, her harmonious movements, and her dainty hands, which often grew into absolute loveliness. At least would, in the eyes of any man who had the sense to love her, and prize her at her worth. Woman as she was—all woman—she was

> "Yet a spirit too, and bright,
> And something of an angel light."

And as this man—this big, tall, and, it might once have been, rather rough man—looked at her, standing in the doorway in her lilac muslin dress, his whole soul came into his eyes. Though there was in him a mingled expression of dread, as if expecting that while he gazed her wings would grow, and she would fly away from him.

He rose, and advanced a step forward; then he and the lilac angel shook hands—humanly—in a most commonplace fashion. After which Letty, with astonishing tact, discovered the immediate necessity of "seeing about tea," and disappeared.

There are those who despise small rooms and homely furniture; to whom Love is nothing except he comes dressed in fine clothes, and inhabiting splendid drawing-rooms. Of course, under such circumstances, when Poverty enters in at the door, the said Love will surely fly out at the window. He has been far too much accustomed to think of himself and his own ease. Undeniably it is very pleasant to be rich, to inhabit handsome houses, and be dressed in elegant clothes; and there is a kind of love so purely external, selfish, and self-seeking, that it can not exist unless it has also these things. But the true love is something far far beyond. And Edna, when William Stedman took her in his arms—just herself and nothing more—in her common muslin gown, with no attractive surroundings, for the parlor was small and humble as well could be—asking her if she could love him, and if she were afraid to be a poor man's wife—Edna knew what that true love was.

They sat long talking, and he told her every thing, including a little confession which perhaps every man would not have made; but this man was so conscientiously honest that he could not have been happy without making it—that his first passing fancy had been for her beautiful sister.

"And I like her still—I shall always like her," added he, with an earnest simplicity that made Edna smile, and assured her more than ever of the love that was far deeper than all telling. "And—before you get anxious about it, I wish to say one thing—Letty shall never leave you, if you do not wish it, and I will always be good to her. Who could help it? She is so charming to look at—so sweet-tempered—so kindly. I like her exceedingly; but as for loving—"

Edna gave one shy inquiring glance into the passionate face, then, in the strange familiarity—sacred as sweet—which one little hour had brought about between them, she laid her head upon his shoulder, saying, gently:

"I am not afraid. I know you will never love any body but me."

And when at last Letty came in, after a most lengthy and benevolent rattling of the door-handle, William Stedman went up to her and kissed her like a brother.

"It is all settled, and you are to live with us. We never mean to part with you—except to somebody better than ourselves."

Thus quietly, in his brief, masculine way, he cleared off the only weight on Edna's mind—in the only way in which it could be done. And as she looked up to him with grateful eyes, loving him all the dearer because of the tenderness he showed to her own flesh and blood, he inly vowed that he would never let her know how in resigning his first great happiness of a married home all to themselves, he had made a very great sacrifice.

Letty thanked him, not with overmuch emotion, for she was so used to be first considered, that she took it quite naturally. Then, with a little commonplace quizzing—not ill-meant but rather inappropriate—she sat down in Edna's place to pour out tea and enjoy the distinction of entertaining "the man of the family."

When the meal was ended, Dr. Stedman, in the aforesaid capacity, which he accepted in a cheery and contented manner, proposed that they should at once enter upon the question of ways and means.

"Which means being married, I suppose?" laughed Letty.

"Yes," he answered, with a deep blush, and then dashed at the subject abruptly and desperately. "I do not wish to wait—not a day after I get a hospital appointment which I have been long trying for, and have now a good chance of. With that and my profession we could live. And Julius, he will have enough to live upon too."

"Will he live with you? Then how can I?" asked Letty, bridling up with a sudden fit of propriety.

"No, not with us," was the answer, strong, decisive, almost angry. "As *she* knows," glancing at Edna, "there is two hundred a year which, if necessary, he can have—part or whole; but I will not have him living with me. Two men in one house would never do;" and then he told, cursorily, the "slight difference"—so he called it—which he had had with his brother, and how he had not seen him since, Julius having gone next morning on a painting expedition.

Edna looked grave, but Letty listened with considerable amusement. "And so Julius—I may say 'Julius,' as he will be my half-brother-in-law, you know—wanted to come and see us, and you prevented him? And if this quarrel had not happened you would not have written? Perhaps you would never have made up your mind to ask Edna at all?"

The silly woman had hit upon something like a truth, or near enough thereto to vex the man a little.

"I assure you, Miss Letty—but excuse my explaining. Your sister knows all."

Yes, Edna did know—all the pride—all the pain—the struggle between duty and passion—the difficulty of determining right from wrong—honor from cowardliness—rashness from fearless faith. Many a man has gone through the like before his marriage—the woman neither understanding it nor pitying it—but Edna did both. She laid her little hand on his—

"No need to explain, I am quite satisfied."

"And Julius?" persisted Letty, who was beginning to find second-hand felicity a little uninteresting. "Does he know of all this between Edna and you?"

"No; but when he returns on Monday I shall tell him."

"And what will he say?"

"I think he will say, as a brother should—'It's all right. Be happy in your own way.'"

"But if he does not?" said Edna, tremulously.

William Stedman looked vexed. Perhaps he knew his brother better than she did, or was less accustomed than she was to think of others.

"I do not contemplate any such impertinent interference on his part. But if so, it can make no difference to me. When a man of my age chooses his wife, no other man, not even his own brother, has a right to say a word. Julius had better not; I would not stand it."

He spoke loudly, like a man not used to talk with or to listen to women; a man who, right or wrong, liked to have his own way. Truly he was far from perfect, this chosen of Edna's heart. Yet he had a heart too, and a conscience, and both these would have understood her momentary start—the slight shadow which troubled her happy face. But though the happiness lessened the peace remained, and the love which had created both.

"I think," she said, very gently, "that Julius is too generous to make us unhappy. He may be vexed at first, having had you all his life—and only you—like Letty and me here. But perhaps he is not quite so good as my Letty."

And thinking of her gentle sister, and contrasting their ways with the fierce ways of these two men—lover and brother, with whom her lot was to be bound up for life—Edna trembled a little; but the next minute she despised herself for her cowardice. What was love worth if it could not bear a little pain? In the darkening twilight she loosened not, but rather strengthened, her clasp of William Stedman's hand; and as he went on talking, principally to Letty, and about common things, the size and arrangements of his house, and his means of furnishing it, his good angel might have heard that the man's voice grew softer and sweeter every minute. Already there was stealing into him that influence, mysterious as holy, which, without any assertion on their part — any parade of rights or complaints of wrong—makes all women—Christian women—if they so chose it, the queens of the world. Already the future queen had entered into her kingdom.

He was still talking, being left respectfully by these inexperienced maidens to take the man's part of explaining and deciding every thing, when there came a knock to the door, so sudden and startling in that quiet Sunday evening that the little house seemed actually to reel.

"Probably some one for me," said Dr. Stedman. "I left word at home where I might be found if wanted; a doctor is always liable to be summoned, you know. It is not an easy life for him or for his household," added he, with a slightly shy and yet happy smile.

"Oh," cried Letty, "I wouldn't marry a doctor upon any account, as I always said to Edna" — whose conscious blush showed how completely the good advice had been thrown away.

But just this minute the front-door was opened and the voice of a man, hurried and eager, was heard inquiring for the Misses Kenderdine; also, in not too gentle tones, whether Dr. Stedman was here?

"It is Julius," said Letty. But what happened next is serious enough to require another chapter.

CHAPTER XIII.

Julius Stedman entered the parlor in a rather excited state. Not with wine — that was a temptation impossible to the pure-living, refined young artist; but his excitement was of a kind peculiar to the artistic and nervous temperament, and might easily have been mistaken for that of drink. His face was flushed, his motions abrupt, his speech unnaturally loud and fast, and as he stood shading his eyes from the sudden dazzle of the lamp-light, even his appearance spoke against him; for his dress was dusty, his long hair disorderly, and his whole exterior very far below that standard of personal elegance—nay, dandyism—which was a strong characteristic of Julius Stedman.

He bowed to Letty, who was the first to advance toward him.

"I am ashamed, Miss Kenderdine, of intruding at this unseemly hour; but my brother—ah, there you are! I have found you out at last:" and he darted over to the doctor's chair. "You're a pretty fellow, Will; a nice elder brother!—a proper person to lecture a younger one, and teach him the way he should go—a good, honest, generous, candid—"

"Julius!" cried Will, catching him by the arm, and speaking almost in a whisper, "command yourself. You forget these ladies."

"Not at all!" And there was no abatement in the shrill, furious voice. "I have the highest respect for these ladies. And out of my respect, as soon as I came home (unexpectedly, of course, like a fool that I was, to make it up with you), and found where you were gone, I came after you — I came, just to tell them the plain truth. Miss Kenderdine, this brother of mine, who comes sneaking here on the sly—"

"Julius!" Not a whisper now, but thundered out in violent passion; then, controlling himself, Will added, "Julius, you are under an entire and ridiculous mistake. Either leave this house with me instantly, or sit down and listen to my explanation."

"Listen! — explanation!" repeated Julius, and looked bewildered from one to the other of the three whom he had found sitting together so familiarly and happily in the pleasant little parlor.

"Yes," said Will, laying his hand firmly and kindly on his brother's shoulder, "I will explain every thing: there is no reason now why I should not. I objected to your visiting here, because you had no right to come; and your coming was an injury to these ladies, and would have exposed them to all kinds of un-

pleasant remarks. But with me it is different. I came here to-day—and it is my first visit, I assure you—with a distinct right, and in a recognized character. Julius, I am going to give you a sister."

"A sister!" The young man turned frightfully pale, and his eyes sought—which face was it?—Letty's. Then, as with the strength of despair, he forced himself to speak. "Tell me—tell me quick! This is so sudden!"

"Not sudden in reality—it only seems so," said William, smiling; "and you like her very much—you know she will make you a good sister. Shake hands with him, Edna."

"Edna—is it Edna!" And then, either out of his own natural impulsiveness, or in the reaction from a still stronger excitement, Julius darted forward, and instead of shaking hands, kissed her warmly. "I beg your pardon; but I can't help it. Oh, you dear little woman—so it's you, is it?—you that have all but brought about a quarrel between Will and me—the first we ever had in our lives."

"And the last, I trust," said Will, cheerily, submitting to have his hand almost shaken off.

"Never mind—never mind, now, old fellow. All's well that ends well. I give you joy. I'm quite content. She will be the best little sister in all the world. Shake hands again, Edna—let's shake hands all round."

But when he came to Letty, he stopped point-blank.

Letty extended her long fingers in a dignified manner, and smiled her benign smile—alike to all—upon the flushed, passionate young face.

"I suppose, Mr. Stedman, this makes you and me a sort of half-brother and sister-in-law. I am quite willing. I hope we shall always be very good friends—just like brother and sister, indeed."

"Thank you," was the answer, and the young man's excited mood sank into quietness, nay, into more than quietness, sadness. But this was nothing uncommon with Julius Stedman, who, after one of his fits of high spirits, generally fell into a corresponding fit of gravity and melancholy.

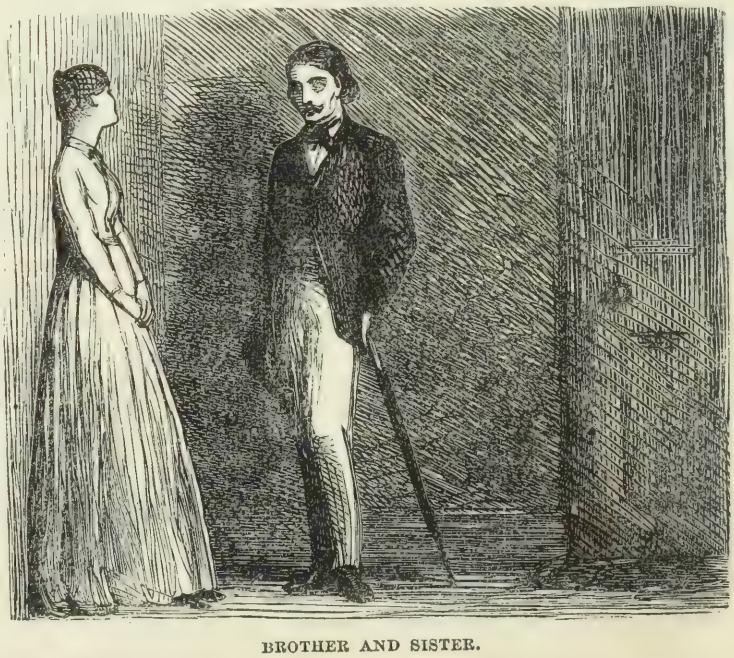
This, or perhaps his mere presence as an extraneous element in what had been such a peaceful trio—for, in these early days of betrothal, sometimes an easy negative third rather adds to than takes away from the new-found and still unfamiliar happiness—made the evening not quite so pleasant as before. In vain Will, with most creditable persistency, maintained conversation, and Edna by a great effort shook off her shyness, and taking her place as hostess presided at supper—endeavoring to be especially attentive to Julius, and give him a foretaste of the good sister she intended to be. For in the midst of all her own joy her heart warmed to him—this moody, variable, affectionate, lovable fellow, who seemed, as so many young men do, like a goodly ship with little ballast, the success of whose whole voyage depended upon what kind of hand should take the helm. Besides, though she knew it was womanish and ridiculous, she could not help having a sort of pity for any body who had lived with William Stedman for so long, and would not now live with him much longer. She could afford to be exceedingly kind and forgiving to poor Julius.

Still the cloud did not pass away, and in spite of every body's faint efforts to disperse it—except Letty's, who was not acute enough to see any thing, and went talking on in the most charmingly unconscious and inappropriate way—the awkwardness so spread itself, that it was quite a relief when the little quartette broke up. Dr. Stedman proposed leaving, and then stood with Edna at the window, talking for ever so long between themselves; while Letty, with a nod and a wink, went into the passage, beckoning Julius to follow her.

"We're terribly in the way—we two," said she, laughing. "I am afraid, on future Sundays, we shall have to retire to the kitchen—that is, if you persist in coming to take care of your brother when he goes a-courting. But it will be very dull for you, with only stupid me."

"Only you!" said Julius, gazing at her as she stood leaning against the lobby wall, seeming to illumine the whole place, poor and small as it was, with her wonderful beauty. "Only you!"

And Letty looked down, not unconscious of his admiration, and perhaps feeling just sufficiently ill-used by fate as to think herself justified in appropriating and enjoying it. That is, if she ever thought at all; or thought ten minutes in advance of the present moment.



BROTHER AND SISTER.

"I suppose those two are very happy," said Julius, at length, with a glance in the direction of the silent parlor.

"Oh, of course. Every body is very happy at first. That is—I suppose so. Not that I know from experience."

Julius regarded her with piercing eyes, and then laughed, half carelessly, half cynically.

"Oh, you and I are old stagers, I suppose. We will not reveal the secrets of the prison-house. Probably, being in love is like being in prison."

"Eh?" said Letty, puzzled, and then added, confidentially: "I don't like to hear you mention prisons. I hope your brother is not in debt—so many young men are nowadays. Is he in sufficiently good circumstances to warrant his marriage? Not that I would say a word against it. Of course my sister knows her own mind, and acts as she thinks right; she always did. But will they not be very poor? And it is such a dreadful thing to be poor."

"A cursed thing!" And there was a gleam, almost a glare, in those wild bright eyes of Julius Stedman, as he fixed them on the beautiful creature before him. A creature whom some fortunate man—say an eastern sultan or a western duke—might have eagerly bought, the one with a ring, the other with a given number of piastres, and carried off to be robed in silks and hung with diamonds—laden with every gift possible, except that which, perhaps, after all, she might not care for, or only as it was accompanied by these other things—his heart. "Yes, poverty is a dreadful thing. There I quite agree with you, Miss Kenderdine."

"You might as well call me Letty, and so get our relations clear at once," said Letty, coquettishly.

"Thank you, thank you, Letty," and he seized her hand.

"I mean—our brother and sisterly relations," said Letty, drawing back, upon which Julius apologized and also drew back immediately.

"As you were saying," observed he after a pause, during which the low murmur of talking within came maddeningly to his ears, "those two, our brother and sister, regarded by our wiser eyes, are—simply a pair of fools. My brother's certain income, since you so prudently ask it, is only two hundred a year. Besides that he may make another two hundred by his profession, which comes to four hundred altogether. And four hundred a year is, of course, to a woman, downright poverty. I myself think Will is insane to dream of marrying."

"What did you say, my boy?" cried Will, coming behind him, with a radiant light on his face, though it looked thin and worn still, "insane, am I? Why, it's Julius, and not I that deserves a lunatic asylum. He has been in love, off and on, ever since he was fifteen, and never found any body good enough to please him for a month together. Wait, man! Wait till you have found the right woman, and have won her too!"

"Ah, wait," said Edna, softly, as in a pretty demure sisterly fashion she put both her hands into those of her future brother, and then took them away to remove some stray dust that disfigured his coat-sleeve; "wait till that good time comes. And she will be so happy, and so very fond of you."

"Bless you, my little sister," said Julius, in a choked voice, as he suddenly bent down and put his lips to Edna's hand. "No, he's not mad, he's a lucky fellow, that scamp there. And he has had a comfortless life of late, I know that; and I have not helped to make it more comfortable. Perhaps we shall both be the better, we jolly young bachelors, for having a woman to keep us in order. Though you'll find me a tough customer, I warn you of that, Miss Edna."

"Never mind. I'll take you just as you are, and make the best of you."

With which light jest the two sisters sent the two brothers out under the narrow jasmine-scented doorway—out into the brilliant harvest moonlight, so dazzling white that it smote one almost with a sense of chill.

Will put his arm through his brother's, and they walked on a considerable way before either spoke. At last Julius took the initiative.

"Well, old fellow, this is a pretty go! Catch a weasel asleep! I certainly have been that unfortunate animal. I had no more idea that any game of this sort was afoot than—than the man in the moon, who perhaps has more to do with such things than we suspect. Of course, love is only a fit of temporary or permanent insanity. By-the-by, what a precious fool I was near making of myself to-night!"

"How?"

"Oh, in several ways; but it doesn't matter now. I've come out safe and scot-free. And pray, how long is it since you made up your mind to marry that little thing?"

Will winced.

"I beg your pardon, but she is such a little thing; though, I own, the best little woman imaginable; and has such neat pretty ways about a house—even such a shabby house as theirs looks cozy with her in it. How jolly comfortable she'll make us—I mean you; for, of course, I shall have to turn out."

Will said nothing—neither yes nor no. He felt upon him that cowardice, purely masculine, which always shrinks from doing any thing unpleasant. He wished he had had Edna beside him, to put, as plainly as his own common-sense put it, the fact that a man has no right to lay upon his wife more burdens than she can bear; and that with his changeful, moody ways, his erratic habits, and his general Bohemian tendencies, Julius was, with all his lovableness, about the last inmate likely either to be happy himself, or to make others happy, in a married home. That is, unless the home were his very own, and the mistress of it had over him the influence, which was the only influence that

would keep Julius safe—that of a passionately-loved and loving wife.

All this Will thought, but could not explain. Therefore his only refuge was silence.

"Yes, it's all right," said Julius, somewhat coldly; "and quite natural too. I don't blame you. You have done a deal for me, Will: more than any brother, or many a father, would have done. I'll never forget it. And I dare say I shall be able to shift for myself somehow."

"There will be plenty of time, my dear fellow," answered Will, in rather a husky voice. "I shall not be married until I get something quite certain to start with—probably that appointment which you know I have been after so long. And then I shall be able to pay over to you, in whole or part, for as long as you require it, the other half of grandfather's money."

"Will, you don't mean that?"

"Yes, I do. In truth, she was so sore about you, and especially your being 'turned out,' as she called it, that she would not have had me without my promising that arrangement, which will make our marriage, whenever it does take place, none the worse for any body."

"But—"

"It's no use arguing with a woman, especially one who won't talk, only act. Edna is quite determined. Indeed I may say I have purchased her at the alarming sacrifice of two hundred a year, payable quarterly—"

"Will!" cried Julius, stopping suddenly, and looking his brother full in the face. The moonlight showed his own, which was full of emotion. "You're a pretty pair, you and she—six of one and half-a-dozen of the other. I see it all now. Give her my love. No; I'll take it to her myself. For me, I've been a selfish, luxurious rascal all my life; but I'll turn over a new leaf, hang me if I won't! I'll take an oath against light kid gloves, and rings, and operas. I'll dress like an old clothesman, and feed like a day-laborer. And I'll work—by George, won't I work!"

"That's right, lad," said the elder brother, cheerily. "And you'll find it all the better when, some day, you have to work for two. Meantime, instead of the 'family house' you wanted to visit at, you'll have a brother's home always to come to. And she will make it so bright, as you say. Besides, Letty will be there," continued Will, dashing at this fact with a desperate haste, uncertain how it might be taken.

Julius did start, very uneasily. "Is she to live with you?"

"Yes; there was no other way. As must be obvious enough, Letty is not the person to be left to live alone."

"No," said Julius, concisely.

"I doubt whether she will like living with us, for we shall have a hard struggle to make ends meet, at any rate, for the first few years; and she is not well fitted for poverty—Letty, I mean."

Julius was silent.

"But in that case, if she got tired of us, she could easily return to her old life as a resident governess, which she often regrets still. Unless in the mean time some young fellow snaps her up, which is far from improbable. Her sister says she has had lovers without end, as was to be expected; but none of them were good enough for her. Edna hopes, when she does marry, it will be some nice, good fellow, with plenty of patience and heaps of money. Letty would never be happy unless she lived in clover and cotton-wool. Poor Letty! It's well for me that my Edna is different."

William Stedman must have been strangely blind—perhaps that little word "my" produced the blindness, and carried his thoughts involuntarily away—not to have noticed how dumb grew his talkative brother; how he walked on fiercely and fast, swinging his cane, and slashing at the hedges in a nervous, excitable way, as they threaded the narrow lanes, which were so pretty twenty years ago, but are now vanishing fast, in the streets, and squares, and "gardens" of Campden Hill. At last Julius said, with that sudden change from earnestness to frivolity which was too common in him to cause Will any surprise—

"Nevertheless, it's odd that you and not I should be the fool or the madman—for you certainly are both—to commit matrimony. Catch me giving up my freedom, my jolly, idle life, to tie myself to any woman's apron-strings. You'd better think twice of it: eh, old fellow! Edna's a good girl—I don't deny that; and likes you—I suppose; she'd be an ass if she didn't. But is there a girl alive who would go on caring for a man unless he had lots of money—could give her all she wanted? and they're always wanting something. All alike, all alike; and a precious lot they are, too. So—

'I'd be a bachelor, born in a bower,'"

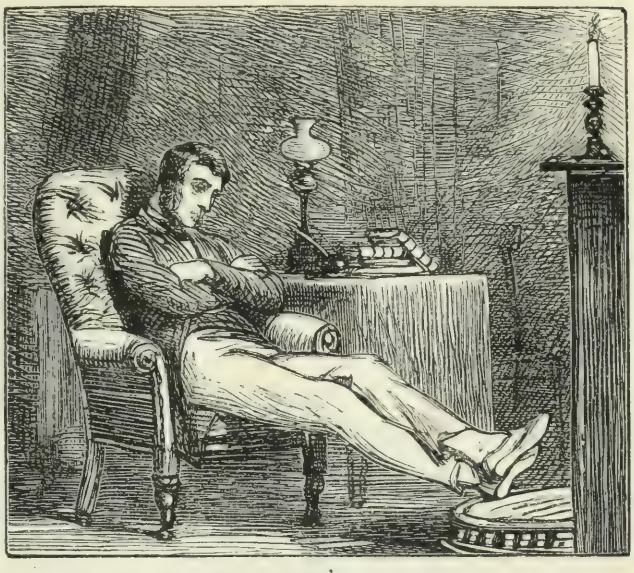
caroled the young fellow, startling the green lanes and a solitary policeman with the then popular tune of "I'd be a butterfly," and inventing a doggerel parody to it, which was, to say the least, rather inappropriate that quiet Sunday night.

"You are not yourself, Ju," said William. "You have got overtired. Didn't you say you had walked fifteen miles to-day? That was far too much. I shall have to keep a sharp look-out after you, even when we have a separate establishment."

And the elder brother, out of his deep heaven of peace, looked tenderly upon the foolish fellow who did not understand what peace was, who was making a mock of it, and trying, like so many other skeptics, driven into skepticism less by nature than circumstances, to believe that to be non-existent which was only non-beheld.

Then the two Stedmans, with their bachelor latch-key, entered their dull, dark, close house, which breathed the very atmosphere of dreariness and disorder. Julius went up to bed almost immediately; but William sat long in his

empty dining-room, peopling it with wondrous visions, brightening it with hearth-light and lamp-light, and, above all, the perpetual light of a woman's smile—the smile which happy love brings to a woman's lips, never to be wholly lost from them until they are set in that last, loveliest peace upon which the coffin-lid closes—which seems to say even to mourning husband or children, "Be content—I am loving you still—with God."



THE DOCTOR'S VISIONS.

William Stedman had to-day seen, beyond a doubt, this love in his betrothed's face—and he felt by that in his own heart that it would be his until death.

He knew, as well as his brother did, that he should be poor enough, probably for years: that, with most men, to marry upon his prospects would be the height of madness. But then they were men who had not learned, like himself, the calm self-denial which disarms poverty of half its dangers, half its dread, because holding as its best things the things which money can neither give nor take away; being far too proud for the ordinary petty pride of being afraid to seem what one is, if that happens to be a little inferior to one's neighbors. True, he had never starved, never been in debt; for neither alternative often happens to an unmarried man who has ordinary health, honesty, and brains—at least, if it does, he has usually only himself to blame. But William Stedman had been poor, very poor; he had known how hard it is to go on wearing a threadbare coat because you have not five pounds to spare for a new one; how harder still to crave for many an accidental luxury which you know you have no right to indulge in. And perhaps, hardest of all, to associate with people who, in all but money, are fairly your equals; and who never suspect, or never pause to think, how your every penny is as momentous as their pounds. In short, he had learned, in the many wholesome but painful ways that early poverty teaches, the best lesson that any young man can learn—to control and deny himself.

Therefore, fitter than most men was he to enter upon that "holy estate," which, perhaps, derives its very holiness from the fact that it requires from both man and woman infinite and never-ending self-denial: teaching, as nothing else can teach, that complete absorption of self into another, which is the key-stone and summit of true happiness.

Possibly William Stedman did not say all these things to himself, for he was not much given to preaching or to self-examination—in truth, he never had time for it; but he felt them, in a dim, nebulous way; he "took stock of himself," so to speak, as to whether he was fit for the life which lay before him—fit to be trusted with the happiness of a sweet, fond, ignorant, innocent woman; whether he had strength for her sake to go on with hard work and little pleasure, to place his enjoyments in inward rather than outward things, and to renounce very much that to most young men—Julius, for instance—would be what he to himself had jestingly termed, like the linen-drapers' advertisements, an "alarming sacrifice."

He was not afraid, for he knew Edna was not. He knew that whatever he had to give up in the world without would be made up by the world within. That this little woman would come in on his cheerless, untidy hearth like a good fairy, reducing chaos to order, and charming away gloom and dullness by her bright, sweet ways. Besides that, he felt that with her direct simplicity, her unworldly tone of thought, her divine instinct for right and truth, she would come and sit in his heart like a conscience—a blessing as well as a delight, making him better as well as happier, and happier just because he was better.

"God has been very kind to me—far kinder than I deserved," said the young man to himself, thinking, in his happiness, more than he often found time to think, of the Source whence all happiness flows. And his heart melted within him; and the long, pent-up storm of headlong passion, and frantic pride, and bitter self-distrust which had raged within him for weeks and months, and had come to a climax two days ago, when he felt himself driven mad by the sound of a voice and the touch of a little, ignorant hand—all this calmed itself down into a most blessed quiet, like a summer evening after a thunder-shower, when every thing is so perfumy, fresh, and green, and the flowers are lifting up their heads, and the birds sing doubly loud and clear, even though the large-leaved trees are still dropping—as more than one great, heavy drop fell, in this sacred solitude, from William Stedman's eyes.

They came from a sudden thought which darted across him—the thought, not of Edna, but of his mother. He scarcely remembered her—he was only seven years old when she died; but he knew she was a very good woman; and he had kept up all his life this faint, shad-

owy remembrance with a sort of silent idolatry which had begun then in his childish yet tenaciously faithful heart.

He wondered whether she had any knowledge of what had happened to him to-day, and whether she would have been satisfied with the wife he had chosen; and he thought, the next time he saw Edna, he would tell her all these his childish recollections, and take her, instead of pearls and diamonds, which she altogether refused to accept from him, the simple guard-ring which had belonged to his mother.

CHAPTER XIV.

It was now fully ten months since William Stedman and Edna Kenderdine had plighted that promise, which, when made deliberately, wisely, and justifiably on both sides, should be held as inviolable as the subsequent vow before the altar. That is, if the love, which is its only righteous foundation, lasts. Otherwise, the best wisdom is that which Edna sometimes gave in answer to Letty's murmurings of the misery of long engagements, and the advantage of keeping "free." "When he wishes to be free, he is free. The moment he ceases to love me let him go!"

But this contingency did not seem likely to happen. Though the promise had been made conditionally, that is, he had told her in his deep humility, that when she found out all the bad things in him, she might break it at any time, and he should not blame her—still, she found out all the bad things, and she did not break it. Perhaps he too discovered certain little earthly specks in his angel's white wings, just enough to keep her from flying away from him, and survived the discovery. For two people, who expect to find one another all perfection, must be taught such wholesome lessons; and doubtless these lovers had to learn them. But they had the sense to keep both their experience and their mode of acquiring it strictly to themselves.

"You two never quarrel," Letty would say sometimes, half puzzled, half vexed. "I thought lovers always quarreled. I am sure I squabbled continually with all mine."

At which Edna smiled, and only smiled. Her sister's unconscious plurals precluded all argument. As well reason with the Grand Turk on the Christian law of marriage as talk to poor Letty of the mysterious law of love.

And yet she was most kind, most good-natured; an ever welcome and convenient third in the various week-day walks, and meetings for "sight-seeing," which Dr. Stedman contrived to steal out of his busy life, and add to those blessed Sundays which he spent with his betrothed, healing thereby all the cares and worries of the seven days past. And he was so good to Letty; he took such pains that she should never be forgotten in any pleasure which could be given her, that she liked Will very much. But still she moaned sometimes—Letty rather enjoyed moaning—over the probable length of Edna's engagement, and the misfortune of her marrying a poor man.

"For talk as you like, my dear," she sometimes oracularly said, "I am certain you would be a deal happier in an elegant house, with a carriage to drive in, and plenty of good society. And—don't look so indignant—I dare say he would love you better—men always do, you know—if you were a little better dressed."

But Edna only smiled, and smoothed out her pretty cottons and muslins, as carefully as if they were silks and satins. Perhaps heaven had mercifully given her a temperament that did not much care for luxuries, except those of heaven's providing, common and free as air and sunshine—such as cleanliness, order, simplicity, and harmony. And then she was so happy, for God had sent her her heart's desire. She sang over her daily work like an April thrush in a thorn-tree, building its nest through rain and shine. Letty complained bitterly of the delay which made school-keeping still necessary; Dr. Stedman openly grumbled at the school and all belonging to it; and often behaved exceedingly badly, and very like a man; but Edna was as gay as a lark, and never swerved from her firm determination not to be married till a small certainty made the marriage prudent as regarded them all. She declared she would work steadily on, like a brave independent little woman as she was, till the very day of her marriage.

"For," she said once, with her sweet, earnest face lifted up to the clouded one of her lover, "I see no pleasure, and no dignity either, in idleness. If you had not loved me I should have been a working-woman to the end of my days, and have worked cheerily too. When you can work for me I'll work no more. But if ever you needed it, and I could do it, I would fall to work again, and you should not hinder me! I'd begin once more to teach my little butchers and bakers and candlestick-makers, and think myself honored in the duty."

And then the strong man would catch her in his arms, and thank God he had chosen a woman who, in the countless troubles that man's lot is heir to, would neither be selfish nor cowardly, a burden nor a snare; but, under her soft meekness, would carry about with her a spirit fearless as his own.

After much delay the long-hoped-for hospital appointment was given—and given to some one else. William told this news to Edna one dark night coming through the green lanes home from church—told it briefly, almost sharply; which showed how deep was his disappointment. She only pressed his arm and said:

"Never mind. We are young still. It is said to be good to bear the yoke in one's youth."

"Yes, if it is not so heavy as to make one humpbacked for life," answered Dr. Stedman, with a laugh, tuneless and hard; then, stopping under the next gas-lamp, he saw Edna was cry-

ing. His poor Edna, whose life was no easier than his own! In the next dark place they came to he turned and clasped her to his heart, with all the bitterness melted out of it, but with a passion of yearning that even she could not understand. After that they spoke of the lost hospital appointment no more.

Then, too, Julius fell into a very unsatisfactory state, physical and moral, which, even if Will had not confided it to her, Edna was too sharp-eyed not to see. He looked wretchedly ill, was often moody and out of temper; took vehement fits of work, and corresponding fits of despondent idleness. Whether it was that the home he was soon to quit lost even its small attractions for him, or from some other nameless fancy, but Julius became more erratic than ever: in his comings and goings entirely unreliable, save on those Sundays when, whether invited or not, he always presented himself with his brother at the Misses Kenderdine's door.

There might have been a pleasanter guest; for sometimes he sat whole evenings, like a cloud of gloom, by the cheerful fireside; or else startled the whole party by his unnatural flow of spirits. They bore with him—every body always did bear with Julius. And these lovers had a quality not universal among people in their circumstances—their own happiness made them very patient with those who had none. Besides, Julius was not always a dead weight upon Edna and Will; with astonishing tact he always contrived, early or late, to escape to the kitchen fire, which, the servant being absent at church, was faithfully presided over by Letty's favorite cat, large and lovely as herself—and by Letty. There—he and Letty shared each other's companionship for hours.

What resulted was sure to result, even if the two elders, for once in their lives sufficiently so self-engrossed as to be oblivious of others, had seen what they did not see until too late to prevent. That is, supposing they had any right to prevent it.

Letty too—she should not, at this point, be blamed too severely. She was like many another woman, not wicked, only weak. It was very pleasant to her to be adored, and it would be to nine out of ten of the women who read about her in these pages—girls who are taught from earliest maidenhood that the grand aim of life is to be loved rather than to love. She did not at all dislike—who would?—after her dull week's work, to have, for some hours every Sunday, those passionate eyes following her about wherever she moved, that eager breath hanging on every word she uttered, whether silly or wise; those looks, which said as plainly as words could say—sometimes joking, sometimes earnestly, when he glanced at the lovers—"Never mind them, *I* live only for you." Only looks. Julius never committed himself—never said a syllable which, to use Letty's phrase afterward, could be "taken hold of." As for flirting, of course she was well used to "that sort of thing;" but this was admiration of a novel kind—persistent, permanent, and yet kept so safely within limits, and under the shadow of their approaching relationship, or connection, or whatever they chose to call it—that if at any time during the winter and spring Letty had been asked the direct question, which she never was asked—"Is Julius Stedman making love to you?" she would have answered, without any falsehood—that is not in *her* notion of falsehood—"Oh, dear, no! not the least in the world."

And yet all the while she was maddening him with her beauty, bewildering him with her caprices; sometimes warm, sometimes cold; having little quarrels, and making it up again; assuming the tenderest "sisterly" confidence, and then sliding off again into perfect coldness and unapproachable civility. Doing it all half consciously, half unconsciously; aware of her power, and liking to exercise it up to a certain extent—an extent that gave herself no inconvenience. But once, when the thrushes were singing on the budding trees of Kensington Gardens, as they walked there of evenings—and again, on the first day of the Royal Academy, when Julius took them all in great pride to see his first well-hung picture, and Letty looked so beaming and beautiful that every body turned to stare at her—then, seeing certain alarming symptoms in Julius, she drew in her horns, and was exceedingly cold and cautious for a day or two. "For," she reasoned to herself, and long afterward repeated the reasons to Edna, "what was I to do with the young man? He hadn't a half-penny."

Quite right, Letty Kenderdine—not a half-penny!—only a man's heart, or worse, a man's soul, to be lost or won, according as a woman chooses. But that, in these days, and with many people, is quite immaterial.

It was a day rather momentous—that first Monday in May—when Julius learned his picture was hung. Will had decided with Edna that they must all go to see it, and the sisters had a wild struggle after sudden spring bonnets to be assumed at a few hours' notice; "for," said Letty, "we can't go at all unless we go respectable." And possibly William Stedman thought a little beyond respectability the happy face circled with white daisies under a round-brimmed straw bonnet—such as was the fashion then—which smiled beside him, so delighted in the brief holiday with him. For Letty—Letty always looked beautiful. She was a picture in herself. But, as fate so often balances things, she did not care half so much about the pictures as Edna did; nor, handsome as it was, did her face look half so beaming as that one from whence William Stedman learned to see mysteries of loveliness which had never come upon his darkened mind before. There was in him just enough of the poetic nature to wish he had more of it, and to be tenderly reverential toward the beloved woman who had it, and whom he thought so infinitely superior to himself. While she,

who knew herself to have so many faults, to be at times so fierce and hasty, passionate and unwise, held a different opinion.

They examined the pictures, none of which Edna liked better than Julius's own—the landscape about which she had heard so much—painted as Julius dared to paint, and, in that anti-Pre-Raphaelite time, was greatly despised for painting—from absolute nature, instead of nature diluted through faded Old Masters—Claudes, Poussins, and Salvator Rosas—each a degree further off from reality than the last.

"Yes," said Julius, a gleam of hope lighting up his melancholy eyes, as they followed a stray sunbeam which kindled in deeper beauty his beautiful work; "this year I think I have not wasted my time. Perhaps I may end in being an artist after all."

"Were you thinking of being any thing else?" asked Edna, surprised.

Julius blushed slightly, "Oh, I think of so many things. A painter never makes money, and I want money—terribly. But let us look at the pictures, Letty." She was hanging on his arm, piloted carefully through the crowd. "You were admiring that portrait's velvet gown—here is another well-painted bit of velvet for you, and a bit of sentiment too—a girl taking a thorn out of a boy's finger. What a mildly determined air she has! she won't let him go, though he winces at the pain—just like a man, and just like a woman. The old story. She is beginning to hurt him even at seven years old."

"She ought to hurt him, nor be afraid of hurting him, if she can take the thorn away," said Edna, gently.

"Listen, Will! Now you see what lies before you! Bravo! Who wouldn't rather be a bachelor, if all men's wives are to be ready with needle and penknife to wound their spouses—of course, entirely for their good. Heigh-ho! What say you, Letty?"

"I beg your pardon; what were you talking about?" replied Letty, whose attention had been wholly distracted by a charming bonnet which she was most anxious Edna should see and imitate. But Edna was absorbed in a picture which she never saw after that day, and never even knew whose it was; but it fastened itself upon her memory, to be revived, even after many years, like invisible color, which some magic touch makes fresh as ever.

It was called "In another Man's Garden," and was simply a suburban cottage-door, painted with the intense realism then altogether pooh-poohed and despised. Thereat—also modern and real, down to coat, hat, and stick—stood a young man, bidding the cheery morning adieu to his wife and child before going to business—a happy, intensely happy little group, safely shut inside the rose-trellised walls. While outside, leaning against the gate, was a solitary figure—a broken-down, dust-stained, shabby man—gazing with mournful yearning into "another man's garden."

Edna looked at her betrothed, then at the picture; and her eyes filled with tears. She could not help it. She understood it all so well. So—out of his deep content—did he.

"Poor fellow!" said William, as if he were speaking of a real person.

"Oh, that's me!" cried Julius, with a short laugh. "I thought you would recognize the likeness. The painter is a friend of mine. He asked me to sit, and thought I looked the character to perfection. Do I, Letty?"

"What, the gentlemanly young man in the garden?"

"No; the blackguard outside. That was the character I personated. I got quite used to my battered old hat, and stockingless shoes, and coat all rags and tatters."

"Did you really put on these things? Oh, how nasty of you!" said Letty, turning away in great disgust.

The artist laughed again, more bitterly than before. "Then if I ever appear as a returned convict, or a repentant prodigal, it's of no use my coming to you, Letty?"

"Julius! how can you talk of things so very shocking? It makes me quite miserable."

Here Letty gave—and Edna caught, startling her into uneasy suspicion—one of those sidelong, downcast looks, which might well delude a man into that mad passion which, for the rest of the afternoon, gleamed in every feature of Julius Stedman's face, as he followed her like her shadow, and seemed only to live upon her smile.

"Something will surely happen; and oh, I wonder—I wonder what—" thought Edna, very anxiously; longing for the next Sunday, when she would have a quiet hour to lay all her anxieties upon the wise, tender, manly heart which was her comfort in all her troubles now.

But as yet there was no chance of a quiet word with William, for the four came home to Kensington ignominiously in an omnibus, to Letty's unconcealed dismay.

"Ah," sighed she, "how nice it would be if Dr. Stedman kept his brougham, like so many London doctors—I do so like a carriage!" At which Will laughed, but Julius looked dark and sad for the whole journey.

It was a recognized rule that the Stedmans should only be received on a Sunday, so the four young people parted at the Misses Kenderdine's gate, and Edna and Letty sat down to their late tea, very tired both of them—one a little cross, and the other just a little weary-hearted.

Edna could bear her own burdens—their own burdens, she and William together; but she thought, if an added weight were to come, and such a serious anxiety as a love affair or marriage engagement between Letty and Julius must inevitably be, however it might end, her cares would be heavy indeed; for neither of these two were the sort of people capable of bearing their own troubles, to say nothing of lightening other people's.

As she looked at Letty, so handsome and so helpless, and thought of Julius, who had turned from the door in one of his sad sullen fits, painful and yet pathetic as those of a naughty child, Edna felt her courage give way, and her heart sink with that strange foreboding of evil which comes sometimes, we know not how or why. Without saying a word to Letty—it would have been neither delicate nor wise—she pondered over the whole question, till at last, utterly bewildered, it settled itself into her one grand refuge for all distresses—"I will tell it to William next Sunday." And, comforting as this thought was, it brought also a vague longing for the time when their life would be all Sundays, when they would be continually together. With it came a fear—the fear that will come with deep love—lest something should come between them. Only, to their faith and constancy, nothing *could* come but death; and that she did not fear, for it would only be falling, as David wished to fall, into the hands of God—the same God who had already made them so happy.

"Yes, we have been happy—very happy, and I am very, very thankful!" thought poor Edna, and her serenity returned—the unchangeable peace of those who have the blessedness of being able to recognize their blessings.

Tired as she was she took out her work and was sitting—let us boldly confess it—mending a large basketful of stockings, when there came a knock at the front-door.

Letty started up from the sofa.

"That's William's knock—I know it is. Oh, what can have happened!"

"Nothing to be frightened at," said William, who was in the room almost as soon as she spoke. Good news, not ill, were written on his face. "I beg your pardon. I could not help coming." He shut the door behind him, and then, regardless of her sister's presence, clasped Edna tight in his arms. "It has come at last—come at last, thank God!" And in an ecstasy of joy which betrayed how sharp had been the unacknowledged suffering he kissed again and again his betrothed wife—then went over and kissed Letty, and bade her wish him joy.

Presently, when he was sufficiently calm for a consecutive statement to be got out of him, Dr. Stedman told the great news—strangely little it would seem to some people, yet to these two was enough to uplift them into perfect felicity.

It was one of those bits of "good luck"—he called it nothing more, and always protested he had done nothing to win it—which occasionally turn the tide of a man's fortune by giving him, at the outset of his career, that slight impetus of help without which a fair start is nearly impracticable. A great lady, and good as great, who had been interested in Dr. Stedman's incessant labors among the poor, had offered him a permanent appointment as physician to a charitable institution which she had founded and principally supported. His salary was to be £300, and, by-and-by, £400 a year—a solid foundation of annual income; while the work could not interfere with his practice, but would rather give him opportunities for that continual study of his profession which a doctor so much needs, and which, at the beginning of his career, he finds so difficult to obtain. Thus the lady, a far-sighted and generous woman, in securing his services, benefited both sides, and in doing a prudent did also a kindly deed.

"I wish she knew all the happiness she has given us!" said Edna, trembling and agitated; while Letty, as was her wont under all novel and exciting circumstances, began to cry. In fact, they all shed an honest tear or two, and then they sat down together—Edna close by William, holding Letty's hand on the other side—to try and realize the sudden bliss—this unexpected change in all their affairs.

"Does Julius know?" asked Edna, anxiously.

"No—the letter came after he had gone out. You know he almost always does go out of evenings. But it will be a brighter home for him to come to when you are there—and Letty."

William said this in all simplicity, as Edna at once perceived; and his evident unconsciousness of the idea which had lately entered her mind shook Edna's faith in her own quickness of perception. If William were quite at ease concerning his brother, why should she perplex herself or perplex him by speaking of this matter of Julius and Letty? So, for the present, she let it slip by; and when Letty benevolently quitted the room and left her alone with her lover she forgot every thing, as lovers do.

Forgive them, if so be there is any need of forgiveness. Life is so short, so changeful, so full of infinite chances of grief and loss, who would grudge to any body a little love, a little happiness? These two were ready to take both the sweet and the bitter, the evil and the good, believing that both come alike by the Father's will. Yet who can wonder that, as they sat together, knowing they were going to be married—not exactly "to-morrow," as Dr. Stedman had ingeniously suggested, but within a few weeks—and that, come weal or woe, they would never more be parted, it was surely pardonable if, for a while, they forgot every body but themselves.

"And you are not afraid to begin life with me—to be a poor man's wife? for it will be that, Edna. I can't dress you any better than this"—touching tenderly her gray merino gown; "and the carriage Letty wants, it may be years before I can give it you, if ever. Oh, my love, am I harming you? In marrying you now, at once, while I have still only just enough for us to live upon, am I doing you any wrong?"

"Wrong!" she cried, as she clung round his neck for a minute, and then drew back, looking at him with the brightest face—the most radiant, and yet half-indignant eyes. "Wrong! you are showing me the utmost love, and paying me the chiefest honor that a man can give

to a woman. You are taking me at your life's beginning that we may begin it together. That is the right thing. Don't be afraid, William. I'll help you—I know I can, for I am not a coward, and I have *you*. Oh! if men were more like you, had your courage, your faith, there would not be so many broken-hearted women in the world."

"And there would not be so many bad, ruined men, I think, if women were more like my Edna."

So talked these two—foolishly, no doubt, and with a vicarious self-laudation which is very much the habit of lovers. And yet there was truth at the bottom of it; a truth which, day by day, as she and Letty busied themselves every spare hour in those innocent wedding preparations which every honest heart, either of friend or stranger, can not help taking pleasure in, forced itself deeper and deeper upon Edna's heart. No worldly show was there—no hiding with splendid outside formalities the hollowness within: she was going to be as William said—a poor man's wife; and expensive clothes and extravagant outlay of any sort would be merely ridiculous; but Edna prepared herself for her great change with all the happy-heartedness that a bride should have, a bride who knows that down to the lowest depth of her soul is not a feeling that need be hidden, not a thought that God and her husband may not see.

One little thing made her sorry. Julius did not come to see her; indeed, he had taken himself off on an artistic tour in Wales, to be "out of the way," he alleged; but he wrote, after a few days' delay, an affectionate congratulatory letter, and asked her to seek out for him bachelor lodgings, as close as possible to their own house, where he meant to be exceedingly jolly, and inflict himself upon them several times a week. And he sent her as a wedding present a lovely portrait of Letty, composed out of the many studies he had made of her face, which he said, briefly, "he knew by heart." At which remark Letty blushed a little, and pouted a little, saying it was "impertinent;" but was exceedingly gratified to look at her own exquisite portrait, and hear every body admire it and say how very like it was.

So fled the time, long and yet how short; dwindling first into weeks and then into days, until the last breaking-up day came, and the two young schoolmistresses, not without a few sincere tears, sent away their little pupils forever. After that there was only one more Sunday left for the Stedmans to come to tea in the old way, which for nearly a year had gone on now, and brought with it so much of peace and pleasure. No more now of those "courting days," which are said by some to be the happiest, by others the most miserable of their lives. Probably the real truth lies between both these facts, and that the happiness or misery is according as the lovers create it for themselves. Life is not all joy; neither God nor man can make it so: but it may be made all love. And love, that infinite and endless blessing, had been held out from heaven to these two, Edna and William; they had had eyes to see it, strength to grasp it, faith to cling to it. They had cause to be glad and thankful, and so they were.

DRAWING BUREAU RATIONS.

By J. W. DE FOREST.

I.—THE APPLICANTS.

ON the 2d of October, 1866, I assumed command, as Acting Assistant Commissioner of the Bureau, for the Sub-District of Greenville, South Carolina.

In population, wealth, and culture Greenville is the third town in the State. It contains an old and a new Court House, four Churches and several Chapels, a University (not the largest in the world), a Female College (also not unparalleled), two or three blocks of Stores, one of the best country Hotels in the South, quite a number of fairish Houses, fifteen hundred Whites, and a thousand Freedmen. It is two hundred and seventy miles from Charleston, one thousand feet above the level of the sea, and within sight of the lower extension of the Alleghanies. Knowing Southern Europe and Western Asia, I highly recommend the climate of Greenville. The scenery is varied, and pretty enough to satisfy ordinary cravings, and it is within easy reach of mountain picturesqueness. The officer whom I relieved said to me, with some good-natured regret and envy, "You have the best station in the State."

He alluded more particularly, in his praise, to the inhabitants. He went on to say that they were orderly, respectful to Bureau regulations, disposed to treat the negroes considerately, and, in short, praiseworthily reconstructed. "The worst social feature," he added, "is the poverty. There are multitudes of old negroes who are living on their broken-down former masters. There are four hundred soldiers' widows in Greenville District, and six hundred in Pickens. You can make a guess at the orphans."

Although October, it was beautiful summer-like weather when I commenced my duties in Greenville. My office, a vaulted room on the ground-floor of the old Court House, was so warm that I had opened both door and window and sat in the draught, when my first visitors of the impoverished classes entered. They were two tall, lank, ungainly women, one twenty-three, the other twenty-seven, dressed in dirty, grayish homespun, with tallow complexions, straight, light, dead hair, broad cheek-bones, and singularly narrow foreheads.

"Mornin," they said, sat down, stared a

while, and then asked, "Any thin' for the lone wimmen?"

"'Pears like I oughter git, if any one does," added the elder. "My husband was shot by the rebs because he wouldn' jine their army."

Supposing that they might object to the smell of tobacco, I had laid down my pipe on their entrance. Presently the eldest one inquired,

"Stranger, is your pipe a-smokin?"

"It is," I replied, wondering at such extreme sensitiveness. "But I can put it out."

"Ef it's a-smokin, I should like a smoke," was her only comment.

I may have cringed at the idea of putting my pipe between those broken teeth, but I of course made haste to do what was hospitable, and I went into the entry before I allowed myself to smile. She smoked tranquilly, and passed the luxury to her sister; then they thanked me, "Much obleeged, stranger"—and departed.

Next came a mother and daughter. The mother was forty-three, looking sixty, short and broadly built, haggard, wrinkled, filthy, with desperate gray eyes and unkempt gray hair. The daughter, fifteen years old, with a white, freckled face and yellow hair, had but one garment, a ragged frock of cotton homespun, unbleached, uncolored, and foul with long wearing. Not large enough to meet in front, it was tied with twine in a loose fashion, exposing entirely one of her breasts. This child had in her arms another child, a wretched-looking baby of six weeks old, tied up in an old rag of carpet, her own illegitimate offspring. Her first words were, "How you git'n 'long?" Her next, "Got any thin for the lone wimmen?"

A few days later, while on my afternoon constitutional in the neighborhood of the village, I was overtaken by another couple, likewise mother and daughter. The former, dressed in coarse white cotton, ghastly, wrinkled, and eager in face, stooping and clumsy in build, slouching forward as she walked, might have been forty-five, but seemed sixty. The daughter, nineteen years old, as I afterward learned, but looking twenty-seven in the precocity of squalor, had a form so tall, and straight, and shapely that it could not be otherwise than superb in bearing, despite her miserable poverty of life and raiment. Her face too was almost handsome, notwithstanding its broad cheek-bones, narrow forehead, and mustang-like wildness of expression. The first words which I heard from this Juno were, "Mam! don't go so fast. Thar's my shoe ontied."

The mother slackened her speed and opened conversation with me.

"Good-evenin. Git'n cold for the season. Goin' to be a mighty hard winter for poor folks."

After some further complaint they pointed out their cabin to me, and I promised to inquire into their circumstances. A little sleet had fallen, the ground had been more than once stiffened by frost, and the long blue ranges visible from Greenville were white with winter before I chanced to fulfill my promise. The cabin consisted of one large room, with a fireplace, two doorways, and two windows. As in all dwellings of the people of this class, the windows were merely square openings, without glass or sashes, and closed by board shutters. The logs of the walls were unhewn, and on two sides the chinking of mud had entirely fallen out, leaving some fifty long slits, averaging two inches in width, through which the wind drove the inclemencies of winter. The moisture which came through these hencoop sides and through the porous roof drained off through the rotten and shattered floor. No furniture was visible beyond two broken chairs, two or three cooking utensils, and a pile of filthy rags which seemed to be bedding.

The family consisted of the mother, two daughters named Susie and Rachel, a son of about five, and a grandson of two, named Johnnie. No man; the father had died years ago; the husband of Susie had fallen "in one of the first battles." Johnnie, flaxen-headed, smiling with health and content, as dirty as a boy could desire to be, squatted most of the time in the ashes, warming himself by a miserable fire of green sticks. His mother, Susie, sat in a broken chair in one corner of the chimney, her eyes bloodshot and cheeks flushed with fever. When I uttered a word or two of pity—it seemed such a horrible place to be sick in!—a few tears started down her cheeks.

"What makes me sick," she said, "is going barfoot in the winter. I an't used to't. I had a husband once, and no call to go barfoot."

"Oh, mam!" she presently groaned, addressing her mother, "this is an awful house!"

When I asked her how old she was she confessed ignorance. To the same question the other girl answered, with a sheepish smile, "You are too hard for me."

The mother, after some reflection, gave their ages as nineteen and thirteen; but, looking in their worn faces, it seemed impossible that they could be so young. There was an elder sister "who had married and gone way off;" and she had carried away the family Bible, with all their names and ages. Their father "used to think a heap of the family Bible."

The remembrance of departed days—not very fine, it may be, but still better than these—revived the sick girl's sentiment of self-pity. "Oh!" she groaned, "I've been through a power in the last two years."

"He's a powerful bad boy," she said, twisting Johnnie's flaxen curls with a smile, and looking kindly into his sunny face. "I don't know how I can keep him. I've been all over the village, and can't git no work. I can put him in the poor-house," she added, after a brief silence of desperation.

As she talked with me she turned her head from time to time to spit out her tobacco juice.

Such is the destitute class of the South, familiar to us by name as the "poor white trash," but better known in Greenville District as the

"low down people." It is the dull, unlettered, hopeless English farm-laborer grown wild, indolent, and nomadic on new land and under the discouraging competition of slavery. The breed, however, is not all Anglo-Saxon. Among the low down people you will find names of Irish, Scotch, French, and German origin. Whatsoever stock of feeble or untamed moral nature settles in the South descends rapidly into this deposit of idleness and savagery. The Celtic race seems to possess a special alacrity at sinking; and Irish families left on the track of Southern railroads become vagrant poor whites in a single generation. The class, in short, is composed of that tenth of humanity which the severe law of natural selection is perpetually punishing for the sin of shiftlessness.

It seems probable that once the poor whites were small farmers. The great planter bought them out and turned them into "trash," just as the Roman patrician turned the plebeians into a populace. When Colonel Gresham sold 27,000 acres to a German colony at Walhalla, South Carolina, he delivered one hundred and fifty titles as proofs of ownership, showing the extraordinary fact that something like one hundred and fifty families, or a population of from six to nine hundred souls, had given place to one large landholder. Thus it seems to have been every where throughout the domain of slavery. The men who had few negroes or none parted with their lots and cabins to those who had many; and, once cut loose, they went altogether adrift. They might have bought other lands in their old neighborhoods, but they did not. In the vigorous language of Sut Lovengood, "they sot in to rovin round."

Before emancipation the negro supported nearly all Southerners. His daily labor produced the great staples which seemed to enrich the planter, and mainly enriched the factor, merchant, hotel-keeper, lawyer, and doctor. After nightfall he stole the chickens, pigs, and corn which he sold to Bill Simmons and his tribe for whisky, or for some trivial product of a gipsy-like industry. The planter, aware of this contraband traffic, sometimes quarreled with Bill and drove him out of the neighborhood, but more frequently tried to bribe him into honesty by gifts and favors. Moreover, Bill had a vote, and must be endured and even coaxed for that reason. On the whole, the Simmonses were treated by the landholders much as the old Roman populace were treated by the patricians. They got no gladiatorial shows, but in one way or other they got hog and hominy. It was a life of rare day's works, some begging, some stealing, much small, illicit bargaining, and frequent migrations.

When the "black uns went up," or, in more universal English, when the negroes were transfigured into freedmen, the "low downers" were about as thoroughly bankrupted as the planters. No more trading with slaves, and no more begging from masters. Not only was there far less than formerly for the negroes to steal, but they were far less addicted to stealing, having acquired some self-respect with their freedom, and finding the jail more disagreeable than the whip. The planter, being reduced to his last crust, had, of course, nothing to spare for the Simmonses; and, furthermore, the male low downer has roved away to a land whence he will never return, not even with his faculty for migration. Conscripted, much against his will, he was sent to the front, did a respectable amount of fighting, deserted, or died. If a morsel of him survives, it will be pretty sure to tell a Yankee what a Union man it was, and how opposed it was to the war before it was "fo'ced in."

His death, although no great loss to him nor to his country, has been a more serious matter to his family than one would naturally suppose. "Triflin creetur" as Bill Simmons was, he was better to his wife than no husband, and better to his children than no father. It is a beggarly fate to be a poor widow or orphan, under any circumstances; but to be one of 600 soldiers' widows, or one of 1800 soldiers' orphans, in a region so lean and so sparsely settled as Pickens District, is a cruel excess of poverty which even a pauper in New England might shrink from.

How to deal with this mass of destitution? Even before hostilities closed it had so far exacted public attention that the Confederacy had been forced to feed the families of its dead or unpaid soldiers. The first Monday of the month, generally known in the South as "sale day" on account of its customary public auction, acquired the additional title of "draw day," because it was used for the issue of rations. Thus, when the Union resumed dominion over the revolted States, it found a population already habituated to corn distributions. "Draw day" disappeared under the first shock of conquest; but it revived as soon as our troops went into garrison; in fact, there came a saturnalia of "draw days." To some extent these monstrous public charities were necessary. There were not only the Simmonses to be fed, but many families, once wealthy, who had been stripped by the war or the emancipation, and multitudes of old or infirm or juvenile negroes who had been set adrift from their homes by the same causes.

I must be permitted to sketch two or three of the colored patriarchs of Greenville. Most curious on the list was Uncle Peter, otherwise known as Kangaboonga, a native African. As there was only one other aboriginal Congo in Greenville or its neighborhood, and as almost any distinction is matter of vanity to its human possessor, Kangaboonga was very conceited over the fact that he was "bohn in Africa, Sar." A withered little fellow, cramped and dislocated with rheumatism, his legs twisted in a style not suitable for traveling, he got himself about with the aid of two sticks, his wrinkled, old face grimacing with the effort, and perhaps with pain. When I heard two sticks and a

shuffle on the brick pavement of the passage leading to my office, I knew that the next sound would be the deep, harsh bass of Kangaboonga, trumpeting "He, he, good-morning, Sar."

He had a delusion that his former master owed him five dollars, or some other similarly incredible sum, for services rendered "sence de freedom." I, who knew that the decrepit creature could not earn his salt, and that he had been allowed to remain on the old place out of pure charity, sought to argue him out of his absurd complaint, or, when fatigued with the useless labor, sent him to roar his grievances to my neighbor, the civil magistrate. In the memory of Kangaboonga I probably live as a "triflin sort o' Booro man," although in course of time I issued him both corn and clothing.

Uncle March looked like a "bald-faced ape" in goggles. His small black visage was completely surrounded by snowy hair and beard, and he wore spectacles of such diameter that it seemed as if he might jump through them. Diminutive, stooping, rumpled, decrepit, eighty or ninety years old, he scratched about with a cane, having a laborious air of paddling or "poling." A more cheerful, smiling, sweet-tempered old negro would be hard to find outside of Paradise. Yet he had a terrific specialty; he was the scarer of naughty children.

"Been down to Mars'r David's, frightnin one o' his black boys," he relates, naming one of the leading white citizens. "Mars'r David give me fifty cents. Way I manages chil'n is, I has to be 'lone with um, locked in a room. Then I looks at um through my specs, and I talks to um. Ef the boy don't 'pear to come round, I tells him I has to put him up chimly; and sometimes I has to put him up a leetle. Yes, I makes boys good. It's my bisnis."

A mild development of "cussedness" Uncle March would treat for a quarter; but for cases of special depravity he felt that he ought to have half a dollar. We may infer from the liberality of Mars'r David's payment that his offending picaninny was one of the "real hardened wicked."

Another patriarch, whom I never saw, and whose name I have forgotten, came to my knowledge in the following manner: A sturdy, middle-aged negro, called Cæsar, entered my office and inquired if he could not have his wife and children.

"Certainly," said I.

"But she's got another husband, and things is powerful mixed up."

"Let us hear the whole story."

"Ye see I was sold away from here fifteen years ago into the Alabarmers. Wal, ever sence the freedom I'se been workin' to get back, and last week I gets back and finds my wife all right an' powerful glad to see me. But she thought I was dead, an' so she's been married these ten year, an' thar's her ole man a livin' with her now. He's a dreffal *ole* man; he can't skasely see. She wants me, and wants him to go away, but he won't go."

It was a complicated and delicate case. According to the laws of South Carolina the first marriage was binding, precisely as if the parties had been white, while Bureau orders declared that such persons as were living in lawful wedlock at the date of emancipation were husband and wife, to the exclusion of all other claimants. But looking at the hale, middle-aged man before me, and remembering the blind senility of his rival, I ventured to make this a special case, and decided according to the civil statute.

"You can have your wife," said I. "If you have worked your way back from Alabama for her sake, you deserve her. I'll write an order to put you in possession."

"An about the chil'n?" he asked.

"Why, take your own children, of course."

"I means *his* chil'n—the ole woman's chil'n an *his*. She says she won't go ef she can't hev all her chil'n. An when we offers to take um the ole man he hollers an says: 'What's to come o' *me?*' He's sich a *ole* man, ye see, he can't so much as see to light his pipe. Arter he's got it filled one of us has to put some fire on it 'fore he can git to smoke. That's so, as suah as you's bohn; he can't git to smoke ef some of us don' light some straw to put on his pipe."

"They are your children," I decided, cutting all knots with the statute. "All the children of the wife are the children of the husband. Tell the old man that. It will at least enable you to make good terms with him."

The result was that the wife clove to the younger husband, while the elder remained in the family as a sort of poor relation.

During this man's recital another negro stood by laughing convulsively; for the race has a keen appreciation of fun, and especially of humorous situations. His gayety ceased, and his face assumed a slightly sheepish expression when he came to state his own case.

"Boss, I wants to know ef I kin go roun' and git my chil'n?"

"Were you married to the mother?"

"Why, ye see, Boss—he! he!—thar's two or three mothers," he explained, with an embarrassed drawl.

"Oh! but you shouldn't have children lying about loose in that way."

"That's so, Boss. But I'm done with that now. I'm gwine to quit that ar. What I wants now is to pick 'em all up, an git 'em together, an look after 'em, an give 'em a little schoolin."

"You can't do it. You haven't the slightest legal right to them. The mothers are the only persons who have a claim."

Thus it is. What with superannuated negroes, families that have been separated by slavery, and families that have been created illegitimately, a large part of the colored race is incapable of self-support and without natural guardians. Where are the children whom Kangaboonga and Uncle March sent into the

world scores of years since? Gone to the lowlands, or to "the Alabarmers," or to some other undiscovered region. But for the pity of former owners, themselves perhaps bankrupt, and the habit of individual almsgiving still prevalent in the South, as in all sparsely-settled countries, multitudes of aged, infirm, and infantile blacks would suffer greatly, if not absolutely perish. The freedmen themselves give willingly, and even lavishly, to each other; but they are improvident, they are working under various disadvantages, and they have little to spare.

But in spite of this mass of poverty I was unwilling to commence a distribution of rations. My predecessor had counseled me against it, assuring me that I would be surrounded by hundreds of claimants, and that I would be unable to distinguish between really needy persons and sturdy beggars.

"It does very little good and much hurt," said one respectable citizen. "Where it feeds fifty people who are suffering, it sets a thousand crazy with the idea of getting corn for nothing. If there was a free granary in South Carolina I fear that a large part of our people never would do another lick of work."

Curious stories were told me of the scenes which occurred during my predecessor's distribution. On the last "sale day"—that is, on the first Monday of the month previous to my arrival—a crowd of a hundred people, some bringing bags, others driving carts and wagons, had collected around the Bureau office, in the old Court-House. The officer, driven distracted by previous similar trials, had left town to escape his persecutors. The crowd filled the street, questioning, grumbling, quarreling, but waiting. Conspicuous in it, sitting in a cart drawn by two stout little mountain oxen, was a beautiful country girl, who loudly demanded the Bureau officer.

"I want ter settle with him for the way he worked it last draw day," said she. "Thar was folks in our settlement got corn that had no more right to it than nobody."

When informed by some by-stander that no more rations would be issued, she replied: "I'm glad of it. You may tell him I wouldn't thank him for any. We've got corn enough of our own to go upon."

So I remained deaf to complaints and requests. I was a general principle, a law of nature; I went for the greatest good of the greatest number. It was useless to tell me that it was "draw day;" I replied that it was not, and that it never again would be.

Some one may suggest the poor-house as a remedy for this clamorous and persevering mendicity. In one sense it was a remedy; the mere word was sufficient to frighten off all but the most helpless claimants; gaunt, filthy, barefooted women would answer, "Lord's sake! don't send us to the poor-house." They would accept beggary from door to door, wintry life in a house of pine boughs, prostitution, and thieving, rather than sleep under the roof of public charity. It was a shadow which blighted self-respect, and tortured the sensibilities of the meanest white and the most shiftless negro. Only the decrepit, the sick, and children would go to the alms-house; and in many cases even they had to be carried thither by main force.

Moreover, this resource was altogether inadequate. In South Carolina there are no townships; the district, or county, is the lowest unit of government. Greenville District, a territory of fifteen hundred square miles, containing twenty-five thousand inhabitants, had but a single establishment of public charity—a farm, with one house and a few cabins, capable of accommodating fifty or sixty persons. At the somewhat urgent official instance of my predecessor, acting in accordance with orders from Bureau head-quarters, it had been thrown open to negroes as well as whites, and the cabins increased in number from four to six. There were also a few outside pensioners.

The institution was not only too limited in size, but it was dolefully short of funds. In that impoverished community taxes were practically a myth, and every public interest was fighting for a pittance of public money. In order to save the poor-house from utter insolvency it had been found necessary to get an order from the governor appropriating to its use the fund of the district commissioners of public buildings. The prisoners were left in rags, the jail and court-house unrepaired, in order that the paupers might not starve. But this scanty supply could not keep pace long with the current expenses, much less pay the debt which had been accumulating during the lean years of the Confederacy. With that private benevolence which in the South often struggles to stand in place of our Northern system of organization, the commissioners of the poor had furnished out of their own (by no means abundant) purses such moneys as were necessary to slide the poor-house over its frequently-recurring breakers. Justice bids me hold up for admiration the names of those tried and stanch friends of indigence, Peter Cauble, Alexander M'Bee, S. Swandale, and Henry Smith. May their pocket-books always be as big and overflowing as their hearts!

I would have been glad to furnish rations to the institution; I thought that to do so would be the best method of getting food to those who absolutely needed it; but there was an order forbidding such application of public stores. Either General Howard supposed that it would lead to frauds, or he wished to force Southern public charities to do their own utmost. At all events commissary stores were not to be dealt out to paupers or prisoners.

Thus I remained a general principle, merciless toward the few for the good of the many, refusing to feed the suffering lest I should encourage the lazy. If I had drawn rations for thirty old negroes whose decrepitude could not be questioned, three hundred other old negroes,

whose claims were almost equally good, would have presented themselves. The watch-word of "draw day" would have spread like a fiery cross over two thousand square miles of country, bringing into Greenville many hundreds of people who otherwise might remain at work. It would have been "lay down the shovel and the hoe," shoulder the begging-bag, and "try to git." To one who asked for corn because he was near starvation, three would demand it, "seein 'twas a-gwine."

Dolefully amusing were many of the incidents of mendicity which were daily forced upon my notice. Once a stout woman of thirty-five and a singularly vigorous, rosy girl of nineteen, arrived from a settlement in Pickens District, thirty miles distant, in search of rations, beguiled by a report that there was "a drawin."

"There is nothing to get," I said, "and there will be nothing. You must give up this notion of trotting about the country after corn. You have wasted three days on this expedition, and in that time you could have earned more than you could hope to beg here. You must go to work. Regular labor is the only thing which will keep you from suffering. If you can't sew or spin, go into the fields and hoe. You are strong enough for it."

The girl laughed cheerfully, and declared that she was strong enough for any thing. The woman looked utterly disconsolate and remained silent for some minutes, apparently in a state of gloomy reflection over these novel and repugnant ideas.

"Oh!" she groaned at last, "I'll go back to Pickens, and I'll work—and I'll work—and I'll work! Nobody shall ever git me away from home again with talkin about draw day."

"Come, let's start," answered her jolly comrade. "I'll devil you all the way back. I'll have some fun out of it."

A family of North Carolinians named Tony pestered me into more than one fit of snappishness. It consisted of two sisters of about forty, charitably supposed to be widows, of whom one had a son of twenty-two, the other a son of nineteen and a daughter of seventeen. As if their own poverty were not sufficient for them, the two boys married shortly after their arrival in Greenville, each taking to himself a disreputable "lone woman" several years his senior, the wife of the youngest having the additional burden of a stout boy. This horde of two men, five women, and a child would have outbegged a convent of Dominicans. Their first haunt was a deserted hotel which had been used during the war as a Confederate hospital, and subsequently became a den for vagrants of all colors. Expelled from this, they took refuge in the race-course and slept under cover of the milky-way. Their next move was to a cabin on the land of a miller, seven miles below Greenville, where they worked a little for the proprietor, made a few baskets, told fortunes, and whence they went forth on begging excursions. Every Monday they inquired of me "ef thar was a drawin," and on other days, "ef thar was any thin to git."

The miller, a large landholder and one of the wealthiest men in the region, would have given them plenty of work if they would have done it. But work was not their ideal; they only desired to be supported while they slept, smoked, and gossiped; "their strength was to sit still." In the words of a worthy farmer who knew their ways, "them fortune-tellers was the meanest, most triflin, low down, no account lot a-goin." It was useless to threaten them with prosecution as vagrants if they did not keep out of the village. They replied, indignantly, and with a sort of pert tartness, "Hain't poor folks got a right to be nowhar?"

I have often laughed to think of the fierce charges which this tribe used to make upon me for rations. One Monday, when I had already been pestered into spitefulness by a course of mendicants, the Tonys appeared in full force, with their usual hungry eagerness of demeanor. The chubby boy, the pale daughter, the two yellow-faced youths, their burly wives, the gaunt and ragged mothers, swept in, nearly filling the little room.

"Wal, I've got here," grunted one of the elder women, slapping down a large basket and two or three sacks. "I guess I've come fur enough for it."

"What do you want?" I demanded, in high ill-humor.

"It's draw day!" she snapped.

"'Tain't!" I responded, in the same tone; for life at that moment was a burden.

The look of disappointment which followed this pettish declaration was little less than ferocious.

"Wal, I should like to know what poor folks is to do," was the next comment.

"An thar's my dahter sick," broke in the other woman. "An't no more fit to come up here than nothin. An nothin to git!"

Then ensued half an hour of waiting and staring; it still seemed possible that I might be looked out of the rations; probably, too, I was not fully credited when I denied that there were any. Another hour was spent on the steps of the court-house, and then the tribe departed for the day, hungrier but not wiser. From such disappointments they never went home to work; they simply wandered through the village to beg. Did they obtain? Only too often; the habit of private charity is widely diffused in the South; the "high-toned gentleman" gives as of old, and much more than he can now afford. The better classes despise and almost detest the "low down people," but rarely have the heart to refuse them. The thought of turning any one away hungry is repulsive in almost all communities where a sparse population forbids organized beneficence. I learned during my stay in Greenville that many men whose incomes were little more than nominal constantly contributed to the support of their

absolutely indigent neighbors, whether worthy or unworthy.

"Colonel Towns holped me some," one vagrant would declare; "and ef I could git two dollars, I'd have enough to go upon for a month."

"General Easely give me a dollar," confesses another; "Alec M'Bee let me have a bushel of corn," is the story of a third; and so on, an endless round of charities, not from overflowing pockets. Oh! but that slavery was costly, with its breed of parasite poor whites, and its remaining dross of decrepit old negroes! I do not think that I exaggerate greatly when I declare that two-thirds of the people of my Bureau District were burdened with the support of the other third. A Greenville merchant assured me that, what with gifts outright and credits to people who, as he knew, could never pay, it cost him five times as much for the living of other people as for his own.

And such ungrateful recipients as many of them are! There surely never was a more dissatisfied, crabbed, growling, unappeased, unconverted set of poor folks than the "low down people." It seemed probable to me that they would willingly join in any feasible scheme for confiscating the acres, if not for cutting the throats, of the property-holders who feed them. "When's our folks gwine to git the land?" they sometimes asked me, passing themselves off for worthy and oppressed Unionists.

A clergyman of Greenville related to me an interview which he had with a woman of this degraded caste. She had come to his door to beg, and he had, after his custom, invited her into his parlor to talk; "for," said he, "I owe a duty to these people's souls as well as to their bodies." To his horror he discovered that she knew nothing about Christ, and was, practically, a sound heathen. Her desire was not for the heavenly manna, but for hog and hominy—not to forget some smoking tobacco.

"You are a strong, healthy woman," said he. "You ought to be able to earn your own living."

"Poor folks han't no chance," she asserted. "What's poor folks to do without land? I don't see why you should have such a big door-yard when I han't got nothin," she added, carrying the war into the enemy's country. "Ef I had your door-yard I mought raise a crop on it."

"This door-yard is not mine," he replied. "Still, I will give you a chance to make something off it. If you will clean it and my garden of leaves I will give you a dollar a day as long as the work lasts."

"Wal, I'll see about it," gloomily replied the inveterate old tramp, and, departing with her bag and basket, returned no more. She had no fancy for a house where she was offered work and wages instead of meal and broken victuals. Had she come into possession of the parsonage door-yard she would simply have put a cabin or a brush-house upon it, and thence gone forth on her begging excursions.

I presume that I saw more of these lazy agrarians than any one else. Citizens, whose patience or purses gave out under their exactions, naturally sent them to the United States officer, as a person who was supposed to have unlimited command of hog and hominy. Village jokers used to tell them, "You must come down to the Bureau next Monday. It's going to be a big draw day—corn, and shoes, and dresses, and parasols."

Besides the white trash and the old negroes, there were suffering people of the better class, though not many. My district was an upland region, a country of corn rather than of cotton, cultivated by small farmers and middling planters. Containing few slaves compared with the lowlands, only a moderate proportion of its capital had been destroyed by emancipation. Sherman's bummers had never crossed its borders. Its poverty arose from the leanness of the soil, the imperfection of agriculture, the loss of hundreds of young men in battle, the exhaustion of stock and capital during the war, the lack of intelligent and zealous labor, and the thriftless habits incident on slavery. There were few families of landed gentry so reduced as to need rations, and those few were chiefly refugees who had fled from the sea-coast during the rebellion.

The condition of these persons was pitiable. A mulatto once came to me and said: "I do wish, Sir, you could do something for Mr. Jackson's family. They's mighty bad off. He's in bed, sick—han't been able to git about this six weeks—and his chil'n's begging food of my chil'n. They used to own three or four thous'n acres; they was great folks befo the war. It's no use tellin them kind to work; they don't know how to work, and can't work; somebody's got to help 'em, Sir. I used to belong to one branch of that family, and so I takes an interest in 'em. I can't bear to see such folks come down so. It hurts my feelings, Sir."

Another claimant was a lady who had formerly owned six hundred and fifty acres on one of the richest of the Sea Islands. When Du Pont took Port Royal she had fled, carried away by the deluge of panic. Her house was burned, no one knows how or by whose act. In 1862 her estate was sold for delinquent taxes, one plantation falling into the hands of private purchasers, the other becoming a part of the city of Port Royal. Long before the war ended this lady, seventy years old, was an object of charity, supported by friends nearly as impoverished as herself, and frequently carrying her bag, like a poor white, to beg corn of the miller. While I was in Greenville she lived in a little ruinous house, furnished her rent-free by a relative, himself ill able to support even so small a sacrifice. Her bed was a mattress spread on the floor, as far as possible from the broken window. She did her own cooking; it was not much to do. I have seen her trudging slowly up a long hill, at the foot of which

was a spring, reeling under the weight of a pail of water.

I would not expose these sorrows of aged and respectable poverty but for the hope that some good may come of it. Would it not be worthy of a great and victorious nation to decree that the punishment of the helpless and harmless shall cease? This woman has already tasted greater bitterness than there is in death. Two sons—she could not have restrained them—if she could have done that she could not have sheltered them—joined the Southern army and fell. A daughter, an educated lady, has worked for eight dollars a month at service little less than menial. A beautiful grand-daughter, the heiress herself of a confiscated plantation, has been surrendered at the age of seven to the adoption of strangers, and is now separated from her by the breadth of the Atlantic. Is it not enough? Will not Congress appoint a commission to examine mercifully into the question of Southern lands seized by the Government? No good, nothing but misery and hate, ever came of confiscation.

Had such cases as these been common in my Bureau district I should have been driven by my conscience into an early distribution of rations. But the fact that my poor were chiefly low down whites who needed to be spurred to work, or venerable negroes who were tolerably well-cared for by charitable planters, enabled me long to resist that humane impulse which detests general laws and calls for special providences. In this policy I was sustained by the wisest and best of the inhabitants.

"There always was this mean lot about," affirmed one industrious farmer, who abhorred lazy people. "In the old times, when corn was twenty-five cents a bushel, you could see these same creeturs going around with their bags on their shoulders, tryin' to git. It would be God's good riddance if two-thirds of them could be starved to death. The rest might set in to work."

"I wouldn't advise an issue," said one of my legal acquaintances, as pitiful-hearted a man as I ever knew. "If you begin, you won't know where to stop. I really think that many of our people will have to suffer severely before they will learn that they must support themselves. This distribution of food is an absolute injury to us."

Against the claims of the Union mountaineers of the Dark Corner I was warned with something like ardor. "I tell you those Tories are the meanest people on God's earth," roared an old farmer who had hunted them, and been hunted by them, during the rebellion. "They are nothing but robbers. They didn't care a shake of my cane for the United States. All they wanted was to plunder the people who had the rich bottoms and the full corn-cribs."

And then the venerable "reb" rushed into a long narration of how he had been despoiled of hams and yarn by a notorious Unionist after the proclamation of peace.

"I had him tried for it in the last court," said he; "and don't you think that they brought him in not guilty? The indictment was for stealing, and the judge charged that it wasn't stealing because it was done openly—it was robbery. And so they cleared him. What do you think of that for justice?"

"Oh! there are some good ones among them," he admits presently, for he is not destitute of fairness. "There's old Solomon Jones, he's an honest sort of an old feller; he's no robber. And there's a few more such—but mighty few, Major. It's about the meanest crap of humans that ever *was* raised."

And so the Bureau Major persevered in his refusal to have a "draw day." Do not be bitter upon him; he suffered somewhat for his obstinacy; he was perseveringly pestered. Day after day he took an unwilling part in such dialogues as the following:

"Mornin. How you git'n 'long? Got any thing for the poor folks?"

"Nothing at all. Not a solitary thing."

"Got any corn?"

"No."

"Got any shoes?"

"No."

"Got any close?"

"No."

"Han't got any thin'?"

"No. I told you so at first."

"Didn't know but you had *somethin'*. I thought I'd name it to you."

In my next article I will relate how I eventually had something, and how I got rid of it.

AT TWILIGHT.

Like some bright mounting flame our life,
  New-kindled, springs and sparkles,
Now soars defiance to the sun,
  Now glooms and darkles;

Here from the ruby-hearted glow
  Sweet influence round it shedding—
Here from a half-quenched sullen brand
  Dull shadow spreading.

And gathered in its blither blaze
  What gay friends haply cluster,
Warmed deeply with the rosy ray
  And lightsome lustre!

Full soon the cheerful guests are gone
  In slow departing number,
Close-curtained from the murmuring world—
  Each to his slumber.

And down on the deserted hearth,
  In dying, fitful flashes,
The lonely fire has drooped and sunk
  And fallen in ashes;

Yet part of that immortal flame
  Which, far in deeps of even,
Informs the white and sacred stars
  And dazzles heaven!

FROM DERBY TO DISRAELI.



EARL DERBY.

THE twenty-fifth of February, eighteen hundred and sixty-eight, will be marked as an historical day in the political annals of England. On the evening of that day Parliament had assembled as usual, and a large crowd had assembled in the lobbies, anticipating the opening of a debate in the House of Commons which, it was understood, was not to end until the whole Irish question had been probed to the bottom, and a new leaf in the dreary volume of the relations of England to that island turned.

The excitement was general and great. Immediately after the Lord Chancellor had taken his seat on the wool-sack, and the Chaplain gone through his prayers, in the House of Peers, Lord Malmesbury arose, and with genuine feeling announced the resignation by Earl Derby of his position as Prime Minister of England, and the acceptance of that resignation by the Queen. The silence of the House at this announcement was almost awful. "My Lords," said Malmesbury, "it must be a subject of great pain to us all, on whichever side of the House we sit, when we see an eminent statesman obliged to secede from public life and from the management of public affairs—not from any of those changes and chances in political life to which we are all accustomed, and to which we cheerfully resign ourselves, but from failing health, and from illness which takes him, as it were, before his time from among us, and deprives us of his advice and his abilities." Any great distress at seeing an opponent, the scars of whose sword were all over him, finally removed, could not be expected of Earl Russell; nor did he affect any in the few remarks required of him as leader of the Opposition in the House of Peers; yet he spoke with sincerity when he said of the fallen leader: "To the eloquence with which he defended his opinions the records of Parliament will bear immortal testimony." There was reason enough for the solemn feeling which pervaded the House of Lords. They who compose it are as conscious as the English nation that these many years the pillars that have sustained its authority in the eye of the country have been crumbling away; its influence has been gradually becoming almost as historical as that of the Crown; its debates have been less and less read every year, and rarely fill a column of the *Times;* and among the few voices still powerful enough to gain for it the lingering interest of the English people, the chief was that whose future silence was thus announced.

In the House of Commons the seat of Disraeli was conspicuously vacant. By what Mr. Gladstone called "a singular destiny," it devolved upon Lord Stanley to announce his father's retirement; and he did so with pale calmness and in perfect taste, uttering no word of eulogy beyond what was implied in his "regret." Mr. Gladstone said, "I can not help expressing for myself a regret, which I am sure

will be the universal sentiment, that a career so long, so active, and in many respects so distinguished and remarkable, should have been brought to a close by the failure of his bodily health and strength." A personal cheer—one never mistakes a political for a personal cheer in the House of Commons—followed this; a cheer that had followed into retirement or to the grave hundreds of Whigs and Tories and Liberals, and means simply the spontaneous pride of every Englishman in a noted Englishman, whatever his career may have been.

And thus closed the most significant Parliamentary career—a great one it can not be called—that has occurred in England since the death of Lord Strafford. "*Exit Derby—Enter Disraeli*" will henceforth stand in history as stage-directions in a political drama more sensational than any other that has been acted in Europe for a century.



LORD STANLEY.

Last year I carefully traced the Earls of Derby in the National Portrait Exhibition at Kensington. Only one of them seemed to me the physiognomy of a brave man—he who was brought in Cromwell's time from the Isle of Man, of which he was sovereign, and beheaded at Bolton—but on every face the family pride sat throned above the family ability. There was hardly a weak, certainly not a meek, face among them. It was only in George the Third's time that they ceased to be kings; and if the Isle of Man was not a large kingdom the Derbys made up for its smallness in their own hauteur. The present, the fourteenth, Earl of Derby—the man quaintly chosen by Fate to lead Aristocratic England over the Niagara of democracy!—represented a family line stretching back to the ancient Saxon age, and estates which before he dies probably will make him the richest private individual in the world, the estimate of his income a few years hence being one million pounds sterling per annum. The English Pandora has always hovered about him. To high birth—which, Pascal said, gave a man in Europe a start equal to thirty years in life—and wealth, the present Earl was possessed of health, talent, personal beauty, and a good voice and manner for a successful parliamentary career. Through his life these varied gifts all increased, with the exception of health. No one who has ever seen his strong brow, his large brilliant eye, the fine clear outlines of his Roman face, the delicate curves of his flexible mouth, or listened to his full vigorous tones of voice, can fail to regard him as one whose gifts would be remarkable apart from the external advantages of his position.

Even in the days of Canning, Brougham, and O'Connell, Lord Derby—as the Right Hon. E. G. Stanley, and afterward as Lord Stanley—ranked among the most brilliant speakers in Parliament. His power was, however, rarely shown in the earnest statement of principles, but in subtle satire, severe irony, and polite personalities under which his opponents writhed. About thirty years ago some member whom he always opposed, whatever his proposition, moved that the House should make an arrangement to have its debates reported. Any one who examines the "Hansard" of that period, with its thin notes, will see the reasonableness of the proposition. Lord Derby, however, could not resist the temptation to a personal encounter, and he delivered, very gravely, a long speech, giving a mock support to the proposal on the ground that Foreign Powers ought not to be deprived of the means of knowing exactly every momentous word that fell from the lips of the gentleman who proposed the reform, so that they might know how to shape their policy. At times the young minister's look, during a debate, filled the House with agitation. His eye could sting like an adder. Once, when a motion for the relief of Ireland was to come on, the attendance in the House was so thin that O'Connell moved a count of the members present, evidently with the intention of advertising to Ireland the number in the body who thought its affairs interesting enough to induce their attendance. The count showed that 118 members were present. While it was going on Lord Derby sat with a sardonic smile on his face, which so infuriated an Irish member that he broke out with "The noble Lord may smile contemptuously; he can do as he pleases; he may even throw his legs on the table as if he were in a North American coffee-house"—here, of course, there were loud cries of "*Order.*" The Speaker interfered to say that he was sure the noble Lord had not failed of the respect due

to the House. The Irish member declared that the noble Lord was constantly insulting his opponents by look and manner. Lord Derby then explained fully why he had smiled. His manner was modest, but the effect of his explanation was like rubbing salt in a wound. O'Connell leaped to his feet and cried, "The noble Lord's language is characterized by his usual want of veracity"—and then, of course, there was another hubbub, with cries of "*Order*," and "*Retract.*" O'Connell hated very much to retract; but of course he had to do so, though it required the House to resolve itself into a Babel for five minutes before he would do so.

With his own party, while he was a Whig, Lord Derby was personally popular, because it was proud of his talents. It was purely as a personal favor to him, and at his earnest request, that twenty millions of pounds were lent (confessedly never to be repaid) to the Jamaica planters whose negroes had been emancipated. But while personally liked by his party, he was by it politically distrusted; for twenty years before he became a Tory the Whigs suspected that he was a Tory at heart, precisely as his son, Lord Stanley, is now felt by the Tories to be at heart a Liberal. And it is a fact to which the records of "Hansard" furnish ample testimony that Lord Derby never got his heart thoroughly into his mouth—never shone out in full energy—until he came into alliance with Sir Robert Peel and the Conservatives. Since then he has, indeed, sometimes dealt with and enunciated principles, such as they were, and was nimble enough to overleap the fences that he had built in his Liberal days with a skill that seemed to have been borrowed from his long experiences on the turf. By becoming a Tory he seemed to gain a new lease of intellectual life, and his latest speeches, up to the time of his recent Premiership, are the best, in respect of rhetorical power, that he has ever made. I say up to his recent Premiership, because his eloquence and ability have always been fullest in attack, and when leading a minority.

The greatest speeches of his life will probably be considered those in which he so brilliantly attacked the Russell-Palmerston administration in 1864 on account of their foreign policy, and particularly their forcible-feeble behavior in the attack of Prussia on Denmark. And, notably, the speech on the Queen's Address of that year, with which Lord Derby opened that fire from which his opponents never recovered, will always be remembered as one of the most remarkable passages in the annals of party warfare in England. On that morning, though there had been no publication of the intention of the Tories to begin their attack, there was a feeling in Parliament of a thunder-bolt lurking in the atmosphere. The crowd had gone to the House of Commons, but those who were fortunate enough to be in the Upper House perceived very soon that the restless eyes and affected carelessness of Lord Derby meant mischief. When he arose the House of Lords was still as death, as indeed it always is when Lord Derby is about to speak. Earl Russell sat motionless and unsuspecting; but when something complimentary to the Ministry—some few honeyed words—fell from his opponent's lips he became visibly nervous; he knew Earl Derby's habit of oiling over his man before he swallowed him. He did not have long to wait. The Tory leader hurried over the indifferent details of the Address smoothly until he came to the allusion to Foreign Affairs, and the part that Earl Russell had borne in them. He then leveled the arrow he had so fatally feathered with his soft exordium, and let it fly—following it too with a quiver-full of the same sort, until poor Earl Russell was stuck all over like a political St. Sebastian. Earl Russell had indeed made himself a very tempting target: his advice, his remonstrance, his scolding, had become as familiar to Europe as the repeated snubs he had received; and yet he had been silly enough to claim credit for not having intervened in the affairs of other countries. He really thinks himself a great Foreign Secretary; and his narrow egotism had gradually aroused a feeling of impatience even in his own party.

But, to return to Earl Derby's speech, during the first and more formal part of it he spoke with a sort of lassitude, leaning with one hand on the back of the bench before him, and every now and then pausing artfully, as if he would think whether he had any thing more to say—that with his elaborate denunciation still untouched within him!—until, at length, as if he suddenly remembered a point that had nearly escaped him, he came out with a—"Now, my Lords," and his face was wreathed with the cruel, biting smile which none, least of all Russell, could mistake. "When I look around me I fail to see what country there is in the internal affairs of which the noble Earl and Her Majesty's Government have not interfered." All eyes are now intent on the speaker, who, as if he were warming to his youthful energies, turned a neat Latin sentence. "*Nihil intactum reliquit, nihil tetigit quod non conturbavit.*" At this a laugh rang through the House, in which Earl Russell joined somewhat dismally. "Or the foreign policy of the noble Earl may be summed up in the homely words—Meddle and Muddle." Of course this brought a roar. "During the whole course of the noble Earl's diplomatic correspondence, wherever he has interfered—and he has interfered every where—he has been lecturing, scolding, blustering, and retreating. In fact, I can not think of the foreign policy of the noble Earl and his colleagues without being reminded of another very distinguished body of actors, commemorated, as your Lordships will recollect, in 'A Midsummer Night's Dream.' Of that celebrated troupe the two chief ornaments were Bottom, the weaver, and Snug, the joiner. Now, it appears to me that the noble Earl opposite combines the qualities which we attribute to both those distinguished personages. Like Bottom, he is ready

to play every part, not excepting that in which he most excels—'Moonshine.' But his favorite part is the part of the lion. 'Oh,' says the Earl, 'let me play the lion! I will roar so that it will do any man's heart good to hear me; I will roar so that I will make the Duke say, "Let him roar again; let him roar again!"' The noble Earl, too, knows as well as any one how, like Bottom, to 'aggravate his voice' so that he will 'roar you as gently as any sucking dove;' and, moreover, he has had recourse more than once to the ingenious and somewhat original device of letting half his face be seen through the lion's neck, as if to say, 'For all my roaring I am no lion at all, but only Snug, the joiner.'" Great merriment followed this, in which not a few of Earl Russell's comrades joined, considerably to his disgust. Lord Derby did not at once perceive, however, that he had made the most of his felicitous comparison, and the next sentence showed that he was about to continue in that vein. But, with his marvelous instinct for discerning the silent echoes of his hearers, he felt that the House had had enough raillery, and he, with a grace I have never known surpassed, became transformed from the partisan Tartar to the solemn and indignant British patriot. "*Thanks*"—and here the smile of fun passed away through a bitter sneer—"thanks to the noble Earl and the present Government, we have at this moment not one single friend in Europe; but this great England—this great country, whose failing, if it was a failing, was that it went too direct and straightforward at what it aimed, which never gave a promise without the intention of performing, which never threatened without a full determination of striking, which never made a demand without being prepared to enforce it—this country is now in such a position that its menaces are disregarded, its magniloquent language ridiculed, and its remonstrances treated with contemptuous indifference by the small as well as by the great powers of the Continent."

This passage was most effectively delivered; the old gray-headed Earl, with erect form and flashing eye, stood the very impersonation of proud, historical England; the little Earl, now thoroughly miserable before him, seemed an impersonation of the humiliated England; and the instinctive sympathy of the House for England's past and feudal glories suffused for the moment its whole aspect. The scene was dramatic, all the more because there was not a particle of attitudinizing or of theatrical expression on the part of Earl Derby, whose manner is eminently simple, and even chaste. But from this point in his speech the orator was for the hundredth time betrayed by the spirit he had called up. He had evoked that arrogant feudalism which a very slight scratch always reveals in the House of Lords, and under its inspiration he censured Earl Russell for even the show of neutrality he had given to the United States, for the recent stopping of rams that had been arrested on their way to help the *Alabama*, and was not even moderate in his tone of sympathy for the ally of feudal England, then fighting against republican government in America.

I have often recalled the proud Earl's ringing words that day when I have since seen him as Prime Minister of England refusing Napoleon's second invitation to a Congress (he had rebuked Earl Russell for refusing the first), and petitioning Mr. Seward for an arbitration on claims for those ships, for arresting the like of which he had denounced the same opponent. Earl Russell had been too proud to accept arbitration when proposed from the United States: Earl Derby asked for it! And this one fact is a specimen of Earl Derby's whole career. If his own personal feeling had been consulted, he would have rather been beheaded than have asked of the American Republic permission to retract what had been done in the name of England. But for forty years he has been in the same way—with a few exceptional instances—carrying forward measures with a success that he must by this time feel to have been fatal. If there is any thing that Earl Derby is, he is conservative. He was a natural pillar of the existing order of English institutions. He was himself an institution. And yet he has, by a destiny that at times bewilders him, become historically associated with nearly every great and radical change which England has undergone during his long public career! His first notable speech in Parliament was a defense of the right of the Established Church in Ireland to all of its stolen property; and his first act in office was to abolish ten bishoprics from Ireland and distribute their possessions, which he had brilliantly proved indefeasible. His conservatism even extended to resisting railways—and particularly one which proposed to invade a noble shooting-ground merely to connect Liverpool and Manchester!—yet he lived to propose the buying of all the railway lines by the Government. He resisted the removing of the disabilities from the Jews; but lived to help carry that. He was the immediate instrument with which England established mixed and free education in Ireland, and with which the fetters of the West Indian slaves were broken. Yes, he, of all men the last who, by history, temperament, or feeling would have been led to do any thing of the kind. The notable thing about all this is that he was not incidentally connected with these things, but was the man who chiefly represented and carried them. It was he who stood next to Earl Grey in the Reform Bill of 1832. In those memorable struggles he was keen, vigorous, logical, convincing, effective; but he was himself unconvinced, and at the end of them stands the most perfect illustration of what the *London Times* has said: "Every Englishman has, some time or other, oftentimes probably, to swallow his convictions, under protest it may be, but still enough for the public service. The greatest must do this all the more publicly, solemnly, and memorably, because they are great."

Earl Derby for the first time got into the proper grooves of his own nature when he left the Liberal ranks and stood by the side of Sir Robert Peel; and the bravest, most self-truthful thing he ever did was to break away from Sir Robert afterward, when that great statesman turned toward the abolition of the Corn-laws and Free-trade, and reorganize the Tory party on the principles of Protection. Then he was in his element; then he made splendid speeches; and though defeated, he must now look back upon his defeat with more satisfaction than upon any of his successes—which have generally been purchased by his principles.

But there is a great deal of human nature in Earls, and in Earl Derby in particular. He is fond of the turf; and the joy of the turf is not secured in handsome horses or fine runs, but in horses that, however lean and lank, shall win the race. No party can endure to be perpetually, however gloriously, led to defeat. Earl Derby, though conservative in every fibre of him, was the leader of a party forced to run its septennial race at a period when the people of England were determined to have a large extension of the franchise. It became plain that no party could resist this growing and vehement popular determination without overthrow. The Tory party violently resisted a quite moderate and compromising measure of reform introduced by Earl Russell's Cabinet after the death of Lord Palmerston. In resisting and defeating it that party took the highest, most arrogant ground of the unfitness of the English people for the franchise. The defeat of the bill led to the transfer of the Government into the hands of Earl Derby. As if to make the coming surrender of all the principles represented by that party more dramatic, Earl Derby proceeded to form a Cabinet more aristocratic in its elements than even the celebrated ducal Cabinet of Lord Aberdeen, who had three Dukes in his ministry: Earl Derby had three Dukes, the brother of another in his Cabinet, and two more in subordinate posts of his administration. When these had taken their comfortable seats, a big, gaunt figure—a Big Black Fact, Carlyle calls it—confronted them: Democracy. "You, my fine gentlemen," it said, "have got to satisfy me, Democracy, To-day, or you have got to leave before your seats are warm."

The lips through which Democracy uttered this unmistakable order were those of the only man of the people in the new Government—Benjamin Disraeli. Lordly dullness was plainly confronted by plebeian intellect. The most aristocratic Cabinet that England ever had naturally squirmed considerably, and at length said, "No!" "Very well," said Plebeian Intellect, "then out you go." "Can you not, dear Plebeian Intellect, steer us safe between this Scylla and Charybdis—between popular suffrage and downfall?" "I have done it several times," replies Disraeli; "but the current has swollen beyond that." "Then out we must go," say the Dukes. "Hold," says Disraeli; "you do not save England from democracy by going out; if you will not carry the country there, another party will; then let the Tory party dissolve, for it will have seen the last of these comfortable benches. The people are in earnest now." We all know the result of this; how the Dukes clung to Disraeli, and cried, "Save us!" They became as submissive as babes, all but two or three who preferred honor, even though it offered no office. And thus the government of England passed from the hands of the noble Earl and his Dukes into those of the one plebeian in it, who straightway delivered it up into the hands of the people of England. Thus the inborn conservative Earl Derby became the hero of what he called "a leap in the dark," the giving of household suffrage to the English people, a measure which made Gladstone tremble, and John Bright even a conservative.

"Three cheers—nay, nine—for Derby, the Democrat!" That was a strange cry. The noble Earl must have pinched himself to know if he were awake; he must have deeply questioned, "Am I the fourteenth Earl Derby, the resister of Corn-law abolition and Free-trade, the demolisher of Reform Bills, or what am I? Surely my old friend Bottom himself was never so 'translated!'"

A Hindoo story relates that a stupid and timid chattee-maker, hunting his strayed donkey, found what he supposed to be that animal close to a hut. It was very dark, and he did not see that the supposed donkey was a tiger. He rushed upon the beast, seized it by the ear, pommeled it for an idle donkey; whereat the tiger, from sheer astonishment, submitted to be led off and tied in a stall. Next morning the discovery that the chattee-maker has subjugated the dangerous beast with his hands draws all the people together—even the Rajah, with his lords and attendants—and the result is that the latter makes the chattee-maker a lord of his court and the commander of ten thousand horse. The poor fellow was naturally much delighted at this; but he was not so much pleased when presently, the country being invaded, the alarmed people said, "A man who could catch a tiger and chain him to a post is surely the man for this emergency." The chattee-maker can not refuse the post; he must go and examine the enemy's position. He is disposed to ride his donkey on the momentous expedition; but no, the Rajah sends him his most magnificent steed. What shall our hero do? He was never on horseback in his life. He consults with his wife in much dismay, and it is determined at last that she shall tie him firmly on the horse, and tie his hands, lest he should get down in a panic. His feet are tied to the stirrups; his hands are tied behind; he is bound to the saddle; and so dashes off toward the enemy's camp. Like the wind rushes the charger; the chattee-maker, in a panic, tries to free himself; impossible; in a few moments

he will be in the enemy's camp. In his despair he clutches at a tree with a hand that he has got free; the banyan is torn up by the roots, and remains in the desperate man's grasp. The soldiers in the enemy's camp see him coming. They cry, "Here comes a giant on a mighty horse, riding across the country, tearing up the very trees in his rage; no doubt an army of such is behind; we are all dead men; fly!" The one horseman is exaggerated to many thousands; a panic ensues; and when the poor chattee-maker, frightened to death, stops in the camp the last man has left it. He finds in the commander's tent a letter proposing terms of peace. He returns with the letter, leading the horse which he is too timid to ride. And the people said, "This man is as modest as he is brave; having put our enemies to flight he walks quite simply to the door, instead of riding here in state as another man would." Then the chattee-maker was raised to the highest dignities and wealth, and lived happily for the rest of his life.

But there is a sequel to the lucky chattee-maker's life, of which the Hindoos know nothing, but which we in England are now in a position to supply. When he died his soul transmigrated to this country, and entered the form of Earl Derby! The retired Premier will pass into history as the leader in every great liberal triumph of the last forty years; but the chattee-maker never more intentionally chained up the tiger than the English inheritor of his luck chained up the West Indian slave-driver; and it certainly took Disraeli months to bind him on the Reform horse, with which he has utterly routed an enemy composed of his own class and his own friends! But, unlike his pre-existent self in India, the great English chattee-maker did not live happily under his accidental honors. All around him knew how he had got them. He knew it himself. So he finds in his former enemy his best friend. *The gout!* That now becomes the last refuge of the humiliated aristocrat. He has been the means of gathering the strongest of the aristocratic party in England together, and binding them together with the cords of office; he has been the means of giving them thus coherent into the hands of a plebeian Jew as a thunder-bolt to smite feudal England, of which he and they were main pillars, to the dust. So he looks upon his work; and from the ash-heap of old Toryism he writes to the Queen: "My gout is very severe; Mr. Disraeli is the only possible Prime Minister of England in the present condition of things." So he finds his political tomb in the splendid ruins of the past, which Fate decreed that his hands should work in the vain effort to prop the building which they just now composed! "But it can not be said," urged the *London Times*, "that Lord Derby has willingly deceived his followers. He could not help himself. Like the rest of us he has been obliged to take things as he finds them, and to discover the mid-line of policy which shall combine the most and best suffrages. But is there no scope for virtue and enterprise of a more heroic character?"

Before passing on to the consideration of the unprecedented political situation unsheathed by Earl Derby's resignation, it may be well to mention briefly some of his traits of mind and character apart from those implied in his political career. Descended from kings and sub-kings, and himself really a king in his absolute sway over vast estates and a large number of tenants and employés, Earl Derby was personally loyal to those thus related to him, and was beloved by his family and servants. He was affectionate, cheerful, even tender to his relatives; he was never feared by them nor their children. As a general thing, a fondness for sport and the stable implies in England a frank and spirited—if not a very strict—character, which is apt to put a man on pleasant terms with the people on his estates. Beyond, however, those thus in some way connected with him, Earl Derby had not a good repute in the neighborhood of Knowsley. It is probable that he trusted too implicitly to the justice and wisdom of his subordinates, and believed, with too much readiness, their side of every story. Certain it is that in two cases, at least, he has within the last few years been brought before the public in a very unpleasing aspect: once as having filled with defiling substances a well upon which large numbers of people had long been dependent, and again—a case decided against him in the courts—for closing up a path which for generations had been used along the skirts of one of his farms. His friends allege that it is as impossible for him to watch the civil affairs of England, and also the wells and paths about Knowsley, as for the Queen to attend both to her household and to the government of Jamaica, and that neither must be charged with the wrongs committed in their names. Nevertheless a large human sympathy can hardly be credited to Earl Derby. He had a good deal of the poetical temperament, but far less power in that direction than has been awarded to him.

It is certainly a deplorable example of the amount of snobbery that still affects literary journalism in England that his version of Homer should have been so extolled. Few can read it without prejudice in favor of any aristocratic work—the counterpart of the fuss made over something written by a working-man—without perceiving that it is a slovenly production. The severe Homeric simplicity is plastered over at every step with sentimentalities and sighs for which there is no warrant whatever in the original. And, in fact, Earl Derby was no doubt surprised at the success of the work. He wrote it, as I have been credibly informed, in the most slipshod manner, jotting down lines in the intervals of jokes and conversation, and reading them to friends who were foolish enough to declare them magnificent, and who ultimately persuaded him to publish the work. After all

the servile flatteries lavished on it the work is —dead. Literary taste is the surest touchstone of the scholar, and that is not only shockingly absent from his translation of the Iliad, but has led him again and again into blunders of administration. He could not discern the maudlin nonsense of "the poet Close," who, in hawking his verses at an Irish railway station, managed to get them into the hands of the Earl while traveling in that region. Thinking he was helping genius in distress he assigned a substantial pension to a man whose verses, subsequently quoted in Parliament, were inferior to the penny ballads of London streets, and elicited the roars of the House. But this was not so serious as that he should have used his position as Chancellor of the University of Oxford—a position which he will probably hold for life—in substituting for the degree of Literary-Doctorate the names of Martin F. Tupper, Samuel Warren, and another even inferior to them—I have forgotten his name—for those of three really great men whom the authorities of the University had proposed for his sanction. He had no interest to make the appointments; he really thought them great men! No man ever more admired literary genius, and he would no doubt rather have it written on his monument that he wrote the finest translation of Homer than that he was thrice Prime Minister of England. He is thought to deplore much the hard, unimaginative mind of his son, Lord Stanley; and there is a favorite story with the Clubs that when asked why he had not sent a copy of his Iliad to his son, the Earl replied that he was waiting until he could have it made into a Bluebook, as he had no expectation that otherwise Lord Stanley would read a line of it. On the other hand, the son is reported as having remarked that his father "would be a very intelligent man—if he only knew any thing." There is certainly a very singular contrast between the two. The father is, above all things, fluent; the son has even an impediment in his speech: the father is given to those impulsive audacities which justified Disraeli in calling him (after Bulwer) "the Rupert of debate;" the son is cold, syllogistic, clear: the father is metaphorical, the son statistical—as devoted to figures of arithmetic as the other to figures of speech. Lord Stanley will hardly be a brilliant or a famous man; but he is a quiet thinker, with an enormous power of work in him, and will probably sow much that others shall reap, as his father has all his life been reaping what others have sowed. But it is time to return from this episode.

While Lord Stanley was announcing the retirement of his father, Mr. Gladstone's eye was riveted on the empty seat of Benjamin Disraeli, Prime Minister of England. He could not help it; nor could he hold down the shadow that gathered on his brow. There are some events that will not glide over the smoothest man. With all his fortunate and purely English relationships, his advanced and varied scholarship, his popular eloquence, his high and hearty friends, his wealth, his devotion to the Church and other English institutions, here was he out of office—out of favor with his party—simple William Ewart Gladstone; while this gipsy chief-solicitor's clerk — sub-editor—wandering Jew—who, while he (Gladstone) was turning faultless Latin verses at Oxford, was roaming in Syria —without family position or wealth—despite prejudice and hatred, even that of his own party—had been called by Victoria as the most important man to England in her realms today! It was not envy that suffused Gladstone's face; it was a blended wonder and dismay. He could not understand or appreciate the remarkable scene before him—the representatives of the oldest and proudest families in the world submitting themselves and Great Britain to the Syrian Chief. He could not perceive the magnitude of the revolution which had brought this circumcised plebeian to a position from which he had that day written to the Lord Chancellor of England a cool discharge, thereby depriving his lordship of eleven thousand a year to say nothing of official honor. But the members around Gladstone saw the romance of



BENJAMIN DISRAELI.

the whole thing; and even from the gallery one could hear them whispering about "Vivian Grey," "Coningsby," and other early works into which Disraeli had poured the fires of his ambition and the fervid prophecies of his greatness, which had now been fulfilled to the last tint of their glory.

For no novelist ever described characters that must be more necessarily associated with his own career. Thirty-seven years ago, when he wrote on the title-page of "Vivian Grey,"

> "Why then the world's mine oyster
> Which I with sword will open,"

he and his hero were absolutely one. Young Vivian, without fortune or advantage of birth, "paced his chamber in an agitated spirit and panted for the Senate." "Curse on my lot!" he soliloquized, "that the want of a few rascal counters, and the possession of a little rascal blood, should mar my fortunes!.....At this moment how many a powerful noble only wants wit to be a Minister, and what wants Vivian Grey to attain the same end? That noble's influence. When two persons can so materially assist each other why are they not brought together?" Vivian Grey and Lord Carabas came together. Benjamin Disraeli and Lord George Bentinck came together in 1846; and the prototype of Vivian got his feet upon the first rungs of the ladder whose summit he has now reached. But there is a certain page in his "Coningsby" which I can fancy the new Premier reading on his return from Osborne on the day when he kissed the Queen's hand. It runs thus:

> "Here was the mightiest of modern cities; the rival even of the most celebrated of the ancient. Whether he inherited or forfeited fortunes, what was it to the passing throng? They would not share his splendor, or his luxury, or his comfort. But a word from his lips, a thought from his brain, expressed at the right time, at the right place, might turn their hearts, might influence their passions, might change their opinions, might affect their destiny. Nothing is great but the personal. As civilization advances the accidents of life become each day less important. The power of man, his greatness, his glory depend on essential qualities. Brains every day become more precious than blood. You must give men new ideas, you must teach them new words, you must modify their manners, you must change their laws, you must root out prejudices, subvert convictions, if you wish to be great. Greatness no longer depends on rentals; the world is too rich; nor on pedigrees; the world is too knowing.
>
> "'The greatness of this city destroys my misery,' said Coningsby, 'and my genius shall conquer its greatness.'
>
> "This conviction of power in the midst of despair was a revelation of intrinsic strength. It is indeed the test of a creative spirit. From that moment all petty fears for an ordinary future quitted him. He felt that he must be prepared for great sacrifices, for infinite sufferings; that there must devolve on him a bitter inheritance of obscurity, struggle, envy, and hatred, vulgar prejudice, base criticism, petty hostilities; but the dawn would break, and the hour arrive when the welcome morning hymn of his success and his fame would sound and be re-echoed."

Such was the magnificent dream; and it has been realized. As the sun of Earl Derby was setting, and with it the supremacy of the aristocracy in the councils of England, the future of this Government found for its Morning Star the man of humblest birth in Parliament, and one who, with more disadvantages to contend with than any other there, had had the most stinted weapons with which to conquer them. There is no doubt that, although Mr. Disraeli has never been personally popular, the people feel that his success is their own. He is a kind of Parliamentary Dick Whittington. When it began to be felt in the atmosphere that Earl Derby was about to resign, the *London Times* began to put out subtle feelers to induce a popular call for Lord Stanley to succeed his father. But these were met with a stern expression from the lion that might easily have become a roar—one that plainly said: Benjamin Disraeli has earned the place; let him have it! He has been the actual ruler of England since Palmerston died; let him be acknowledged as such! Let no man imagine that by any patronage or favor this man has been made Prime Minister; he made himself that. Had the place been withheld from him it would have made him a greater man than he is now, and the nation would have clamored for him. Through him alone had his party even the ghost of an influence. He has been for twenty years the working brain for all the dukes, lords, and country gentlemen about him.

A severe critic of Earl Derby once said that "but for his ancestry and his fortune he would never have had a chance of being an Under-Secretary at twenty-seven, a Cabinet Minister at thirty-three, the head of a great party in the State for twenty years, and three times the head of the Executive Government." It is no disparagement of his talents to admit the truth of the statement; and the statement is but one which would include nearly all of the titled men who now participate in the Government. How significant it is, then, of the advance in England of the Day of Brains, that the Government should now, through the sheer inability of the aristocratic party to furnish even a competitor for it, pass into the hands of a man of whom all know that nothing but his courage, his constancy, and his genius, has made their real leader for twenty years and now the executive chief of a country which almost alone he has enfranchised! Grumble and growl as you may, my lords, there is nothing left you but to fall into file and follow this Pied Piper whither he will!

Who can forecast the administration of Disraeli?

There is one thing that has always been felt about the Inexplicable Man by the people and by his own followers; and that is, as one has described it, "his own inherent and ineradicable dissimilarity of nature from that of the party he moved and led." Indeed the writer in the *Examiner* of February 29, from whom the last remark is taken, has so admirably described the relations of Disraeli to his party that I must here borrow some of his paragraphs:

"When Toryism lay prostrate and feeble, maimed and shattered by suicidal wounds, he took it up and washed its face and clothed it anew, and set it on his own steed, and brought it to an inn. There, through all its many stages of relapse and incoherency he watched and tended it, telling it all day amusing tales of its past history which sounded as good as new, and singing to it all night sweet songs of a good time coming, when worn-out Whiggery should be discarded and progressive Conservatism should be the faith of the nation. By degrees he unwrapped the bandages of bigotry from its limbs, and taught its timid feet to walk without the crutches of Protection; and when, in a fit of the old dread of ghosts, it took fright and ran away madly from the presence of Reform, not being able to help himself, he joined in the flight, but only to rally the scattered ranks at the first pause, and to lead them to the execution of a daring and dextrous flank-movement, whereby he turned the adversary's position."

"He could, for the moment, throw himself into any Tory part, and enact the character well. When Lord George Bentinck was attacked for bringing the suspicions and ideas of the stable into Parliamentary discussion, no man defended horse-racing so wittily or so well. At agricultural meetings no man could play the squire, 'hardly up to politics in the dull days of autumn,' or talk of turnips and cross-breeding, cottage ovens and the mangle, with more of top-boot truthfulness. In a distracted debate on education nobody could keep to the high and dry line of Churchmanship more edifyingly; and, when in Opposition, nobody was more trenchant for retrenchment or eloquent in hopes regarding malt and hops. Nevertheless, there has always been a sense, on the part of his Conservative followers, that between them and their leader there was a great gulf fixed, which he would not and they could not pass. No doubt this very feeling had its share in habituating them to regard him as one essentially different from, if not superior to, themselves. If it be true that no man is a hero to his own *valet de chambre*, it may also be true that no leader whose title to lead rests on the right Divine of genius can afford to encourage the tone of familiarity which has proverbially so great a tendency to breed contempt. The Inscrutable may move about in the throng of the masquerade, but he must keep his domino close wrapped around him. How is the inexplicable to keep up its dignity if perpetually asked to explain?

"And the inexplicable is the future policy of the Tory party. They don't know whither they are going; and they don't venture to ask the only man that does know, for it is a part of his policy that beforehand they should not be told."

The Tories do not, indeed, as this writer says, know where Disraeli is about to lead them; but there are others in England who are more keen-sighted than Tories; and it is evident that the most eminent Radicals are anticipating a most important administration from the new Premier. It is not a rare thing now to hear such men as Thomas Hughes, Professor Fawcett, and Peter Taylor expressing their satisfaction at the course of events, and their belief that they can get more for progress out of Disraeli than from any other politician. The general belief of such is that he is really a Radical, notwithstanding the idiosyncratic conscience which permits him at the same time to use the Tory party for the promotion of his radicalism. There are old sayings of his that have floated a long time on the political current—longer than mere bubbles float—which are now beginning to have much significance. "I have been much misunderstood," he once said to the late W. J. Fox; "my forte is sedition." To another he said in early life, "Two things I will always remain—a Republican and a Jew." His generosity and reticence toward America, while his party was for her dismemberment, are now remembered. He comes into power singularly untrammeled, at a time when tremendous issues are to be decided—issues before which a colorless policy can not stand for a day. He, with a land-owning and High-Church party behind him, must, on the first day after this interval, in which as I write he is forming his Cabinet, meet gaunt, hungry, desperate Ireland, with her two burdens of landlord and Church establishment. He has had many heavy tasks, but none so heavy as that which is to meet him on the threshold of his Premiership. It is a case where dexterity in compromise will no longer answer. On whomsoever that rock shall fall it will grind him to powder. Disraeli has proved himself the most consummate party leader of this century. Great Britain now waits to see whether, under the touchstone of Ireland, he shall be proved also a great statesman. Neither Vivian Grey nor Coningsby ever dreamed of an opportunity so magnificent as that now opening out before him whose youthful dreams of personal ambition they represent.

There is an impression abroad, not without some justification, that Disraeli, as he certainly never forgets his personal dreams, endeavors also to pursue through whatever labyrinths of policy certain early political ideas. It is therefore, as regards this great Irish question, of some interest to revert to some statements made by him in 1844 in one of the most remarkable speeches he ever made. The Irish question, he then said, had been variously described. "One said it was a physical question, another a spiritual. Now it was the absence of the aristocracy; then the absence of railroads. It was the Pope one day; potatoes the next." In a few strong words he gave his own view. "That dense population, in extreme distress, inhabited an island where there was an established Church which was not their Church, and a territorial aristocracy, the richest of whom lived in distant capitals. Thus they had a starving population, an absentee aristocracy, and an alien Church, and in addition the weakest executive in the world. That was the Irish question." The only remedy for this state of things, he went on to say, seemed to be revolution. Since the strength of England renders that remedy impossible, it was, he said, "the duty of the English Minister to effect by his policy all those changes which a revolution would do by force." Lord John Russell, he said, was offering "a little thing in a great way," and he advised Sir Robert Peel, then Prime Minister, to make a brave attempt to settle the Irish question, and, if he could not carry a great and beneficent measure, to appeal to the people of England. All that Sir Robert would have to do would be "what public men did not seem to think they had the power of doing—to create public opinion in-

stead of following it, to lead the public instead of always lagging after and watching others. And nothing was clearer than this: that if the Government did not lead the people, the people would drive the Government." He declared that an "irresistible law of our modern civilization has decreed that a system which can not bear discussion is doomed." He declared also, "It is the duty of a legislator if he has a great truth to advance, to face prejudice; doubly is this the duty of the man who is the leader of a party, and trebly of him who is at once the leader of a party and the Minister of the Crown." So did Disraeli urge Sir Robert Peel to his duty on the Irish question nearly a quarter of a century ago. He stands in the place of that statesman he drove from power, and the same question appeals with tenfold urgency to himself. It is certain that he knows the seat of the trouble, and that he knows the remedy. The only question now is of his courage; and it requires as much courage to deal with Irish landlords as it did to deal with American slaveholders. But it is certain that the Wrong of Ireland is now in such a condition that it must crumble under the first well-directed blow that shall fall upon it. And Disraeli is the one man in Parliament who can deal it.

The only other man to whom Ireland can look in her crisis—Gladstone—has his sinews cut, so far as dealing with the Irish Church is concerned, by High-Churchism; nor can he for some years yet hope to regain the confidence of his party, who feel that his mismanagement has demoralized them. Disraeli, if indeed he is equal to dealing a grand stroke for Ireland, may—he probably will—divide his party; but it is certain that the larger part will remain with him, whatever he shall do; and when to these shall be added, as there infallibly would be added, all Young England—led by Mill and Bright—it is plain that he could for the great work command the largest and most powerful support that the House of Commons ever gave to any leader; and even if the present Parliament should refuse to sustain him he would be triumphantly sustained by the next, to be chosen under the Reform Bill. Those who know him best believe that, having dared so much, he will dare more; that, having won the highest laurels England can give, he will now seek to earn those which mankind awards those who can sacrifice parties and incur risks for humanity. But the writer and reader will be better able to tell the horoscope of the Disraeli reign before this sketch can see the light. Yet surely it were among the felicities of fate if the future historian of this age should have it to record, that a nameless Hebrew youth, starting up amidst the high-born and fortunate rulers of England, led them in their blindness, taught them how to break the spell of tradition that dwarfed them, enfranchised the people, did justice to Ireland, gained the friendship of America, and bequeathed a noble page to prove once more that liberty is the only wisdom, and justice the only policy of nations.

Editor's Easy Chair.

THE great popularity and success of a ballet at Niblo's Theatre in New York has occasioned a great deal of public and private discussion. That a play of no merit, and remarkable only for splendor of scenery and skill of stage effects, with a glittering array of dancing girls in very short dresses, should enchant the public for more than a year is declared to be another proof of our demoralized condition—another of those horrible portents in which lugubrious seers behold the advent of the disastrous end of things. But let us reflect a little. How many years is it since Fanny Ellsler bounded superbly to the footlights upon the old Park stage and exhilarated public enthusiasm to a degree which no singer or actor or dancer has ever surpassed? The youth of that day—it was more than a quarter of a century ago—unharnessed the horses and drew her in her carriage. Nor did the staid Committee of the Bunker Hill Monument scruple to receive her handsome contribution; so that the scoffer said that the monument which the patriotism of the country could not build was finally raised to heaven upon the tip of the Ellsler's toe. There were other current anecdotes of the time which the Easy Chair will not repeat, but which showed how universal was the pleasure of the public in her extraordinary dancing.

Nor was it surprising. A large-limbed Junonine woman, perfect mistress of her muscular power, and moving with a sumptuous grace and *abandon* through the mazes of the various national dances, in none more captivating than in the passionate Spanish measures, Fanny Ellsler was one of the great dancers, and the charm of her presence and performance was irresistible. To be sure the lovely ladies who used to crowd the boxes to see her dance would not dine at the same table with her, and the Easy Chair could not understand that their conduct was logical. However, Mrs. Grundy's morality is past finding out, and he did not spend much time in the profitless inquiry, why she was willing to increase the prestige and the fortune, thereby inconceivably increasing the power for mischief of a woman at whose conduct her well-bred virtue shuddered. If she were so reprehensible why did Mrs. Grundy countenance her? Did she not know that she was enabling Miss Ellsler hopelessly to captivate young Mr. Grundy? If you help make a fascinating actress the fashion, the toast, the enthusiasm of fine society, you push the bewildered young Grundy into her shining web, and you must thank yourself for the consequences. Does Mrs. Grundy suppose that the women upon the stage, who are as clever as she, do not know the

feeling with which she regards them, and do not understand how to revenge themselves?

It may be the weakness of extreme age, but the Easy Chair is not able to persuade itself that the success of Fanny Ellsler was an awful sign of our degradation, and that the pleasure in her dancing was altogether an immoral pleasure. When, in the *Cachucha*, the superb gipsy, in a gold-colored skirt, flounced with black lace, swept around the stage, clicking the castanets, or, in the *El Jaleo*, seemed to float and swim on the long, melancholy, stately strain, the impression was simply that of a romantic and pathetic and passionate song. It was as legitimate an effect as that of any other art. It was not coarse, nor vulgar, nor indecent. Still, while that may be so, it does not follow that other dancing may not be disgusting.

Indeed, there can be nothing more deplorable than the ordinary ballet and the painful *pas de deux*, which used to be danced at the theatre between the play and the farce. The trembling, ill-balanced, half-ghastly, half-grinning, and wholly pitiable woman, in a series of short, white skirts, trying to stand upon the point of one foot, patting the air with her hands, and turning an agonized smile to the audience; while her male companion, with the thick, India-rubbery legs, whirled round three times in a breathless manner, and then spread his inane hands before the spectators—this was a performance which was absurd and painful, but not, in the ordinary sense, immoral. The only emotion it suggested was, that a hat should be passed around for contributions to release the wretched pair from the necessity of the nightly suffering which they evidently endured and certainly inflicted.

But the charm of the ballet is no longer a single dancer; it is the scenery, the effects, and the combination. The dresses are unquestionably short, and there is not much of what used to be called, in the Taglioni and Ellsler days, "the poetry of motion;" but is the spectacle wholly improper, and the influence unmixedly immoral? Possibly the Easy Chair is an easy moralist, but he apprehends the greater part of the pleasure is like that of seeing a pantomime, or of reading a fairy-tale. It is a pleasure not to be visited with the most tremendous threats of retribution. However, this is delicate ground; for the effect is often at the mercy of one performer, and he or she may taint the whole scene with impurity. But that is true of much that is never questioned. There are many passages of Shakespeare which are equally at the will of the actor to make almost intolerable.

Indeed, without defending any recent performance, the Easy Chair is inclined to regard the enjoyment of the ballet as at least a pardonable pleasure, and not to argue national demoralization from it more than from a Christmas spectacle of Jack the Giant-Killer, or the Sleeping Beauty. If the poet Cowper and his friend Mrs. Unwin and her circle had come up to New York from Olney, they would, perhaps, have thought it very wrong indeed to go to the ballet. Yet when they returned to their quiet rural home, if Mr. Cowper did as he used to do a hundred years ago, he would have entertained Mrs. Unwin and her friends, during the long winter evenings, by reading Fielding's "Joseph Andrews." So much the standard of morality changes! There is probably not one in a thousand of the good dames who have seen the ballet who have ever read "Joseph Andrews;" and nine hundred and ninety-nine of every thousand average American women who would feel untroubled by the ballet would certainly not read very far in that famous story.

It is a pity, perhaps, that people can be amused by a pretty spectacle, and that they do not prefer the loftier and more intellectual enjoyments. But we must discriminate. The crowd that gathered in a German garden to hear Strauss or Gungl with their bands play gay little waltzes was much larger than that which heard with pleasure the great symphonies of Beethoven and the oratorios of Handel, but it was certainly a very harmless recreation, if it were no more. And if people are entertained with a pretty opera or a bright ballet, the severe moralist may regret that they are not equally anxious to see "the legitimate drama," but he must not generalize against them too roughly. "The legitimate drama," even at its best, is not always a recreation, but often a trying study and excitement; while the good public is anxious for amusement. A man who has been hard at work all day, if he must go any where in the evening, will generally, and certainly not unnaturally, prefer to hear "Raising the Wind" to a legitimate old tragedy, even if it were Shakespeare's. The reasons are many; but undoubtedly the mass of theatre-goers do not especially enjoy Shakespeare.

This delight in mere recreation is shown by the hold which "the old English comedies" still have of the stage and the public. They are generally laughable in quite another sense than that intended by the authors. They are artificial and old-fashioned and extravagant; they have very little literary merit, and their morality is not ascetic; yet they hold their ground against all the modern plays, and if tolerably performed are always successful. "The Heir at Law," "The School for Scandal," "Wild Oats," "She Stoops to Conquer," and the other members of the group known as the fine old English comedy, excluding of course the intolerable plays of Congreve, Vanburgh, Wycherly, and Farquhar, are strictly stage-plays. They are written to be acted. They are not dramas in the sense of poems or pictures of life. They deal with extravagant social traditions and artificialities; in happy surprises and practical jokes and droll situations. They represent a life which does not exist beyond the ray of the footlights, and is an amusing caricature of the actual life of men and women. But it is very entertaining. We laugh with it or at it indifferently; and the frequent smartness of the conversation and general liveliness of the action secure the object of the managers, which is amusement, and consequent profit to the treasury.

Indeed, the matter is simple. The purpose of the theatre is amusement, from the sublimity of Lear to the extravagance of a burlesque; and unless there be something plainly prurient as the chief characteristic of the performance, the critic may more safely conclude that the public is amused than that it is demoralized. If the stories of the Menken be true, when she nightly fills the theatre for a year with the best theatrical audience, the Easy Chair will also be as much disturbed as some of his fellow-observers and critics have

been. And, indeed, if you object to the theatre wholly, as many good persons do, the argument here closes. Or if you think the ballet must be necessarily indecent—that is the end of it. If not; if you will permit the theatre and tolerate something which is not the legitimate drama, then let us bespeak a pantomime, a farce, a rousing melodrama with plenty of strawberry leaves upon the left arms of long-lost brothers, a national dance or a pretty ballet and spectacle which shall be gay and graceful—and nothing more.

This would become a very uneasy Chair should it attempt to take any part in the great Erie war which raged in Wall Street during the month of March, and entirely superseded public interest in the impeachment of the President. It was not the first, and it will surely not be the last of the great struggles of the great road. Indeed, of the first Erie war, as it was called, the Easy Chair, with thousands of other winter travelers, was a victim. It was a question of rights among interested persons, but to the public it was wholly a question of comfort. It was a question whether you could travel from Cleveland to Buffalo and back again without being compelled to leave the cars at any hour of the day or night, walk a long distance on the dismantled track, and scramble for seats in a fresh train beyond. This was the practical aspect of the Erie war; and it was a war that doubtless had many a victim among the invalids who were forced into the rough weather to make the rough passage.

The Erie Railway, indeed, makes a tremendous struggle for life and supremacy. It has more than once become almost a name for failure upon the great scale, but has renewed its vigor and resumed the battle. It was certainly not unfair to suppose that, if any long road through a part of a great State hitherto untouched by railroads and furnishing a vast territory and many resources for development could succeed, the Erie was tolerably sure not to fail. But the expense of its construction was enormous, and it early acquired a bad name. There were disasters and delays which disturbed public confidence, and it lay for a long time under a blight. As for general management, let those decide who think that they know.

One thing, however, has been plain for some time. When the world became fully conscious of the existence of Alexander the Great, every country in the world must have felt that its fate was merely a matter of time. Alexander was born to conquer; the countries were there to be conquered. The case was not dissimilar with Genghis Khan and Attila. It was evident that they were to overrun the world, and the duty of the world—from the Genghis Khan point of view—was plain enough. Reason, policy, and all the other conclusive and conservative persuasions, pointed to submission and subjection. Now, what does the ancient sage say of history? That it is philosophy teaching by example? Very well; then what was the dictate of philosophy when Alexander, Attila, and Genghis Khan appeared together upon the railway scene, like Mrs. Malaprop's Cerberus—"three gentlemen at once"—under whatever mild and modern name? It was to do what the shrewd old coon did when Captain Scott arrived.

But unluckily for logical sequences, there are Attilas in history upon both sides; and it is indisputable that Alexander did not establish the universal empire. The celebrated Giant Cormoran, or Cormorant, was in the habit of strolling out before breakfast, and bagging elephants, and rhinoceroses, and hippopotami, and other enormous booty, and quietly stored them in his larder,—for his appetite was extraordinary. But one day he encountered the equally celebrated Giant Huggermugger, larger than the elephant, as tenacious as the rhinoceros, and as long-breathed as the hippopotamus. Moreover, this celebrated giant beat his breast defiantly upon the approach of strangers, even as the awful African Gorilla—of whom we shall have more to say before our chat stops—and Giant Cormorant paused and looked for some time at Giant Huggermugger before coming to close quarters. But his appetite was ungovernable. "Ooo!" muttered he, "if elephant and hippopotamus are good, how delicious Giant must be! I will eat him." And so, metaphorically, he proceeded to put his fork into his adversary, as if to carve him, and cut out the sweetest morsels. But it was as if a roasted baron of beef began to gore the carver with sharp horns, so that the carver was fain to ask whether the baron really were roasted after all; and whether it might not be well to make sure that your meat is cooked before you proceed to carve and eat it.

Of course, upon this encounter of giants the earth trembled, after the manner of the oldest poets; or, to speak more precisely, as the little space of the globe known to the oldest poets was believed by them to be the world—so Wall Street supposes itself to be the actual centre of things Western; and when it shakes, things in general shake. This contest of giants is the recent Erie war. It was to settle the great question whether Giant Cormorant who made but a mouthful of Harlem, who consumed the Hudson River, and who swallowed the Central at a meal, should also send the Erie down his insatiable red lane. It was evidently a question of very profound and immediate importance to Giant Huggermugger, but it is also one of great interest to all of us. For it is the question whether we shall be ruled by one king or by two kings; whether the great railroad interest of the State shall be a vast monopoly controlled by one man.

That is not a question for this place and for Easy Chairs. But there is a general truth which we had better bear in mind as we read our fairy stories of giants and their battles; and it is, that the most threatening giant of our time is the Giant Monopoly. His appetite is unappeasable, and his will is obstinacy itself. One of our poor little neighbors has been fast in his clutches for many a long year; and what a weary prison-life she has of it! She goes at large, to be sure, but only within the bounds of his will. Those make her jail limits. Poor thing! she is dreadfully backward—sometimes she seems to be almost out of the family, and indeed it is a kind of fashion to speak of her as if she were a miserable little family by herself. She can do nothing but by consent of the Giant, her master. She has to receive all her company, and to treat them exactly as he chooses. Of course, he chooses what he thinks to be his own interest.

Now and then somebody who is at his wit's

end to find excuses for this Giant's absolute control of our poor little sister says, with an air of feeble briskness, like the hop of a sick sparrow, "But his interest is hers, you know, and hers is his. It isn't for his advantage to do any thing really injurious to her." Indeed, and may he not be often mistaken; and when was there ever a king who did not say exactly the same thing? In the brazen age in this country, now happily gone, how often did not the Easy Chair hear the argument that the interest of the slave was that of the master, and that no sensible man would willfully injure his own property. And as the Easy Chair sat listening to young Calhoun Legree, who urged this argument, they could both see from the window a dozen teamsters kicking their horses. If men lived by logic alone—ah! then, indeed. When did mankind ever live according to its interest? Is it for the advantage of mankind that it is in the condition in which it finds itself to-day?

Yet this kind of argument seems to be satisfactory to our poor little neighbor; or is it her weakness and not her will that consents? The Giant sprawls his hand every where. Upon the remotest hem of her garment his finger crooks, and she does his bidding with the utmost meekness. Is that image one which her greater sister wishes to resemble? Do we wish to be subject to one immense giant? Of course there are advantages in "a paternal government." It is the business of parents to prevent little tots from falling upon their precious heads and breaking their darling noses. There are, certainly, advantages. Who that has lately traveled by the Harlem or Hudson or Central will not magnify the new broom? They are punctual—except during the spring freshets, when they are excused for cause—and they have been safe, during a peculiarly trying season. The Easy Chair makes its best bow upon the occasion, and asks merely for five or ten minutes more time to eat that last wing of the chicken in comfort at what's the name upon the Harlem, and at Pokepsy upon the Hudson. He desires to compliment the decent station-house at Albany, and to recognize and commemorate with especial gratitude the urbane ticket-seller at that post—May his change never be less! What a fine open space for the cars, also! How delightful after the abominable discomfort in the rear of the Delavan House, which was Babel and chaos come again! Indeed the thanks of the traveler are due for many mercies under the new régime; and if brooms were only always new, and the reign of the new Prince always in the first week, when he grants an amnesty to all offenders, and if monopolies were not monopolies, and corporations were as full of soul as the excellent Mr. Whiting's streets of filth, what a blessed Millennium we should have reached; and how gladly we should all cheer ourselves hoarse for the glorious Majesty of Giant Cormorant newly come to the throne! But, as it is, our truant eyes will look away from the beautiful sweeping of our fresh besom to the poor little neighbor; and just as we are ready to pipe up the huzzay, good lack! the poor thing's forlorn condition takes all heart and music out of our voices; and the festivities of rejoicing upon his Majesty's accession and coronation are indefinitely postponed.

Meanwhile the very Easy Chair itself is shaken by the dreadful concussion of the Giants. One crosses the water and quarters himself upon the poor little neighbor, and affords opportunity—as the veracious newspaper reporters, who never speak the thing that is not, solemnly declare—to all his friends to laugh, and drink, and smoke defiance at the other Giant; while tender Judges weep upon the bench,* and learned counsel fash their thumbs at each other—and more Judges enjoin and other Judges dissolve injunctions—and Dan Public reads, and talks, and wonders—and oh! what tremendous fees there will be for somebody; and how the great Erie war will rumble for nine days, and by-and-by new Giants show their heads over the horizon, and Wall Street quake with a fresher battle!

A CORRESPONDENT in Alabama—and the Easy Chair is happy to state that he is not of the anonymous family which so frequently favors all editors with wise suggestions—writes that he is dissatisfied with the series of articles called "Personal Recollections of the War," upon the ground that gentlemen like the author of that series have caused suffering enough to people like our correspondent, who live in Alabama and elsewhere.

This is by no means the first time that the attention of the Easy Chair has been drawn to this kind of complaint; but is it quite fair or reasonable? Let Mr. Correspondent consider. This Magazine is designed for general entertainment, and its contributions are therefore upon subjects of universal interest. But nothing certainly can be more interesting to the people who have just emerged from a tremendous conflict than the stories of individual experience—the romances, the poems, the comedies, the tragedies which spring from a great war. They are history and morals and poetry. There will, of course, at such a time, and upon such a theme, be a great deal of vapid, dry, sentimental writing. Ah, me! if Mr. Correspondent could but sit in an editor's chair for a month—for a week—and give his mighty mind to the various petitioners for his attention and consideration! The public knows what is printed—only the editor what is rejected. Think, O Public, that he might print his rejected addresses—think, and admire his mercy!

If in the late war—the Easy Chair hopes his Alabama correspondent will remark that he says war, not unpleasantness, not difference, not difficulty, but war, and war of the most terrible kind—a truth, let Mr. Correspondent remember, that is felt in just as many broken hearts and desolate homes here as in Alabama or in any State—if, we say, in the late war there had been a man upon the border, near the central scene of the conflict, trained to observe and to write, who was forced by his convictions to take an active part, opposed to the side which his neighbors and friends espoused, yet whose traditions and fond associations were the same as theirs, who had long deprecated, and by all means possible to him had striven to delay the inevitable hour, but who could not decline the choice which was at last sternly imposed, and, mounting his horse, rode into the battle, and emerging from the long fight unscathed, such a man had quietly seated himself to sketch the war, as it were, autobiographic-

* "Judge Barnard wept quite freely during the time Mr. Clark was making his exordium."—*Report in the Times.*

ally, it could not fail to be interesting, unless his literary skill and spirit had perished in the strife.

Such sketches, if not dull, any wise editor would print, provided there were nothing fierce or coarse in their tone, and provided, also, that they would probably dissatisfy only those who were dissatisfied with the result of the war in which the sketcher was a soldier. You, Mr. Correspondent, were probably stung with regret and disappointment when you heard that Davis had left Richmond, and that "the Yankees" were in possession. You doubtless rejoiced heartily and loudly over the day at Bull Run, which, to this Easy Chair and his friends, was one of the blackest and most tragical of days. Now reactionary politicians may say what they will; but if you will trust this Chair as an authority, although the feeling here during the war was so intense and profound, and although the determination that its results shall not be lost is not less vital and decided, yet there is no disposition whatever to seek vengeance nor to cherish any vindictive remembrance. Neither you, indeed, nor any other sensible man will expect that we shall forget the causes or the circumstances of the struggle. They must of necessity be remembered that they may be of use. This was not a tournament in which we rode at a ring; it was a fierce and deadly grapple of principles, in which one threw the other, and from which the victor principle will not suffer the vanquished to rise.

When you say that you have suffered enough from the hands of such men as our contributor, you provoke an inquiry which shall not be urged, because it would not be answered by either of us to the satisfaction of the other. But in a war don't forget that the suffering is not upon one side. If then you say, "Why prolong it by prolonging bitterness of feeling, as you do by publishing such sketches?"—the answer must be evident to you even while you are asking the question. The Magazine must either decline all papers upon subjects drawn from the war, or it must expect, as usual, that some readers will be displeased. But to refuse all such papers would be most foolishly to limit the proper resources of the Magazine; and the displeased reader, considering this, and finding no malice in the sketches, should accept them as parts of a history which he hoped would have another ending.

You ought not to expect, Mr. Correspondent—for you would be grievously disappointed—that the literature of this country will omit the war out of regard to supposed sensitiveness of feeling. If you imagine that the contest was not as earnest and religious with us as it was with you, you are fatally mistaken. You may please yourself with the fancy that you and your friends cherish what is called a "chivalric" devotion to "the lost cause;" but do not delude yourself with the other fancy, that the devotion of those who succeeded was any less "chivalric," although it may not have been described by that epithet. In such a struggle it was not numbers merely, nor money merely, that did the work. We should have been beaten had not our resolution been as solemn and inflexible as yours. In describing the events which have now become a part of the national history the writers will give to their work the color of their sympathy. That is inevitable, and you must make up your mind to it. But in the series of which you speak you can not fairly complain that there has been undue acrimony or injustice.

The Easy Chair thanks you heartily for your frankness both in what you say and in giving your name. It is only by such frankness that the wounds will be healed. No mealy maundering about conciliation and fraternity will deceive any body who has any real feeling in the matter. You must not think that we are vindictive because we treat the war and its consequences with extreme seriousness; nor ought we to be surprised that you recur with regret and tenderness to the vanished hopes for which you fought. Meanwhile, if you please, we will continue to hear the stories of our soldiers, if they are timely and interesting, and you shall not listen to them if they offend you.

No more fat women, nor Circassian lovely ones, nor woolly horses, nor Albinos, nor What-are-theys, nor Joyce Heths, nor mermaids—above all, alas and alack! no more Gorillas beating the far-resounding drum of their celebrated bosoms. The remorseless fire that would not spare the wonders at the corner of Ann Street was jealous of the same wonders upon Broadway; and the sad rustic and mournful maid of the cooking-stove and chamber shall sigh in vain for the glories of Barnum departed.

"Departed, never to return;" for it is announced that the famous showman has shown his last show, and in quieter walks will seek that repose which giants and learned seals denied him. And now, that amidst the ruins of the late hall of amusement, and haply the bleaching bones of some monarch of the forest, we pensively recall the days of the past, how visionary and unsubstantial even the Barnumbian glories seem! If the worthy host of those halls of faery insisted that it was all humbug, is it for us, especially in his day of misfortune, to contradict him? Yet the giraffe was not a humbug; and what ingenuous lover of natural history will not hear with pleasure that he, she, or it is convalescent? Nor was the young alligator, or the very sagacious seal, or the horrible anaconda or boa a humbug. And who that has gazed upon the amiable giantess, or the somewhat too cherubic fat child, or the dwarfs, but will allow that, however he might have inwardly remarked a want of fervent desire to prosecute the acquaintance, the objects of his attention were certainly not humbugs. The giantess, however mild, was certainly a very tall woman; the fat boy was undeniably fat; the dwarfs were Lilliputians. It was not these, it was the tradition of an earlier day that made the mischief. The levees of these genuine personages were haunted. The room was pervaded by the presence of the phantom of the woolly horse. The ghost of the mermaid peered at the too sensitive visitor from every corner. Perpetually he smelled India rubber and thought of Joyce Heth.

It was hopeless to struggle against these shadowy facts. Whoever fights with ghosts engages in a losing warfare. It was in vain that the host performed really excellent services. Who could remember that it was to him we owed the incomparable delight of hearing Jenny Lind, when we were listening, awe-struck, for the hollow roar of the Gorilla's bosom? Who could linger with

satisfaction by the really interesting aquaria when some poor idiot from Chatham Street might be even then upon his way to personate a strange hybrid of man and beast from the African forest? Humbugs and the habit of humbug were overpowering. No wonder the *genius loci* is fatigued and wings his flight elsewhither.

But was there ever such a good-natured throng as the listless loiterers in those absurd old rooms? How they munched and mooned! With what prolonged satisfaction they gazed upon the wax figures—and such figures!—of the Queen of England, and the Emperor and Empress of France, and General and Mrs. Tom Thumb and their interesting Thumbling! How gravely they walked round about the giantess or the fat woman, and insatiably surveyed them! The Easy Chair has watched some of these spectators—members of the kitchen cabinet—in their rapt observation of the human monsters, and it was plain enough that, when the enormous woman came out from somewhere, and ascended the little platform and seated herself in a chair to be contemplated, the entranced Cinderellas believed her to be a kind of queen, and envied her that royal pomp and idleness, and fancied the mysterious somewhere whence she emerged to be a suit of splendid apartments where her fat life was all leisure and luxury.

But a child was the real interpreter. To him it was a House Beautiful. What restless movement from room to room! What staring at the horrible paintings hung over the staircase, not less earnest than at the unspeakable Gorilla himself! What happy looking through the fascinating glasses of the cosmorama! What pure felicity amidst the chatter and shriek and abominable smells of the happy family! It is sad to think of the children who heard with sorrow of the sudden vanishing of this realm of excitement and delight. But not all is lost. The traditions of the formidable Gorilla and the fluffy-haired beings who came upon you in unexpected places, of the soft-eyed seal and the waxen warriors, these still survive. And, under another name, the Phœnix will rise from these ashes; and other children, in other years, shall look with wonder upon other giantesses, and toss ungrown peanuts to monkeys yet unborn.

Literary Notices.

History of the Thirty-ninth Congress of the United States. By WILLIAM H. BARNES. This Congress, whose sessions began on the 4th of December, 1865, and closed on the 4th of March, 1867, was one of the most important in the history of the American nation. Its members were mainly elected during the closing months of 1864, when it had become patent to all men who looked below the surface that the existence of the Southern Confederacy was drawing near its close. Long before its first assembling the sword had settled the physical issues involved, and upon this Congress devolved the task of reconstruction, as far as this could be done, or of construction in any event. In many respects this body was singularly constituted. The old party lines which had been strictly drawn for a generation had become almost obliterated. The great Democratic party which had with few intervals governed the country for more than half a century was now in a meagre minority of hardly a quarter in either House. Most of the members were comparatively new men. Few of them had served for more than two terms, and the consequence was that there was no Senator or Representative who could fairly be considered a leader of the party to which he belonged. An unusual proportion of the members were in the prime of life. Of the 260 men who held seats there were hardly a score who had reached the age of sixty; nearly one-half were between forty and fifty; more than two-thirds were between thirty-five and fifty-five. While there was no single man who had shown claim to be considered a great statesman, in average practical ability, at least as far as the House was concerned, it was probably superior to any previous Congress. The dominant party was thoroughly united upon all great measures. When the members were chosen there was apparently perfect accord between Congress and the Executive; and when the death of Lincoln placed Johnson in the executive chair few men doubted that this accord would continue; or if there was to be any divergence it was taken for granted that the policy favored by the new President in regard to the States lately in insurrection would be more severe than that of Congress. But in the interval between March and December, when Congress was not in session, and the functions of Government devolved upon the President, it became clear that Mr. Johnson had adopted a general line of policy different from that proposed by Congress, and different from what all his antecedents had given reason to expect. Each branch of the Government adhering to its own views, the history of this Congress resolves itself mainly into a narrative of the struggle between Congress and the Executive, culminating at length in that formal impeachment of the President which is now in course of trial. Mr. Barnes has undertaken to narrate this struggle. While it is apparent every where that his own sympathies are fully with Congress, he has performed his task with commendable fairness and impartiality. He has allowed each party to present its case in the words of its own advocates. His work is therefore one of not only great interest, but also of high historical value. (Published by Harper and Brothers.)

Italian Journeys. By W. D. HOWELLS. Mr. Howells's first volume, "Venetian Life," is one of the most delightful and satisfactory studies of travel that we have. There is no book upon Venice which tells its story in so comprehensive and characteristic a manner, and which so wonderfully renews to every lover of that most weird of cities its peculiar and romantic charm. But besides the insight of the poet and the knowledge of the scholar the book revealed a singular grace of literary art. Its touches were so felicitous, its humor so sweet and airy, its delicacy and elegance so evident, that the reader knew at once that he had made the acquaintance not of a diarist or pleasant traveler whose journal would

be forgotten next year, but of a new author whose name must grow to honor in our literature, of a man who had not merely the literary talent but the literary instinct, in whose work there were gleams of the soft auroral light of something more than talent. The present book is evidently a rose from the same tree. Necessarily more desultory, and lacking that unity of theme which is so essential to a thoroughly successful work, the "Italian Journeys" yet shows the same fine perception, the same exquisite humor, the same freshness of feeling, the same refinement and delicacy of treatment. We turn from its pages, in which we are once more Arcadians, to the "Letters from Italy," by Samuel Sharp, Esq., London, a hundred years ago, and we ask whether the wonderful difference of actual knowledge derived from the two books is owing merely to our greater sympathy with the manner of our own time. But a very little reflection assures us that, if the man who stays at home would really know something about St. Peter's and the Campagna, he must listen to some poet who has been there, and who has seen what it is that makes St. Peter's St. Peter's, and is able to convey it. This is what Mr. Howells does, and this makes his books as valuable as beautiful pictures of beloved scenes. (Published by Hurd and Houghton.)

Curious Myths of the Middle Ages. By S. Baring Gould, M.A. This is a handsome reprint of a very useful little book, which in a very popular manner conveys the result of a great deal of curious scholarship upon such topics as the Wandering Jew, Prester John, The Dog Gellert, Pope Joan, The Mountain of Venus, The Seven Sleepers of Ephesus, and William Tell. Mr. Gould shows very conclusively that the story of William Tell is an ancient legend in many literatures; and is of opinion that "the coincidence of finding so many versions of the same story scattered through countries as remote as Persia and Iceland, Switzerland and Denmark, proves that it can in no way be regarded as history, but is rather one of the numerous household myths common to the whole stock of Aryan nations." This really fascinating little book has been published for some time, and has a companion which has not been reprinted in this country; but this one is complete in itself and is of permanent interest and value. (Published by Roberts Brothers.)

The Massacre of St. Bartholomew. By Henry White. This tragedy, commencing in Paris on St. Bartholomew's day—being Sunday, August 24, 1572—and continuing throughout France during September and October, stands, in many respects, almost alone in history. So closely is it interwoven with the religious and political questions of the day, that it is not to be wondered at that historians of acknowledged ability have taken widely different views of its nature and character. On one side the theory has been advanced, and ably supported, that it was but the culmination of a plot deliberately formed by the Catholics to extirpate the whole body of Huguenots, and that the marriage of Henry of Navarre with Margaret of Anjou was projected solely to draw to Paris the leaders of the Huguenots, and thus bring them as a body within striking distance. On the other hand, it has been held, with not less ability, that the massacre was a sudden and unpremeditated result of the terror and alarm occasioned by the unsuccessful attempt, made two days before, to assassinate Admiral Coligny, the great Huguenot leader. Mr. White advocates the latter theory, and, we think, fully sustains his opinion. We think he fairly makes out his case, and that this great massacre is to be compared with the fearful New York riots of the summer of 1863, when all the rascality of the city broke out into an onslaught upon the unoffending negroes. While the author does not consider this crime as originally a religious massacre, he can not resist the evidence, of which the annals of the time are full, that the cry of heresy was, during its course, raised as an incentive to urge it forward. Nor does he attempt to vindicate the leaders of the Catholic Church from the charge of having afterward sanctioned it, and rejoiced at it as a triumph of religion over heresy. "When the news of the massacre reached Rome," he says, "the exultation among the clergy knew no bounds. The Cardinal of Lorraine rewarded the messenger with a thousand crowns, the cannon of Saint Angelo thundered forth a joyous salute, the bells rang out from every steeple; bonfires turned night into day, and Pope Gregory XIII., attended by the cardinals and other dignitaries, went in long procession to the Church of St. Louis, where the Cardinal of Lorraine chanted a *Te Deum;* an inscription over the door described Charles IX. as an avenging angel sent from heaven to sweep the kingdom from heretics." A medal was struck to commemorate the massacre; the Pope sent the golden rose to the King; and even now upon the walls of the Vatican may be seen three pictures setting forth scenes in the fearful transaction. Months after, when humaner feelings might have been supposed to have resumed their sway, the Pope listened complacently to a sermon by a French priest, in which he spoke "of that day so full of happiness and joy when the Most Holy Father went in solemn state to render thanks to God and Saint Louis," and declared that "on that night the stars shone with greater lustre, and the Seine rolled her waters more proudly to cast into the sea the corpses of those unholy men," who had been thus done to death. The number of victims has been very differently put down at from 1000 to 10,000 in Paris, and from 2000 to 100,000 in all France. All statements upon this point must be mainly estimates; that of Mr. White is, that probably about 6000 were killed in Paris, and about 20,000 in all France. Besides the special subject of the massacre, the work embodies a most valuable account of the persecutions to which the Huguenots had for the preceding half-century been subjected in France. He would not have it supposed, he says, "that he has written those chapters with any desire to rekindle the dying embers of religious strife. On that portion of his work he dwells with pain and regret; but," he adds, "such pages of history contain warnings that it may be well to repeat from time to time. Though there may be little danger of our drifting back to the atrocities of the sixteenth century, and though we no longer burn men, mob-law and other forms of terrorism are still employed to stifle free discussion and check individual liberty. From this to the prison, the rack, and the stake, the interval is not so wide as it appears." A people and a generation

in whose memories are still fresh the atrocities of the New York "negro riots," and of the Andersonville prison-pen, is not beyond learning lessons from these dark pages of the history of past generations. The work in matter and manner is excellent, and may well be studied in connection with Mr. Smiles's admirable "History of the Huguenots." (Published by Harper and Brothers.)

David, the King of Israel. By FREDERICK WILLIAM KRUMMACHER. Of all German religious writers there is no other one whose name has become so thoroughly a household word in America as that of the venerable preacher at Potsdam. We can well understand the feeling which prompted him to address the translation of this his latest, and we venture to say his best work, to his American friends. "Across the Atlantic Ocean," he says, "I send to my fellow-soldiers of the cross in America greeting and blessing, and extend to them—so far away and yet so near—with faithful affection, the hand of brotherhood.....David, the *King*, will not, I think, be unwelcome to the *Republic* of the United States." A single line upon the title-page sets forth the scope and purpose of the book: it is "A Portrait drawn from Bible History and the Book of Psalms." Now that the work has been performed one may well wonder that it has not been done before. No reader of the Psalms can have failed to notice from the titles prefixed to them how many of these poems were inspired by some special circumstances in the life of the Psalmist. We may almost regret that these titles had not been preserved in the Psalter of the Episcopal Church, so that those who twelve times a year read these wonderful poems might see how, while they give voice to their own feelings and desires, they grew up in the mind of the writer. If any man ever looked into his heart and wrote, it was the royal Hebrew. The plan of Dr. Krummacher's work is quite simple. To each chapter is prefixed, by way of text, a verse or two of the history which stands as motto. Then the context is given in paraphrase, and into it are interwoven citations from the Psalms inspired by the occasion. Besides those formally noted in the titles as composed on special occasions, Krummacher, we think upon good grounds, identifies many others as having like immediate origin. By this means, it seems to us that we are brought far more nearly than ever before into personal communion with the great Hebrew king and poet, whose words have probably been spoken by more human lips and expressed the emotions of more human hearts than those of any other mere man that ever lived. If we except Him "who spake as never man spake," and possibly the great Apostle to the Gentiles, no other person that ever walked upon earth has exercised so wide a sway over the very inmost heart of humanity as has been exercised by "David, the King of Israel." (Published by Harper and Brothers.)

Norwood. By HENRY WARD BEECHER. To the first work by which he fairly won a foremost place in literature, Thackeray prefixed the secondary title of "A Novel without a Hero." Had Mr. Beecher, when he undertook to write a novel, known what the result would be, he might very properly have entitled it "A Novel without a Story." For surely nothing which ever took this ostensible shape was ever so wholly lacking in this one respect—unless we may except some of Jean Paul's so-called novels. One can hardly help imagining that Mr. Beecher, by the time he had got three-quarters through with the book, discovered or was told of this deficiency; otherwise it is hard to account for the perfect "looseness" with which, toward the close, he hurries his personages off to the war. With the exception of a few who die or are exempt from service by reason of age, almost every man and woman finds a place in the army, either as soldier, teamster, chaplain, or nurse. We can not help wishing that Mr. Beecher had adhered to what appears to have been his original idea of presenting a series of pictures of New England life and character. For in this respect, at least, his book is really admirable. The characters are, from first to last, sketched with the most absolute fidelity to nature. They are representatives of those men and women who have made New England what it is. If Mr. Beecher has failed in producing a good novel, according to the strict definition of the word, he has, at all events, produced a good book. If there is hardly a chapter which would not read just as well without any regard to what precedes or follows, there is hardly one which is not in and by itself well worth the reading. And, above all, every page abounds with those large utterances of truth and duty, those touches of humor and pathos, and that keen appreciation of the beautiful in art and nature, which have won for the Pastor of the Plymouth Church the place which he so worthily holds in public esteem. (Published by Charles Scribner and Company.)

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

OUR Record closes on the 28th of March. Public interest turns almost wholly upon the preliminary proceedings in the trial of the President. Of these we give a brief summary:

On the 4th of March the Senate notified the House that they were ready to receive the Managers of the Impeachment. They appeared, and the articles were formally read. The Senate had meanwhile adopted the rules of procedure. Chief Justice Chase sent a communication to the Senate to the effect that this body, when acting upon an impeachment, was a Court presided over by the Chief Justice, and that all orders and rules should be framed by the Court. On the 5th the Court was formally organized. An exception was taken to the eligibility of Mr. Wade as a member of the Court, on the ground that he was a party interested, since in the event of the impeachment being sustained he, as President of the Senate, would become Acting President of the United States; this objection was withdrawn and Mr. Wade was sworn as a member of the Court. On the 7th the summons for the Presi-

dent to appear was formally served upon him. On the 13th the Court was again formally reopened. The President appeared by his counsel, who asked for forty days to prepare an answer to the indictment. This was refused, and ten days granted; it being ordered that the proceedings should reopen on the 23d. Upon that day the President appeared by his counsel and presented his answer to the articles of impeachment. This reply was in substance as follows:

The first eight articles in the Bill of Impeachment, as briefly summed up in our last Record, are based upon the action of the President in ordering the removal of Mr. Stanton, and the temporary appointment of General Thomas as Secretary of War. The gist of them is contained in the first article, charging the unlawful removal of Mr. Stanton; for, this failing, the others would fail also. To this article a considerable part of the President's answer is devoted. It is mainly an amplification of the points put forth in the Message of February 24, in which he gave his reasons for his orders. The President cites the laws by which this department of the administration was created, and the rules laid down for the duties pertaining to it; prominent among which are: that the Secretary shall "conduct the business of the department in such manner as the President of the United States shall from time to time order and instruct;" and that he should "hold the office during the pleasure of the President," and that Congress had no legal right to deprive the President of the power to remove the Secretary. He was, however, aware that the design of the Tenure-of-Office Bill was to vest this power of removal in certain cases jointly in the Executive and the Senate; and that, while believing this act to be unconstitutional, yet it having been passed over his veto by the requisite majority of two-thirds, he considered it to be his duty to ascertain in how far the case of Mr. Stanton came within the provisions of this law; after consideration, he came to the conclusion that the case did not come within the prohibitions of the law, and that by that law he still had the right of removing Mr. Stanton; but that, wishing to have the case decided by the Supreme Court, he on the 12th of August issued the order merely suspending, not removing, Mr. Stanton, a power expressly granted by the Tenure-of-Office Act, and appointed General Grant Secretary of War *ad interim*. The President then recites the subsequent action in the case of Mr. Stanton; and, as he avers, still believing that he had the constitutional power to remove him from office, issued the order of February 21 for such removal, designing to thus bring the matter before the Supreme Court. He then proceeds formally to deny that at this time Mr. Stanton was in lawful possession of the office of Secretary of War; and that, consequently, the order for his removal was in violation of the Tenure-of-Office Act; and that it was issued in violation of the Constitution or of any law; or that it constituted any official crime or misdemeanor.

In regard to the seven succeeding articles of impeachment the President, while admitting the facts of the order appointing General Thomas as Secretary of War *ad interim*, denies all and every of the criminal charges therein set forth. So of the ninth article, charging an effort to induce General Emory to violate the law, the President denies all such intent, and calls attention to the fact that while for urgent reasons he signed the bill prescribing that orders to the army should be issued only through the General, he at the same time declared it to be, in his judgment, unconstitutional, and affirms that in his interview with General Emory he said no more than he had before officially said to Congress—that is, that the law was unconstitutional.

As to the tenth article, the first of the supplementary ones noted in our last Record, the President, while admitting that he made certain public speeches at the times and places specified, does not admit that the passages cited are fair reports of his remarks; denies that he has ever been unmindful of the courtesies which ought to be maintained between the executive and legislative departments; but he claims the perfect right at all times to express his views as to all public matters. The reply to the eleventh article, the second supplementary one, is to the same general purport, denying that he ever affirmed that the Thirty-ninth Congress was not a valid Congress of the United States, and its acts obligatory only as they were approved by him; and denying that he had, as charged in the article, contrived unlawful means for preventing Mr. Stanton from resuming the functions of Secretary of War, or for preventing the execution of the Act making appropriations for the support of the army, or that to provide for the more efficient government of the rebel States. In his answer to this article the President refers to his reply to the first article, in which he sets forth at length all the steps, and the reasons therefor, relating to the removal of Mr. Stanton.—In brief, the answer of the President to the articles of impeachment is a general denial of each and every criminal act charged in the articles of impeachment.

The counsel for the President then asked for a delay of thirty days after the replication of the Managers of the Impeachment should have been rendered, before the trial should formally proceed. This was refused, and the Managers of the Impeachment stated that their replication would be presented the next day: it was that,

"The Senate will commence the trial of the President upon the articles of impeachment exhibited against him on Monday the 30th day of March, and proceed therein with all dispatch under the rules of the Senate, sitting upon the trial of an impeachment."

The replication of the House of Representatives was a simple denial of each and every averment in the answer of the President, closing thus:

"The House of Representatives....do say that the said Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, is guilty of the high crimes and misdemeanors mentioned in the said articles, and that the said House of Representatives are ready to prove the same."

The most important financial measure in regard to which any definite action has been reached is a bill abolishing in many cases, and reducing in others, the taxes upon manufactures. It is estimated that the entire reductions made by this bill will involve a diminution in the revenue of about $60,000,000. The bill passed the House; the Senate made sundry amendments; some of these were accepted and others rejected by the House. —An Act limiting the appellate jurisdiction of the Supreme Court was passed by both Houses. This was vetoed by the President, but has been re-enacted by both Houses over the veto.

Editor's Drawer.

WITH the present Number closes the EIGHTEENTH YEAR of the publication of this Magazine. Before us, as the result, stand six-and-thirty goodly volumes, containing as varied, as instructive, as entertaining, and as enjoyable an aggregate of reading as have been presented in the pages of any magazine published in our language. Its aim from the first has been to hit and to elevate the popular mind; to make itself every where welcome; and, in this particular department, to give some idea of the floating wit and humor of the country, as it comes to us daily, in letters numberless, from all quarters of the land. And if the general sanatory effect of these jocularities is to be judged of by the effect upon ourselves, it has been most satisfactory; for of those who, as publishers or editors, assisted in launching it upon the sea of public favor in eighteen hundred and fifty, all, by the blessing of God, are now alive and in health. Therefore is laughter a good medicament. For, as quaint Hobbes saith: "There is a passion that hath no name; but the sign of it is that distortion of the countenance which we call laughter, *which is always joy;* but what joy, what we think, and wherein we triumph when we laugh, is not hitherto declared by any. Men laugh at jests, the wit whereof always consisteth in the elegant discovering and conveying to our minds some absurdity of another; and in this case also the passion of laughter proceeded from the sudden imagination of our own odds and eminency. We may therefore conclude that the passion of laughter is nothing else but sudden glory, arising from a sudden conception of some eminency in ourselves by comparison with the infirmity of others, or with our own formerly. Laughing without offense must be at absurdities and infirmities abstracted from persons, *and when all the company may laugh together;* for laughing to one's self putteth all the rest into jealousy and examination of themselves."

APROPOS of this most delightful of the months, how exquisite this from Milton:

"Now the bright morning-star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
The flowery MAY, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.
Hail, bounteous MAY! that dost inspire
Mirth, and youth, and warm desire;
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing;
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long."

Or this, from Percival:

"I feel a newer life in every gale,
The winds, that fan the flowers,
And with their welcome breathings fill the sail,
Tell of serener hours—
Of hours that glide unfelt away
Beneath the sky of May.

"The spirit of the gentle south wind calls
From his blue throne afar,
And where his whispering voice in music falls,
Beauty is budding there;
The bright vines of the valley break
Their slumbers and awake.

"The waving verdure rolls along the plain,
And the wide forest weaves,
To welcome back its playful mates again,
A canopy of leaves;
And from its darkening shadow floats
A gush of trembling notes.

"Fairer and brighter spreads the reign of May;
The tresses of the woods
With the light dallying of the west wind play;
And the full brimming floods,
As gladly to their goal they run,
Hail the returning sun."

THE readiness of the Hebrew race in finding specious answers to the complaints of those who deal with them was never better exemplified than in a recent instance where an eating-house keeper of that persuasion sold soup at two cents a basin. A customer having consumed his basinful complained that he had not had his money's-worth—the soup was bad, and he had found in it a piece of worsted stocking. Isaac retorted: "D'ye think we can put bits of silk stocking in soup at two cents a basin?"

COINING jokes is a common and very legitimate figure of speech as applied to the labors of burlesque writers and contributors to comic periodicals; but here is an instance in which a joke was actually coined, struck from a graven die, and issued from a legal mint. The fact is historical, and is as follows: In the year 1679 the Danes advanced with a large force upon Hamburg, but after a siege of considerable duration, seeing little hope of ultimate success, they finally withdrew and marched back. Thereupon the Hamburgers caused a medal to be struck in commemoration of the event. On one side of this numismatic curiosity was this inscription: "The King of Denmark came before Hamburg. What he gained by it will be seen on the other side." On the other side was a total blank!

LEGISLATIVE oratory is sure to gush on the occasion of the decease of some member of the Legislative body; though the speeches, as Byron says, may be said to present

"A fine sample, on the whole,
Of rhetoric, which the learn'd call 'rigmarole.'"

As a superior specimen of this "studied impropriety of speech," we have been favored by a friend with the following tribute to the memory of the late Colonel Yell, of Texas, delivered by a distinguished colleague from one of the border districts of that State. For freedom and breadth of style it can hardly be surpassed:

"Mr. Speaker,—It becomes my melanchorly duty to announce to the members of this yer body that Andrew Jackson Yell, of Yellville, a member of this house, is no more. He has fell a victim to the grim and destroying tyrant, Death, who yesterday evening put an end to his mortal career; and he now lies lifeless at the pleasant boarding-house of Mrs. Jones, on the hill, where he and many other members of this yer House has boarded session after session—and where, throughout his lengthy and consequently protracted typhus-fever he received every care and attention which that ar kind-hearted woman and her numerous and attentive help could bestow. But, alas! all her care and kindness was of no avail. Colonel Yell is gone from among us, and it has become my melanchorly duty to offer the customary resolutions on this occasion, which I hev taken the opportunity to draft out last night, while settin' up with the body. It ain't with no or'nary feelin's of grief, Mr. Speaker, that I make

this yer communication to this yer honorable body; for I knowed the deseased in particular, Mr. Speaker, and knowed him clean through, I might say, from Alphy to Izzard. There may be men mean enough to come forward, now he's gone from among us, and allude to his faults of kerricter—for, like all other men, he had his faults, and who ain't got 'em? There may be men in this yer body mean enough, I say, out of pure cussedness, to fetch up the failin's of the deseased, but I, at least, ain't a-goin' to be one of 'em. I know there was some things that might be norated agin him. He may hev ben slightly addicted to whisky; but then, Mr. Speaker, there's others in this House that could drink him blind drunk afore breakfast, and they know it. He may hev been quick to use his shootin' tools, but then he never draw'd a weepon on a man if he wasn't mad! They may say he didn't pay his debts—*who in Texas does*, Mr. Speaker? And, agin, they may tell you that he frolicked *considerable*. Well, all I hev to say about *that* is, who in —— don't, Mr. Speaker? I put it to you, Sir, and to this august body to answer *that* p'int. Whoever in this House, at least, is without fault in this respect, let him, as the Scripter observes, be the first to shy a considerable-sized rock on to his memory—or words to that effect; I don't reck'lect the precise terms of the passage. Among his many virtoos, Mr. Speaker, our departed friend was a devoted admirer of that noble animil the hoss, conscientiously atendin' every race-track within forty mile of this yer place, and backin' his opinion onto oncertin events in the future to the extent of his ability, and sometimes beyond it, in the extensivest and most gentlemanly manner! He was also an active member of the Engine Company, and often good at fires. In short, he was a good citizen, an honest man, and a perfect gentleman. In his meloncholy desease society has lost one of its brightest ornaments, and a gloom is cast over our whole community, but more especially over the domestic circle of Mrs. Jones's boarding-house, where the eligible room which he occupied, and in which, I said before, he received every care and attention from that estimable lady, is now, alas! vacant for the balance of the season—"

"Mr. Speaker [a member of the Opposition here interrupts], I rise to a p'int of order."

The Speaker requested Mr. Slaken to state his p'int.

"I want to know, Mr. Speaker, if it is in order for any member of this yer House, in his speech *onto the memory of a dead man, to ring in a boardin'-house, kep' by his aunt*, and furnished by himself, *on sheers?* It may be parliamentary and all right, but *I don't see it!*"

The Speaker, with a withering glance at Slaken, decided the p'int to be not well taken.

"Ah! this is too sollum a occasion, Mr. Speaker, for me to take notice of any sich imperdence and side remarks as that air! I fully expected some infamous hyena would be out here to-day, howlin' round the grave of our departed friend, foamin' at the mouth, gnashing his toothless jaws, and droolin' out his ineffectual and impotent rage. With his hide covered all over with welts, all sore and disgustin' from the lash and the hot poker of terrewth, which his insolence has brought upon him pretty much every day durin' this session, he rolls over and over, and bites and tears and soils himself, till he becomes justly offensive to every eye in this House. I'll see that *his* goose is cooked for him hereafter, *suitable*, and that not on no meloncholy occasion nuther. *To resume the deseased:* Whatever kin be said of him by friends or enemies, no man at least kin deny that he wasn't a patriot. Look back at his political record, Mr. Speaker, and see what's thar! for, as the poet Watts feelingly remarks, 'By their record shall ye know me.' Mr. Speaker, what is that record? Virtue is its own reward, Mr. Speaker; and no great action was ever done in the world but what the man that done it was barked and yelped after by somebody. But the deseased, intrenched in the galorious armor of patriotism, with his hand on this yer record, could look the Amerikin eagle proudly in the eye, and defy chain-lightning in any shape or from whatever quarter it might come; and when prostrate and emaciated, he died at last on his prostrate bed at the pleasant boardin'-house of Mrs. Jones, on the hill, the thoughts of this 'ere armor, and of that ar record of his'n, come to his wounded sensibilities like a heavenly angel, and even Death himself *couldn't set him half a turn back*. I close this afflicting duty, Mr. Speaker, by moving that a committee of this House be appointed to report these resolutions on the deseased, and to atend his funeral, and that Leonidas Blizard, of Athens, be the chairman of said committee; at the same time remarking that the gorgeous heavens has now opened to receive his mortal spirit, and that his earthly remains will be buried at three o'clock to-morrow afternoon, *sharp*, from the pleasant boardin'-house of Mrs. Jones, on the hill, where, under the late rulin' of the Speaker, I deem it *eminently* proper for me to remark, and I do it emphatic (no matter *whose* corns is trod on), that the eligible room which he occupied is now unfortunately vacant, and will doubtless be let to any other member of this House, very reasonable, for the balance the ensuing season.—PEACE BE TO HIS ASHES."

A CLERGYMAN of Central New York, grave in deportment but fond of a joke, happening to be at Saratoga, and walking with a friend, found their journey obstructed by a huge mud-puddle. Looking ruefully at his polished boots, and considering the question of transit, he was rather disposed to retreat than to charge, when his companion caught him in his arms and speedily landed him on the opposite shore. On being placed on terra firma the Doctor gave an expressive hem! and quietly droned out, "Only another instance of the triumph of *matter* over *mind*."

Fair. But Goldsmith has said it better:

"For just experience tells, in every soil,
That those who think must govern those who toil;
And all that freedom's highest aims can reach,
Is but to lay proportioned loads on each."

A MEMBER of the far-famed Quahaug Club (the Historical and Piscatorial Society of Westchester County) tells of a curious funeral custom in one of the Long Island agricultural districts—a district remarkable for its fertility in clams and bluefish. He says that a few years ago he went down on the island with a view of purchasing a farm which had been advertised for sale. He spent several days in the village; his inquiries

as to the value of the farm were satisfactorily and assuringly answered, and he finally had the honor to "assist" at a funeral. He noticed in the funeral procession a heavy cart drawn by oxen, and that the cart was filled with guano. He was surprised to see the contents of the vehicle deliberately emptied into the grave before the earth was thrown in. Upon inquiry of the minister he ascertained that this custom was in accordance with an old tradition of the farmers on that part of Long Island, who believed that the soil was so poor and thin as to require a fertilizer to insure the resurrection of any thing buried in it *except clams!*

Our correspondent didn't buy that farm on Long Island, but eventually settled in one of the fever-and-ague districts of Westchester County, where they have a curious funeral observance of their own, and where most of the people die of fever and ague. At the funerals the mourners uniformly sprinkle quinine on the graves of the deceased to prevent his being prematurely shaken out!

Ye merchant man, ye broker, ye lawyer, ye banker, as with tired leg and weary brain he turneth his back upon "down town," and straightway betaketh himself to the pleasant faces and voices of home, may well say, after nice little dinner, when

> "With comfortable and serene cigar
> Pressed satisfactorily betwixt his lips,"

he "adjourns" to the library, that Halleck hit the nail on the head when he wrote:

> ....."There is a *free*
> *And happy spirit* that, unseen, reposes
> On the dim shadowy clouds that hover o'er you,
> When *smoking quietly* with a warm fire before you."

And he may, besides, as he gazes upon his books, enjoy something of the feeling that Southey enjoyed when seated, smoking, in *his* library:

> "Around me I behold,
> Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
> The mighty minds of old;
> My never-failing friends are they
> With whom I converse day by day.
>
> "With them I take delight in weal,
> And seek relief in woe:
> And while I understand and feel
> How much to them I owe,
> My cheeks have often been bedewed
> With tears of thoughtful gratitude."

Isn't that "about where it lights?" as Joe Gargery says.

A fervid young convert in Minnesota, during a recent revival, feeling great interest in the spiritual future of a friend, whose profession was that of a trapper, made public supplication for him in words following: "Lord, there is Mr. L——, who traps for a living. Lord, he traps wild animals to support his family. O Lord! *trap him!*"

From Chicago, celebrated for its fires, divorces, suicides, and railroads, we are apprised of a touching instance of female affection. A young medical student, sent by his preceptor to the city prison to look after some of those held in durance, came to a woman, just admitted, who complained of severe pain in her side. After questioning her closely, and failing to obtain an answer as to the cause, he examined her and found two ribs broken. While adjusting the parts and applying a bandage, he asked how the accident happened, to which, with some hesitation, the woman replied: "*Oh, a friend of mine kicked me!*"

An anecdote is related of a pleasant-faced manufacturer in one of our Western cities, the point of which was seen by a clerical brother. Mr. C——, having accumulated a goodly supply of that the love of which is "the root of all evil," betook himself to a neighboring village, where the people were engaged in the laudable effort of supplying themselves with church accommodation. Mr. C——, proverbially generous, promptly and largely aided both his own and other denominations, until his pocket-book and stock of patience became pretty well depleted. Yet the Episcopal brethren, in spite of repeated refusals, made for obvious reasons, persisted in their appeals for aid. Finally, the excellent rector, subscription-paper in hand, ventured to attack the citadel of C——'s benevolence and greenbacks. After assigning reasons why he could not contribute, C—— added: "You know, my good Sir, you don't recognize our people (the Methodists) as a regular church, and won't admit even my beloved pastor into your pulpit. It would be hardly the thing, therefore, to *offer* you a subscription." "Ah!" said the rector, apologetically, "but, my dear Sir, we could not; it's against the Canon of our Church." "Well, then," replied C——, with his accustomed bluntness, "find your own *ammunition* to fire your *canon* with!" At which the rector retired, and the layman observed that he had made a saving of powder in one direction, at least.

We are told by a clerical friend that recently, in a Western city, a certain doctor, who was acting as a sort of Master of Ceremonies at a public meeting, arose at the proper time, and, advancing to the front of the platform, said: "the *audience* will now be *addressed with prayer* by the Rev. Mr. S——." Of course the audience felt flattered.

The compound ejaculation so popular at the east'ard on festive and patriotic occasions, viz., a trio of cheers conjoined to that beast of prey, the tiger, has not, as yet, been generally diffused throughout the West, judging from an incident sent to the Drawer by a Wisconsin contributor. On a Fourth of July, in one of the thriving towns of that State, an oration had been delivered by Elder Peaslee, which so thoroughly roused the patriotism of the audience that a gentleman proposed "three cheers for the Orator!" A Mr. Abihu Skates being chairman (who, by-the-way, had "led" a day or two before at the raising of a bridge across the Wisconsin River), put the question: "It is motioned and seconded that we give three cheers to the Orator of the Day;" and, with a wave of his bandana, cried out: "Heave, O Hee! Heave, O Hee!" but before the third "heave" came forth the audience commenced to laugh.

By steamer comes our usual budget of English literary and religious weeklies, containing, here and there, something appropriate for the Drawer. One of these has a portrait of Christmas Evans,

a gnarled, heavy, unideal-looking person, with a single optic, of whom Robert Hall said, in reply to some one who laughed at the idea of a one-eyed man being a great preacher: "Ay, Sir, only one eye, but what a piercer! Why, it blazes, Sir; that eye would light an army of soldiers through a forest in a dark night!" Evans was a Welshman, and used to be called the "Bunyan of the Pulpit." Toward the close of his days he labored earnestly to advance the temperance reformation. A brother minister, who "condemned not himself in the things which he allowed," could not be brought over to the total abstinence system. Christmas polished an arrow, and put it in his quiver ready for use. He was appointed to preach, and, as usual, there were gatherings from far and near to hear him. Mr. W——, of A——, the minister alluded to, was there also; but, as if in anticipation of an attack, he at first said he should not be present while Evans preached, yet such was the fascination that he could not stay away. By-and-by he crept up into the gallery, where the preacher's eye—for he had but *one*—which had been long searching for him, at length discovered him. All went on "as usual" until the time came when the arrow might be drawn, which was done slily and unperceived. "I had a strange dream the other night," said the preacher. "I dreamed that I was in Pandemonium, the council-chamber of Hades. How I *got there* I *know* not, but *there* I was. I had not been there long before there came a thundering rap at the gates. 'Beelzebub—Beelzebub! you must come to earth directly.'

"'Why, what's the matter now?'

"'Oh, they are sending out missionaries to preach to the heathen.'

"'Are they? bad news this. I'll be there presently.'

"Beelzebub came, and hastened to the place of embarkation, where he saw the missionaries, their wives, and a few boxes of Bibles and tracts; but, on turning round, he saw rows of casks piled up, and labeled GIN, RUM, BRANDY, etc. 'That will do,' said he, 'no fear yet. These casks will do more harm than the boxes can do good.' So saying, he stretched his wings for hell again.

"After a time came another loud call:

"'Beelzebub, they are forming Bible societies.'

"'Are they? then I must go.' He went, and found two ladies going from house to house, distributing the Word of God.

"'This won't do,' thought he, 'but I will watch the result.' The ladies visited an aged female, who received a Bible with much reverence and many thanks. Satan loitered about, and when the ladies were gone, saw the old woman come to her door and look around to assure herself that she was unobserved. She then put on her bonnet, and with a small parcel under her apron, hastened to the next public house, where she pawned her new Bible for a bottle of gin. 'That will do,' said Beelzebub, 'no fear yet;' and back he flew to his own place.

"Again came a loud knock and a hasty summons:

"'They are forming temperance societies.'

"'Temperance societies! what's that? I'll come and see.' He came and saw, and again flew back, muttering, 'This won't do much harm to me or my subjects; they are forbidding the use of ardent spirits, but they have left my poor people all the ale and porter, and the rich all the wines. No fear yet.'

"Again came a louder rap, and a more urgent call:

"'Beelzebub! you must come now, or all is lost; they are forming teetotal societies.'

"'Teetotal! what in the name of all my imps is that?'

"'To drink no intoxicating liquors whatever—the sole beverage is water.'

"'Indeed! that is bad news. I must see after this.'

"And he did; but went back again to satisfy the anxious inquiries of his legions, who were all *qui vive* about the matter.

"'Oh,' said he, 'don't be alarmed; true, it's an awkward affair, but it won't spread much yet, for all the parsons are against it, and Mr. W——, of A—— (sending up an eagle glance of his eye at him), is at the head of them.'"

"But I won't be at the head of them any longer," cried out Mr. W——; and walking calmly down out of the gallery entered the table-pew and signed the pledge.

THE anecdote of Bishop England, published in the March Number of the Drawer, has brought to us a remark, said to have been made by an advanced young woman of seven or eight summers, that bears directly and potentially on the vestment question. She had been brought up to go to "meeting," and consequently was ignorant of the doctrinal significance of the terms High Church, Low Church, Broad Church, Ritualism, etc., etc. She had been taken by a friend to the Episcopal Church on a Communion Sunday, and on returning home was asked by her papa how she liked the service. She replied: "I don't like to go to a place where the minister has to *change his shirt three times during meeting!*"

CERTES nothing in the Solon Shingle style could surpass the following, from a Cincinnati correspondent, describing a scene that recently occurred in the Police Court of that city. It seems that a Mr. Jones, a farmer from one of the adjoining counties, had disposed of a hog which had died a natural death while being transported to town. It was one of twelve so closely packed in a wagon that it was smothered to death. After that melancholy event Mr. Jones had it dressed and sold it to a Mr. Busch, a grocer, who on cutting it up ascertained its condition and called upon the City Inspector to examine it. The meat being pronounced unfit for sale, Mr. Jones was arrested. He is a spare, thin, gray-haired man, and was desirous of arguing the matter at every point. The charge having been stated he was called upon to answer:

MR. JONES. "Well, you see, Jedge, I brought that hog to market, and when he was scalded I was told that he struggled."

PROSECUTING-ATTORNEY BLACKBURN. "Did you not know that hog was dead when you took him to Hoffman's slaughter-house?"

MR. JONES. "Now hold on. The boys asked me to treat them before they dressed the hog, and I did so; after which I paid them over for preparing it for market. After they had dressed it they said it was all right."

ATTORNEY BLACKBURN. "That was after you had treated them?"

MR. JONES. "*Jes' so.* But, Jedge, that hog they assured me struggled when he was struck, and I was assured that he was salable."

JUDGE STRAUB. "You mean salable, but, Mr. Jones, you knew it was not eatable. You would not have taken the meat into your own household for your family table."

MR. JONES. "But, Jedge, that hog *struggled* when he was struck."

JUDGE STRAUB. "Mr. Jones, you will be quiet. You sold that animal, knowing it to be unsalable for family purposes."

MR. JONES. "But, Jedge, that hog *struggled.*"

JUDGE STRAUB. "Will you keep still?"

MR. JONES. "Yes, but that hog struggled when it was struck."

JUDGE STRAUB. "Once more, be quiet. You have been guilty of a gross offense, for which you have no excuse. You will repay Mr. Busch the amount you received for the hog, and will pay a fine of $25 and costs."

MR. JONES. "*Jes' so!* all right; but *I tell you that hog struggled.*"

After which Mr. Jones paid the penalty of his offense.

IT was said in our presence recently, though of course not by Mr. John Savage, H. C. of the F. B., that among the means adopted for recruiting the Fenian funds money was collected under the guise of Peter's pence. Meaning, of course, salt-petre.

CAN any of our readers render the assistance so courteously asked for in the following paragraph, which appeared recently in a Bremen journal:

"A young gentleman, on the point of getting married, is desirous of meeting a man of experience who will dissuade him from the step."

IN the early history of the village of Owego pine-lumber was the principal article of commerce, and its manufacture and transportation to a Southern market in rafts down the Susquehanna River during the spring freshets was the all-absorbing occupation. The professional raftsmen were a peculiar people, rough and tough, fearless of danger, and possessed of a nautical vernacular which would throw a regular tar into convulsions of merriment. Every "craft," when let loose upon the waters of this much-dammed and very rampant river, was in charge of an expert "pilot," a navigator well posted in the numberless reefs, shoots, and shoals which infest and obstruct the channel, and a man "born to command" in moments of trial and danger.

Soon after the Erie Railway first penetrated this historic valley, one of the most famous of these Susquehanna commodores, unmindful of

"What perils do environ
The man who meddles with cold iron,"

resolved to experience the new sensation of riding on a rail. Scarcely was the iron monster well under motion, when, through the usual unaccountable cause, the passenger-coach occupied by our pilot jumped the track. As the car went bounding over the ties, this hero of a hundred rafting "stave-ups" took in at once the danger of the situation, and endeavored to meet the emergency. With one blow of his sledge-hammer fist he smashed out the window, and thrusting out his bristling head and brawny body, shouted with lungs of brass and voice of thunder: "*Snub her, boys; consarn her! Snub her!*"

PENNSYLVANIA has a law which requires that in selecting a jury two commissioners duly elected and qualified shall draw the requisite number of names and place them alternately in the wheel, whence they are taken at random. On the occasion to which we refer the two commissioners were named Fassett and Smith, and by them the jury had been duly chosen. At the opening of court a prominent lawyer arose and moved to quash the panel, on the ground that the law in the case had not been complied with. He admitted that the names had been rightly selected, but that the wheel being kept in an adjoining room, they were temporarily put in a handkerchief, and afterward placed in the wheel by Fassett, Mr. Smith taking no part in the operation. Here the judge interrupted the counsel by asking: "Was this done in the *presence* of Smith?" "Yes, your Honor." "In that case," the court gravely responded, "*qui facit* (Fassett) *per alium facit* (Fassett) *per se.*"

A NEW definition of constitutional laziness comes from Ohio. Standing on the steps of one of the "single-team" taverns of that State was an unwashed Buckeye, whose shabby exterior did not indicate an industrious man. A gentleman on the opposite side of the street remarked to his companion, "There is old Tim, again; wonder how he got out this cold day! He is the laziest man in town by all odds." "Lazy!" replied his friend, "he isn't lazy; what's the matter with him is he was *born tired!*"

PERHAPS the best known sign-manual in the United States is that of General Spinner, whose home is with the "Mohawk" in Central New York. During the presidential campaign of 1860 the General was commandant of a brigade of "Wide Awakes," in his own town. On the occasion of some jubilee, Tim Donovan, a hot Republican and faithful friend of the General, seeing him approaching head-quarters, sung out in cheery tones to the band, "B'ys, the Ginneral is comin'—strike up 'Hell to the Chafe!'" The band struck up, and the General entered to the martial strains of that noble anthem.

SPEAKING of the General's signature, so unlike any other, Tim was once scanning it very closely, when, turning to a by-stander, he said: "I've heard that a person to be able to spake Dutch must have his jaw bruck; but, by the powers! I think the General must have had his fist bruck when he larned to do that!"

"BREATHES there a Scot with soul so dead, who never to himself hath said," "*The Laird o' Cockpen*" is a guid song? The difficulty about it, viz., that it is written in the broad dialect of the country, and therefore not understandable to the average Yankee, has happily been surmounted, as may be seen by a perusal of the original, made

easy by a gentleman who has translated it into good English:

The Laird o' Cockpen he's proud and he's great,
His mind is ta'en up wi' the things o' the state;
He wanted a wife his braw house to keep,
But favor wi' wooin' was fashious to seek.

Doun by the dyke-side a lady did dwell,
At his table-head he thought she'd look well;
M'Cleish's ae daughter o' Claversha' Lee,
A penniless lass wi' a lang pedigree.

His wig was weel pouthered, an' as guid as new,
His waistcoat was white, his coat it was blue;
He put on a ring, a sword, and cock'd hat,
And wha could refuse the laird wi' a' that?

How clear this becomes when read by the light of the following translation:

I.

The Landlord of Rooster Enclosure is arrogant and imperious in his demeanor;
His intellectual organization is totally absorbed in the legislative enactments of the reigning dynasty.
He ardently longed for a help-mate, his palatial domicile to superintend.
But to conciliate the favorable influence of the fickle goddess was with him a matter difficult of accomplishment.

II.

By the declivity of a structure for preventing inundations resided one of the fair sex;
The place of honor at his tabula, he reasonably conjectured, she would adorn and beautify.
Her patronymic appellation was M'Cleish, only surviving female offspring of the house of Clavershall.
Minus the "numorum famuli" (vulgo, rhino), but with an elongated genealogy.

III.

His counterfeit capillary adornment was plentifully besprinkled as when first it issued from the hands of the peruquierre;
His inner vestment was immaculate as the driven snow; his outer ultra-cerulean.
He encircled one of his digits with an obicular line; embellished his side with a Damascus
Weapon of defense, and his pericranium with a triangular chapeau.
And who could disregard the claim of the Landlord with those manifold attractions?

This may be justly denominated the equine era (saucy girl over our left shoulder whispers, *asinine ear-a*). Dame Gossip makes mention of many bad Benedicts, who love their fast horses more than faithful wives, and whole hecatombs of wifeless bachelors whose hearts are covered with horse-hide. Certain it is that this 2.40 age has produced a numerous class of persons of the male persuasion who talk horse, laugh horse, smell horse, are learning to eat horse, and if asked to marry horse would probably e-*jack*-ulate a faint and very dubious *neigh*. Steam, water, and woman, properly directed, doubtless have great powers of traction and attraction; but to draw out the finer feelings of an unreconstructed bachelor's soul there is nothing equal to *horse-power*. Hereabouts there dwells a rich old single gentleman, a lone drake who has never found his duck, a singular character and living example of our idea.

Some four or five years ago a favorite mare presented him with a noble pair of twin colts, black, strong, and symmetrical. Artemus Ward was not more elated with his duplicated "episodes" than was the subject of our story with this unexpected freak of nature. He nursed them with a parent's constant care, and guided their rapid development into horsehood with unfaltering devotion. They were his pride and his boast, and his mind was for many days sorely perplexed, and his brain tortured, to find names worthy of such a pair. Classic history at length afforded a satisfactory solution of this difficulty, and he bestowed upon them the appellations of the famous wolf-suckled founders of Rome.

Last season, during the progress of State work on the Chenango Canal extension, work-teams became scarce. An enterprising contractor, being no respecter of horses, learning of this idle pair, waited on the owner and mildly suggested the propriety of their being made to do the State some service, and to perform a little remunerative labor on the ditch. The doting bachelor was stricken dumb. For several minutes he stood regarding the audacious contractor with looks of mingled amazement and scorn, when suddenly striking a tragic attitude, in a voice tremulous with emotion, he exclaimed: "*Romulus and Remus draw a scraper! Never, wretch,* NEVER!"

A medical friend in a neighboring city has a very lazy horse. A gentleman having borrowed him one day determined to try his speed, and in driving past the doctor's office developed a gait that was surprising to Billy, the office-boy, who ran in exclaiming, excitedly, "Doctor, your horse is *some* on a race!" "Yes, Billy, but he's more on a funeral!"

In a Steuben County village is kept a "store" in which is employed as clerk a lady who is teacher in a Sabbath-school, and takes deep interest in little people whose parents are in indigent circumstances. One day an urchin came into the store, to whom she said: "Do you go to Sabbath-school?"

"Sabbath-school? what's that?"

"Why a Sabbath-school is where we read in the Bible, learn about God and our Saviour, and—"

"Oh, I've read about God, and *t'other feller* that *killed his brother*, in the School Reader. 'Tain't no use my going to school Sunday; I know all about 'em."

The inquiry was not a success.

We do not wish to be understood as asserting that the following scene occurred in any of our city courts, though dialogues of the kind are within the memory of most of our readers.

A nervous milliner is sued by an apprentice.

Counsel. "I call the defendant, your Honor, who is somewhat nervous."

Judge. "A nervous milliner! I never heard of a nervous milliner. What is the name of the witness?"

Counsel. "Brown, your Honor."

Judge. "Brown, Brown! Yes; now I think of it, there is a case of Brown against somebody, in which a bill of exceptions was tendered to the ruling of the judge, who directed the jury that a nervous person named Brown ought not to obtain a verdict in a court of justice. I am doubtful, however, whether the judge was right."

Counsel. "Mrs. Brown, you are—"

Judge. "You must assume nothing. Mrs. Brown, notwithstanding her nervousness, may be a very respectable person; but you must not assume it."

Counsel. "Mrs. Brown, I believe—"

Judge. "What you believe can not be evidence. That has been held in several cases."

Counsel. "Will your Honor permit me to conduct—"

Judge. "I have given you every latitude, and I really can not allow you longer to waste the public time. Mrs. Brown, what—"

Counsel. "The witness is in my hands, your Honor, and I must protest—"

Judge. "Very well; while you are protesting I will adjourn to lunch. Gentlemen of the Jury, you can go for five minutes. Mrs. Brown, as you have no defense to this action, I should advise you to settle it."

And the patient judge, the indignant counsel, and the nervous milliner retired to indulge in their own views of luncheon, law, and the legal rights of apprentices.

Judge W——, who some years ago filled the office of county judge in —— County, though a good lawyer was very eccentric. When a session of the court was to be held, he would often take it into his head to walk to the county seat, a distance of thirty miles. On one occasion, however, he employed a horse and buggy, and after spending a couple of weeks in the hearing of causes, started for home on foot. When he had traveled something like a dozen miles he called at a hotel for rest and refreshments. The landlord, recollecting that the judge drove a horse when he went to court, inquired,

"Judge, what have you done with the horse and buggy you had with you when you went to —— the other day?"

"Thunder!" replied the judge; "I have left them behind. I knew as soon as I started that I had *left something*, and it is those plaguy things; and now I have got to go back after them!" Back he went.

A new book on Whitefield has recently appeared in England, from which we quote three anecdotes that we do not remember to have seen hitherto in print:

When Mr. Whitefield was in the zenith of his popularity Lord Clare, who knew that his influence was considerable, applied to him, by letter, requesting his assistance at Bristol at the ensuing general election. To this request Mr. Whitefield replied that in general elections he never interfered; but he would earnestly exhort his lordship to use great diligence *to make his own particular calling and election sure.*

One day, as Mr. Whitefield walked along, a sailor, apparently a little intoxicated, but, it would seem, wishing to appear so, frequently stumbled in Mr. Whitefield's way, who, notwithstanding, took no notice of him. At length he so much interrupted the way as to prevent Mr. Whitefield's getting forward, whereupon he took him by the shoulder and thrust him to one side. "What do you mean?" said the sailor; "don't you know I am one of *your disciples?*" "I am afraid of that," replied the good man; "had *you been one of my Master's* I should have had better hopes of you."

When Mr. Whitefield once preached before the seamen at New York he introduced the following bold apostrophe into his sermon: "Well, my boys, we have a clear sky, and are making fine head-way over a smooth sea, before a light breeze, and we shall soon lose sight of land. But what means this sudden lowering of the heavens, and that dark cloud arising from beneath the western horizon? Hark! Don't you hear distant thunder? Don't you see those flashes of lightning? There is a storm gathering! Every man to his duty! How the waves rise and dash against the ship! The air is dark! The tempest rages! Our masts are gone! The ship is on her beam-ends! What next?" The unsuspecting tars, reminded of former perils on the deep, as if struck by the power of magic, arose and exclaimed, "Take to the long-boat!"

"There is nothing equal to a cheerful and even mirthful conversation for restoring the tone of mind and body when both are overcharged. Some great and good men, on whom very heavy cares and toils have been laid, manifest a constitutional tendency to relax into mirth when their work is over. Narrow minds denounce the incongruity; large hearts own God's goodness in the fact, and rejoice in the wise provision made for prolonging useful lives. Mirth, after exhaustive toil, is one of Nature's instinctive recuperative efforts to soothe and reinvigorate the mind."

It may, or it may not, be that most of our young men, in going to the Far West, are actuated by a laudable spirit of enterprise and a desire to extend the humanizing influences of civilization, but we fear this is not always the case. Occasionally an example comes to light that discloses a different impulse. For instance: in the summer of 1865 four young gentlemen met for the first time in Omaha City, and purchased a team to cross the Plains. After having traveled a hundred and fifty miles west of the Missouri River, one of the party thus addressed his companions: "Boys, we are now safe from officers and the laws; let each of us come out, tell what our real names are, and *what we ran away for!*" Particulars of colloquy not given.

The social status of the freedman, as compared with that of the white, seems to have been finally settled in Starkville, Mississippi—*i. e.*, from the high Indian point of view. An Indian ball-play recently took place in that town, on ground owned by an Indian named Johnson. A small admission fee was demanded. On being asked how much? Johnson replied, in broken English: "White man fifty cents; nigger seventy-five cents. Nigger he work, he got lots o' money; white man he lazy, no work, got no money! Nigger pay most!"

"The month of May affords to a mind, so free from the disturbance of cares or passions as to be vacant to calm amusements, almost every thing that our present state makes us capable of enjoying. The variegated verdure of the fields and woods, the succession of grateful odors, the voice of pleasure pouring out its notes on every side, with the gladness apparently conceived by every animal from the growth of his food and the clemency of the weather, throw over the whole earth an air of gayety significantly expressed by the smile of nature."

And with this, from Dr. Johnson, we drop the curtain until June.